

"BLOODY BULLDOGS"

By

Barry Derrett

Website: <https://bloodybulldogs.com>

Email: [info@bloodybulldogs.com](mailto:info@bloodybulldogs.com)

FADE IN:

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

EXT. DAY. AN ARMY BARRACKS.

As the MUSIC plays and the CREDITS roll, we are in darkness.

Light appears and we see that several men are in the back of a van. The light is now flooding in because the back van doors have been opened. A belligerent face appears.

SGT ALLEN

[a military policeman]

Right, you 'orrible lot.

[He peers in.]

And you lot really are an 'orrible lot.  
Aren't you?

Various unsavoury-looking individuals exchange glances with one another in the back of the van.

SGT ALLEN

[shouts]

Aren't you?

VARIOUS

[muttered, un-co-ordinated,  
not everyone]

Yes, sir.

SGT ALLEN

Alright. Well, get out then. You're not staying in the back of a van all day.

[Shouts]

Come out and form into rank.

(continued)

The men shamble out of the van and get into some kind of formation on the parade ground of an army barracks. There are 11 of them.

SGT ALLEN

Come on then, get into rank. Single file. You've done army drill. Don't pretend you haven't.

The men assemble into a better line. There are several armed guards around them.

Now, then. Let's see who we've got.

[He looks at a list.]

Harris.

[No response. He looks up, then says, louder:]

Harris?.

HARRY

[a weasel-faced Cockney]

Sir?

SGT ALLEN

Didn't you just 'ear me call your name, Harris?

HARRY

Yes, sir.

SGT ALLEN

[bellows]

So why didn't you answer me, then?

HARRY

Sorry, sir.

(continued)

SGT ALLEN

[to everyone]

Now look `ere, you collection of evil-looking creatures. When I read your name, you answer. Got it?

[Muttered response. Allen shouts.]

Got it?

EVERYONE

Got it, sir.

SGT ALLEN

Right, let's start again.

[Shouts]

Harris?

HARRIS

Present, sir.

SGT ALLEN

Step forward when you make yourself known, Harris. Got it?

HARRIS

Yes, sir.

SGT ALLEN

Let's try it again. And by the way, I'm not `sir' - I work for a living. When you address me, you call me `sarnt', is that clear?

[Nobody replies.]

Harris?

(continued)

HARRY

[steps forward]

Present, sir.

SGT ALLEN

[rolling his eyes]

I thought I said - oh, never mind.

He ticks his name off the list, then looks up, surprised

Well, get back in line then, Harris.

[Looks at list]

Hill?

DENNY

[a jovial-looking fat bloke  
steps forward]

Present, sir.

[He gets back in line]

SGT ALLEN

Oh, you got it right. Well done, Hill.

[Looks at list.]

Johnson?

HITLER YOUTH

[a thin, Germanic-looking  
bloke]

Present, sir.

SGT ALLEN

[surprised]

Blimey, son - are you one of ours or one  
of theirs?

(continued)

[No response from Johnson,  
who just stares at the  
ground.]

Permission to answer, Johnson.

HITLER YOUTH

One of ours, sir.

SGT ALLEN

Well, that's alright, then.

[There is a snigger in the  
ranks.]

Who laughed there?

HARRY

Me, sir.

SGT ALLEN

What for?

HARRY

That's why we call 'im 'itler Youth, sir.

SGT ALLEN

I see. Hitler Youth, eh? Alright.  
That's enough laughter now. You've had  
your ration of comedy for the week.

[He gives a stern look. Now  
there is silence.]

Kendrick?

CONSHIE

[a biggish bloke, a bit bland  
in character, a silent type]

Present, sir.

(continued)

SGT ALLEN

Right.

[Glances at Harry.]

What d'you call him, then?

HARRY

We calls 'im Conshie, sir.

[Pause, no response from Sgt  
Allen.]

On account of 'im being what you might  
call a conscientious hobjector, sir.

SGT ALLEN

Conscientious objector? What's he doing  
here, then?

[Looks at Kendrick.]

What you doing here, Kendrick? You should  
be in the Medical Corps. Or working on a  
farm with the land girls. Were you in the  
Medical Corps, Kendrick?

CONSHIE

[shame-faced]

No, sir.

SGT ALLEN

You were called up to the infantry?

CONSHIE

Yes, sir.

SGT ALLEN

Why, Kendrick?

HARRY

'E never knew -

(continued)

SGT ALLEN

[interrupting]

When I want a running commentary from you, Harris, I'll ask for one. Got it, son?

HARRY

Got it, sir.

SGT ALLEN

Now, what was you saying?

HARRY

'E never knew 'e was a conshie til 'e was in, sir.

SGT ALLEN

That right, Kendrick?

[Kendrick remains silent,  
staring at the ground]

I see. Coward under fire, eh? Well, I've had a few of your sort before in my time. Spot in the Glasshouse may put a bit of backbone in you.

[Nods to himself.]

Alright.

[Looks at his list]

Parsons?

KLONKY

[a shambling, nervous-looking  
guy]

P-p-p-present, sir.

(continued)

SGT ALLEN

[gives him a funny look]

I didn't ask for a recital, son. I just asked for your name.

KLONKY

Ser-ser-ser-sorry, sir.

SGT ALLEN

[looks at him for a while,  
but decides that he really is  
a stammerer]

Alright. Richardson?

LARRY

[a calculating crook]

Present and correct, sir.

SGT ALLEN

Oh, well done, Richardson. Rosenthal?

ROSEY

[another calculating villain,  
but a bit of a joker]

Present, sir.

SGT ALLEN

What's the joke, Rosenthal?

ROSEY

Dunno, sir.

SGT ALLEN

Well, get that smile wiped off your face then, son. I told you you've had your fill of comedy for the week. You won't be laughing when you're doing three years' hard. Will you, Rosenthal?

(continued)

ROSEY

No, sir.

SGT ALLEN

Alright, get back in line, Rosenthal. We've heard more than enough from you. Thomas?

TAFFY

[a burly Valleys boy]

Present, sir.

SGT ALLEN

I suppose you are the token criminal Welshman, Thomas.

[No response from Taffy.]

That right, Thomas?

TAFFY

Yes, sir.

SGT ALLEN

I suppose I can probably hazard a guess as to what your nickname is. What is it, son?

THOMAS

Taffy, sir.

SGT ALLEN

[sarcastic]

Why I am not surprised at that pearl of information?

[Pause]

And, as the old saying goes, 'Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief'.

(continued)

[Pause]

Are you a thief, Thomas?

TAFFY

No, sir.

SGT ALLEN

No? What you in for, then?

HARRY

'E's a shagger, sir.

SGT ALLEN

[raises eyebrows]

Elucidate, Harris.

[Harry says nothing.]

That means 'more information', Harris.

HARRY

Private Thomas is in on account of his uncontrollable carnal desires, sir, what got him in bother with Colonel Potter.

SGT ALLEN

Why did it bother Colonel Potter, Harris?

HARRY

On account of it was the colonel's wife what Private Thomas was fulfilling 'is desires with, sir.

SGT ALLEN

[nods]

Right. Well, Thomas - you're not likely to be getting up to any naughties with any colonel's wives while you're in here. Are you?

(continued)

TAFFY

No, sir.

SGT ALLEN

No. You'll be lucky to get your end away with anything at all for the next couple of years. Never mind. You'll get some duties to take your mind off it.

HARRY

His mind's never off it, though, sir.

SGT ALLEN

Alright, Harris. Nobody asked you for your observations.

[Looks at his list.]

Vaughan?

SPIDER

[a tiny bloke]

Present, sir.

SGT ALLEN

[pretending not to see him]

Where are you, Vaughan?

SPIDER

Here, sir.

SGT ALLEN

Here? Where?

SPIDER

Here, sir.

(continued)

SGT ALLEN

[pretends to search for him]

Oh, there you are. What's the weather like down there, Vaughan?

SPIDER

Very fair, sir.

SGT ALLEN

What the bleeding hell are you in for, Vaughan? Because, whatever you did, I'm surprised anyone saw you do it.

[Silence from Spider.]

HARRY

Sir, Private Vaughan is in on account of 'im being in a racket selling off NAAFI stores with privates Richardson, Hill and Waller.

SGT ALLEN

Really. Were you in on this racket, Vaughan?

SPIDER

Yes, sir.

SGT ALLEN

Disgusting behaviour, son. Some of you people don't seem to realise there's a war on.

[Shakes his head sadly.]

You can't just go on in the Army like you did in Civvy Street. Can you, Vaughan?

SPIDER

No, sir.

(continued)

SGT ALLEN

'No, sir'. So why did you, son?

SPIDER

Because I didn't have the benefit of your advice then, sir.

SGT ALLEN

No. Indeed you did not. Alright. We'll make a reformed character of you yet.

[Looks at his list.]

Waller?

WALLER

[another fat bloke, not as jovial as Denny]

Present, sir.

SGT ALLEN

Were you in on this racket, Waller?

WALLER

Yes, sir.

SGT ALLEN

Well, I'm surprised you made any money out of it. I'd have thought you ate all the NAAFI stores, not sold 'em.

[Pause]

Alright. Woodward?

TEDDY

[looks like a big bruiser]

Present, sir.

SGT ALLEN

Were you in on this racket, Woodward?

(continued)

TEDDY

No, sir.

SGT ALLEN

So what racket were you in on?

TEDDY

We - err - we wasn't in on any racket,  
sir.

SGT ALLEN

We? Who's we?

TEDDY

Err - me, Harry - that's Private Harris,  
sir - and Rosey - that's Private  
Rosenthal, sir.

SGT ALLEN

Right. So you three is all 'oppos in it  
together then, is you?

TEDDY

Yes, sir.

SGT ALLEN

And where did your tender comradeship lead  
you to, Woodward?

[Silent bafflement from  
Teddy.]

In other words, what is you three comrades  
in for?

TEDDY

We never done nothing, sir.

SGT ALLEN

Nothing, Woodward?

(continued)

TEDDY

[hesitates]

Well. We just went off and went 'ome,  
sir. On account of we all had family  
troubles.

SGT ALLEN

Oh, I see. Well, I'm very sorry to hear  
about your family troubles, Woodward.  
Suffice it to say that your family  
troubles may well be magnified now that  
you are stuck in custody for several  
years.

[Teddy looks baffled.]

That means your family troubles may get  
bigger. Your wife was very possibly on  
the straight and narrow before. But now  
you're stuck in here, she probably will  
start inviting the milkman in to help keep  
the bed warm in the morning. Do you take  
my meaning?

TEDDY

[looking defeated]

Yes, sir.

SGT ALLEN

Alright. Back in line, Woodward.

[Looks at his list]

Right. That appears to be the lot. And,  
as I said, it is an 'orrible lot. Isn't  
it?

[Louder]

Isn't it?

EVERYONE

Yes, sir.

(continued)

SGT ALLEN

Alright. Well, I'm not going to waste any more of my time with any drill. Not much point, as you're not going to see any more action. For you lot, the war really is over.

A few of them cheer

SGT ALLEN

Alright, you incorrigible bunch of bastards. There's your cells. That's where you'll be staying for the foreseeable. Over there - see?

[Points to the guard room.]

And a filthy hovel it will be with all 11 of you lot jammed in there. Right - get moving.

The men are marched by the armed guards into the guard room. We see them all go in, then we see Sgt Allen standing outside next to CPL FORD, who locks the door.

SGT ALLEN

Right. You'll be in charge of all the routines, Corporal Ford. Any questions?

CPL FORD

No, sarnt.

SGT ALLEN

Word of advice, Corporal. Don't give those bastards an inch. Alright?

CPL FORD

Yes, sarnt.

SGT ALLEN

They're the biggest bunch of bastards I've seen for a while. And I've seen a lot of bastards in my time.

CPL FORD

Yes, sarnt.

SGT ALLEN

The sooner we've got this lot away and  
into the Glasshouse, the better.

CPL FORD

[nods, then looks up from his  
clipboard]

Yes, sarnt.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE TWO

INT. DAY. A ROOM AT THE WAR OFFICE.

The scene begins with an EXTERIOR SHOT of the War Office in London, with traffic moving about in front of it. There is an introductory caption:

The War Office, London.

1 April, 1944.

Nine weeks before D-Day.

We then CUT TO another EXTERIOR SHOT of one particular window, which the camera advances towards. We then CUT TO an INTERIOR SHOT of a large, high-ceilinged room. There is a big map on the wall. COL LAMBERT and MAJOR SAUNDERS are studying the map. Behind them, the door opens, and CAPT CRAWFORD enters the room. He advances towards the two men, then stops, removes his hat and patiently waits.

COL LAMBERT

[turning, sees Crawford]

Ah, Captain Crawford.

[He advances towards Crawford and they shake hands.]

CRAWFORD

[rugged type, not really a proper officer in social terms. Clearly an NCO]

Colonel.

[Saunders is now approaching, and so Crawford shakes his hand, too.]

Major Saunders.

COL LAMBERT

Good to have you back, Captain. How was the trip?

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

[shrugs]

Well. I'm back, anyway.

COL LAMBERT

Alright. Well, I've got your report, so I'm sure you cover everything in that.

CAPT CRAWFORD

It's fairly comprehensive, sir.

COL LAMBERT

[gesturing]

Take a pew, Captain.

[They all sit down around Lambert's desk.]

Smoke?

[Proffers the packet.]

CAPT CRAWFORD

[taking one]

Thank you, sir.

[Saunders leans over and lights it.]

Thanks, Major.

There is a silent pause, and a moment of small tension. Col Lambert taps the packet with his hands while the other two wait for him to speak - as though he does not quite know how to begin.

COL LAMBERT

[slightly nervously]

Well, Captain, I gather you've got some leave coming to you.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Yes, sir. I was planning to go to Barnstaple for a week...

COL LAMBERT

Well, that's just fine, Crawford. Nobody's trying to interfere with your leave.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[shrugs and then relaxes,  
leaning back in his chair to  
inhale]

Alright.

[He exhales.]

What's it all about then, Colonel?

COL LAMBERT

We need to brief you on your next assignment. Of course, it's up to you if you take it - it's strictly a volunteer job.

[Crawford says nothing.]

It's a - complicated - matter, and we think it might help you if you gave it some thought during your week's leave.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright.

COL LAMBERT

Of course, you won't be able to discuss it with anybody. And nothing written down. It's strictly hush-hush.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

[after a silence]

Well, I know that. I wasn't born yesterday.

COL LAMBERT

No, we know you're an experienced man, Crawford. It's just that -

[nervous, fiddles with his cigarette]

- it's just that the war is at such a stage now that it's got us all nervous. It would be understandable if sometimes one or other of us forgot the rules.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[nods sympathetically]

Yes, sir.

COL LAMBERT

Well, the situation is this. As you are no doubt aware, there is now a considerable build-up of American forces near the South Coast of England.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Yes, sir. What's new?

COL LAMBERT

What's new, Crawford, is that we can't just keep holding them. We're getting to breaking point. We're going to have to mobilise them. And damn soon.

CAPT CRAWFORD

You mean it's this summer, sir? The big push?

(continued)

COL LAMBERT

It certainly is, Crawford.

[He gets up and starts  
pacing, then leans over the  
back of his chair.]

The question is where...

CAPT CRAWFORD

[incredulous]

You mean they still haven't made their  
minds up?

Col Lambert is pacing again. He goes over to the big wall  
map, and we see that it's a map of the French northern  
coastal areas, from the Belgian border down to Brittany.

MAJOR SAUNDERS

It's a crucial decision, Captain. The  
outcome of the entire war may depend on  
it.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[to Col Lambert]

Well, with respect, sir...I just don't see  
how I can help you out with it. It's up  
to Strategic Command. The chess-board  
boys.

COL LAMBERT

[returns to the back of the  
chair, animated]

It's a question of information, Crawford.  
You see? We need to know where their  
defences are. We need to know where they  
are expecting us.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

I don't want to talk out of turn, sir.

[Pause]

COL LAMBERT

[impatient]

Well, go on, man. You can speak freely with us.

CAPT CRAWFORD

I was under the impression there was information. From somewhere.

COL LAMBERT

[exchanging glances with  
Major Saunders]

Well, we do possess some information. That much is true. But we need to corroborate it.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright. Well, where the hell do I come in?

[Silence. The officers  
exchange more looks.]

I'm no spymaster. I can't bring you any information.

[He considers his smouldering  
cigarette for a moment.]

Unless you want me to bring a spy in.

[He looks up.]

Is that what you want?

(continued)

COL LAMBERT

[sighs]

I'm afraid it's a bit worse than that, Captain. Of course, we value your contribution to the war effort so far, or we wouldn't even be considering you for this mission. And, as I said, you're perfectly entitled to turn it down.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[shakes his head ruefully]

Well, we all know that's not happening, don't we, sir.

MAJOR SAUNDERS

[patting Crawford on the arm]

Good man, Captain.

COL LAMBERT

The thing is - in a sense you're right, Captain. We do have information. We know where their Strategic Defence HQ is. We even have a plan of the building.

[He gets up from his leaning position, and gestures an invitation to Crawford.]

Come on, I'll show you.

Crawford gets up and follows Lambert over to the big wall map.

It's just

[he pinpoints it with the tip of his cane]

here. And, as I say, we have a plan of the inside of this building.

(continued)

[Silence from Crawford.  
Meanwhile, Saunders joins  
them at the map and comes  
into the shot.]

Which we believe to be reliable.

CAPT CRAWFORD

How does that help, though, sir?

Col Lambert nods towards Major Saunders.

MAJOR SAUNDERS

[animated, talks quickly]

Inside that building - which is in an old  
French chateau - are plans outlining the  
German defensive positions. We know which  
room they are in. We even know where in  
the room the safe is that they are kept  
in.

CAPT CRAWFORD

You mean you think you know.

MAJOR SAUNDERS

Alright, we think we know. There can be  
no certainty. But the information we have  
had is strong, and it's recent.

COL LAMBERT

[after a pause]

Well, Captain - what do you think?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Is getting this information really going  
to help us, sir?

COL LAMBERT

It will help us a great deal. Otherwise  
nobody would think of asking you.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright. So you're giving me some men -

COL LAMBERT

Sixteen men, including you and Sergeant Temple. Men you've worked with before.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, that's something. So you're going to drop us on a beach somewhere in Normandy, and then you're expecting us to march - what?

[he scrutinises the position of the chateau on the map]

- 20 or 30 miles inland -

COL LAMBERT

[excitedly]

It's only 18 miles, Crawford. That's the beauty of it. Their Strategic Command is only 18 miles from the coast.

CAPT CRAWFORD

You're still asking us to cross 18 miles undetected by the enemy...

[Lambert and Saunders, who has moved closer to the map, nod encouragingly.]

...find the chateau.

[He screws his face up.]

Then what? Somebody passes the stuff onto us?

MAJOR SAUNDERS

No, Captain. Remember, you've got a plan of the building. The inside of -

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

[turns from the map]

Jesus Christ, Colonel. You mean you want us to get in and -

[he looks at them as if they are mad, they nod encouragingly]

- and then steal the plans. Then get back home with them.

[He turns away from the map and regards Col Lambert.]

Is that it?

COL LAMBERT

Well, almost.

MAJOR SAUNDERS

It was a good try, Captain.

[Laughs]

But not quite.

COL LAMBERT

You can't just steal the plans, Crawford. If the Germans discover they're missing - which, of course, they will in due time - then they will realise the gaff has been blown, and possibly change their defensive structure. You see?

Capt Crawford shrugs helplessly

No, we need you to get in and photograph the plans. We know you know how to use the new miniature Leica camera.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, yeah. I just used it on the last mission.

(continued)

COL LAMBERT

Indeed.

CAPT CRAWFORD

But how long is it going to take to photograph all of this stuff?

[Silence from the two officers.]

And how long do you think we've got in that room before anyone else comes in? Do we have to get rid of any guards first?

MAJOR SAUNDERS

We don't think it's guarded in the evenings - only locked. But our plan is that you'll be coming in from an outside window.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[sarcastically]

Right. Simple then.

COL LAMBERT

I can't stress enough that you have to get in and out of there undetected, Captain. If there's any trace of you left behind, your mission will - in all probability - prove to be worthless.

There is a long silence, as Col Lambert and Major Saunders regard Capt Crawford in heightened anticipation. Crawford does not look overly enamoured of developments.

Captain?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Sir?

(continued)

COL LAMBERT

What do you think, man? Do you think it can be done?

CAPT CRAWFORD

I think it's unlikely - sir. But it doesn't matter a damn what I say, does it? If I say it's crazy - a typical crazy Mountbatten scheme - you'll just send some other poor buggers instead.

COL LAMBERT

[shrugs]

That is indeed the reality, Captain.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, if someone's going to do it, it might as well be me and my men. Because my unit's better than anyone else's.

COL LAMBERT

[patting him vigorously on the back]

That's the spirit, Crawford.

MAJOR SAUNDERS

[shaking his hand enthusiastically]

Well done, Captain.

COL LAMBERT

Well, you've got a week's respite before all this kicks off, Crawford. Where did you say you were going? Bognor, was it?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Barnstaple, sir. In Devon.

(continued)

COL LAMBERT

Ah, yes. Barnstaple. Well, let your hair down for a bit.

CAPT CRAWFORD

I'll try, sir.

MAJOR SAUNDERS

Give my secretary your address and we'll telegraph your orders through to you near the end of the week.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Yeah, alright.

[He begins to walk away. At the door, he stops and turns. There is a pause, then:]

The things we do for jolly old England, eh, sir?

COL LAMBERT

Exactly, Crawford.

[Pause. Crawford does not move.]

You're a good man, captain.

Crawford manages a grim smile and leaves the room. After a pause, Col Lambert turns to Major Saunders.

COL LAMBERT

Well, he's game, Saunders.

MAJOR SAUNDERS

He's very game.

COL LAMBERT

Excellent man, Crawford.

(continued)

MAJOR SAUNDERS

Yes, sir. An excellent man.

[They both turn back to the  
map.]

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE THREE

INT. DAY. AN OFFICE AT A BUSY RAILWAY JUNCTION NEAR THE SOUTH COAST.

The scene begins with an EXTERIOR SHOT of the railway junction. Dependent on budget, we may see a few railway lines, possibly platforms, and some trains passing through. A couple of men are busy on the platform checking their clipboards.

We then CUT to an INTERIOR of the office. A civilian clerk, known as GREAT WESTERN, is at his wallchart - showing part of the railway network - checking something. A woman enters the room. This is GLORIA.

GREAT WESTERN

[turning]

Gloria.

[Enthusiastic]

Did you get us a tea?

GLORIA

[looks put-out, surly]

Here's your tea.

[She bangs the cup on the table.]

Great Western.

GREAT WESTERN

[comes to the table]

Ta, Glo'. Aren't you having any then?

GLORIA

[sitting at her desk]

I've had some.

(continued)

[She watches disdainfully as  
Great Western slurps his  
tea.]

That's the third one I've made you today.  
And it's only ten o'clock.

[Great Western does not  
respond.]

D'you know that?

GREAT WESTERN

It's thirsty work, this, Glo'. I've had  
to organise twenty-three trains coming  
through here this morning.

GLORIA

Hmm. Very Important Person, you are now.

GREAT WESTERN

That's right. It's a lot of  
responsibility.

[He nods as he looks across  
at her.]

We'd have no chance of winning the war  
without men like me. Organising things.

GLORIA

Hmm. I 'spect they'll give you a medal at  
the end of it all.

GREAT WESTERN

I shouldn't wonder.

The door opens, and Great Western and Gloria suddenly try  
to look busy. LIEUTENANT BARCLAY enters the office.

LIEUT BARCLAY

[brisk manner]

Everything in order, then, Great Western?

(continued)

GREAT WESTERN

Well, it's certainly been a busy morning, sir.

[Barclay gives him a stern look.]

But yes, I've got it all under control.

LIEUT BARCLAY

[turning to Gloria]

Have you got that report typed up for me, Gloria?

GLORIA

Nearly, Lieutenant Barclay.

LIEUT BARCLAY

[frowning]

Nearly? Well, when will it be ready?

GLORIA

Erm.

[She looks at her sheet of shorthand notes.]

Half hour, sir?

LIEUT BARCLAY

[shaking his head]

Well, get on with it then.

GLORIA

Yes, Lieutenant Barclay.

(continued)

LIEUT BARCLAY

And try not to make so many mistakes this time.

[She raises her eyebrow slightly.]

Last time you transcribed 'departure' as 'department'. It caused no end of confusion with Ordnance.

GLORIA

Sorry, Lieutenant Barclay.

[Smiles.]

There was an ink blot on my sheet.

LIEUT BARCLAY

[nods paternally]

Indeed. Well, no ink blots this time, eh?

GLORIA

No, Lieutenant Barclay.

LIEUT BARCLAY

[moving towards Great Western's desk]

Now, Great Western -

GREAT WESTERN

Sir?

LIEUT BARCLAY

Any pressure points this morning?

GREAT WESTERN

No. We been alright, sir.

LIEUT BARCLAY

I mean coming up, man.

(continued)

GREAT WESTERN

Oh. Well, there's another twelve coming through today, all told.

[Checks his sheet.]

But no, they're all scheduled reasonably far apart.

LIEUT BARCLAY

Good. So no room for any balls-ups today, then?

GREAT WESTERN

No. We should be alright, sir.

LIEUT BARCLAY

[nods]

Alright.

GREAT WESTERN

Anyway, I've done alright in the past fortnight. Even Capt Griggs said so. He said -

LIEUT BARCLAY

Yes, alright.

[Pats Great Western on the back.]

Just keep it up then.

GREAT WESTERN

Yes, sir. And you'll put in a word -

LIEUT BARCLAY

I'll put in a word for you if you keep it up. Alright?

(continued)

GREAT WESTERN

Yes, sir.

LIEUT BARCLAY

That's the spirit.

[He turns and EXITS]

GREAT WESTERN

[peevd]

How bloody long do I have to keep it up  
for though? He never says.

GLORIA

[filing her nails]

You'll never get that promotion.

GREAT WESTERN

No. I'm too bloody useful to them here,  
that's why.

GLORIA

Well, I'm sure you'll get your medal at  
the end.

GREAT WESTERN

[suddenly furious]

Medal, indeed. They never give medals to  
people like me. They only give 'em to  
rotten officers like bloody Barclay.

GLORIA

[looking up, slightly  
startled]

Hmm. I'm certain I heard you say  
'Lieutenant Barclay' just now...

(continued)

GREAT WESTERN

Hmm. 'Lieutenant' bloody Barclay then.

[He looks down at his  
sheet.]

Gloria begins typing, then quickly pulls the sheet out of  
the machine.

GLORIA

Drat. These bloody keys keep getting  
tangled up.

[Silence. No response from  
Great Western, who is  
studying his timetable.]

I do wish they wouldn't put them so close  
together.

[CUT & END OF SCENE]

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE FOUR

EXT. DAY. OUTSIDE BARNSTAPLE RAILWAY STATION.

The scene begins with an EXTERIOR SHOT of the station, with a sign revealing it to be 'Barnstaple'. People begin to emerge from the station, carrying suitcases and briefcases. Then we see CAPT CRAWFORD emerge, carrying a pack, which he takes off and puts down. He looks around, then, as the last of the other passengers moves away, leaving him standing alone, he lights a cigarette.

As Crawford inhales and looks around him, a station PORTER appears.

PORTER

[West Country accent. An old  
codger]

Alright, guv?

CAPT CRAWFORD

ALRIGHT, MATE.

Crawford gazes at him for a moment while the porter waits expectantly. Then Crawford throws his match down and inhales again.

PORTER

You come here on leave?

CAPT CRAWFORD

[after a pause]

Might have.

PORTER

Cause you're not stationed here.

[Silence from Crawford.]

I knows everyone what's stationed here.

[More silence.]

That's my job.

(continued)

Crawford carries on smoking and watching the porter in silence.

Unless you're the new CO. We're waiting for him. But he's not due here til this afternoon.

[Still more silence.]

Anyway, you don't look like the new CO.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Seen him, have you?

PORTER

[looks a bit nervous]

Well - err, no, I ain't, but -

CAPT CRAWFORD

How d'you know, then?

PORTER

Well, it's just -

CAPT CRAWFORD

Listen old son.

[Beckons for the porter to come closer. The porter bends his ear towards Crawford.]

I dunno if you've heard about it, but there's a fucking war on.

PORTER

Well, sir - of course I've heard about it.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, keep fucking Mum, then, why don't you.

[He grabs hold of the porter's lapels.]

What this war don't need is old women like you spending all day gossiping. Got it?

PORTER

Err - yes sir. Sorry sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[releasing his grip]

Alright.

[He takes another cigarette out, puts it in the porter's mouth and lights it.]

Hopefully that'll help keep your trap shut.

PORTER

Yes. Sorry I spoke out of turn, sir.

[He takes the cigarette out and coughs a bit.]

CAPT CRAWFORD

Not your brand? They're Woodbines.

PORTER

They are, sir. It's just this cough I got.

[He coughs again.]

But I'm sure a Woodbine will do it the power of good.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

That's the spirit. Now, how do I get to the Albion?

PORTER

The Albion?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Yeah, the Albion. It's a pub.

PORTER

Yes, of course.

[He looks up and down the road.]

It's that way. Toward the town.

CAPT CRAWFORD

You sure? You took a long fucking time deciding. You sure you know this neck of the woods?

PORTER

[outraged]

I lived here all my born days, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[smiling, pats him on the back]

Alright. Just testing you. So how far is it?

[He picks up his case.]

PORTER

Ah, well -

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, is it walking distance?

(continued)

PORTER

Hard to say, really. Be about three or four mile.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright.

PORTER

Shall I get you a cab, sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

[already walking, turns back]

No, mate. It's walking distance.

[He walks off.]

PORTER

Good luck, sir.

[Louder.]

With your unit and everything, I mean.

[He scratches his head.]

Well they're in for a rare old time if he's the new CO.

[He shakes his head.]

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE FIVE

EXT. DAY. INSIDE THE ALBION PUB.

The scene begins with an EXTERIOR SHOT of CAPT CRAWFORD walking along the road. He stops outside a pub, and we see the sign proclaiming 'The Albion'. He goes inside the pub.

The rest of the scene takes place INSIDE THE BAR. Crawford walks to the bar and sits down. He is the only customer. Behind the bar, a busty blonde barmaid, IRENE, is cleaning and arranging things. The pub has only just opened.

IRENE

[noticing Crawford in the mirror behind the bar. She turns]

Oh, sorry.

[West Country accent.]

I didn't see you there.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Don't worry, love. There's no rush.

IRENE

Alright, then.

[She dusts the mirror, where we can still see Crawford's reflection. Then she turns, puts the duster down and smiles.]

So - what's your poison?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Pint of best.

IRENE

[gets a handled pint glass]

Alright then.

(continued)

[Begins pulling the pint.]

Pint of best it is.

Crawford lights another cigarette and watches Irene pull the pint in silence. Finally she puts it in front of him. He slowly wipes the foam off the side, then puts it to his lips and gulps some of it down. He puts the pint glass back on the bar top. Irene is now wiping glasses and putting them away.

CAPT CRAWFORD

You do rooms here?

IRENE

Yes.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Any vacancies?

IRENE

Yes, we got a couple of rooms spare. Did you want to have a look?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Nah. Just tell us how much and chuck us the key.

IRENE

Alright.

[She disappears behind the bar and returns a moment later with a big notebook.]

Did you want the one with the view?

CAPT CRAWFORD

[shrugs]

What's the view?

(continued)

IRENE

Well - there's a field at the back. With some cows in it.

CAPT CRAWFORD

You've convinced me.

[He holds out his hand.]

IRENE

It's number four, then.

[She hands him the key.]

It's on the first floor, down the end of the corridor.

[He nods.]

It's two shillings a night.

[He says nothing.]

Would that be alright?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Smashing, love. I'll be here for a week.

He takes out his wallet and gives her a note.

IRENE

Alright. Thanks.

[She disappears with the note and the notepad. Then she comes back and gives him some change.]

Check your change.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

[checking, then pockets the  
change]

Perfect.

[Smiles.]

Your maths is better than you thought.

IRENE

Yeah, maybe it is getting a bit better.

[She hovers about,  
uncertainly.]

Mind you, it should be. I been doing this  
for three years now.

CAPT CRAWFORD

You don't look old enough.

IRENE

Ha!

[He offers her a cigarette,  
which she takes.]

Ta.

[He lights it.]

Anyway, hope you don't get bored, stuck  
here for a week.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, let's wait and see.

IRENE

So - what brought you to Barnstaple?

CAPT CRAWFORD

[after a pause]

Do you know a man called Ronald Burke?

(continued)

IRENE

Ron? Yeah, he was staying here.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Was?

IRENE

Yeah. He left two days ago.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Damn.

[Pause.]

Pardon my French.

IRENE

Oh, he left a letter behind the bar.

[She gets down from her stool.]

For someone.

[She goes to the back of the bar and starts shuffling papers around. Then she turns.]

What did you say your name was?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Crawford.

IRENE

[producing an envelope]

It's only got a first name.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[grimacing]

It's Albert.

(continued)

IRENE

Oh - it's for you then.

[She comes forward with the letter.]

Funny, you don't look like an Albert.

CAPT CRAWFORD

I usually try to forget that I am an Albert.

IRENE

[hands him the letter]

What do they call you then?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Crawford, mainly.

[He takes another swig.]

Captain, occasionally. How about you?

IRENE

Irene.

[She screws up her face.]

But I don't like mine, either.

[She watches as he cuts the top of the envelope open with a pen knife.]

CAPT CRAWFORD

No?

IRENE

They always make a big joke of saying 'Goodnight Irene'. Surprised you haven't said it.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Why would I say goodnight? I've only just got here.

[He takes another swig.]

Anyway, I like your name.

IRENE

Really?

[Laughs.]

I think it's awful.

CAPT CRAWFORD

No. Irene looks lovely on you.

[Smiles.]

Irene.

IRENE

Aw.

[She considers this.]

I believe you. Thousands wouldn't.

CAPT CRAWFORD

So you been pulling pints for three years?

IRENE

Yeah.

[She rolls up her sleeve.]

Look at all the muscles I'm getting.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

[leans forward, touches her arm. She quickly pulls it away.]

Hmm. They're all on your right arm, though. You got to learn to pull with both hands.

IRENE

[laughs]

How d'you know I can't pull with both? You haven't even seen my left arm.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Go on then.

[He touches her left arm.]

Let's have a look.

IRENE

No, you're right. I can only pull 'em with the right.

[She sits down again.]

CAPT CRAWFORD

Thought so.

[He is now reading the letter.]

Oh, bloody hell.

[He puts the letter down on the bar in disgust.]

IRENE

What's up?

CAPT CRAWFORD

He's been bloody posted away, that's what.

(continued)

IRENE

Well, I could have told you that. They sent him to -

CAPT CRAWFORD

[puts his hand up]

Don't tell me, Irene. He don't say where, so don't you tell me, neither.

[Pause.]

It don't matter anyway. Point is, he ain't 'ere no more.

IRENE

So - what was you going to do with him all week?

CAPT CRAWFORD

[considers this for a moment]

Go fishing. Talk about old times. And get blind bloody drunk in 'ere in the evenings.

IRENE

Well, you can still do that. That is, if you still want the room..

CAPT CRAWFORD

Yeah, that's alright, Irene. I've nowhere else to go.

IRENE

Well, that's charming.

[Rests her chin on her hand]

Now you really will be bored here in the day.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

[shrugs]

Well...we'll see. It's a week off, anyway.

[He finishes his pint and  
pushes it forward.]

I'll have another, when you're ready.

IRENE

Alright.

[She begins to pull the  
pint.]

CAPT CRAWFORD

You're pulling it with your right hand  
again.

[She looks up, smiling.]

Stop it.

IRENE

Don't be silly. I'm not ambi-what's-it.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, give it a go, at least.

[She keeps pulling with her  
right, and he shakes his  
head.]

I'll have to come over there and help you.

IRENE

Don't be so daft.

[She puts the pint in front  
of him.]

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

So your old man runs this place?

IRENE

No. Brian's no publican.

[Laughs.]

He's in the flaming desert. Been there for three years.

[She is unconsciously caressing the pint glass with her fingers.]

That's why I started working here. Because he'd been posted away.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Oh, I see. Is he alright?

IRENE

Yeah.

[She finally takes her hand away from the pint glass.]

He's in the Pay Corps, so he doesn't really do any fighting.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Oh. That's alright then.

[Pause.]

I suppose you get a bit bored here as well, then?

[He begins to wipe the foam off the side of the beer.]

(continued)

IRENE

Not really.

[She leans forward with a beer towel and wipes the foam off the side. Their hands touch. This time, she doesn't flinch or pull away. She looks at him.]

Well, a bit, perhaps.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE SIX

INT. DAY. A ROOM AT THE WAR OFFICE.

We start with the same EXTERIOR SHOT of the War Office that we used in Scene Two, except that it is early dawn, and hence there is little traffic. There is another caption to introduce the scene, which reads:

The War Office, London.

8<sup>th</sup> April, 1944.

Eight weeks before D-Day.

Then we CUT to the same window that we used in Scene Two. Then we CUT to an INTERIOR SHOT of the room with the big map of the French northern coast in the War Office.

MAJOR SAUNDERS is gazing out of the window, overlooking Whitehall, watching the dawn and drinking from a mug of coffee. He tries to stifle a yawn. After a few seconds, Saunders goes over to sit at Colonel Lambert's desk, which has a prominent red telephone on it, with the big map directly behind him. Then, after another few seconds, the door opens, Saunders looks up, and COL LAMBERT enters the room.

MAJOR SAUNDERS

[rising from his seat]

Ah. You're back, Colonel.

COL LAMBERT

[unbuttoning his coat]

Much happening, Major?

MAJOR SAUNDERS

Well - Captain Patterson's landed safely. We've received his radio report. I was manning your phone in case anybody else rang.

(continued)

COL LAMBERT

Of course, Saunders.

Major Saunders picks up some papers and moves them back to his desk. Then he approaches Col Lambert, takes his coat off for him and hangs it on the coat stand.

Thanks, Saunders.

[He goes to his desk, looks at the papers there briefly, and sits down.]

Now, what about Crawford? Has he acknowledged his orders?

MAJOR SAUNDERS

Yes, Colonel. He's leaving Barnstaple this morning by train for Portsmouth. Sergeant Temple is collecting him in his jeep at Portsmouth railway station at -

[he checks a sheet of paper]

- fourteen hundred hours, and they are then proceeding by road to Newhaven. The Special Boat Squadron unit are due to sail at twenty hundred hours, so they've got plenty of time.

COL LAMBERT

Hmm.

[Lights his pipe.]

Sounds a-okay. Temple's acknowledged his orders as well?

MAJOR SAUNDERS

Yes, sir. And Corporal Briggs is in charge of the rest of the unit. Fourteen men. They are moving by train from Hastings to Newhaven this afternoon. They are also due to arrive at the dock well before twenty hundred hours.

(continued)

COL LAMBERT

Alright. Let's just hope nobody gets held up.

MAJOR SAUNDERS

Well, it's a lot easier than when we were getting air raids.

COL LAMBERT

Yes, of course.

[Inhales, considers.]

There's still the unforeseen - that's the stuff that smashes all our plans to smithereens. The unforeseen.

[He stares contemplatively into space.]

Still, nothing we can do about that. If we could foresee it, it wouldn't be unforeseen, would it?

MAJOR SAUNDERS

Precisely, sir.

COL LAMBERT

How do you think the thing is going in general?

[No response from Saunders.]

The war, I mean.

MAJOR SAUNDERS

Well...we're rather reaching the crunch, aren't we, sir?

[He takes out a cigarette and taps it with his finger.]

I mean, we can't really lose now. But can we win?

(continued)

COL LAMBERT

Indeed.

[There is a silent pause.]

MAJOR SAUNDERS

I suppose you'd have to say, 'Thank heavens for the Yanks'.

COL LAMBERT

[absent-mindedly, not really listening]

Hmm.

[He puffs on his pipe. Then his expression alters and he glances back at Saunders, looking furious.]

Yanks? What's that you say about the Yanks, Saunders?

MAJOR SAUNDERS

Only that we've come to rely on them so much, sir.

COL LAMBERT

Rely on the Yanks? What are you blithering on about, man?

MAJOR SAUNDERS

Well, it's been -

COL LAMBERT

Bloody Yanks didn't start fighting until 1941.

[He puffs on his pipe again and stares into space.]

(continued)

French just gave up. Damned Russkies were in bed with Hitler. The Finns put up a good show, but - well, you don't win a war on skis, do you, Saunders?

MAJOR SAUNDERS

[slightly confused]

Err - I suppose not, sir.

COL LAMBERT

The point is - in 1940-41, it was only us fighting them. Us, man. So you can forget the damn Yanks. Without us, Europe would have already gone to the dogs.

MAJOR SAUNDERS

Yes, sir. Of course, you're right -

COL LAMBERT

I think we're in danger of forgetting these things. All this fascination with everything American.

MAJOR SAUNDERS

Yes, sir.

COL LAMBERT

[looks like he's in his own world]

You know, Saunders...Before this all kicked off in '39, I was getting worried that the old country might be losing its way.

MAJOR SAUNDERS

[quizzical]

And now?

(continued)

COL LAMBERT

And now I know it hasn't. This war has brought out the very best in this country, Saunders.

[CUT to Saunders nodding vacantly. CUT back to Lambert, looking at his pipe. He relights it.]

The very best.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE SEVEN

INT. DAY. THE ARMY BARRACKS (FROM SCENE ONE).

First we have an EXTERIOR SHOT of the parade ground and the barracks buildings. Then we CUT to an INTERIOR SHOT of the dorm room.

All 11 of the reprobates are in their locked dormitory, some packing their kit, some sat on their bed, smoking or reading. The men have formed three different cliques, consisting of: HARRY, TEDDY and ROSEY (nearest the door); SPIDER, LARRY, WALLER and DENNY; and TAFFY, CONSHIE, KLONKY and HITLER YOUTH.

WALLER

[as he polishes his shoes]

This war's a fucking nuisance.

[Nobody responds. Everyone around him is packing their kit, too.]

Lovely little business I had in Roath.  
Scrap metal.

[He smiles at the memory.]

We had the gyppos in all the time. Tons of lead they was nicking off the church rooves. I was making quite a little pile off all that, I was. Then some twat decides we're at war, and we're all gonna be called up.

[Shakes his head.]

Fuck me Jackson.

LARRY

[packing his kit]

Well, it wasn't just you, was it, Waller?  
I was doing alright with the betting.  
Everyone in Grangetown knows me with the betting.

(continued)

DENNY

It's true. They all knows Larry in Grangetown.

[Sniggers.]

The cunt who never pays up if you wins.

LARRY

Get out of here, Denny. Course I bloody pay up. How could I run a legitimate business if I didn't? Stands to reason.

SPIDER

Where we going, anyway?

[Nobody responds.]

I don't like the look of this.

[Shakes his head.]

We're all packing our kit, but no sod knows where we're going.

DENNY

Well, that's the Army all over, that is. They never tells you nothing.

TAFFY

[coming over]

I know where we're bloody going. We're going to the Glasshouse in Aldershot. That's where we're going. Now - who's got my magazine?

HARRY

[also coming over]

Who's got your magazine? What do you want that for, when they took all our fucking guns off us?

(continued)

TAFFY

Not that kind of magazine, you nit. My bloody Gala.

HARRY

[aggressive]

Who you calling a nit, you Welsh wanker?

Taffy doesn't respond.

SPIDER

Here it is, Taffy.

[He hands it over.]

Ta for the lend.

HARRY

[snatching it]

Oh, it's one of the glossies, is it?  
Who's that bird on the front?

TAFFY

[indicating with his finger]

Jane Russell. Lovely pair of knockers on her, mind.

HARRY

Oh, that's her, is it? Them Yanks was going on about 'er all the time. I never knew who they was on about.

[Taffy is gently prising the magazine out of Harry's hand.]

Yeah, she has got a fair pair. Bit of a funny mouth on her, though.

(continued)

TAFFY

Hmm. Well, beggars can't be choosers,  
Harry.

He takes the magazine back to his bunk, and puts it in his  
kit bag.

LARRY

I wouldn't complain about her mouth. It's  
not the shape of her mouth that counts,  
it's what she can be persuaded to shove in  
it.

Everyone laughs.

The camera moves over to Taffy's bunk. Klonky, Conshie and  
Hitler Youth are all in this section of the dormitory.

HITLER YOUTH

Who is this Jane Russell anyway, Taffy?

TAFFY

Wasn't she in some western or other? The  
Outlaw or something. I think she gets her  
knockers out in a hay-barn. At least,  
that's what it looks like in the photo.

HITLER YOUTH

When did it come out, though? I never  
seen it on at the flicks.

KLONKY

I don't think they ever brought it out.  
It was too ser-ser-saucy.

TAFFY

Never mind about Jane Russell. There'll  
be plenty of crumpet for us over here, as  
soon as they send those bloody Yanks back  
home.

(continued)

SPIDER

[coming over]

How long they going to keep us in jail  
for, though, Taffy?

TAFFY

They can't keep us for long. I mean, you  
just nicked a few stores, that's all. It  
wasn't the crime of the century.

SPIDER

It's not fair. We never got tried or  
nothing. I mean, not with proper judges.

[Nobody responds to this.]

And Larry was doing the books. He already  
told 'em he couldn't add up. But they  
still gave him the books. That's just  
asking for trouble, that is.

The camera swings over to Harry's section of the dorm.

ROSEY

[mirthfully]

Fancy - a bleeding bookie what can't add  
up.

HARRY

[finishes packing and lies on  
his bunk]

I tell you what's really asking for  
trouble. Calling us lot up, and thinking  
they're going to make us fucking fight.

(continued)

ROSEY

[Lying on his top bunk,  
smoking]

They were having a fucking bubble bath.

TEDDY

[packing his kit bag]

I would have fought them Krauts, though.

[Nobody responds.]

I'll fucking have a crack at anyone.

[He tightens his grip on a  
cosh, then puts it in his  
bag.]

HARRY

[sarcastically]

You tell 'em, Teddy. Why didn't you,  
then?

TEDDY

[also smoking, lying on the  
bottom bunk]

I just don't want some silly sod bellowing  
at me all the time. If you just give me a  
rifle and point it at some Kraut, I'll  
shoot the cunt. I'll try anything twice.

[He takes another puff and  
stares into space.]

Just don't fucking shout in my lughole all  
the bleedin' time.

We hear the door being unlocked, and Teddy looks towards  
the door. Enter SGT ALLEN and CPL FORD.

(continued)

SGT ALLEN

[bellowing near Teddy's ear.  
Teddy grimaces.]

Alright, you 'orrible lot. Hands off  
cocks, on kit bags. You all packed,  
Harris?

HARRY

Well - some of us are, sir.

SGT ALLEN

[observing that some men are  
still packing]

Well, get it packed, on the double. We're  
leaving in two minutes sharp.

[Consults watch.]

ROSEY

Where we going then, Sarge?

SGT ALLEN

That's for me to know, Rosenthal - and you  
to find out.

ROSEY

You could give us a bit of a clue, though,  
couldn't you, Sarge?

[Gives him an ingratiating  
smile.]

I mean, you don't wanna leave us totally  
in the dark.

SGT ALLEN

[considers]

Well, you more or less know anyway.

[Announces to the room.]

(continued)

You're going to the Glasshouse. That's where you're going. Aldershot military prison. Alright?

[He moves towards the other bunks.]

Right, you all packed now?

VARIOUS

[muttering]

Yes, sir.

SGT ALLEN

Alright, let's get out of here. Corporal.

[Corporal Ford comes to his side.]

Let's get 'em in alphabetical order again.

[Shouts to the men.]

Get in rank. Alphabetical order. Harris first, Hill - you know the order by now.

The men shuffle into a line, carrying their kit bags.

Right. Follow me. Left-right, left-right...

He leads the men out of the dorm. They march shambolically, but Corporal Ford, bringing up from the rear, ensures they remain in a semblance of a line. We see all EXIT the dorm.

We CUT to an EXTERIOR SHOT of the parade ground, in early dawn. We see the men emerge in line from the dorm, led by Sgt Allen. He leads them to a parked van. Another armed MP opens up the back of the van. Harry leads the men into the van. Corporal Ford then bangs the back door shut, and locks it. He turns to Sgt Allen and salutes.

CPL FORD

We're off then, sarnt.

SGT ALLEN

Good luck, Corporal. Can't say I'm sorry  
to see the back of 'em.

CPL FORD

No, sir.

[Looks at his watch.]

We're running to schedule, anyway. See  
you tomorrow, sarnt.

SGT ALLEN

See you, Corporal.

Corporal Ford salutes again, then gets into the front of  
the truck. A few moments later, the truck moves away, and  
Sgt Allen watches as it drives out through the security  
gates. He is left on his own in an empty parade ground.  
Sgt Allen takes out a cigarette and lights it.

Bunch of bastards.

He chucks his match on the ground. Then he turns towards  
the camera and walks back towards the barracks.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE EIGHT

INT. DAY. AN UPSTAIRS BEDROOM AT THE ALBION PUB IN BARNSTAPLE.

First we have an EXTERIOR SHOT of the pub, in the early dawn. Then we CUT to the bedroom.

CAPTAIN CRAWFORD is awake in bed. He yawns, reaches over and looks at his watch, which he then puts on. He gets out of bed - he is naked - and walks over to the window and stares out for a moment. He half-opens the curtains and begins to get dressed.

We can now see that the busty blonde barmaid, IRENE, is lying in the bed. She moans slightly in her sleep and turns over so that she is facing the camera, and we can see that it is her.

Crawford finishes dressing. He picks up his kit bag - already packed - and places it carefully on the floor by the bed.

Then he slowly draws back the blankets so that he can observe the naked form of Irene. Finally, he leans over, kisses her lips (she moans slightly), then each of her nipples, then her pubic hair.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[straightening up]

Goodnight Irene.

Crawford picks up his kit bag. He catches a reflection of himself and picks up a compact from Irene's dressing table. He examines it, closes it and pockets it, then EXITS the room.

We CUT to an EXTERIOR SHOT of the outside of the pub, with The Albion sign. Crawford emerges from the pub, with his kit bag slung over his shoulder. He walks along the road in the early dawn. We hear birds singing. Crawford begins to whistle.

We CUT to Crawford further along the road, and we hear a vehicular sound behind him. He turns and sees a bus approaching. He puts out his hand, the bus stops and he boards the bus. We see the bus receding into the distance.

We CUT to an INTERIOR SHOT of Crawford on the bus. He nods nicely to a little old lady who is smiling at him, and sits down in the window seat in front of her. He looks at his watch. It is 7:15.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE NINE

EXT. DAY. OUTSIDE PORTSMOUTH & SOUTHSEA RAILWAY STATION.

First we have an INTERIOR SHOT of the station concourse, focussing on the big clock. The time is now 12:30.

CAPTAIN CRAWFORD emerges into the shot, hands his ticket to a guard, passes under the big clock, and EXITS the station concourse.

We CUT to an EXTERIOR SHOT of the street outside the station. Crawford emerges, stops, lights a cigarette and looks around. Eventually he hears the beep of a klaxen horn, and turns to see SERGEANT TEMPLE waving to him from behind the wheel of an army jeep.

Crawford ambles over to the jeep.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright, mate.

SGT TEMPLE

[burly, square-jawed bloke]

Not too bad, sir. How was your leave?

CAPT CRAWFORD

[getting into the passenger seat]

Smashing. How about yours?

SGT TEMPLE

Well, alright. Course, I had the wife rabbiting all the bloody time, but -

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, sarge, you pays your money and you takes your choice.

SGT TEMPLE

[looking over his shoulder as  
he moves into the road]

True, sir. That is a fact

[he moves off and  
accelerates]

and no mistake.

CAPT CRAWFORD

You also live and learn.

SGT TEMPLE

Yes.

CAPT CRAWFORD

For me, it's once bitten and twice fucking  
shy. Anyway, how was everyone?

SGT TEMPLE

They're alright. My youngest is moving  
about all over the place now. Good job I  
got to see her, or she'd never remember me  
at the end of the war.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[lights another cigarette and  
sticks it in Temple's mouth]

Right.

SGT TEMPLE

That is, presuming there's going to be an  
end of the war.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Oh yeah. It's coming soon.

[Pause. Temple waits for  
more information.]

(continued)

Big push this summer. But don't tell anyone I told you.

SGT TEMPLE

Alright.

[Pause - Temple glances across at Crawford.]

Can you tell us anything about our orders, sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well - we're going across.

[Temple nods.]

As for the rest of it - best leave it til we're on the boat. It's a fucking far-fetched operation if you ask me.

SGT TEMPLE

Oh.

[Brightens up.]

I'd better not ask you then, had I, sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

No, Sergeant. That's the spirit.

[He takes out a hip flask and has a swig from it.]

Want some of this?

SGT TEMPLE

Err - not really, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, I'll save you some. You'll want some once you've heard the plan.

(continued)

SGT TEMPLE

Right, sir.

They motor on in silence for a while. They are now passing out of the city and into the countryside.

SGT TEMPLE

What about the rest of the unit, sir? Are they coming?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Yeah. We're meeting them all on the dock at Newhaven Harbour at 19.30. Boat is leaving at 20.00. They're coming from the opposite direction, from Hastings.

SGT TEMPLE

Hastings? That's close to Newhaven, isn't it?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Yeah, not far. Corporal Briggs is in charge of them.

SGT TEMPLE

Well, they should be alright. With Corporal Briggs in charge.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Yeah.

[Gazes out at the passing countryside.]

Shouldn't be too much drama.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE TEN

EXT. DAY. ON THE PLATFORM AT HASTINGS RAILWAY STATION.

First we have an EXTERIOR SHOT of the station, showing the sign 'Hastings'. Then we CUT to an INTERIOR SHOT of the station concourse, focussing on the big clock. The time is now 18.06.

Then we CUT to an EXTERIOR SHOT of one of the platforms. CORPORAL BRIGGS and PRIVATE FARRELL lead the men towards a waiting train. They look a lot tidier than the Reprobates XI, much more dapper and sophisticated, and with more military bearing.

A PORTER approaches Briggs and Farrell.

CPL BRIGGS

This one ours?

PORTER

This is it. Get you there in half an hour, this will.

CPL BRIGGS

Alright, thanks.

[Turns to the men.]

Alright, this one's ours. All aboard.

They begin to move towards the train.

PTE FARRELL

I bagsy the window seat, Corporal.

CPL BRIGGS

It's first come, first served, Farrell.

[He stops by the open door of the train.]

Anyway, you're on first.

(continued)

[Gestures for Farrell to board the train, which he does. Briggs looks at his clipboard, and begins counting the men onto the train.]

Dawson, Farrell - right, he's on already.  
Hudson...

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE ELEVEN

EXT. DAY. ON THE PLATFORM AT PEVENSEY RAILWAY STATION.

First we have an EXTERIOR SHOT of the station, showing the sign 'Pevensey'. Then we CUT to an INTERIOR SHOT of the station concourse, focussing on the big clock. The time is now 18.10.

Then we CUT back to the EXTERIOR SHOT of the outside of the station. A van pulls up outside, and CPL FORD and another armed MP get out. A second vehicle, a jeep, pulls up behind it, and two other armed MPs get out, bearing their rifles.

Ford goes to the back of the van and unlocks it. The Reprobates begin to descend from the van onto the street. They are surrounded by the armed MPs, who get them into formation as they descend from the van.

We then CUT to an EXTERIOR SHOT of one of the platforms. Ford and the MPs surround the men as they are escorted to an empty freight wagon.

HARRY

Is this ours?

[Cpl Ford nods. Harry screws up his face.]

Stinks of 'orse-shit.

CPL FORD

Sorry. Best we could do.

[Nods, more aggressively now, for Harry to get in. Harry reluctantly gets in, followed by the others.]

WALLER

[holding his nose]

Fuck me Jackson.

(continued)

ROSEY

[to Cpl Ford]

Not very lavish, is it, sir?

CPL FORD

Get on board, Rosenthal.

ROSEY

I mean to say, though.

[He starts to board, but  
turns to Ford as he does so.]

Anyone would think there was a war on or  
something.

[He gets on board.]

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE TWELVE

INT. DAY. RAILWAY JUNCTION OFFICE (FROM SCENE THREE).

GREAT WESTERN is sat at his desk, picking his nose. He hurriedly stops as the door opens. ENTER GLORIA with some tea. She bangs a cup down on Great Western's desk.

GLORIA

More tea.

GREAT WESTERN

Cheers, Gloria.

GLORIA

Honestly, I don't know where you put it all.

[Great Western grins and slurps his tea.]

You got me running up and down these corridors all day getting your tea.

[She looks down at her leg.]

I got a ladder in my stockings now, because of you.

She sits down and begins fiddling with her stocking. Great Western looks across leeringly. ENTER LIEUTENANT BARCLAY, looking brisk as usual. Gloria lets go of her stocking and pretends to be typing.

LIEUT BARCLAY

[striding in]

Everything ship-shape, Great Western?

GREAT WESTERN

Yes, sir. It's all under control - as usual.

(continued)

[He gives a reassuring grin,  
which does not seem to  
reassure Barclay.]

LIEUT BARCLAY

Any pinch points?

As Barclay asks him this, Great Western is staring at  
Gloria, fiddling with her stocking again behind Barclay's  
back.

GREAT WESTERN

[quickly looking back down at  
his timetable]

Think it's alright, sir.

LIEUT BARCLAY

Well, you obviously haven't looked very  
closely, have you?

GREAT WESTERN

[looking again]

Err -

LIEUT BARCLAY

Well, what about the 18.06 service from  
Hastings to Newhaven? Coming through here  
at 18.32. You've got to switch points for  
it, haven't you?

GREAT WESTERN

Well, obviously, sir. You've always got  
to do that with the Newhaven trains,  
because -

LIEUT BARCLAY

And then you've got another one coming  
through five minutes later. Repeat -

[he taps his cane on Great  
Western's desk]

(continued)

- five minutes later. Got that?

GREAT WESTERN

Err, have I?

[He checks the timetable.]

I don't seem to -

LIEUT BARCLAY

The one coming in from Pevensey, man.

GREAT WESTERN

[looks up confidently]

It's not down here, sir.

Lieutenant Barclay tuts and looks down at the timetable.

LIEUT BARCLAY

Have you checked this morning's RVTs?

GREAT WESTERN

[looking blank]

RVTs, sir?

LIEUT BARCLAY

Oh, for heaven's sake. The revised timetables, man.

GREAT WESTERN

Oh. The RVTs - are they still doing them, sir?

LIEUT BARCLAY

Yes, they're still doing them. It's a good job you've got me here to hold your hand. Write this down.

(continued)

GREAT WESTERN

Err, right.

[Looks frantically for a pen  
as Barclay begins reading  
from his own sheet of paper.]

LIEUT BARCLAY

18.12, Pevensey to Aldershot. Coming  
through here at 18.37. You also have to  
switch the points for that one. And  
you're holding that one on the platform  
for five minutes. Got that?

GREAT WESTERN

Err, yes, sir.

Great Western tries writing it down, but his pen isn't  
working. He furiously scribbles on a note pad to get his  
pen going. Then he looks up and sees Barclay glaring at  
him.

LIEUT BARCLAY

Got it?

GREAT WESTERN

Got it, sir.

LIEUT BARCLAY

Right. Well, let's crack on then.

[Barclay walks briskly  
towards the door. Then he  
stops and glares at Gloria.]

And I want that report in the next half-  
hour.

GLORIA

Next half-hour. Right, sir.

EXIT Barclay, banging the door shut behind him. Great  
Western manages to get his pen working.

(continued)

GLORIA

Blimey, he was in a -

GREAT WESTERN

[gestures for her to keep  
quiet]

'18.32, Pevensey to ' - where was it?  
Hang on, where was the first one? That'll  
help.

[He looks down at his  
timetable, then realises he  
has scribbled all over it.]

Oh lor, Gloria.

GLORIA

[momentarily concerned]

What's up?

GREAT WESTERN

I can't even find the first one now. I've  
scribbled all over me timetable.

GLORIA

[nonchalant]

The first one was coming from Hastings.

GREAT WESTERN

Yes, it was the 18.12 from Hastings.  
That's a regular service, that is. Comes  
through here at 18.32 on the way to  
Aldershot.

GLORIA

[relieved]

That's right, Aldershot. He said  
Aldershot.

(continued)

GREAT WESTERN

And the other one is five minutes later.  
So that's coming from Pevensey and - where  
was that one going?

There is silence for a moment.

GLORIA

[suddenly joyful]

Newhaven, of course!

GREAT WESTERN

[writes it down]

Well done, Gloria. I could kiss you at  
times.

Gloria smiles and goes back to examining her stocking.

I meant to ask you, are you doing anything  
tonight?

GLORIA

[wagging her finger]

Now I told you before. Don't start  
getting any ideas.

Great Western looks glumly on as she carries on fiddling  
with her stocking.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE THIRTEEN

EXT. DAY. ON THE SOUTH COAST ROAD IN TEMPLE'S JEEP.

SGT TEMPLE and CAPT CRAWFORD are merrily progressing along the South Coast road in Temple's jeep. It is now late afternoon.

CAPT CRAWFORD

I could murder a pint.

SGT TEMPLE

[dubious]

Have we got time, sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Time? We're on the outskirts of Brighton now. Only a few miles away. And we've got ninety minutes to reach Newhaven docks.

Temple says nothing.

We won't get another chance, once we get on that bloody boat.

SGT TEMPLE

[after a pause]

That's true. It'll have to be a quick one though, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Lovely little roadhouse just a mile up the road, Bill. Not even out of our way or anything.

SGT TEMPLE

Alright. Tell me when you see it, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Tell the truth, I can just see it now. There it is -

(continued)

[he points ahead]

- slow down.

Temple pulls the jeep into a car park, the two men disembark and enter the pub.

[CUT & END OF SCENE]

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE FOURTEEN

INT. DAY.           INSIDE A TRAIN CARRIAGE ON THE ALDERSHOT  
TRAIN.

CPL FORD and three MPs are sitting in a compartment of the  
train. The three MPs are talking and laughing. Cpl Ford  
is looking out of the window.

CPL FORD

[announcing]

Right, we're just coming into Polegate  
Junction.

[The men look up blankly.]

We've got a five-minute stop here.

MP

Can we stretch our legs for a bit then,  
sir?

CPL FORD

Might as well. It's still a fair stretch  
to Aldershot after that.

The men all begin to get up.

CUT to the INTERIOR of the freight carriage, where all the  
reprobates are.

WALLER

This is a right bloody billet they've  
given us here. I might write to my MP to  
complain.

ROSEY

When you say your MP, do you mean 'member  
of parliament' or 'military policeman'?

[A few of them laugh. Rosey  
suddenly looks alert.]

Hold up. We're stopping.

(continued)

[To Taffy.]

'Ere, Taff - can you see anything through that hole of yours?

TAFFY

[looking through a slit  
between two of the wooden  
slats]

No. Oh, hang on. Yeah, they're all getting out.

ROSEY

Is this Aldershot then?

TAFFY

[after a pause]

No, they're just hanging about. I think it's just stopped here for a bit.

ROSEY

Blimey. I wish we'd at least get there.

HARRY

What you so fucking keen to get there for, Rosey? Military prison ain't gonna be no picnic.

ROSEY

No, but the sooner we get there, the sooner we do the time. Right?

Nobody responds.

CUT to the STATION PLATFORM. Corporal Ford and the three MPs are all milling about, smoking and talking. Corporal Ford wanders over to some railings overlooking the main road, and looks out. The others go over to join him.

(continued)

CUT to a close-up of the points on the line switching. Then, a moment later, the train begins to move off, down the line and away from the station.

CUT back to the men at the railing. They are still nattering.

CPL FORD

[looking at his watch]

Right, we'd better get back on board.

[He turns around.]

Hang on. Where's the train?

They all turn around and look up and down the platform. But the train is nowhere in sight.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE FIFTEEN

EXT. DAY. ON THE PLATFORM AT ALDERSHOT STATION.

A train pulls in at the platform. We see a sign saying 'Aldershot'. CORPORAL BRIGGS emerges onto the platform, followed by PRIVATE FARRELL, and then all the other commandos.

CPL BRIGGS

Farrell.

PTE FARRELL

Sir?

CPL BRIGGS

Any idea what we're doing at Aldershot?

PTE FARRELL

[blank]

Err - no, sir.

CPL BRIGGS

Surely it's not on the way...

Suddenly, some armed MPs emerge onto the platform and surround the men.

AN MP

Right then, you 'orrible lot -

CUT to close-up of the face of Corporal Briggs, who looks completely mystified.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE SIXTEEN

EXT. DAY. ON THE SOUTH COAST ROAD IN TEMPLE'S JEEP.

CAPTAIN CRAWFORD and SGT TEMPLE are back on the road, in Temple's jeep.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, it was worth stopping, wasn't it?

SGT TEMPLE

It was a fair pint of best, sir.

[Pause.]

Not sure we should have had the second one, though. Still...we should be alright.

Capt Crawford looks at his watch. We CUT to a close-up of his watch.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE SEVENTEEN

EXT. NIGHT. ON THE HARBOUR AT NEWHAVEN.

We see a sign proclaiming 'Newhaven Harbour'. We see a boat. We see two Special Boat Squad (SBS) officers on deck, leaning on the railing, smoking and talking.

COMMANDER WALTERS

How long are we going to have to wait for this damn CO of theirs?

LIEUT COOPER

[checking his watch]

To be fair, it is still ten minutes til sailing time, Commander.

COMMANDER WALTERS

Cutting it a bit fine, though, isn't he?

LIEUT COOPER

Yes, he is that, sir.

COMMANDER WALTERS

I'm really looking forward to his explanation for the extraordinary conduct of his men.

LIEUT COOPER

Yes. A funny bunch. Oh, hang on - there's a jeep coming...

We see a jeep pull up on the harbour, and CAPT CRAWFORD and SGT TEMPLE grab their kit bags, run across the jetty, show their passes to a naval bloke on the dock, then get on board the ship. They get on deck and approach the two SBS guys.

COMMANDER WALTERS

Captain Crawford, is it?

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Yes, sir. And this is Sergeant Temple,  
sir.

COMMANDER WALTERS

I'm Walters. This is my number two,  
Lieutenant Cooper.

Everyone shakes everyone else's hands. Somebody shouts  
from down below, and the boat begins to move away from the  
jetty.

Glad you could finally make it, Captain.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[checking his watch]

We are ten minutes ahead of schedule  
though, Commander.

COMMANDER WALTERS

True. I was just glad to see you here for  
- other reasons.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[a bit peeved]

Which are?

COMMANDER WALTERS

Well - not to put too fine a point on it,  
Captain, the rather mercurial behaviour of  
your men.

[Pause. Crawford offers  
nothing in response, so  
Walters continues.]

Anyway, seeing as we're safely off,  
perhaps I can offer you two men a drink in  
my cabin downstairs. And - err - perhaps  
we'll talk about it there.

(continued)

Crawford shrugs agreeably, and he follows Walters downstairs, with Cooper and Temple following behind them.

We then CUT to the INTERIOR of COMMANDER WALTERS'S cabin. Walters, Crawford and Temple all sit down, while Cooper fixes drinks for all of them.

CAPT CRAWFORD

You were saying that my men were - behaving oddly?

COMMANDER WALTERS

Yes, rather. Weren't they, Cooper?

LIEUT COOPER

I thought so, sir.

COMMANDER WALTERS

There, it wasn't just me, then. Now, I know you Commando johnnies are a rum lot at the best of times - I mean, that's why they chose you, because you're a bit out of the ordinary, I quite see that, Captain...

[Crawford nods diplomatically.]

But your unit today - my God! They're as queer a school of fish as I've ever seen in uniform.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Uniform, sir?

[He screws his face up.]

They shouldn't even be in uniform.

(continued)

COMMANDER WALTERS

Well, quite. That was what I thought. But I didn't feel inclined to argue the point with them. I mean, it was hard enough to persuade your boys to get on the boat at all.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Eh?

[The Commander gives him a funny look.]

I mean, could you expand on that, sir? You've lost me.

COMMANDER WALTERS

Well, it's quite simple, Crawford. We more or less had to get them on at gunpoint. Apparently there was some kind of palaver at the station, where they arrived in a locked wagon. I don't know if that put them off their stroke a bit.

[Pause. Crawford looks completely blank.]

And the curious thing is, we had to lock them up as well.

CAPT CRAWFORD

You locked them up, sir?

LIEUT COOPER

Well, to be honest Captain - their behaviour was so tiresome that we'd rather had our fill of them.

COMMANDER WALTERS

Indeed. They're just along the corridor in a locked cabin.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

I'm not quite understanding this,  
Commander. These men are a crack unit.

COMMANDER WALTERS

Well, that's what Cooper here kept telling  
me. All I can say is, they certainly  
weren't acting like one.

[He sips his brandy.]

Maybe you can go down and get some sense  
out of them.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright, sir.

COMMANDER WALTERS

I mean, rather you than me. They're not  
really part of my social milieu, if you  
know what I mean.

[Crawford looks puzzled, and  
also annoyed.]

LIEUT COOPER

[more diplomatically]

They did seem rather a bunch of rough  
diamonds, Captain. Of course, I'm sure  
they're very good at their jobs.

Crawford gives a puzzled look across the room at Temple.  
He has risen from his seat but is standing indecisively, as  
if not quite sure how to proceed.

COMMANDER WALTERS

Well, look. Let's me and Lieutenant  
Cooper go down with you, and we can all  
have a chat with your men and - err -  
smooth things over a bit.

[He leads the way out, and  
they all EXIT his cabin.]

(continued)

Maybe we just got off on the wrong foot  
with them.

We follow Commander Walters along the corridor, to a door, where he stops. Lieut Cooper unlocks the door and swings it open, and Commander Walters gestures for Capt Crawford to lead the way in. Capt Crawford steps inside the room, followed by the three others.

We follow Crawford's gaze as he glances around the room. HARRY is at the table, with his feet up on it, leaning back in a chair, smoking. He looks at Crawford contemptuously. Next to him is ROSEY, who smirks and tips his cap. The camera then moves up a bit to capture TEDDY, who is very tall, and stares back expressionlessly.

The camera then moves across two spaces and finds LARRY, then moves back, and goes down, and we see SPIDER (staring intensely back). We then go anti-clockwise, as we were before, and see LARRY, who has some cards in his hands. We note that there is money on the table. Next to Larry is WALLER, who is studying his hand of cards, but briefly looks up. Next across is DENNY, who looks up from his cards and smiles a beaming smile.

Then we have TAFFY, who is looking at his magazine, which is tilted at a strange angle so that he can view the scantily clad girl better. Then the camera accelerates, and we see a glimpse of HITLER YOUTH, KLONKY and CONSHIE.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, Commander.

[Pause.]

There is a rather simple explanation.

COMMANDER WALTERS

Which is?

CAPT CRAWFORD

[after a pause]

These are not my men.

CUT & END OF SCENE & END OF ACT ONE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - ACT TWO, SCENE TWENTY-ONE

INT. NIGHT. IN COMMANDER WALTERS'S CABIN.

The four senior men - COMMANDER WALTERS and LIEUT COOPER of the SBS, and CAPT CRAWFORD and SGT TEMPLE of the Marine Commandos - are sitting, drinking, smoking and earnestly talking.

COMMANDER WALTERS

Alright, Captain. I think what we have established is that there's been a cock-up.

CAPT CRAWFORD

An almighty bloody one.

LIEUT COOPER

[agreeing with Crawford]

First-class cock-up, sir.

COMMANDER WALTERS

Indeed. Well, my radio chappie Horton has been very active, as you know, in pursuing all this. And what we seem to have divined is that your boys have somehow turned up at Aldershot military prison today.

CAPT CRAWFORD

But you say they let them out -

COMMANDER WALTERS

[consulting a scrap of paper]

Well, they never actually took them in. It appears - after a bit of a contretemps with the military police at Aldershot - that your unit has gone back to base at Hastings, and is awaiting further orders. Here, you look at it.

[Hands the note to Crawford.]

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

[reads it briefly]

So. Would I be right in assuming that this bunch of jokers we've been saddled with -

[he gestures towards the door]

- are a gang of army convicts?

[Pause.]

I mean, are these the clowns that were supposed to be going inside the Glasshouse?

Walters and Cooper exchange alarmed looks.

COMMANDER WALTERS

Hmm. Hadn't thought of that.

LIEUT COOPER

It would explain an awful lot, Commander.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, obviously we'll have to head back for Newhaven.

[Silence from the two SBS men.]

Won't we?

COMMANDER WALTERS

Now, hold your horses a moment, Captain.

[Crawford looks puzzled.]

My orders were to drop you and the men under your command on Beach J3 at twenty-two hundred hours tonight. Those orders haven't changed.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

That lot in there aren't under my command.

COMMANDER WALTERS

For my purposes, they are. And I've -

CAPT CRAWFORD

[getting angry]

You mean to say, Commander, that you're going to drop me and my sergeant off on a beach in France with a dozen convicts?

COMMANDER WALTERS

[angry]

Well, those are my orders, man.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Bollocks to your orders!

COMMANDER WALTERS

Now hold on there.

LIEUT COOPER

[diplomatically]

We do have a genuine problem, Captain.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Which is?

LIEUT COOPER

We've got another pick-up to make. On the French side.

COMMANDER WALTERS

You're not the only show in town, Crawford.

(continued)

LIEUT COOPER

After we drop your lot off - or, what should have been your lot - we're scheduled to move up the coast and collect another unit.

[Pause.]

We're bringing them back, see.

COMMANDER WALTERS

And there won't be room on board this boat for two units. As I'm sure you'll appreciate, Captain.

Crawford exchanges a look with Sgt Temple, but says nothing.

Look, Captain. These men won't want to fight you, or anyone else. They're not armed. They'll probably be scared out of their wits, once they realise they're being landed in France. They'll just want to stay safely out of the firing line.

LIEUT COOPER

Most likely cowards and malingerers, sir. That's why they send 'em to military nick.

COMMANDER WALTERS

Now, I'll get my radio man, Horton, to tell HQ all about your situation, and we'll confirm a time for our boys to pick you up from beach J3 tomorrow morning. Alright?

Crawford says nothing.

So all you have to do is stay on that beach, or near that beach, for eight hours or so, and wait for your pick-up. The enemy won't even know you're there - so all that's required is for you to sit tight, keep out of harm's way and wait.

(continued)

[Pause.]

Do you think you might manage that?

CAPT CRAWFORD

[turns to Temple]

Do you think we can manage that, Sergeant?

SGT TEMPLE

I think we might manage that, sir.

COMMANDER WALTERS

Alright.

[Brightens up.]

Well, thank God that's sorted. Another  
brandy, anyone?

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE TWENTY-TWO

EXT. NIGHT. THE DECK OF THE SBS BOAT.

The four senior men - COMMANDER WALTERS and LIEUT COOPER of the SBS, and CAPT CRAWFORD and SGT TEMPLE of the Marine Commandos - are on deck, waiting. We hear murmured voices from off-camera, then see an armed SBS man come into shot. He is leading the Reprobates onto the deck. The first one we see is SPIDER. As they emerge on deck, we see that they are being escorted under guard by several armed SBS men.

SPIDER

I don't like the look of this.

[He looks out to sea, and we see by the moonlight that they are 30 yards off a beach.]

I definitely don't like the look of this.

TEDDY

Well, it's not just you, Spider.

[To the SBS guy next to him.]

Where the fuck are we?

This leads to more mutterings from the men.

HARRY

We're in fucking France. I know we are.

ROSEY

Not fucking France again. I didn't like it the first time around. Bleeding Dunkirk.

LARRY

They've never sent us to France again. They wouldn't be so bloody stupid. Stands to reason.

(continued)

WALLER

[looking nervously at the beach]

Fuck me Jackson.

TAFFY

There's some nice French tarts in Paris, mind.

KLONKY

We'll never get to Per-Per-Per-Paris.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Now, listen up, men. Nobody's going to Paris, because nobody's even going to fucking France.

[Tense silence.]

There's been a balls-up, and we know all about it. So we've had to turn around and go back to Kent, that's all.

[Sighs of relief.]

TEDDY

I never felt the boat turning round.

HARRY

Where in Kent are we, then? This ain't fucking Dover. There's no white cliffs.

CAPT CRAWFORD

No, not Dover. We're just up the road from Broadstairs.

HARRY

[about to argue, but suddenly looks placid]

Oh. Alright then.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Now, we can't get in any closer, so we're going to have to wade across to the beach. Alright?

[Nobody argues.]

Follow me, then.

Crawford goes over the side of the boat and lands in the water, up to his shoulders, holding his rifle and kit bag over his head. He wades a couple of yards, then turns back.

Come on, then. Organise them into rank, Sergeant.

Temple nods and tries to get them into some kind of line.

TEDDY

I'll go next.

[He comes forward.]

This'll be just like going on me 'olidays.

[He jumps in and wades towards Crawford, then turns.]

Come on then. Who's next? The water's lovely.

TEMPLE

[grabbing Spider]

Right, you next.

[He helps Spider up onto the rail.]

SPIDER

How am I supposed to wade? It'll be over my 'ead.

(continued)

TEDDY

[wading back to the boat]

Get on my shoulders then, you bleeding  
mosquito.

Spider gets on Teddy's shoulders, and Teddy wades towards  
the beach. He passes Crawford.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Good man. Just head for the beach and  
wait there.

TEDDY

Alright. I'll try anything twice.

We CUT back to the boat. LARRY is now clambering onto the  
rail.

LARRY

The things they make you do in this  
fucking army.

We see the rest of the men coming over the railings and  
splashing into the water, then we see shots of them all  
wading towards the beach, holding their kit bags over their  
heads.

Teddy reaches the beach, and drops Spider onto the sand.  
They watch the boat receding from view.

SPIDER

See ya!

TEDDY

I'll send you a postcard!

SPIDER

[to the men in the water]

Hurry up boys! We'll have a sandcastle  
contest.

(continued)

Gradually the other men arrive on the beach, with Crawford and Temple bringing up the rear.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[gives Temple a look. Temple clasps his rifle tightly.]

Right, you lot. Form two ranks.

[There is confusion.]

Jesus God. That means six in front, five behind.

[They form two lines.]

Right.

I apologise in advance for this men, but - I'm afraid I told you a fib just now. We're not in Kent, we're in France.

[Assorted cries from the men.]

HARRY

[coming forward menacingly]

You fucking arsehole.

CAPT CRAWFORD

I'll have less lip off you, sunshine.

With amazing speed, Crawford wallops him across the side of his face with the butt of his rifle, and Harry goes down. Teddy immediately moves forward menacingly, but Temple shoves his rifle in his gut.

SGT TEMPLE

Don't try it, son.

Teddy looks at Temple venomously, but then his expression becomes placid and he moves back into the ranks.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Any more for any more?

Nobody moves. Harry, still on the floor, starts rubbing the side of his head.

Right. The reason we're in France is that I was supposed to be leading a mission here. But obviously, not with you lot.

WALLER

We can't do no mission, sir. We're supposed to be in jail.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[laughing]

That's alright, Private. The mission's off. I mean, you haven't even got any weapons, have you?

ROSEY

What we fucking doing 'ere then, sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

The boat we just got off has to pick up another unit tonight. So they couldn't take us back.

[Silence.]

So we have to wait here for eight hours until another boat comes to take us home.

A long pause. The men exchange looks with one another.

ROSEY

Is that really the truth this time, sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

That's the fucking God's honest truth, Private.

[Another pause.]

(continued)

Right, let's get into some cover near the beach. Then all we do is wait. Come on.

He moves towards the cliffs, where we now see there is a rough path leading off the beach. Slowly, the men turn and start to follow him, led by Teddy. Temple approaches Harry, who is still on the floor.

SGT TEMPLE

Come on, Private.

[He gives him his hand and helps Harry to his feet.]

HARRY

He fucking clobbered me.

SGT TEMPLE

Well, if you obey orders, he won't clobber you again, will he?

HARRY

Hmm. S'pose not.

He watches Temple walk away, looks furtively around the beach, then runs after him.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE TWENTY-THREE

EXT. NIGHT. A CLEARING.

CAPTAIN CRAWFORD leads the men. They pass an unmanned machine-gun post. Then Crawford enters a clearing, followed by the rest of the men.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright, this'll do. There's a bit of a clearing here.

[The other men are entering the clearing now.]

Reasonable cover from the bushes. And we're only about half a mile from the beach.

WALLER

We need to make sure we get back there in time for the boat, Captain.

CAPT CRAWFORD

I'm aware of that, Private. And from now on, it's me giving the orders. If you don't mind.

He sits down, takes out his packet of fags and lights up. Everyone else sits around in a vaguely circular shape in the clearing.

ROSEY

Could murder a fag, sir. I ran out two days ago.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Jesus. Couldn't you get any in detention?

ROSEY

It was those MPs, sir. Bunch of sadists, they were. We couldn't get any fresh supplies off the bast - off the baskets, sir.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Better have one of these then.

[He hands Rosey a fag.]

HARRY

Blimey, it's alright for some.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Jesus wept.

[He hands one to Harry.]

How many more of you people haven't got any?

[Teddy sticks his hand up.]

Well, thank God for that. I thought you were all gonna stick your hands up.

[Gives one to Teddy.]

So you three are the three musketeers, then, are you?

TEDDY

Yeah, kind of. We ran a racket - I mean we ran a business together. Before the war. Down Bethnal Green. If you know that part of the world.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Course I fucking do. Where do you fink I'm from, Windsor Castle?

[Pause.]

I'm from bleeding Whitechapel.

TEDDY

Oh. We didn't know you was an East End boy.

(continued)

ROSEY

We thought you was gonna be another  
toffee-nosed officer.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Not me, son. East End through and  
through. And Sergeant Temple's a  
Portsmouth lad. Fine dockland tradition.  
Pompey chimes and all that.

ROSEY

Yeah, they got the Cup an' all, haven't  
they, old Pompey? They're gonna have that  
bleeding Cup for ten years at least, til  
the fucking war's over.

TEDDY

And the rest.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Nah, it won' last ten years. It'll be  
over in another two or three.

TAFFY

How d'you know, sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, there's something happening soon.  
That's all I can say. You'll see.

KLONKY

What was this mer-mer-mer -

HITLER YOUTH

He means what was the mission you were on?  
Sir, I mean.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, I can't tell you that, can I?

(continued)

[Glances at Waller, who is surreptitiously drinking something contained in a bag.]

Oi, Private.

[Waller glances up, startled.]

What you imbibing over there?

WALLER

It's only my cough mixture, Captain.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Cough mixture my ear'ole. Pass it over here then. Let me taste a bit of your cough mixture.

Waller reluctantly wipes the rim of the bottle and passes it over, still inside a bag. Crawford swigs some.

This ain't no cough mixture. Lovely bit of Scotch, though.

[He takes another swig.]

Now, what annoys me, Private, is not that you were drinking illicit liquids...but that you didn't offer anyone else any.

Assorted cries of agreement from the other men.

So now we'll just pass it round, won't we?

Crawford passes the whiskey on to Rosey, and it does the rounds. Waller looks downcast.

SGT TEMPLE

[on the other side of Crawford, leans over]

Is this a good idea, sir?

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Good for morale. There's not enough left for anyone to get drunk. Anyway, we're all wet and cold, and we can't start a fire. So it's medicinal.

SGT TEMPLE

[sceptical]

Alright, sir. You know best.

[He looks around.]

We better set up a look-out, though, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright, give it a minute.

[To the men.]

Now, Sgt Temple, as I said, is a Pompey man. Who do the rest of you cheer for?

ROSEY

Clapton Orient.

HARRY

[scathing]

Clapton fucking Orient. More like the Blind School.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Who are you, then?

HARRY

West Ham, innit.

ROSEY

Come off it, 'arry. They been in the Second for ages now.

(continued)

HARRY

Yeah, but...We'll be back.

TAFFY

Anyway, Captain, you were telling us about your mission.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[startled]

Was I fuck, Taffy. It's fucking secret, innit.

TAFFY

Yeah, I know that, but - you could give us the gist of it.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[considers]

There's a place not far from here where they keep secret documents. A chateau - for those of you who know what a chateau is.

[Pause.]

We were going to break in - all in secret - have a gander at the documents, then get out again. Simple as that.

TAFFY

You were just going to look at 'em, like?

HARRY

Who are you, Captain? Mr fucking Memory?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright then, if you want to be precise, we were going to photograph them.

[Taps his kit bag.]

(continued)

Got a miniature camera in 'ere.

ROSEY

Makes more sense. S'pose it's all off now, then. You and the sergeant aren't going to do it on your own?

CAPT CRAWFORD

No. We had a safe expert and a burglary specialist in our team. But - as you can see - they're not here. So the mission's off.

Rosey is about to say something, but Harry nudges him in the ribs, silencing him.

SPIDER

You'll be coming back with us then, sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

That's right. When the jolly old boat comes to pick us up.

[He looks up sharply.]

Now, we all want to get safely back on board that boat, don't we?

SPIDER

[eager]

Yes, sir.

A few of the others agree.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Right, well we're here for eight hours, so we'd better have a look-out rota. Let's say, two hours each. One man on the beach, in case there's any patrols coming along the coast. One man on the rise just up there

(continued)

[gestures]

in case anything comes from inland, east  
or west. Alright?

[Nobody says anything.]

Any volunteers?

SGT TEMPLE

I'll do the coast, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright. And the other?

WALLER

Shouldn't we draw lots, sir? That's what  
we always did with the duty roster.

LARRY

Fucking Waller and his lots. He loves his  
lots.

CAPT CRAWFORD

It's a bit time-consuming, Private.

WALLER

[keen, brings out straws]

I've got 'em ready, sir. I always keep  
'em handy.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Hmm. Alright, then. You draw first.

Waller draws and, to his delight, it is not the short  
straw. He holds the lots out to Taffy, who draws another  
long straw. Next up is Klonky, who dithers and dithers -  
and draws the short straw.

KLONKY

Aw, cer-cer-cer-cripes.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

[to Temple]

Alright, Sergeant. Can you give instructions to this Private, and put him in place, and then take up your own position?

[Temple nods.]

Two-hour slots, so I'll send men to relieve you at

[consults his watch]

fourteen-twenty hours. Okay?

KLONKY

[disappointed]

Yes, sir.

EXIT Temple and Klonky.

Waller is watching his bottle of whiskey going around the table. It gets to Spider, who is next to him, and he eagerly awaits the return of his bottle. However, when Spider gives it back to him, Waller realises - to his disgust - that it is now empty.

WALLER

Well, that's the end of that, then.

[Chucks the empty bottle in the middle of the circle.]

CAPT CRAWFORD

Private, you can put that empty in your kit bag.

[He chucks the bottle to him.]

We can't let the enemy know we've been here.

(continued)

[Waller reluctantly puts the  
empty bottle in his bag.]

Now Crawford slyly produces his own whiskey bottle, and has  
a swig.

ROSEY

Blimey sir, you're a sly one.

[Crawford passes the bottle  
to Rosey.]

ROSEY

[having a swig]

Tell you what, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

What?

ROSEY

For an officer, you're not too bad.

CAPT CRAWFORD

A fitting testimonial.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE TWENTY-FOUR

EXT. NIGHT. THE CLEARING.

CAPTAIN CRAWFORD is asleep, with the (now empty) bottle of whiskey lying alongside his head. We see a hand reach down and start shaking him.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[groggy]

Wha'?

[Suddenly he is alert and bolt upright. We see that the hand belongs to KLONKY.]

What's occurring, Private?

KLONKY

It's the Ger-Ger-Ger -

CAPT CRAWFORD

[grabbing hold of him]

Come on, man. Spit it out.

KLONKY

[composes himself]

Germans coming, sir. Along the beach. Sgt Temple told me to tell you.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Where's the sergeant now?

KLONKY

Up where I was, ser-sir. On the rise.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright. Start waking 'em up.

(continued)

[Crawford shakes ROSEY and HARRY, and Klonky starts shaking TAFFY and HITLER YOUTH. Gradually everyone is roused.]

There's Krauts coming up from the beach.

KLONKY

I'm not sure they're cer-cer-coming up this way though, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[seeing people not moving]

Come on, get ready to move.

[He rummages in his pack and re-emerges with a pair of binoculars. He leaves the clearing].

The camera follows him onto the cliff path, and we see him peering down at the beach. CUT to a shot of German soldiers, walking along the beach in numbers. Then we CUT to a shot of the path that the men came up. Then we see a small group of German soldiers move away from the main group and walk up the path.

Shit!

Crawford darts back into the clearing.

Some of them are coming up here. We've got about six minutes to make ourselves scarce.

[He kicks Denny, who is still not moving.]

Come on, move. We ain't waiting for ya.

DENNY

[groggy]

Er, yeah. Right, sir.

(continued)

[But, after sitting up, he  
still doesn't move.]

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, do you want to spend the rest of the  
war in a POW camp?

DENNY

[worried]

No, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, fucking move, then, Private.

Denny gets moving. Crawford looks around. Everyone else  
is swiftly picking up their kit bags. Crawford spots his  
whiskey bottle and puts it in his bag, then realises that  
Temple's kit bag is still lying on the ground. He picks  
that up, as well. By this time, everyone is ready, waiting  
for him.

TEDDY

I'll take that, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Cheers mate.

[He hands him Temple's kit  
bag.]

Alright, let's go.

They all EXIT the clearing. Crawford, bringing up the  
rear, looks around the clearing, satisfying himself that  
nothing has been left behind. He EXITS last.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE TWENTY-FIVE

EXT. NIGHT. THE CLIFF PATH.

CAPTAIN CRAWFORD leads the men as they scramble up a steep cliff path. He looks up and sees SGT TEMPLE, waiting for them on the brow of a hill.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Any sign of Jerry?

SGT TEMPLE

[receiving his kit bag from  
TEDDY]

Not that I can ascertain, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Hmm.

[He takes out his binoculars  
and scans the cliff path.]

Well, I can't see them coming along the cliff path from the north, but we know they are coming from the south. So if there is a party coming this way -

[he puts down his binoculars]

- we could get trapped. I think we head inland, Sergeant.

SGT TEMPLE

Alright, sir. There's some woods up there.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[looking inland with his  
binoculars]

Right, we'll head for those woods. I'll go in front, you take the rear. Make sure there's still 11 men.

(continued)

SGT TEMPLE

Eleven, sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

I mean, thirteen - counting us.

SGT TEMPLE

Yes, that's right, sir. I'll check.

[He starts counting heads and  
moves out of shot.]

ROSEY

Blimey. That's a fucking lucky number.

We CUT to Sgt Temple, at the rear of the group.

SGT TEMPLE

[loudly whispering]

All present and correct, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Thank you, Sergeant. Right - let's get  
going.

He leads them away and OUT OF SHOT. The camera remains  
fixed, for a couple of seconds, on an uninhabited cliff  
path. Then the camera PANS to the south, and we see the  
German soldiers starting to emerge onto the cliff path.  
They start to move towards the camera.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE TWENTY-SIX

EXT. NIGHT. THE CLIFF PATH.

CAPTAIN CRAWFORD leads the men as they continue to scramble up the steep cliff path. We see the men passing - Crawford is followed by Rosey, Harry, Teddy, Spider, Taffy (blowing a bit), Hitler Youth (looking quite sprightly, and as though he is enjoying it), Klonky (with a gormless grin), Conshie (silent and intense), Larry, and the two fatties, Denny and Waller, both struggling, and Temple bringing up the rear. As the men in front go on, Waller stops.

SGT TEMPLE

Come on, you can't stop now.

WALLER

I'm fucking knackered.

SGT TEMPLE

It's only two minutes' more marching.  
Come on.

[He shoves him, and Waller  
reluctantly turns and resumes  
marching.]

WALLER

[half-turning]

You don't even know where we're going.

SGT TEMPLE

Just you keep going.

[They continue marching.]

CUT to Crawford at the front. He points to the woods in front of them.

CAPT CRAWFORD

There's the woods. They'll give us cover.  
Come on.

(continued)

We see the men leave the cliff path and enter the woods.

We CUT to a shot of them inside the woods. After a few shots of them marching, we CUT FORWARD (in time) to a shot of them marching further in the woods - time has elapsed. They reach a clearing, and Crawford stops and takes off his kit bag.

This'll do. Nice and quiet in here.

The other men begin to arrive in the clearing and start taking off their kit bags.

SPIDER

Will we get back to the beach for tomorrow morning, though, sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, we're only

[consults his watch]

about forty minutes' away. Depends if any German troops are still around.

[Silence. Everyone is watching him.]

HARRY

[suspicious]

And what if they are?

CAPT CRAWFORD

[shrugs]

Well, the Boat Service boys have radio updates on major troop movements over this side. If there's loads of Krauts around, the boat won't land in any case.

HARRY

What the hell happens then?

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

We go back to the same rendezvous point 24 hours later.

TAFFY

Bloody hell. Another 24 hours.

HARRY

With fucking Krauts crawling everywhere.

WALLER

And what about provisions, Captain?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well.

[Scratches his head.]

Good point.

HARRY

Well, that's no fucking answer.

[Crawford glares at him.]

Sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

What am I supposed to say, Private? I can't take a shopping list to the fucking grocer's, can I?

DENNY

[jovially]

And there's no Lyons Corner Houses round here, neither.

A bitter silence descends.

CAPT CRAWFORD

So that's the way it is.

(continued)

DENNY

[cheerful]

Oh well. Could be worse, I suppose.  
Dunno how, but I 'spose it could be.

SGT TEMPLE

The Krauts haven't caught any of you yet,  
have they? Be grateful for that.

[He sits down.]

CAPT CRAWFORD

Anyway, let's just sit here and get our  
breath back for a bit.

[Pause.]

The Jerries aren't going to disturb us  
here, anyway.

There is a pause of a few seconds, then we begin to hear  
something. Crawford's expression becomes slightly  
disturbed.

Sergeant, is it me - or can you hear  
something?

SPIDER

I can hear something. I don't like the  
sound of it, either.

The noise is still faint, but seems to be coming nearer.

SGT TEMPLE

Seems to be approaching, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[getting to his feet]

Trouble is, we can't see anything in here.

[He looks up.]

Who's good at climbing trees?

(continued)

SPIDER

I am, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright, well volunteered. Shin up there until you've got some moonlight.

Then come back down and tell me what you can see.

[Spider sets himself to climb the tree, but Crawford stops him and hands him the binoculars.]

Take these.

Spider begins to climb the tree. We CUT to a shot of Crawford and the men, waiting anxiously. Crawford wheels around suddenly, and sees that Taffy is smoking.

Put that fag out, you clown.

TAFFY

Sorry, sir.

[He throws it down and stamps on it.]

Wasn't thinking.

LARRY

[nudges Taffy]

You wasted a ciggie now, you berk.

We CUT to a shot of Spider, emerging between branches into the moonlight. He peers through the binoculars. We CUT to a shot of some German soldiers, approaching the far entrance to the wood. We watch as they start to enter the wood.

SPIDER

Bloody Nora.

(continued)

He lets the binoculars fall around his neck, and begins to descend. We CUT to a shot of the men in the clearing again, still waiting anxiously. After a second or two, Spider comes into view, descending with great rapidity, and jumps down onto the ground.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well?

SPIDER

[excited]

Germans, sir. They're marching into the wood.

CAPT CRAWFORD

That's all we need. Are they coming precisely this way, or will they miss us?

SPIDER

I can't tell, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright, find cover.

[He finds some bushes.]

Everyone get down here.

Everyone except Klunky takes cover on Crawford's side of the clearing. After a second, Klunky, who has already taken cover in another set of bushes on the other side, dashes across the clearing and gets down next to Taffy.

We hear the sound of the men marching, getting louder and louder. CLOSE-UPS of the faces of the hiding men. Finally, we see - in CLOSE UP - the Germans entering the clearing, and marching through it. They are led by a distinctive-looking German - perhaps he has an eye-patch or something - who is HAUPTMANN GRUBER. He crops up again later.

(continued)

We CUT to a close-up of Conshie, and then move to his hand - which we can see is actually on the floor, visible at the edge of the clearing. We CUT to a German soldier, whose boot is just about to step on it. At the last possible instant, Conshie pulls his hand back into the bushes. The German walks past, completely unaware of it.

Eventually, the Germans all EXIT. Crawford gets up, and the other men slowly rise to their feet.

SGT TEMPLE

[to Crawford]

That was a near thing.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Why are they all moving to the coast, Bill? Why so many of them, at this particular spot?

Temple shrugs.

Must be a false rumour of a landing. Either that, or it's an exercise.

[Lights a fag, stares into space.]

What we do know is that there's loads of Kraut troops around. We can't stay here.

HARRY

Where we fucking going now?

CAPT CRAWFORD

We'll have to head further inland. Find some bigger woods to hide in.

SPIDER

But sir - we're heading further and further away from the beach.

CAPT CRAWFORD

I know. It's a nuisance.

(continued)

[Silence.]

But there's fuck all I can do about it.  
Come on.

Disconsolately, the men follow Crawford as he leads them  
further into the woods.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE TWENTY-SEVEN

EXT. NIGHT. THE WOODS.

The men are still following Crawford through the woods.  
CUT to a shot of Crawford coming out of the woods. He signals to the other men to halt, on the edge of the woods, and scouts around. He uses his binoculars to view a road in the distance, and we see a couple of German trucks travelling along it.

SGT TEMPLE

[emerging, looking at his map]

Hmm. That's the main coast road.

CAPT CRAWFORD

But that's five miles inland.

SGT TEMPLE

Well - four-and-a-half. But yeah, that's it.

CAPT CRAWFORD

These bloody Krauts are dragging us further and further away from the beach.

SGT TEMPLE

We'll just have to keep going for a bit, I think, sir. If we could get across the road alright, we could hit those big woods up on the hill. Surely we'd be safe in there.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[using his binoculars again]

Yeah, they're big woods alright.

[Puts the binoculars down.]

Crossing the road's a bit iffy though.

(continued)

SGT TEMPLE

[pointing]

We could use the cover of the bushes, and just cross it in small groups, sir. Three at a time, say.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Yeah, alright. We'll do that, then. Tell the men.

Crawford begins to cross the field.

SGT TEMPLE

Sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

[stopping and half-turning]

Sergeant?

SGT TEMPLE

Wasn't there something about mined fields?

CAPT CRAWFORD

[looking down]

Shit. I forgot.

[He retraces his steps, and pulls out his map. The rest of the men are beginning to gather around him.]

Yeah, they're marked on my map. This field is alright -

SGT TEMPLE

But there's another one before we hit the woods.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Yeah. That's got a cross next to it.  
That means it's fucking dodgy. Alright.  
Well remembered, Bill.

[He steps forward again.]

I owe you a beer.

Crawford runs across the field, to the hedge adjoining the main road. There is currently no traffic on it. He looks back and waves, and Harry, Teddy and Rosey come across and join him at the hedge. He waves again, and we see Spider, Lenny and Denny set off. Of course, Spider arrives first (completely fresh), Lenny second (a little out of breath), and Denny waddles home last, breathing hard.

We CUT FORWARD. Time has elapsed, and we now see Waller bringing up the rear, waddling terribly, but encouraged by Temple, who is trotting alongside him.

SGT TEMPLE

Come on, Waller. There's only another ten yards. There you are, you made it.

WALLER

[collapsing in a heap]

Oh my word. I never signed up for this.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[patting him on the back]

Well done, Waller.

WALLER

[wheezing, can barely get the words out]

Fuck me Jackson.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright, same drill getting across the road. I'll go first, the rest of you come across in the same order when I signal. Okay?

Agreement from the men.

Crawford gets through a gap in the hedge and darts across the road. Then he takes cover on the other side. He signals, and we see Harry, Teddy and Rosey running across after him. We CUT FORWARD - some time has elapsed - and see Temple helping Waller to get across. Again, Waller collapses in a heap.

WALLER

[wheezing]

Not sure how many times I can do this, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright, get your breath back. The next bit is going to take some time. We're going to all quietly go over there, by the hedge.

[He points to a hedge flanking the northern side of the field.]

Then we're going to take small steps, following my steps. This is because -

[very slowly]

- this is a mined field.

TAFFY

Oh fuck. That's all we bloody need.

DENNY

We'll be alright.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Now, I've been trained to recognise the shape and feel of a landmine. So I will be alright. Everyone else will be alright as long as they follow in the same footsteps as the person in front of them.

[Pause. Everyone is listening intently.]

This will require some concentration. Alright?

Mutters of assent.

Alright. Follow me, then.

Crawford carefully steps along the edge of the field, until he comes to the corner, then he heads north. His steps are painfully slow. We see other people following him, in strict single file, and we get close-ups of their faces. Denny looks noticeably unconcerned, and is possibly whistling.

We CUT FORWARD to the men, halfway up the field. Clearly some time has elapsed, as they are going really slowly. Crawford's face is a model of concentration. We see more shots of the men in the ranks, following him.

LARRY

This is gonna take all fucking night, at this rate.

DENNY

Yeah.

[Unconcerned.]

And the silly thing is, the field probably isn't even mined, anyway.

LARRY

How d'ya mean?

(continued)

DENNY

Guy in the Bomb Disposal Squad told me.  
Our maps are four years out of date. Most  
of these fields have been de-mined, he  
said.

LARRY

So why we doing this, then?

DENNY

Bureaucracy, I should think.

[He is now out of single file  
and is walking alongside  
Larry, who hasn't noticed  
this.]

Army's terrible for bureaucracy.

We CUT to Crawford, leading the line, concentrating  
intently. Then we CUT to Temple, at the back of the line.  
He can't see what's going on in front of him, as he has got  
Waller blocking his view.

We CUT back to Larry, who is taking out two cigarettes. He  
hands one across to Denny.

LARRY

Here, have this.

Denny goes to take it, but he drops it, and it bounces off  
his kit bag and lands a yard further into the field. As  
Larry keeps walking, unaware of what is happening, Denny  
steps further into the field. He bends down to pick up the  
fag, and as he does so, he takes a further step into the  
field. Then there is an explosion.

Everyone stops and looks, but there is nothing to show what  
has happened, except for floating bits of material and body  
parts messily strewn across the field.

(continued)

TEDDY

Strewth. Who was it?

LARRY

[half-turning]

Christ, Denny - did you see that?

[He now turns fully, and  
finds that Denny has  
vanished.]

Denny?

TAFFY

[to Spider]

Sounds like it was Denny.

SPIDER

[shocked]

Jesus. He was my best mate.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[signals to them all to keep  
quiet. To Temple:]

Sergeant - can you hear any sounds of  
movement? Anything?

SGT TEMPLE

[listening intently. After a  
pause, he loudly whispers]

No, sir. It's all quiet. Nothing around.  
We might have got away with it.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright, keep moving then.

HARRY

What about Denny?

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

What about him, soldier? He's dead.

[He grabs hold of Harry.]

Because he didn't follow orders.

He lets go of Harry. He is angry now. To the rest of the men:

So now you know. This is no game. This is no comedy show. This is a war.

Silence. CLOSE-UPS of some of the men.

And, like it or not, you're all in the middle of it.

[Pause.]

Either you start listening to me, or more of you will end up dead. Do you understand?

Silence. Louder, now, though he can't be too loud:

Do you understand?

Muttered assent from the men.

Right. Let's keep going. The woods are twenty metres away. Let's try and get there without losing any more men.

We see Crawford resume walking, at a snail's pace, with the rest of the men following behind him. Now they are all concentrating hard once again.

HARRY

[to Rosey]

Pity about Denny, though. I think he still had a few fags left.

ROSEY

Shut up, Harry.

The men continue to walk across the field.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE TWENTY-EIGHT

EXT. NIGHT. THE WOODS.

We see Crawford leading the men into the big woods.

WALLER

More bloody woods. I'm sick of woods.

They carry on marching through the woods. We CUT FORWARD and they have reached another clearing, where Crawford decides to stop.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Maybe we'll get some peace and quiet this time.

WALLER

What about provisions, Captain? I'm famished.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[rummaging in his kit bag]

Well, me and Sgt Temple have one chocolate bar each. That's eight squares times two, which is -

WALLER

[watching intently]

Sixteen squares.

CAPT CRAWFORD

And there are now 12 of us. So, one square each, and I'll decide who are the most needful of the extra four squares.

WALLER

Well, I'm needful, sir. I'm very needful.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright, Waller, I'll bear that in mind.  
Now just take one square, and pass it on  
to the next man.

Waller takes his square, and passes it on. Temple comes  
over and gives his chocolate bar to Crawford.

Now, who's left?

Some of the men put their hands up, and he passes the  
second bar over to them.

Now, Waller can have an extra square, plus  
three others. Let's see - Teddy, because  
he carried the sergeant's pack.

[He gives a square to Teddy.]

Spider, because he went up the tree for  
me. And one other. I'll give one to this  
feller, because he's said absolutely damn  
all since we started.

[He hands the final square to  
Conshie.]

What's your name, Private?

HARRY

We calls him Conshie.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Oh, right.

CONSHIE

Klonky can have mine.

[He gives it to Klonky, who  
takes it excitedly.]

KLONKY

Cher-cher-cher-cheers, Conshie.

(continued)

[He eats the square.]

CAPT CRAWFORD

Right, well that's that, then.

[To Temple.]

Sergeant, perhaps you can take two men and  
recce ahead. Just in case we get  
disturbed by more troop movements.

SGT TEMPLE

Alright, sir.

SPIDER

I don't mind going, sir. They'll have a  
job seeing me.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright. Good man. Sergeant, take Spider  
with you.

EXIT Temple and Spider.

We CUT FORWARD in time to the men lying in the clearing,  
some of them smoking. There is a sudden sound of bushes  
moving, and Crawford grabs hold of his rifle. ENTER Temple  
and Spider, who come into the clearing, sit down and join  
the group.

CAPT CRAWFORD

What's ahead of us?

SGT TEMPLE

Well, there's a big farm, but no sign of  
life.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[checks his watch]

It's not dawn yet.

(continued)

SGT TEMPLE

Anyway, before you hit the farm, there's a big old barn. And nothing in it.

SPIDER

We checked.

CAPT CRAWFORD

So you want to advance to the barn?

SGT TEMPLE

[nods]

We might get some decent kip in there, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

How far is it?

SGT TEMPLE

Ten-minute walk, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright.

We CUT to a shot of the barn. Crawford moves into shot and gets to the door of the barn, and looks inside. He signals to the men to join him, and enters the barn. We see other men following him in.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE TWENTY-NINE

INT. NIGHT. THE BARN.

The men are inside the barn. Most of them are asleep, although a couple are smoking and quietly talking.

SGT TEMPLE

[to Crawford]

Come outside for a smoke, sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright.

[He gets up.]

Crawford and Temple EXIT the barn.

We CUT to the EXTERIOR of the barn. Crawford and Temple squat down at the rear of the barn, between the barn and the woods. Temple hands Crawford a cigarette, which he takes. They squat for a while in silence.

CAPT CRAWFORD

What d'you reckon, then?

SGT TEMPLE

Well. They've piped down a lot since that fat one blew himself up.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Yeah.

SGT TEMPLE

So it might end up working in our favour. We may be able to get them in reasonable shape now.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Hmm. Well, there's no way we're getting to the beach this morning. That means we're stuck with these jokers for another 24 hours.

(continued)

SGT TEMPLE

Yeah.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Can we manage them for another 24 hours,  
and march 'em back to the beach?

SGT TEMPLE

Yeah. Reckon so.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright.

We CUT to a shot of Harry coming out of the barn. He fiddles with his trousers, and it appears that he is having a pee against the wall of the barn. Then, he peers around the corner and sees the two commandos. He squats down at the corner and listens.

SGT TEMPLE

Where actually are we, sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, it's a funny thing, Bill. We've been moving north-west - pretty much the same way we would have been going if we were doing the mission.

SGT TEMPLE

Really?

[Considers this.]

How far from the objective, sir? Just out of interest.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Only about a dozen, maybe 13 miles away.

SGT TEMPLE

Jesus. If only we had the men. Of course, we can't do it with this lot.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

No, they're a right bunch of wrong 'uns.  
There's also the little fact that they  
haven't got any guns...

SGT TEMPLE

They haven't got German uniforms.

CAPT CRAWFORD

We haven't got a fucking radio between us.

SGT TEMPLE

No. I've got a bit of gelignite, though,  
sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Yeah. Well, we ain't gonna need that.

[Pause]

SGT TEMPLE

Go back inside, sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Nah, they're peaceful enough for the  
moment. Let's grab another quiet fag  
while we can.

[He offers one to Temple, who  
accepts.]

CUT to Harry, who moves around the side of the barn and re-  
enters it.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE THIRTY

INT. NIGHT. THE BARN.

The men are still inside the barn. A few of them are in the middle of having a discussion as HARRY ENTERS the barn. He sits down among them.

TAFFY

Orright, Harry?

HARRY

Yeah. I'm alright. You alright?

TAFFY

Yeah.

[Pause.]

A few of the boys weren't too happy with your crack about Denny having some ciggies left.

HARRY

It was just a remark, that's all. It don't mean I wasn't bothered about him kicking the bucket.

TAFFY

Orright.

[Pause]

A couple of the boys are also fed up with you riling the captain all the time. Reckon you ought to stop it.

HARRY

Oh. You reckon, do you? So what you gonna do about it, Sheep-shagger?

TAFFY

We'll see.

(continued)

HARRY

Oh. Threats, is it?

[Turns to Teddy.]

Hear that, Teddy? We won't stand for that, will we, lads?

[Nudges Teddy.]

Do 'im, Teddy.

TEDDY

Pipe down, 'arry. The man's got a point. Keep riling the captain, and he's gonna lose his rag with us.

HARRY

So we just ride 'im, like we ride all the other officers. Just have a laugh as we drive him mental.

TEDDY

But some of us wants to get home, Harry. Do you think we're gonna get home without 'im?

ROSEY

We're not in barracks now, Harry. We're in fucking France.

TEDDY

Like the man said, it's no joke no more.

HARRY

Alright already. I won't rile him no more. Alright?

[Turns to Rosey.]

Give us a fag, Rosey.

(continued)

[He takes one and begins to  
smoke.]

Anyway, Teddy, I don't know why you're so  
bothered. I thought you wanted a crack at  
the Krauts.

TEDDY

Well, yeah. If they'd given us guns...

HARRY

Yeah, I 'spose there's always ifs and  
buts.

[Pause.]

Funny thing is, we're only twelve miles  
from their target.

[People look across  
inquisitively.]

You know, this mission of theirs.

[Pause]

I 'spose, if we 'ad any guts between us,  
we'd actually offer to do the job for 'em.

TEDDY

Yeah, if we 'ad guns. Like I said.

HARRY

So you would if you had guns?

TEDDY

Yeah. Course I would. It's a good chance  
to kill some of these Krauts. They bombed  
half the fucking East End, Harry.

(continued)

HARRY

[cynical]

Those fucking slums needed a refurb.

TEDDY

Sometimes you just don't make no sense, Harry.

HARRY

Ah, pipe down, Teddy. It's not our fucking war. It's not our fucking country.

TEDDY

Well, whose is it, then?

HARRY

Oh, you know. The fucking gentry. Lords and ladies and all that.

LARRY

It's our fucking country as well, Harry.

WALLER

[reflecting]

Mind you, those Krauts - they bombed the Palace, too.

TEDDY

He's right. If I had a gun -

HARRY

Well, fucking take out a Kraut at close quarters and you can get yourself a gun, Teddy. Then you can play the fucking hero.

(continued)

TEDDY

[smacking his cosh against  
his palm]

How can I do that? We've never 'ad 'em at  
close quarters.

HARRY

We could have bumped off the stragglers in  
them woods. Grabbed 'old of 'em, slit  
their throats - and Bob's your uncle.  
Then we would have 'ad guns. Anyway, too  
late now.

ROSEY

[after a pause]

It's funny you saying about our doing the  
mission, Harry.

HARRY

What d'you mean, Rosey? I was joking.  
You know I was only joking.

ROSEY

Well, in a way, we're more qualified to do  
it than they are.

HARRY

You what?

ROSEY

Well, see, I been thinking about it. Now  
it's only gonna work if you're in on it,  
Harry. And you're gonna have to be, like,  
the spokesman.

HARRY

What you gabbing about, Rosey?

(continued)

ROSEY

All will be revealed.

[Calls across the barn.]

Oi, Taff and you others.

[Taffy and a couple of the  
others look up.]

Come over here a minute, and see what you  
think about this...

Taffy, Hitler Youth, Spider and Larry wander over to the  
other lot. We see Rosey talking, but cannot hear what he  
is saying.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE THIRTY (A)

INT. DAY. INSIDE THE BARN.

It is now late afternoon. As CAPT CRAWFORD and SGT TEMPLE re-enter the barn, they observe that all of the men are quite closely grouped together, as though they have been in deep discussion. Crawford and Temple sit down and join the group. Crawford, sensing something ominous, looks around at the men.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[shrugs]

Well?

HARRY

[hesitant]

Err...We wanted to have a chat, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright, then. Lovely weather we been having...

HARRY

Come on, sir. I don't mean the weather.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well. I'm listening.

HARRY

It's about the mission.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[takes out a cigarette, looks up, surprised]

The mission?

HARRY

Well, me and the boys was having a chat about it all.

(continued)

[He looks brightly up.]

And we decided something, that's all.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[putting the cigarette in his  
mouth]

And what did you decide?

HARRY

Subject to your approval, of course.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, thank God for that.

[This provokes relieved  
laughter from some of the  
men.]

HARRY

Look, Captain. Pardon my French, but  
we're fucked anyway.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Go on.

HARRY

If we head back to the coast, we could  
come across more Krauts.

[CUT to shot of a couple of  
the men nodding in  
agreement.]

If we crack on, it's no better, but it's  
not any worse. You say we're a dozen  
miles away from the target.

CAPT CRAWFORD

I dunno how you know - but yeah, that's  
correct.

(continued)

HARRY

Well, we might as well fucking crack on with it, if you ask me...

TEDDY

Might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb.

HARRY

Exactly. If these Krauts are gonna kill us anyway, let's at least go down fighting.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[surprised. After a pause to take this in]

Yes, Harry. I take your point. But this mission was planned for men with lots of expertise. Trained men, Harry.

[Pause]

Trained men.

[There is another big pause.]

HARRY

Yeah, but that's just where you got it wrong, Captain.

CAPT CRAWFORD

How so?

HARRY

All this time you been with us...

CUT to Crawford, listening...

And you never once asked us what we could do.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

[after a pause]

No. I never did, did I?

HARRY

Pardon me for speaking my mind, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Go on, Harry. Let's hear it.

HARRY

Well, sir. In a manner of speaking...You just don't know what you got 'ere.

[He shakes his head. There are mutterings of agreement from some of the men.]

In army terms, we're the dregs. Won't take military discipline, see, will we?

[People shake their heads in sympathy.]

But square-bashing never won anyone any fucking war, did it, sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

[raises his eyebrows]

So what's your point?

HARRY

Well, what you're trying to do is, in a manner of speaking, a crime - innit? It's fucking breaking and entering, that's all it is. Plus a bit of safe-cracking.

[Crawford shrugs in agreement.]

(continued)

Well, what do you fink we are in Civvy Street?

[Shakes his head  
incredulously.]

We're fucking criminals - that's what we are. Do you see where I'm coming from?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Maybe. What's next?

HARRY

Listen and I'll tell ya. Give us a fag, Rosey.

[Rosey lights one for him and  
hands it to him.]

Now take Rosey.

Indicates Rosey with his  
thumb.]

Know what he is?

CAPT CRAWFORD

No. Pray tell.

HARRY

Rosey's a fucking safe-cracker.

ROSEY

I've cracked more safes than you've had hot dinners, Captain.

HARRY

See?

CAPT CRAWFORD

I think I'm beginning to...

(continued)

HARRY

And this fucking little shrimp Spider here.

[He gestures for SPIDER to come over. Spider squats beside Harry.]

After he fell off 'is 'orse, thereby ending his 'igh 'opes of becoming a jockey, what d'you fink was his next career choice?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Astonish me.

HARRY

He's a fucking cat burglar. A creeper. He's got more cuntin' chance of getting you into this chateau than any of your fucking mates in the commandos. Now do you see?

SGT TEMPLE

[confused]

I thought you lot didn't want to fight.

TEDDY

I'll fight 'em. I'll fight any fucker if you stick him in front of me.

[He looks around, challenging anyone to contradict this.]

I just can't stand fucking sergeant-majors, that's all.

WALLER

Ex-actly!

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright. So what are you actually saying, Harry? You wanna do this mission?

HARRY

We all do.

[Looks around at the other men, who are nodding.]

We talked about it earlier, and we're all up for it.

LARRY

Especially now Denny's bought it.

KLONKY

[getting excited]

Yeah! Let's do it fer-fer-fer Denny.

Crawford looks at Temple. There is a long silence.

HARRY

What other fucking choice have you got? If we try to get back, we might get blown to bits anyway.

CAPT CRAWFORD

You haven't got any guns.

TEDDY

We can get some. We take out a small group of Germans - kill 'em close up, I mean - and we got guns.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Hmm. Could pinch their uniforms, as well.

[Jokily]

As long as you don't get too much blood on 'em when you kill 'em.

(continued)

TEDDY

Aw, you're not taking us serious, Captain.  
We thought you would.

ROSEY

We thought you weren't another toffee-  
nosed bastard of an officer.

HARRY

Yeah. We thought.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[genuinely astonished]

You're really serious about this?

HARRY

We ain't joking, Captain. Like you said  
earlier - the joke's over.

Crawford considers. Another silence. This one is  
massively long.

CUT to close-ups of the men's faces as they wait for  
Crawford to speak. Finally Crawford turns to Temple.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, as the saying goes - it's your  
fucking funeral.

[Turns to Temple. It is  
Temple who now looks  
completely astonished.]

Alright, Sergeant. We'll use this as our  
base. This morning we start training.

[He takes another puff.]

Next night we proceed to the target area.  
This mission is now code red.

CUT & END OF SCENE & END OF ACT TWO

BLOODY BULLDOGS - ACT THREE, SCENE THIRTY-ONE

EXT. DAY. OUTSIDE THE BARN.

The emerging light outside tells us that it is now early dawn. CAPT CRAWFORD and SGT TEMPLE are sat outside, smoking. Crawford is also nursing a bottle of whiskey.

SGT TEMPLE

I just don't see how you can even begin to think it's feasible, sir. Not with this bunch.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Bill, it's not like they were under fire and ran away. Then, we would have problems, I grant you. But they've never been under fire. They might be alright.

SGT TEMPLE

So you're saying that a bunch of blokes who run away before they're under fire is better than blokes who run away afterwards?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, you heard 'em, Bill. They want to fight now.

SGT TEMPLE

I still think it's a tall order, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

This mission always was a tall order.

[Pause. Temple says nothing.]

Well, what do you think?

SGT TEMPLE

I think, sir, with your permission - I'll have another shot of that whiskey.

(continued)

Crawford passes him the bottle. He downs some, and hands the bottle back to Crawford.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE THIRTY-TWO

INT. DAY. INSIDE THE BARN.

The men are all gathered in a group around Crawford and Temple.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, we ain't moving til it gets dark. The disadvantage of that is that we're stuck here all day.

WALLER

And we haven't had no proper grub, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

And you haven't had no proper grub. The advantage is that it gives us twelve hours in which to give you some training.

[Pause.]

Alright?

[Nobody responds.]

First off, me and the sergeant need to know all your names. So, let's do it in alphabetical order, as before. I want you to stand up and identify yourselves.

HARRY

[reluctantly getting to his feet]

Harry, sir.

[Sits down.]

SGT TEMPLE

He means your surname, nitwit. Stand up and do it again.

Harry begins to get to his feet, but Crawford gestures for him to sit down again.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

No, tell you what. We're in mission-mode now. It'll be a lot easier if we stick to your nicknames.

[Temple shrugs.]

So - you're Harry.

[Points to him.]

Who's next?

ROSEY

Denny was next, sir. But he's, err - he's not here.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright, well who's after Denny?

HITLER YOUTH

[getting up quickly]

Johnson, sir. I mean - Hitler Youth, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[exchanges a grin with Temple]

Alright. Hitler Youth. That should be easy to remember. Next?

[As Conshie rises.]

And you're - Conshie. Right?

CONSHIE

Right, sir.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright, we're getting somewhere.

[Looks at the group of men  
and points at them one by  
one.]

So, Harry, Hitler Youth, Conshie. Next.

As Klonky rises, we CUT to the next bit of the scene.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Now, while me and Sgt Temple learn all  
your names, you lot are also going to be  
learning something. You're going to be  
learning a song. Got it?

VARIOUS

Got it, sir.

HARRY

A song?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Yes, Harry. It goes like this. 'We find  
the chateau, we creep inside.' Come on,  
repeat it after me. 'We find the chateau,  
we creep inside.' Come on... 'We find the  
chateau.'

VARIOUS

We find the chateau.

CAPT CRAWFORD

We creep inside.

VARIOUS

We creep inside.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

We find the chateau, we creep inside.

VARIOUS

We find the chateau, we creep inside.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Good. 'No Kraut sees us, we enter and hide.'

VARIOUS

No Kraut sees us, we enter and hide.

CAPT CRAWFORD

We find the papers, we photo them all.

VARIOUS

We find the papers, we photo them all.

CAPT CRAWFORD

And that's what wins us the whole fucking war.

VARIOUS

[some glancing at one  
another, laughing]

And that's what wins us the whole fucking war.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Good. Not perfect, but it's a start.  
There's two more verses of that, mind.  
Now me and the sergeant will learn your  
names, and you lot will learn this song.  
And we'll see who gets there first.  
Here's the next bit. 'We leave the  
chateau.'

(continued)

VARIOUS

We leave the chateau.

As the men recite this bit, we CUT to the next part.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[brandishing a rifle]

Right. Now this is a rifle. And Sergeant Temple is now going to teach you, one by one, how to use it. Who was first?

[Looks across the line of men.]

Ah yes. Harry - go and start your rifle training.

Harry gets up and joins Temple, who begins to show him how to use the rifle.

Who's next? Right. Hitler Youth.

[Hitler Youth rises.]

You're going to learn how to use a knife.

[Pulls out a knife and beckons him over.]

Come here.

Hitler Youth hovers uncertainly.

Don't be nervous, I'm not going to actually kill you. That would leave us another man down.

Everyone laughs, except Hitler Youth. Then, hearing the laughter, he laughs too.

Come here and I'll show you how it's done. Then, in a few minutes' time, you'll be able to kill someone soundlessly with a knife. Now how does that sound?

(continued)

HITLER YOUTH

[enthusiastic now]

Bloody good, sir.

He moves forwards and Crawford grabs hold of him. As he does so, we CUT to the next bit.

Crawford is going around the group of men, reeling off their names.

CAPT CRAWFORD

There's Harry, Larry - Harry and Larry, what about that? - you're Teddy, you're Rosey, and you're - you're the guy who never speaks. Damn, what's your name again?

CONSHIE

Conshie, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Hmm. Alright. Sit down, Conshie. I'll get it next time.

As Conshie sits down, we CUT to the next bit.

SGT TEMPLE

No, Larry. Not like that. You've got to adjust the sights...Do you see?

LARRY

[prone firing position, looks up, cheerful]

Oh yeah. I can see it good and proper now, sarge.

As he smiles up to the camera, we CUT to the next bit of the montage.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

We find the chateau,

[they start to join in]

we creep inside,

[more join in]

no Kraut sees us,

[Hitler Youth and Klonky grin  
to one another]

we enter and hide..

[We CUT to the next bit.]

CAPT CRAWFORD

Spider, I want you to try it now. You could be very effective at this, because you won't make much noise as you creep up on me. Here, use this as your knife.

[Tosses him a banana.]

Spider creeps up behind him and knifes him with the banana.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Very good, Spider. Err - yeah?

WALLER

[whose hand is raised]

Can I have the banana at the end?

CAPT CRAWFORD

You can if you complete all the tasks properly. Alright?

WALLER

[disappointed]

Yes, sir.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Now.

[Spider gives the banana back  
to Crawford and rejoins the  
ranks.]

Who's next?

We CUT to the next bit.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Harry and Larry, Hitler Youth, Klunky and  
- Conshie - and Taffy and - what's your  
name again, private?

WALLER

Waller, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

No, I mean your nickname.

WALLER

It's Waller, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Hmm.

[Shrugs.]

Alright.

We CUT to the next bit.

CAPT CRAWFORD

We find the chateau, we creep inside, no  
Kraut sees us, we enter and hide. [Most  
of the men now seem to be joining in.] We  
find the papers, we photo them all. [Some  
of the men are singing more lustily now.]  
And that's what wins us the whole fucking  
war.

(continued)

Taffy glances across at Rosey, and Rosey grins. As he does so, we CUT to the next bit.

SGT TEMPLE

That's very good, Waller. You're making some progress with the rifle.

WALLER

Do you think you can recommend me for the banana, sir?

Temple pushes him back into the ranks. As he does so, we CUT to the next bit.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Harry and Larry, Rosey and Teddy, Conshie and Klunky, Hitler Youth and - err - Waller. Now who does that leave? Spider and - err - Christ, what's the fucking Welshman's name again?

[Temple whispers something in his ear.]

Oh yeah. Alright, I'll get it soon.

We CUT to the next bit.

CAPT CRAWFORD

That's good, Waller. You did that very well. Now -

WALLER

[turning]

Sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Give us the banana back.

Waller looks disappointed. As he hands the banana over, we CUT to the next bit.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Unarmed combat now. There are three simple ways of killing a man with your bare hands. Klonky - come on, I won't hurt you.

Klonky comes forward, grinning. As he does so, we CUT to the next bit.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Now you can all try it on each other.

We see the men all trying to kill one another silently. It is all a bit messy. We CUT to the next bit.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Harry and Larry, Teddy and Rosey, Klonky and Conshie, Taffy and Hitler Youth, Spider and Waller.

The men cheer. We CUT to the next bit.

SGT TEMPLE

That's excellent, Rosey.

Rosey grins. We CUT to the next bit.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[knifed with a banana by  
Hitler Youth]

That's very good.

He chucks the banana to Waller, who grins. We CUT to the next bit.

The men are all killing each other in unarmed combat. Much more professional now. Temple and Crawford are walking around watching them. Temple glances across at Crawford, who nods. We CUT to the next bit.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

We find the chateau, we creep inside

[Most of them are joining in,  
in time with him.]

No Kraut sees us, we enter and hide. We  
find the papers, we photo them all And  
that's what wins us the whole fucking war.

[Klonky is getting really  
excited, and starts doing  
hand movements to the words.]

We leave the chateau, we creep away. No  
Kraut sees us, we're home in a day. We get  
back to Blighty, we go to the pub.

[Everyone is singing along,  
except Harry, who is yawning,  
and Waller, who is chewing on  
his banana.]

For a pint of best and the barmaid's rub.

[Lots of them laugh, and  
Hitler Youth nudges Taffy in  
the ribs.]

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright men, it's getting better. You're  
almost an acceptable group of soldiers  
now.

[Some cheer.]

Almost, I said.

[He squats down.]

Now listen, and concentrate.

At 22:00 hours, we move.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE THIRTY-THREE

EXT. NIGHT. OUTSIDE THE BARN.

Crawford leads the men out from the barn. As they move stealthily forward, we hear an audio commentary from Crawford.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[voice only]

Although we are only approximately twelve to 13 miles from the objective, that measure is as the crow flies. The problem is that, to reach the objective without doubling the journey length, we need to cross a major railway junction. [We could have a shot revealing the topography.] This is likely to be guarded by several German sentries in order to prevent sabotage attempts by the French Resistance.

ROSEY

[voice only]

So what do we do, sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

[voice only]

We approach the railway sidings silently. We assess the strength of the guard, and the best combined approach. Then, we simultaneously take out the guards. Got it?

VARIOUS

[voices only]

Got it, sir.

(continued)

ROSEY

[voices only]

You make it sound easy, sir.

End of audio commentary.

We CUT to several shots of the men moving stealthily through another wooded area.

We CUT to Crawford, emerging from the woods onto a grassy cliff overlooking some floodlit railway sidings. He lies down and, as Temple lies alongside him, he takes out his binoculars and looks through them.

We CUT to close-ups of three German sentries in different positions: two by the railway sidings - one on either side of the lines - and one on a bridge overlooking the lines. As we watch, a fourth German appears in the picture. This is GEFREITER MULLER. He speaks to one of the sentries, who salutes him, and then goes into a small hut on the near side of the lines.

SGT TEMPLE

What's the score, Captain?

As he asks him this, the other men gather around and crouch down.

CAPT CRAWFORD

There's three sentries. One guarding the line this side,

[we CUT to a close-up of him]

one guarding the line that side,

[ditto]

and one on the bridge overlooking the lines

[ditto]

(continued)

And, just to complicate things, there's a corporal in charge of them, who's just gone into that hut. Just down there.

[He points, and we get a CLOSE-UP of the hut.]

SGT TEMPLE

What's the plan, sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

I'll take out the one on the bridge. Can you take out the one on the far side with your rifle? From this range?

[He hands Temple the binoculars. Pause while Temple looks. He hands them back.]

SGT TEMPLE

He's well within range.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Okay. Now - Spider.

SPIDER

[crawling forward]

Sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Can you get anywhere near that Kraut guard without being heard?

[Hands him the binoculars.]

Have a glance through these.

(continued)

SPIDER

[looks, considers]

Well, I can probably scramble down this hill under cover of the trees.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Do it slowly, Spider. Make no noise.

SPIDER

Yes, sir. That's the idea.

[Looks again.]

He's quite close to the bushes, so I can probably get up behind him and take him out.

CAPT CRAWFORD

With the knife?

SPIDER

That's right, sir.

SGT TEMPLE

[confused]

Sir - if I'm shooting first, we've already made a noise. So why does Spider need the knife? He can just shoot the Kraut in the back with my pistol.

[Brandishes the pistol.]

CAPT CRAWFORD

Sorry, Bill - you're right.

[Takes the pistol from Temple.]

So use the pistol. Alright?

[He hands the pistol to Spider.]

(continued)

Clear?

SPIDER

[weighing the pistol in his  
hand, not really attentive]

Crystal, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Now that leaves the corporal in the hut.

SGT TEMPLE

He'll probably come out as soon as he  
hears a shot.

CAPT CRAWFORD

And?

SGT TEMPLE

If he does, I'll shoot him from up here.

CAPT CRAWFORD

And if he doesn't?

SGT TEMPLE

[takes the binocular and  
looks. CLOSE-UP of the hut]

There's a side window, sir. We need  
another man to scramble down there with a  
pistol.

[Produces his own pistol.]

If he doesn't come out, our man shoots  
him through the window.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Harry?

HARRY

Sir?

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

This is your show.

TEDDY

[smacking his cosh against  
his palm]

I don't mind doing it, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

You're too big, Teddy. Harry can get down  
there without being heard.

[Turns to Harry.]

What d'you reckon, Harry?

HARRY

[takes binoculars, looks]

Yeah, s'pose so.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, what's your angle of approach?

HARRY

[looks again]

Down there under cover of the trees. Then  
around the back of the hut -

CAPT CRAWFORD

Quietly though, Harry, or he'll hear you  
creeping.

HARRY

Then round the side til I see him through  
the window.

[Assertive]

And he won't fucking hear me. I'll be  
quiet as the grave.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Good. Now look at your watches. They should all say 23:09 and 27 seconds. Nod if that's right.

[They look and nod.]

Let's move into position. How long will it take you two to get into the killing zone?

SPIDER

Best give it ten minutes to be safe, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

That alright with you, Harry?

Harry shrugs.

Well, it's fine with me. Rosey?

ROSEY

[crawling forward]

Sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

You're the timekeeper. At exactly 22:20, on the o'clock, you give the order to Sgt Temple to fire. Alright?

ROSEY

Yes, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Now, Harry, Spider - you both have to be in position at that time, ready for the kill. Alright?

SPIDER

Yes, sir.

(continued)

HARRY

S'pose so, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Right. Let's get moving, men. The rest of you just sit tight up here - and stay quiet. Taffy, you're in charge of 'em. Got it?

VARIOUS

Got it, sir.

Another montage sequence. Crawford starts to creep towards the bridge. Harry begins to scramble down the hill on one side of the hut, while Spider crawls down on the other side. Temple takes out his rifle and begins preparing it for use. We keep cutting between the four.

There are also occasional shots of the German sentries, perhaps one of them yawning and gazing vacantly into space, and the other lighting up a cigarette. The one on the bridge leans over the railing and looks down aimlessly at the lines, blowing into his cupped hands.

There is a CUT to the interior of the hut, where Gefreiter Muller is reading some papers. There is a sink, kettle and some kind of food cupboard behind him. We CUT to Harry reaching the bottom of the slope. He takes his pistol out and creeps around the back of the hut. CUT to Muller in the hut. He takes his wallet out, looks at a photograph of a German girl, then kisses it and puts it back in his wallet. Then he gets up and puts the kettle on. As he does so, in the background we can see the side window. Harry is peering through it into the hut. He ducks down as Muller turns around.

We CUT to Sgt Temple and Rosey, at the top of the cliff.

SGT TEMPLE

How long, Rosey?

ROSEY

Thirty seconds, sarge.

(continued)

Temple cocks his rifle, and we see the German sentry targeted through the sights.

We CUT to the German on the bridge, still gazing vacantly over the railing onto the tracks below. Now we see Crawford creep into the shot. He is on the outer part of the bridge structure. We CUT to a close-up of the German, and Crawford can be seen in the corner of the shot, clambering silently over the railing onto the bridge.

We CUT to Spider, who peels aside some bushes and emerges onto the railway line. He looks up at the German on the other side of the sidings, but he is obscured by branches. He creeps towards the German on the near side, and we see that Spider is now only six yards from his back. He looks at his watch, and creeps forward, drawing something from his back pocket. We see that it is the knife, and then we see, in CLOSE-UP, that the pistol is still jammed into his belt band.

We CUT to Temple and Rosey at the top of the cliff.

ROSEY

Time, sarge.

Temple fires. We CUT to the shot of the German in his rifle sights. At the same time as we hear the shot, we see the German fall.

We CUT to Spider, still tip-toeing forward. He is now two yards from the German's back. As the rifle sound reverberates, the German gets into an alert position, but doesn't look behind him. Spider gets behind him, but dislodges a stone, making a noise. At the last instant, the German turns. Spider dives on him with his knife brandished, but as he falls on top of him, the German manages to get his rifle out and shoots. They fall down in a heap on the tracks.

We CUT to the German on the bridge. He suddenly cranes his neck forward, trying to see what is going on. Crawford gets behind him and slits his throat, then gently lets his body fall to the floor. He picks up the weapon propped up next to the railing, which is an automatic rifle, and slings it around his neck. Then he begins to drag the German's corpse forward.

We CUT to the hut. Muller suddenly looks up, and sees Harry grinning at him through the window. There is a shot, we see the window shatter, then Muller fall to the floor in the hut.

We CUT to Temple and Rosey at the top of the cliff.

SGT TEMPLE

Well, mine's not moving. Let's get down there.

[He turns to Taffy.]

You keep the others up here, Taff - til we give you the word. Alright?

TAFFY

Orright, sarge.

Temple and Rosey begin to scramble down the bank, the way that Spider went. CUT to the hut. Harry enters and checks that Muller is dead. Then he starts looking around inside the hut.

We see Crawford scrambling down the bank to the railway lines from his position on the bridge, dragging the body behind him.

Temple and Rosey arrive at the two bodies on the line. Temple crouches down and pulls them apart. We see that the German is dead, having been knifed through the heart. But Spider, looking alive but groggy, has a bullet wound in his side.

SGT TEMPLE

How you feeling, Spider?

SPIDER

[strained voice]

Bit cut-up, sarge.

SGT TEMPLE

You'll live. It's just a flesh wound.

(continued)

Crawford arrives on the scene. He dumps the German next to the other dead one.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Where's Harry?

[Temple looks up and points  
to the hut.]

I'll have a look-see.

Crawford gets out his knife and goes to the hut. He looks in, relaxes, and taps on the wooden window frame.

Inside the hut, Harry looks across and gives the thumbs-up.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[through the broken window]

Bring the body out, Harry. And any  
weapons.

HARRY

[moody]

Hmm. Alright.

Crawford goes back to the group around Spider. He looks up to the cliff-top.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Taffy - bring 'em all down.

We see Taffy, at the top of the cliff, give the thumbs-up.

Harry arrives, hauling Gefreiter Muller's body behind him. Crawford arranges the three German bodies side by side. Then the other men arrive. He gives rifles to Larry and Waller.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Check if they've got anything useful on  
'em. And take any weapons. And the  
uniforms.

(continued)

[Looks at the one Spider  
killed, which is soaked in  
blood.]

This one's no good, but the other two are  
okay. Rosey and Taffy, you grab 'em.  
Okay?

TAFFY

Orright, sir.

[He begins fiddling in the  
pockets of one, and brings  
out a packet of cigarettes.]

Ooh - these'll be handy.

[He goes on rummaging.]

ROSEY

Where's the sarge going, sir?

We see Temple running off down the line.

CAPT CRAWFORD

He's planting gelignite on the line.

[Rosey looks puzzled.]

Look, we don't want the Krauts having any  
suspicion that we're approaching their  
Command HQ. We're blowing this junction  
to kingdom come so it looks like a  
sabotage operation.

ROSEY

Alright.

[Gazes around him.]

Pity we can't leave a beret on the line.  
Then it'd really look like a French  
Resistance job.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

That's what they'll think anyway.

[Crouches down and looks at Spider, who is being given a cigarette by Waller.]

Now then - who knows first aid?

HITLER YOUTH

I know a bit, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Right, you patch Spider up. There's some kit in my bag. Where is it?

TEDDY

Here, sir.

[He hands it over.]

CAPT CRAWFORD

Thanks, Teddy.

Hitler Youth takes the bag off Crawford and crouches down beside Spider and Waller.

Right, I'll move on and check the other dead Kraut. Bring my bag with you when you finish, alright?

HITLER YOUTH

Right, sir.

Crawford begins to cross the railway lines.

HARRY

[arriving on the scene]

There was some ammo in there.

[He puts some small boxes down.]

(continued)

Oi, Waller.

[Waller looks up.]

There was some grub in there, too.

WALLER

You're having me on.

HARRY

Would I?

[Waller leaves Spider and  
waddles off towards the hut.]

Bring some back. Don't scoff it all.

[Harry begins rifling through  
the pockets of the German  
sentry.]

Taffy is still rifling through the pockets of Gfr Muller. Harry finds a cigarette packet, then takes some notes out of a wallet.

ROSEY

That's fucking Kraut money, Harry. That won't be no use to you.

HARRY

You never know.

Harry leaves the body alone now, and Rosey begins to dress into the German uniform. We see Taffy taking out Muller's wallet, and taking out the photo of the German girl. She is a busty blonde wearing a low-cut dress.

TAFFY

Blimey. If all the German birds got bazookas like that, we might as well carry on to Berlin.

(continued)

HARRY

Well, suggest it to the captain, then.

Taffy puts the photo in his wallet. Spider is just getting to his feet, helped by Hitler Youth and Larry. Several of the men are now carrying rifles. They gaze for a moment at the two dead Germans, then move off across the lines, following Crawford - except for Taffy and Rosey.

Taffy sees Rosey dressing into the German uniform, and then hurries to undress his own German.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE THIRTY-FOUR

EXT. NIGHT. The RAILWAY SIDINGS.

The men follow Crawford across the railway sidings. We CUT to CAPT CRAWFORD, clambering up the hill on the other side of the sidings. As he gets near the top, he is overtaken by HARRY.

The camera continues to follow Crawford. He gets to the top of the hill, and we see Harry crouching above the German, who is lying on the floor.

HARRY

This one's still alive.

[Harry looks up at Crawford.  
We see that the German's eyes  
are open, and he is breathing  
heavily.]

Maybe we can interrogate him.

[Slowly]

Vot - iss - your name?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Harry - he don't speak English, and you don't speak Kraut. Anyway, what you gonna ask him about?

HARRY

Fair enough.

[He brings out the pistol,  
stands up and steps back, and  
casually shoots the German  
through the head.]

Might as well do him then.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Look -

[he grabs hold of Harry by  
his collar again]

- next time you decide to shoot someone,  
ask me first.

[Lets go of him.]

Got it?

[Harry glares malevolently  
back at him.]

Have you got it?

HARRY

[grumpy]

Got it.

CAPT CRAWFORD

And next time, use a fucking silencer.  
Here.

[He grabs the pistol off him  
and affixes a silencer to it.  
Then he gives it back to  
Harry.]

Alright? And you can get into the  
uniform.

Harry gives no response, so Crawford turns around and sees  
that more of the men are now arriving on the scene.

Right, let's see what weapons we got.  
Chuck 'em all down there.

The men begin to put the weapons down on the floor. Harry  
is now getting into the German uniform.

(continued)

KLONKY

[excited]

That's a flaming machine-gun, innit, sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Kind of. It's an automatic rifle.

KLONKY

Who's gonna get that then, ser-ser-sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Hmm. We'll see.

[Gives it to Teddy.]

Teddy can have it for now, 'cause it's  
fucking heavy. Can you manage that,  
Teddy?

TEDDY

[offended]

Course I fucking can.

[Crawford gives him a look.]

Sir.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE THIRTY-FIVE

EXT. NIGHT. The RAILWAY SIDINGS.

We are back on the railway lines. ENTER WALLER, who comes lumbering out of the hut carrying a sack. As he runs across the lines, he almost collides with SGT TEMPLE, who is also running diagonally across the lines from the other direction.

SGT TEMPLE

What you up to, Waller? You nearly knocked me down, you big oaf.

WALLER

I got a load of grub here. What you doing, sarge?

SGT TEMPLE

[STOPS AND CROUCHES OVER THE  
LAST RAILWAY LINE]

I'm blowing these lines.

[Waller stands there  
dithering.]

Go on, hop it. I'll be with you in a minute.

WALLER

Alright, sarge.

[Waller goes into the bushes  
at the bottom of the hill,  
and EXITS.]

We CUT back to Sgt Temple, who is planting his gelignite on the line.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE THIRTY-SIX

EXT. NIGHT. AT THE TOP OF THE HILL.

We are back at the top of the hill, where 10 of the men are waiting. TAFFY and ROSEY are now dressed in German uniform. HARRY is still getting changed into his. ENTER WALLER, who comes lumbering out of the bushes carrying his sack.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Oh, there you are, Waller. We were wondering where you were.

[Waller is panting.]

Where's Sergeant Temple?

WALLER

[breathing heavily]

Just coming sir. He's - he's -

There is a sudden explosion, and the sky lights up.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Blowing up the lines?

WALLER

Yes - that's it, sir.

Crawford lights a cigarette and gazes down at the scene of destruction. After a few moments, SGT TEMPLE appears.

SGT TEMPLE

All seemed to go to plan, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Yes, Bill.

[He smiles. To the men:]

Jolly good show.

(continued)

WALLER

[excited]

You haven't even seen what I got in my bag. There's chocolate bars, pork sausage and all sorts.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Excellent work, Waller. You're our quartermaster now.

WALLER

And there's this.

[Produces a bottle of whiskey.]

CAPT CRAWFORD

Now that is of real military value.

[He takes the bottle off him, unscrews it and has a swig, then gives it to Temple. Harry is now wearing his German uniform.]

Right, let's get a move on.

They move off.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE THIRTY-SEVEN

EXT. NIGHT. ON A WOODED HILL.

The men are trotting near the top of a lightly wooded hill. CAPT CRAWFORD stops at the edge of the trees, takes out his binoculars and looks down. SGT TEMPLE comes alongside him with the map.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[pointing at the map]

It's the viaduct. We have to run along the lines for a bit. It's the only way to get across.

[Looks at Temple.]

How's Spider?

SGT TEMPLE

He seems alright. Waller's breathing a bit heavy, though, sir. God knows how long he'll take to get across.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, you'll have to stay at the back and keep prodding him.

[To the men.]

Right.

ROSEY

What's down there, sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

It's a viaduct. We've got to run along the lines.

WALLER

[wheezing]

Fuck me Jackson.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

It's only about half a mile. It'll take us three or four minutes.

[Nobody says anything.]

Come on. Follow me.

We see Crawford get to the bottom of the hill and jump onto the railway line. He trots along at a faster pace, and we see him leading the men across the viaduct.

CUT to ROSEY, who is running in the middle of the formation.

ROSEY

Tell you what, Teddy.

TEDDY

[irritated]

What?

ROSEY

Reminds me a bit of the old Marx Brothers joke.

TEDDY

[panting]

What joke?

ROSEY

Well, Groucho says, 'It's a viaduct', and Chico says, 'Alright, I give up. Why a duck?'

Teddy shakes his head, and carries on running.

(continued)

ROSEY

D'you get it, Teddy?

TEDDY

Fuck off, Rosey. I'm fucking wheezing here.

CUT to Waller and Temple at the back.

SGT TEMPLE

Keep it going, Waller. It's not much further now.

WALLER

You always say that, sarge.

CUT to Crawford at the front. He gets to the end of the viaduct, and points to some bushes at the foot of another hill.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Right, get up here, men. Follow me.

He EXITS up the hill. We see all the men follow him in a tight group, with Rosey and Teddy seemingly bringing up the rear. Then, after a big gap, Waller and Temple finally make it into the woods and also EXIT.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE THIRTY-EIGHT

EXT. NIGHT. THE RAILWAY SIDINGS

At the blown-up railway sidings, some Germans come into shot, led by HAUPTMANN GRUBER (from Scene 26). He is with GEFREITER SCHMIDT. They speak in subtitled German.

HAUPT GRUBER

[looking at the bodies]

So this is the way it's going to be, eh, Schmidt? More sabotage.

GFR SCHMIDT

It would appear so, Hauptmann Gruber. Why did they take their uniforms?

HAUPT GRUBER

Who knows? Presumably for some later futile act of resistance.

[He sighs]

Alright, Schmidt - assess the damage.

GFR SCHMIDT

Yes, sir.

But Schmidt waits, as Haupt Gruber looks at the two German bodies on the line. Haupt Gruber turns over one of the bodies, which is lying on its side.

HAUPT GRUBER

[dismayed]

Why, it's Muller.

GFR SCHMIDT

Sorry Hauptmann.

[He puts his hand on Gruber's shoulder.]

(continued)

HAUPT GRUBER

Ach, this damned war.

He lets go of the body, and it falls back on its side. He stares moodily into space.

And for what, Schmidt?

[He gestures at the scene.]

Just a stupid piece of sabotage that can be remedied in 24 hours.

GFR SCHMIDT

[offers him a cigarette,  
which Gruber takes]

Yes, sir. A mindless act of vandalism.

HAUPT GRUBER

[shaking his head]

This damned war.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE THIRTY-NINE

EXT. NIGHT. WOODS.

The men are in a clearing. ENTER SGT TEMPLE and ROSEY.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[looks up]

Well - what's the situation?

SGT TEMPLE

It's empty, sir. Completely abandoned.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright. Let's move.

The men all start to get up.

WALLER

[tired]

Where we going now, sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Lovely little farmhouse. We can have a proper kip there.

As they emerge from the woods into a field, we see that dawn is beginning to break. They all enter the farmhouse.

We CUT to the interior of the farmhouse, and the men are all arranging their gear, claiming bedrooms and beds, etc.

CAPT CRAWFORD

We'll have a two-hour watch, then. One at the front, one at the back.

SGT TEMPLE

Alright. Me and Rosey will start off then.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Okay, Bill. I'm gonna grab some kip  
meself then.

SGT TEMPLE

Alright.

Crawford puts his kit bag on the floor and lies down, using it as a pillow. He brings out the whiskey bottle and has a swig from it. We CUT FORWARD to Crawford waking up in the same place.

He goes over to a window and we see that it is now daylight. He turns around and we see that Sgt Temple is at the kitchen table, with the map sprawled across it.

CAPT CRAWFORD

How do you see it, Bill?

SGT TEMPLE

Well, we're only four or five miles away now.

CAPT CRAWFORD

This 'only 18 miles from the coast' is turning out to be a laugh.

SGT TEMPLE

Yeah, well it's as the crow flies, sir. Trouble is, the topography - it's all rivers and hills, viaducts...

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright. We've done all that. What's left?

SGT TEMPLE

Well, there's another big hill just before we get to the chateau.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

That'll please them.

SGT TEMPLE

But where we are here, we're down in another deep river valley.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Oh. And what does that mean?

SGT TEMPLE

Well, if we keep going on this course, it really is only four miles to the chateau, albeit with one more big hill.

CAPT CRAWFORD

So what's the issue?

SGT TEMPLE

Well, we've got to go through the village.

CAPT CRAWFORD

We ain't marching straight through the middle of a village.

SGT TEMPLE

Well, no. I mean, there's woods to the side of it. But we're going to have to skirt pretty close to it.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, we just cut through the woods, that's all.

SGT TEMPLE

Wouldn't half mind doing a little recce first, sir. Just to check we can get through.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright, Bill. Well, you'll have to be proper careful this time. Who's the best man to take?

SGT TEMPLE

Well, Spider's wounded. Rosey's crashed out. Shall I take Harry?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Yeah, that's right.

[Puffs on his fag.]

Take Harry.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE FORTY

EXT. DAY. NEXT TO A RURAL FOOTPATH.

ENTER SGT TEMPLE and HARRY, who are crashing through some bushes. Both wear German uniforms.

HARRY

It's murder trying to get through that fucking wood.

[Temple does not respond.]

We'll have to chance it on the footpath, sarge.

SGT TEMPLE

It's dodgy.

HARRY

It'll be night-time when we do it, sarge. Nobody's gonna be about.

SGT TEMPLE

You hope.

[Looking through his binoculars.]

Trouble is, we're dead close to the village here. Someone could hear us.

We CUT to a shot of the village.

HARRY

Give us a fag, sarge. The tension's killing me.

Temple hands him the packet. Harry takes out a fag.

It's your last one. Sorry.

(continued)

SGT TEMPLE

[exasperated]

Typical, that is.

HARRY

D'you want it back?

SGT TEMPLE

No. But don't chuck that packet.  
Remember security.

HARRY

Alright. Keep your hair on.

He keeps the empty packet in his hand.

Are we going back through them woods,  
then?

SGT TEMPLE

[still scanning the village  
with his binoculars]

We'll have to.

HARRY

We'll get ripped to fuck. You need a  
machete to get through that lot.

SGT TEMPLE

We can't use the footpath in daylight.  
Far too risky.

HARRY

I reckon it's only a couple of hundred  
yards back to the farmhouse. Let me have  
a gander, sarge.

(continued)

SGT TEMPLE

[finally putting down the  
binoculars]

No, stay here, Harry.

[Glances across and sees that  
Harry is no longer there.]

We CUT to Harry, standing by the footpath, smoking. He sees something and cranes his neck forward, from behind a bush. We see three uniformed Germans approaching, laughing and talking.

HARRY

Bollocks.

He turns and scarpers back to Temple, the camera following him.

SGT TEMPLE

Harry, don't keep -

HARRY

Leave it out, sarge. There's Krauts coming.

SGT TEMPLE

Shit. Let's go back.

[He turns, and is confronted  
by what seems a solid wall of  
thick brambles.]

I can't find the damned way in.

While Temple flails ineffectively at the brambles, Harry looks back down the path towards the Germans. We see the brow of a rise, and hear their voices getting louder.

(continued)

HARRY

[grabbing Temple]

We gotta go, sarge.

SGT TEMPLE

Fuck. We'll have to go this way.

He leads them down the path, towards the village. They climb over a stile, drop onto a road and turn back in the general direction that they've come.

Walk quick Harry, and they may not see us.

The two march quickly up the street. Harry turns back and we see the Germans clambering over the stile, and continuing in a different direction.

HARRY

Yeah, they never even looked.

They walk on. They pass a couple of French civilians, who simply ignore them and pass by.

It was a close thing, though, sarge.

SGT TEMPLE

We ain't out of this yet. Don't look, but there's Krauts to the left.

They continue to march forward, and we see some Germans slouching on a street corner. They seem, initially, to take no notice of Temple and Harry.

Then one of them looks up and sees them.

BLOND GERMAN

[calling]

Morgen!

Subtitle: Morning!

(continued)

SGT TEMPLE

[glancing across, smiling  
nervously]

Morgen!

Subtitle: Morning!

HARRY

[whispers]

What the fuck you saying, sarge?

SGT TEMPLE

[under his breath]

Just wave!

Harry waves at them. The Germans wave back and go back to their own conversation.

Harry and Temple walk further away from them. Harry looks back and sees that nobody is watching them.

HARRY

Bloody hell.

He throws his fag stub down on the floor and, realising he is still holding the packet, looks inside for another one. Realising that it is empty, he throws it down on the ground in disgust.

We CUT to the group of Germans. They break up and one goes off the way that Harry and Temple went, on his motorbike. As he gets up the road, he sees the discarded fag packet and, slowing down, looks at it curiously. He picks it up and he has a puzzled expression as he examines a packet named 'Woodbine'.

The MOTORCYCLIST looks up the road and sees Harry and Temple in the distance. He restarts his engine and scoots slowly down the road after them.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE FORTY-ONE

INT. DAY. THE FARMHOUSE.

A few of the men are at the kitchen table, playing cards. In the background, at the kitchen window, we can see SPIDER, who has a bandaged side but otherwise seems okay, sitting on a chair, peering out of the corner of the window from behind the curtains. We also see two rifles, each leaning against the wall near one of the windows.

TAFFY

Dunno about you boys, but I'm getting bored of playing bloody cards.

LARRY

Well, Waller's fucking rigged it, hasn't he?

WALLER

What you talking about, Larry?

LARRY

You've won the last three fucking hands, Waller. Stands to reason.

WALLER

I'll do you for slander. You should give me a free bet for that.

LARRY

[shrugs]

You can have your free bet, Waller. But only if you back a rank outsider.

WALLER

[stops playing]

Is that a real offer, Larry?

LARRY

Yeah.

WALLER

Tell you what. I got a tip for the Derby.

LARRY

Listen up, everyone. 'Waller got a tip'.

ROSEY

What is it, Waller? Just so I don't back it by mistake.

WALLER

It's Lady Luck.

[Nods assertively.]

Hear that, Larry?

[Points at him.]

That's Lady Luck for the Derby.

LARRY

I know it. It's a fucking carthorse. Anyway, no filly's won the Derby for 30 years.

[Considers.]

Alright, I'll let you have ten shillings at twenties. Will that do you?

WALLER

Sounds alright.

LARRY

Now, give me half your winnings.

[Tries to gather assorted pennies from the middle of the table, but Waller shoves him away.]

(continued)

WALLER

Get out of here.

[He gathers the pennies over  
to his own pile.]

And don't forget.

[He points at Larry  
belligerently.]

Lady Luck for the Derby.

SPIDER suddenly gets up.

SPIDER

Hang on! Oh.

[He sits down again.]

It's only Harry and the sarge coming back.

[He looks across to the table  
and laughs.] I forgot they  
was dressed as Jerries.

CAPT CRAWFORD gets up quickly from his seat, not at the  
table, and joins Spider at the window.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright, panic over. Well done, Spider -  
at least you spotted 'em.

Crawford opens the front door and SGT TEMPLE and HARRY  
ENTER.

CAPT CRAWFORD

What's the outlook then, chaps?

SGT TEMPLE

It's hell going through those woods.  
There's not even a bridleway.

[He sits down.]

(continued)

We might have to chance the footpath.

CAPT CRAWFORD

How close to the village does it go?

SGT TEMPLE

Too bloody close for comfort. But there's  
no -

SPIDER

[coming over to the table  
again]

Can I borrow your binoculars, sarge?

SGT TEMPLE

Err, yeah.

Looks down and sees they are hanging from his neck. He  
hands them to Spider. Spider takes them and goes back to  
the window. In the background, he can be seen gazing  
through them.

CAPT CRAWFORD

What you doing with them, Spider? Bird-  
watching?

SPIDER

No. Captain, I think we got a problem.

[He looks over.]

CAPT CRAWFORD

Which is?

SPIDER

There's a Kraut on a motorbike watching  
the farmhouse.

(continued)

Crawford quickly gets up and comes over to the window again. He takes over the binoculars and peers out through a crack in the curtains.

As Crawford says nothing, a tension begins. People begin to look up from the table towards the window. Then, after a few seconds, Crawford suddenly springs away from the window with purpose.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Right, they've rumbled us. Krauts  
approaching up the field in numbers.

[Raises his voice.]

Get to your posts, men. This is fucking  
battle stations.

Everyone moves quickly, but some of them bump into each other. Eventually, HARRY, TEDDY and ROSEY go upstairs. HARRY goes to the front window on the west side, where a rifle is leaning against the wall, ready for use. TEDDY goes to the front window of the east side - ditto another rifle.

ROSEY

[watching the other two get  
into position]

What do I do? I ain't got no rifle.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[appearing at the head of the  
stairs]

Just watch the back window, Rosey - and  
keep us informed.

Crawford looks out of Harry's window through the binoculars, and we see Germans appearing at the bottom of the field. He goes over to Teddy's window and looks out.

Don't bother shooting, lads, until they  
come within range.

[Pause]

(continued)

And when they do, you have my permission to kill them. Alright?

TEDDY

Right, sir.

Crawford goes back downstairs.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Everything in order, Bill?

Temple, holding his rifle, gives the thumbs up. He is standing by the side of Larry, who is holding his rifle and gazing through the east window, where Spider was standing. Spider is now standing behind him.

Taffy is at the west window, holding his rifle, with Hitler Youth standing behind him.

Okay.

Looks around, sees the automatic rifle leaning against the back wall. Waller, Hitler Youth and Conshie are all hovering at the back of the room, obviously trying to keep out of harm's way.

Waller, did you get that automatic ready to use?

WALLER

Err - I was just about to, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, fucking get it done.

As Crawford turns away, the three at the back all move for the rifle, and all get in each other's way. Aware of the commotion, Crawford turns around again.

One of you!

Conshie takes charge of the situation.

Good man, Conshie.

(continued)

CONSHIE

I don't mind loading the thing. But I ain't firing it.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright, Conshie.

[He gets his binoculars out again, and tries to gaze out past Taffy's shoulder.]

Shove over slightly, Taffy.

[Pause]

Can't see a thing moving out there. Hold up.

Crawford darts upstairs again. The camera meets him at the top. This time, he goes over to Teddy's window.

Seen anything, Teddy?

Now Rosey comes into shot. He has been standing on the other side of Teddy.

ROSEY

There's three of them lying down at the bottom of the field.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[looks through binoculars]

Right. I got 'em.

ROSEY

The CO's on the right hand side - he's sending men up through the bushes on that side.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Shit.

(continued)

ROSEY

And there's more maybe coming up on the other side too, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Hmm. Well, that would figure. They're trying to outflank us.

TEDDY

Shall I start shooting 'em, sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Can you hit one of those three from here?

TEDDY

I can try.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Wait for one of them to raise his head. Then shoot.

Crawford darts back downstairs.

Bill, they're moving up both flanks. I'll take Spider and cover this side. You take someone and cover your side.

SGT TEMPLE

Got it. Waller?

Waller doesn't respond, so Temple walks over and grabs hold of him.

WALLER

I can't do it, sarge. I ain't got no rifle.

SGT TEMPLE

[pointing at the automatic]

What about that cunt?

(continued)

WALLER

It ain't ready yet.

Temple sees that Conshie is still loading it.

SGT TEMPLE

Here, grab mine then.

He shoves his rifle into Waller's hands and hauls him to a side door on the east side. As he does so, he takes out a pistol. We see the door open, and get a glimpse of the field outside.

We see Temple edge around the side of the door and gaze down the field.

We see Teddy upstairs with his rifle now raised. We see one of the three German rear-gunners in his sights, starting to raise his head.

Downstairs, Crawford opens a window on the west side and peers out, with Spider just behind him. They both have their pistols out.

TAFFY

[turning from the window]

Are you and the sarge both going out then, sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Needs must, Taff. I got a horrible feeling that was a radio operator I just saw go into the bushes down there.

TAFFY

Yeah, I think you're right.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Right - Spider.

[Checks Spider is behind  
him.]

Let's go.

They clamber out of the window, and dart into the bushes. Crawford heads towards the Germans, but going around the side of them.

Speed is of the essence.

SPIDER

I don't like the fucking look of this.

Crawford shushes him urgently, and gestures at a shape in front of them. Crawford frantically fiddles about, and we see him affix his silencer to the end of his pistol. As the German comes into view three yards away, but to their right, Crawford shoots him in the belly, then - after the German has fallen - in the head.

A second later, another German comes view, and sees Crawford. As he raises his rifle, Crawford beats him to the draw and shoots him through the head.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Get his rifle.

Crawford gets the rifle from the second dead German, and Spider grabs the one from the first. They hang them around their bodies by the strap. We see Crawford and Spider continue to advance through the bushes until they disappear from view.

We see Temple at the other side of the house. He peers down the field, and then turns to Waller.

SGT TEMPLE

Waller?

[No response.]

(continued)

Waller?

[He turns around.]

WALLER

[shaking, strangled voice]

Sarge?

SGT TEMPLE

We're going for cover over there. What -  
what you doing, Waller?

WALLER

[bent double]

Me shoelace come undone, sarge.

We see that Waller's face is glinting with sweat. Temple, exasperated, gazes back down the field.

We see Teddy at the window once again. We CUT to the shot of the German rear-gunner, who is now rising from the ground so that he can get into a better shooting position. We CUT to Teddy's intent expression. We CUT to his finger tightening on the trigger.

There is a massively loud bang, and we see the German, shot in the stomach, collapse forward over his rifle.

TEDDY

Got the fucker!

Suddenly all hell breaks out. The window above Teddy shatters, and he takes a step back. Harry also steps back, and we CUT to a shot of Larry also staggering back under sudden fire.

Only Taffy stays still. He starts firing back.

TAFFY

Stay still, Larry. You got to start firing back at 'em.

(continued)

LARRY

How can I?

[He shrinks back again, as another German bullet hits the masonry.]

There's fucking bullets flying everywhere.

TAFFY

Yeah. Well, that does tend to happen.  
[He keeps firing. We see the whiskey bottle shatter on the kitchen table].

Upstairs, we see Teddy holding his ears.

TEDDY

Christ, Rosey. It's so fucking loud!

ROSEY

[grabbing the rifle]

Give it here a mo. Let's alter our position.

[He takes aim and shoots.]

TEDDY

No, you're aiming short. You're -

ROSEY

I know.

[He fires again.]

TEDDY

You're still short. You'll never -

We CUT to a shot of a second German rear-gunner being hit, and lying immobile.

I told you you was gonna get 'im, Rosey.

(continued)

CUT to a close-up of Rosey, grinning. A bullet pings near his head and the grin is replaced by a look of trepidation. He goes back into firing position.

We see Temple and Waller at the side of the house.

SGT TEMPLE

You've left it too late, now. Fucking bullets everywhere.

WALLER

I know, sarge. Best go back inside.

SGT TEMPLE

[grabbing Waller]

See those fucking bushes over there? That's where we're going.

WALLER

I can't make it, sarge.

SGT TEMPLE

Yeah, you can. Let's go.

Temple hauls Waller with him, but Waller stumbles, and they collapse, a few yards short of the bushes. However, they are this side of the brow of a rise, and are out of view of the German rear-gunners.

WALLER

Told you I couldn't make it, sarge.

SGT TEMPLE

Alright. Just stay here, Waller, and keep your rifle cocked. If any Kraut comes towards the house from over there -

[he gestures towards the bushes on the side of the field]

- then plug him. Can you manage that?

(continued)

WALLER

I think so, sarge.

Temple darts to the side, and disappears into the bushes.]

We CUT to Crawford and Spider. Crawford pulls Spider down as more Germans pass by.

SPIDER

What do we do about them?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Can't do nothing right now. I gotta take out the radio guy. Stay here.

Crawford disappears out of shot. CUT to close-up of Spider, looking worried. Then he looks up, and sees that he is at the foot of a big tree.

CUT to Crawford, moving forward through the bushes at great speed. He sees the radio operator, on his own, beginning to tap something out on his radio. Crawford moves forward with his pistol brandished. As he does so, we CUT to a shot of him stepping on a branch, which snaps noisily. We see the radio operator look up, and then look dismayed. We see Crawford shoot. We see a bullet wound appear in the radio operator's forehead, and he slumps over his radio.

Crawford now moves behind the German lines. We see the abandoned motorbike at the bottom of the field. Crawford looks towards the house, and is now behind the three German rear-gunners. But, of course, two of them are lying prone. Only one is still firing.

Crawford now looks over to the bushes at the other side, and sees the German CO - denoted by the fact that he is just standing there, wearing a cap, watching events unfold through his binoculars.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Two bullets left. Okay.

He gazes back at the rear-gunner, and crawls towards him. As he nears him, we see the rear-gunner begin to turn.

(continued)

REAR-GUNNER

[smiling]

Hans?

His smile disappears. We see Crawford shoot him through the head. Crawford crawls back to where he was, and tries to aim the pistol at the CO. Then he tuts.

Shit. Forgot the fucking rifle.

He takes out the rifle, lines up the shot and shoots. We see the CO go down.

We see Taffy in the house, still firing. But then he stops.

TAFFY

There's nobody firing at this side anymore.

Suddenly we realise that it's all gone quiet again.

HITLER YOUTH

[gazing down the field]

The Krauts at the bottom are all dead, Taff.

TAFFY

Maybe that's that, then.

LARRY

[screwing his eyes up]

Can't be. There was fucking millions of them.

CONSHIE

[picking up the automatic.]

Are we gonna need this then, or not?

(continued)

He and Klunky begin to advance from the back of the room.

Crawford is now advancing quickly back up the field, on the near edge of the bushes.

We see Spider emerge at the top of a tree. He lies down in the branches, and gets into firing position. He is now looking down. We see four Germans moving towards the house on that west side, only a few yards from him and underneath him.

Crawford sees the Germans emerging from cover, and trots forward, towards their backs, holding his rifle ready.

We see Waller, lying just below the brow of the rise, waiting. He wipes the sweat off his face.

We see Temple moving into the bushes. Suddenly he ducks down. There are five German soldiers moving forward on the edge of the field on the east side.

We CUT to Taffy's window again. Taffy is peering out, looking puzzled. Then he sees the four Germans coming view. They drop down, and bullets start hitting the window frame again.

On the other side, Larry is also now coming under fire again.

LARRY

You were saying, Taff?

We CUT to one of the Germans, who has Taffy in his sights. Just as his finger tightens on the trigger, we CUT to Spider, up in the tree. He can see the Germans clearly down below him. He shoots the German in the back, and the German collapses.

The other three Germans all get up and run towards the house, rifles blazing.

We see Taffy shoot the nearest one. We see Spider shoot down another one. And we see Harry, from the upstairs window, shoot down the third and final one.

We see Crawford about to shoot them from behind, then realise that they are all down. He disappears into cover once more.

(continued)

On the east side, the five Germans move forward more cautiously, but they are all now firing together at the house. There is no British defensive cover here, because Waller is still behind the rise and Temple is hidden in the bushes.

We see Temple begin to emerge from the bushes.

We see Conshie moving forward in the kitchen.

CONSHIE

Alright, who wants this? Larry?

Larry turns, but we see that he has a bullet wound on his head. He collapses at Conshie's feet.

Jesus.

[He gazes at Larry's dead body, then looks up.]

Klonky?

KLONKY

[picking up Larry's rifle]

I better ter-ter-ter-take this.

He stands with the rifle in the middle of the window, trying to cock it.

TAFFY

[glancing across]

Don't stand in the middle, Klonky, you nut.

Within an instant, Klonky goes down spasmodically in a hail of bullets.

HITLER YOUTH

[looks at the two bodies, aghast]

Christ.

(continued)

[He looks across at Taffy,  
who is nodding at him.]

My fucking turn now then.

He picks up Larry's rifle and gets into a firing position at the window.

Conshie stares down at the automatic in his hand. He looks around the kitchen. He hears the sound of the guns blazing. He looks down at Larry and Klonky's bodies. He holds the automatic more menacingly and moves towards the side door on the right (where Temple and Waller exited).

We see Conshie emerge at the side door, and gaze down the field. He cocks the automatic and moves forward. He skirts around the side of the rise.

We see Waller, on the brow of the rise, spot something moving to his left. He holds his rifle ready to fire, but then sees Conshie striding past him with the automatic.

We see one of the Germans, lying just below the brow of the hill, watching Conshie go past. He looks at the house, and sees the open side door. He gets up to a crouching position and creeps towards the brow of the hill.

We CUT to Waller. The German appears right in front of him, and Waller shoots him through the neck before the German can react.

WALLER

Fuck me Jackson.

He wipes the sweat off his brow, and takes up a firing position again. Then he begins to creep towards the top of the rise, and we see his head and body come into view from the field below.

Conshie emerges into the open field from behind the brow of the hill. He hears something, swivels to his right, and sees one of the four remaining Germans aiming at him. He starts the automatic going, and we see a German go down in a hail of bullets. We see Conshie move the rifle to his left, and another German goes down.

(continued)

We CUT to Temple, who is coming out from the bushes, behind the Germans. He shoots one of them in the back with his pistol. Then, up ahead, he sees Conshie, spraying bullets around. A German ahead of him goes down, caught in this hail, and Temple throws himself down to the ground as the bullets spray around him.

We CUT to Conshie, blasting up and down at the bushes. There are now no Germans moving, but Conshie is still blasting away.

Finally, Conshie stops. He stands there in silence for a moment.

We see the field from Conshie's point of view. There are four dead German bodies lying on the edge of the bushes.

We CUT to Temple, who gets up to a sitting position. He clasps his ankle, and we can see that he has taken a bullet wound there. Temple gets up and staggers towards Conshie.

We CUT to Conshie, who looks up and brandishes his automatic.

SGT TEMPLE

It's me - Temple.

Conshie allows the automatic to fall from firing position.

Well done, Conshie.

Conshie doesn't respond.

Get down to the bottom of the field, and make sure no Kraut manages to crawl out of here. I'll start mopping these bodies up. Alright?

CONSHIE

Alright, sarge.

Conshie starts walking down the field. There is total silence now, and no sign of any enemy movement.

(continued)

After a few seconds, there is movement to the right, and one last German breaks cover. He is running towards the bottom of the field, and safety. Conshie pulls the automatic down and starts firing again. The German almost reaches the motorbike, but he goes down in another hail of bullets a few yards short. The motorbike rattles and topples over.

Temple gets to the brow of the hill, and sees Waller lying face down. He squats down and turns him onto his side. Waller is looking up at him, breathing heavily.]

WALLER

Can't believe it, sarge.

SGT TEMPLE

What's that, Waller?

WALLER

Conshie fucking got me.

Temple looks down, and we see that blood is pouring through from Waller's guts, soaking his uniform. Temple shakes his head.

Sarge?

SGT TEMPLE

Yes, Waller.

WALLER

Tell Larry not to forget.

SGT TEMPLE

Forget what?

WALLER

It's Lady Luck -

[he wheezes]

- for the Derby.

He collapses, dead.

(continued)

TAFFY

[arriving on the scene]

Larry won't be able to put that bet on  
anyway, sarge.

SGT TEMPLE

He's gone as well, has he?

Taffy nods.

Alright, Taff. Get the men ready to  
leave, pronto. I'll mop up here.

Taffy disappears towards the house. Temple reaches the  
first German body and, using his silenced pistol, puts a  
bullet through his head. He moves towards the other German  
bodies.

Taffy re-enters the house.

TAFFY

Right, let's get ready to move.

[He shouts upstairs.]

We're moving, alright?

TEDDY

[voice only]

Alright.

Crawford taps on the side window. Taffy looks up,  
startled.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Only me. Let's get the fuck out of here.

TAFFY

Yeah. That's what we're doing, sir.

(continued)

HITLER YOUTH

[bending over Larry]

Slight problem, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[clambering into the room]

Which is?

HITLER YOUTH

Larry's still breathing, sir.

Crawford squats down and shoots Larry through the head with his silenced pistol.

CAPT CRAWFORD

He isn't now, son.

Hitler Youth looks staggered. Crawford pulls him to his feet.

Well, we couldn't take him. Did you want him to be tortured by the Gestapo?

Hitler Youth is still staring at the body.

Come on, private, we've got to move - or we'll all be brown bread in ten minutes.

Crawford grabs his kit bag and clambers back out through the window.

HITLER YOUTH

Can't believe he did that.

TAFFY

What other choice did he have?

Hitler Youth looks at Larry's corpse, with his gaping head wound.

HITLER YOUTH

Suppose you're right.

(continued)

He turns and follows Taffy out through the window.

Crawford is waiting outside the house. As he looks at his watch, Rosey emerges, followed by Harry and Teddy.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Come on, chaps. We've got to get past this village before any more troops turn up.

We see that Temple has arrived, limping, from the other side of the field. Spider is also present.

SGT TEMPLE

The Krauts are all dead on that side, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

They're all dead on this side, too.

SGT TEMPLE

But Waller bought it.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Pity. So did Larry and Klunky boy.

[Turns to the men.]

Anyone else?

[Nobody responds.]

Well, we got off lightly. We just done a full unit of Krauts for three losses.

[Pause]

Right, are we all here? Should be -

[he thinks]

- nine of us now then.

Conshie, puffing a bit, arrives on the edge of the group.

(continued)

SGT TEMPLE

[counting heads]

All present then, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Right. Let's move.

He leads the way into the bushes.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE FORTY-TWO

EXT. DAY. THE FOOTPATH.

CAPT CRAWFORD leads the men as they trot along the footpath at a fast pace. The camera moves down the line of men, now only nine in number, with SGT TEMPLE bringing up the rear.

Crawford leads them over the stile, and their boots clatter over the pavements for a few yards, as they briefly go through part of the village, before disappearing into some woods on the far side.

We see some French civilians watch them disappear. The Frenchies speak in subtitled French.

MME ROUXEL

Mais qui sont-ils, Pierre? Sont-ils  
plusieurs des Allemands?

Subtitles: But who are they, Pierre? Are they more  
Germans?

PIERRE

Oui, Madame Rouxel. Leur chef  
certainement portait l'uniforme Allemande.

Subtitle: Yes, Madame Rouxel. Their leader was certainly  
wearing the German uniform.

MME ROUXEL

[confused]

Alors, les Nazis - ils se battent entre  
eux maintenant?

Subtitle: So the Nazis are fighting among themselves now?

The camera PANS through the village, back to the entrance to the field, where the battered motorbike lies. We see that a crowd of Frenchmen have gathered there, and are peering into the field, which is littered with corpses.

BUSYBODY

Peut-etre, quelqu'un devrait rapport  
quelque chose.

Subtitle: Maybe someone should report something.

(continued)

GENDARME

[appearing at the front of  
the crowd]

Mais quel est-la rapporteur?

Subtitle: What is there to report?

He moves into the field and lifts up the fallen motorbike.  
He throws it into some bushes, where it is out of sight  
from the road. Then he closes the gate.

Que lest-il faire avec nous si les  
Allemands decider battre entre eux? Eh?

Subtitle: What's it to do with us if the Germans decide to  
fight among themselves?

We see the sceptical faces of the Frenchmen looking into  
the field. Then an old couple turn and walk away.

OLD FRENCHMAN

Allons, Edith. Allons a la maison. Il  
n'y a rien voire ici.

Subtitle: Come, Edith. Let's go home. There's nothing to  
see here.

[He turns to the others.]

Et certainement, il n'y a rien rapporteur.

Subtitles: And certainly nothing to report.

The old couple walk away. Gradually the others begin to  
leave the scene, and we are left with a shot of the gate -  
beyond which appears to lie a perfectly ordinary farmer's  
field.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE FORTY-THREE

EXT. DAY. THE WOODS.

CAPT CRAWFORD leads the men up a steep hill. The trees thin and then peter out as they near the summit of the hill. Crawford stops by the top, squats down and looks across the valley with his binoculars.

SGT TEMPLE

[squatting next to Crawford]

How far is it, sir? Some of the men are -

TEDDY

[interjecting]

A bit fucked.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, I thought we could speed up a bit, as the two fattest ones are - no longer with us.

SGT TEMPLE

Teddy and Taffy are struggling a bit, sir.

We see Taffy lying on his back, wheezing.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright, we'll have a break here for a bit. Ten minutes, mind - then we gotta get off.

SGT TEMPLE

How far d'you reckon it is now, sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

[consulting his map]

See that mountain, Bill? The third one across?

(continued)

SGT TEMPLE

Yeah.

CAPT CRAWFORD

It's in the valley just the other side of that.

ROSEY

That's still fucking miles away, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

It's a two hour stroll, Rosey. Which will bring us nicely to nightfall.

ROSEY

Alright, I'll believe you. Thousands wouldn't.

HARRY

What about getting back?

[Crawford doesn't respond.]

I mean, let's just say we do get into this chateau and out again without all being arrested or gunned down - what about getting back?

CAPT CRAWFORD

We walk back the way we come. It's a six-hour walk, all told, if we go direct.

[Pause]

That gets us back on the beach for our eight o'clock rendezvous tomorrow morning. Alright?

HARRY

You make it sound so fucking simple.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

[getting up]

Come on. We're nearly there.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE FORTY-FOUR

EXT. DAY. THE WOODS.

CAPT CRAWFORD leads the men up another steep hill. Crawford stops by the top, squats down and peers through some bushes.

HARRY

[squattting down next to him]

Nearly there, you said. That was hours ago.

CAPT CRAWFORD

What do you think that is then?

He pulls back the bushes, the camera pans down a bit, and we see the chateau, in a valley floor which starts at the foot of the hill.

TEDDY

Strewth. Tell me it's not a mirage.

CAPT CRAWFORD

No. That's really it.

SGT TEMPLE

[squattting next to Crawford]

So that's the target, then, sir? When do we move in?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Nightfall's in an hour.

[Looks at his watch.]

So that's when we go.

SGT TEMPLE

Right-oh, sir. What's our angle of approach?

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

The safe room is on this side. And it's accessible by window. Just behind that turret - can you see it?

[Hands Temple the binoculars.]

SGT TEMPLE

Well, it's certainly do-able. There's not even a permanent guard on that side of the building, from what I can see.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Unless he's slipped off for a quick Tommy Tank...

SGT TEMPLE

[still looking]

Hmm. I'll take a couple of the men and we'll have a look at the patrols outside the chateau. See how they do arrange their guard duties.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Good idea, Bill. And -

[looks down]

- how's the ankle holding up?

SGT TEMPLE

I'd bleeding forgot about it, sir. Til you just mentioned it.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Sorry mate. Anyway, busy yourself with the guard stuff, and take your mind off it.

Temple EXITS.

(continued)

ROSEY

What do we now then, sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

For the time being - we just wait.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE FORTY-FIVE

EXT. NIGHT. THE HILLTOP.

CAPT CRAWFORD is still by the bushes. He is now wearing his German uniform. ENTER SGT TEMPLE.

CAPT CRAWFORD

What did you glean?

SGT TEMPLE

There's been no change, so we don't know how long their rotas are for. The problem is, there could be a change of guard while you're in there.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, we knew there was gonna be guards.

SGT TEMPLE

Well, yeah. But the good thing now is they're so lackadaisical.

[Excited]

At the moment, there's three of them all having a fag together, at the front. Nobody patrolling at all.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Hmm. Sounds like we got half a chance, then.

SGT TEMPLE

I'm just worried that if they change guards, the next lot will start patrolling.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Oh well. We'll have to keep our fingers crossed.

[Takes the binoculars and looks down.]

What about in the park, before we get to the chateau? I haven't noticed any fucker down there, Bill.

SGT TEMPLE

[shaking his head]

Absolutely sweet FA in the park.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Jesus.

[He looks again.]

Are you saying we've actually got a fighting chance of pulling this fucking thing off?

SGT TEMPLE

Well, I think you might get in. As to what happens once you're inside, that's another matter...

[He wipes his brow.]

But to be fair to these boys, I never thought we'd even get this far.

[Pause.]

Who's going in?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Me, obviously - I can work the camera. Spider - he's gonna get us in. Says he can go up that drainpipe.

(continued)

We see that Harry is changing out of his German uniform, and Spider is putting it on.

SGT TEMPLE

Well, yeah. He's a bantamweight, inn'he?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Rosey - he's gonna crack the safe. And one more in case of trouble. Harry's the next lightest.

[Temple nods, Crawford whispers.]

But I don't trust the cunt. So I'm taking Teddy.

SGT TEMPLE

Teddy? Will he get up there?

CAPT CRAWFORD

He says he will.

SGT TEMPLE

He says a few things, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Hmm. Well it's too late to change now.

[Turns back to the men.]

Spider, Rosey, Teddy - get over here.

[The three of them arrive.]

Taffy and Hitler Youth I'm going to leave in cover outside the building. In case something goes awry, and we need 'em.

[We see that Hitler Youth is wearing a German uniform now.]

I gave Youth your uniform. At least he fucking looks German.

(continued)

SGT TEMPLE

Right. But you're going in with Teddy.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Nothing fucking fits Teddy anyway.

We see that Teddy is wearing a black jumper, which is too tight for him.

SGT TEMPLE

Hmm. Well you won't be able to bluff your way out with Teddy -

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, that's not the plan anyway. We go out the same way we came in. The uniforms are only in case -

SGT TEMPLE

Alright. I'll stay up here with the binocs. We'll have a chain of communication. If anything changes, I'll tell Conshie - he can stand down there.

[He points.]

And Harry can stand a bit further down.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright, it sounds like a plan.

[Pause, a long one.  
Eventually Crawford moves.]

Wish me luck.

EXIT CRAWFORD, followed by Spider, Rosey and Teddy.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE FORTY-SIX

EXT. NIGHT. THE PARK SURROUNDING THE CHATEAU.

CAPT CRAWFORD and the other men - apart from Temple and Conshie - scramble down the hill until they are on the edge of the park. Crawford signals to HARRY to stay at the edge, and he waits there. The others wait for a moment, then Crawford leads them forward once more.

They crawl forward through the undergrowth, passing various features such as an ornamental pond and landscape garden designs. We can CUT between close-ups of the six men as they crawl.

We see, to their right, steps leading up to the front terrace of the chateau. Past that, there is a porch, and an open front door. We can see three German guards standing by the entrance, talking and smoking. From within the house comes the sound of music playing.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Hitler Youth?

HITLER YOUTH

Sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Stay by here. If there's any movement of guards towards our side of the house, let Taffy know. Alright?

HITLER YOUTH

How will I let him know?

CAPT CRAWFORD

With the hoot-owl signal. Remember?

HITLER YOUTH

Oh yeah.

(continued)

Crawford leads the others to the left side of the house. The front terrace passes out of view, and the German guards disappear from view, and their voices recede. The music fades from our hearing. Eventually all we can see is Crawford's face as he moves forward, and all we can hear is Crawford's heavy breathing.

Crawford gets to the edge of the grass. In front of them is gravel. He is by some bushes.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[whispers. All dialogue is  
in whispers]

Taffy - you stay here. Keep an eye on that window up there. Just in case we need you. Alright?

TAFFY

Orright, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Spider.

SPIDER

Yes, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Let's see what you're made of then.

Spider looks one way and then the other, but there are no guards in sight. He gets up and runs forward. He has some rope wrapped around him.

He gets to the drainpipe and shins up it very quickly, with no problem whatsoever. At the top, he unwinds the rope and ties it around the turret. Then he gives a thumbs-up to Crawford. Crawford gives him the thumbs up back. Spider throws the end of the rope down, and it hits the gravel.

(continued)

Crawford shoves Rosey forward. Rosey moves forward and wraps the rope around him, then uses it to climb up the wall. He is also pretty efficient, and makes quick progress until he gets near the top. Then he starts to run out of puff.

We see Rosey's face looking suddenly stressed. Spider leans over and holds his hand out, and grabs hold of Rosey's outstretched hand.

We CUT back to Crawford.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Spider'll never hold Rosey up.

We CUT back to the rooftop. Spider is almost yanked down by Rosey's weight, but he grabs hold of the guttering with his other hand. We see the guttering moving slightly, but it takes the weight. After a moment of effort, Rosey manages to haul himself up on the roof.

ROSEY

Fuck. That was a bit harder than I thought.

He lies on the rooftop, getting his breath back.

SPIDER

[excited]

Give us the fucking rope back, Rosey.

ROSEY

[getting up to a sitting position]

Sorry. Forgot you needed that.

Spider unwinds the rope, with Rosey's help, then throws the end of the rope down again.

Teddy comes forward and picks up the rope. But he doesn't wrap it around himself very expertly.

(continued)

We CUT to Crawford, who has a sceptical expression on his face.

CAPT CRAWFORD

What the fuck?

Teddy takes two steps up the wall, trying to repeat what Rosey did, but the rope immediately unravels, and he falls on his back on the gravel, groaning slightly.

Crawford, shaking his head, gets up and runs across to the wall to help him.

We CUT to a close-up of Hitler Youth, peering between some bushes. His expression changes from curiosity to one of alarm.

We see the Germans finish talking. One goes inside, and the other two come down the steps. We CUT to another close-up of Hitler Youth, looking even more alarmed.

One German turns left, away from the men, but the other turns right, heading towards our side of the house.

We see Hitler Youth, frantically cupping his hands and blowing. At the second attempt, an owl's hooting sound can be heard.

We see Taffy, hearing the sound and repeating it.

We see Teddy halfway up the wall, but dangling, with his foot on a window ledge.

TEDDY

[looking up]

Christ - this is hard work.

We CUT to Crawford, who is looking up

CAPT CRAWFORD

Teddy - don't move.

We hear footsteps, and Crawford moves into the shade created by the turret structure. We see the German come into view. We see Crawford draw his knife. The German stops, and we can hear Crawford's breath. The German hovers for a moment, looking out at the park. We CUT to a shot from the bushes, where Taffy is looking at him.

The rope is clearly visible behind the German. As the German slowly takes out a cigarette, we see Teddy dangling above him.

We CUT to Teddy. He begins to lose his footing. He scrambles but regains his foothold, and grabs hold of the drainpipe with his other hand.

We CUT to the German as he lights his cigarette.

We CUT to Teddy again. He is now stable, but we hear a slight groaning sound coming from the drainpipe.

We CUT to the German. He takes a puff, discards his match, and walks on. We hear his steps recede and see him disappear around the far corner.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Get him up!

Rosey grabs hold of the rope and starts pulling it, and Teddy begins to ascend. Spider grabs hold of him at the last, and finally Teddy gets up on the roof.

TEDDY

[even more exhausted than  
Rosey was]

Man alive.

We CUT to Crawford, waiting at the bottom. After a moment, the rope comes down, and he scrambles up the wall in a matter of seconds. At the top, he stays on his feet and hauls the rope in.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[squatting down by the  
others]

Right. No drama so far then.

We CUT to SGT TEMPLE and CONSHIE at the top of the hill. Temple is looking down with his binoculars.

CONSHIE

How they doing, sarge?

(continued)

SGT TEMPLE

Alright so far. They're up on the roof.

CONSHIE

Yeah, but they're not much good to anyone up there - are they?

SGT TEMPLE

No. But it's a start.

CUT to Hitler Youth. He peers across at Taffy. CUT to Taffy peering back. He gives Hitler Youth the thumbs up. Hitler Youth smiles, and goes back into the bushes.

CUT to the rooftop. Spider, with rope wrapped around him, is being dangled above the window, with Teddy holding the rope above him. Spider has a firm footing on the window ledge, and is carving between the pane of glass and the window frame with a pen knife.

SPIDER

[looking up]

Right. I've cut around the pane.

CAPT CRAWFORD

What happens next, Spider?

SPIDER

Teddy needs to grab hold of me.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Right. Do the honours, Teddy.

Crawford and Rosey grab Teddy's waist, and he leans over the edge and grabs hold of Spider's waist. Spider pushes the pane of glass, and it falls into the room.

As it falls, Spider leans forward and catches it, to prevent it from falling to the floor.

SPIDER

Got it!

(continued)

He wriggles about and leans the pane against the wall. Then he signals to Teddy to let go of him, and he wriggles into the room.

We see the inside of an office, unlit. Teddy follows Spider into the room. Then we see Rosey and Crawford clamber inside, too.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Right - we're in. Rosey - you get cracking on the safe. Spider - you sort the window out. Got it?

SPIDER / ROSEY

Got it.

Rosey crouches down in the corner and starts fiddling with the safe. As he begins, we hear a clock ticking on the film soundtrack. This is not really ticking, it's a dramatic device! The longer the men stay in the room, the louder the ticking sound gets.

Spider begins putting the window pane back in, temporarily. Crawford opens his bag on the floor and produces his miniature camera.

TEDDY

What do I do, sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Just stand by the door quietly, Teddy. And tell us if you hear anything outside.

Teddy goes up against the door and listens. Crawford looks across, and sees that Spider has got the pane back in.

Pull the curtains to, Spider.

Spider pulls the curtains. Crawford switches on a desk lamp, and carefully moves a pile of papers and puts them on the floor. He puts his camera on the table and sits down. He turns to Spider.

Sit down, Spider. Relax.

(continued)

Spider sits down in the other chair. Teddy is standing by the door, listening intently. Rosey is fiddling with the safe.

How you getting on with the safe, Rosey?

ROSEY

[cheerful]

Yeah. Alright, sir.

He goes on fiddling with the safe.

CUT to Temple and Conshie at the top of the hill.

CONSHIE

How long they been in there now, sarge?

SGT TEMPLE

[checking his watch]

Seven minutes.

CONSHIE

Feels longer.

CUT to Harry, looking bored. He starts to pick his nose.

CUT to Hitler Youth, watching the front of the chateau. We hear music playing again from inside, and see some German officers go in, accompanied by ladies - a couple of them rather attractive ones.

HITLER YOUTH

Blimey. It's alright for some.

CUT to Taffy, looking up at the window.

TAFFY

Come on. What's taking so long?

CUT to the room. The situation is exactly the same as before - Teddy at the door, Rosey fiddling with the safe, Spider and Crawford sat down, waiting.

CAPT CRAWFORD

How you getting on now, Rosey?

ROSEY

[still cheerful]

Alright, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, you said that last time. How long's it going to take?

ROSEY

Hard to say, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, how long does it normally take?

ROSEY

It varies.

CAPT CRAWFORD

You said you were good at this.

ROSEY

Well, I am. It's me living.

[Pause]

But it can take an hour sometimes.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Bleeding hell.

ROSEY

And that's wiv yer British models. This is a bleeding Kraut safe. We don't have these in England.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Shit. I didn't think of that.

[Pause]

Can you do it?

ROSEY

Yeah, I can do it, sir. Just give me a bit of time, that's all.

SPIDER

[impatient, wandering over to Rosey]

Do you need any help with anything, Rosey?

ROSEY

No, I don't need no help. Shove off.

[He pushes Spider away.]

I could murder a fag, though.

Suddenly Teddy gestures from the door for them to shut up.

Everyone is quiet. There is silence in the room, but we can hear creaking outside the door. Then, a moment later, we hear a tap.

MANFRED

[voice only]

Herr Oberst, sind sie das?

Subtitle: Colonel, is that you?

Nobody says anything. Crawford gets up quietly and moves towards the door.

MANFRED

[voice only]

Herr Oberst?

(continued)

[Pause]

Sind sie das?

Subtitle: Colonel? Is that you?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Ja, mein kamerad. Ich bin es.

Subtitle: Yes, my friend. It's me.

MANFRED

[voice only]

Cann ich reinkommen?

Subtitle: Can I come in?]

The three others all look at Crawford with anticipation. Crawford looks perturbed. Just when we think he cannot answer, he responds

CAPT CRAWFORD

Err - nein.

Subtitle: No.

There is a pause. Crawford takes his silenced pistol out, and Teddy moves to the side of the door to give him some room. He is holding his cosh.

MANFRED

[voice only]

Err - in ordnung, Herr Oberst.

Subtitle: Okay, Colonel.

CUT to MANFRED standing outside. He is a German gefreiter, or corporal, with a slightly puzzled look on his face. As he waits uncertainly, a German officer passes him in the corridor with an attractive girl on his arm. Manfred watches them pass - the girl giggling as she does so - and then looks at the door. He shrugs, and moves down the corridor, towards light and the sound of music.

(continued)

We follow Manfred as he walks onto a balcony, and we see a party going on down below. As he begins to descend the stairs, he passes another German, Gefreiter Konrad.

GFR KONRAD

Ah, Manfred. Eine gute zeit haben?

Subtitle: Are you having a good time?

MANFRED

Ja, Konrad. Wo sind die madchen?

Subtitle: Yes, Konrad. Where are the girls?

GFR KONRAD

Unten.

[Gestures downstairs.]

Subtitle: Down there.

Manfred begins to descend, then stops. The camera focusses on a German officer in earnest conversation with some other officers at the bottom of the stairs.

MANFRED

[confused]

Es ist das Oberst.

Subtitle: Why - it's the Colonel.]

Manfred moves forward towards the Oberst, but as he does so, Konrad grabs hold of him.

GFR KONRAD

Komm mit mir, Manfred. Wir werden ein gertrank haben.

Subtitle: Come with me, Manfred. We'll have a drink together.

Manfred shrugs, then smiles, and allows Konrad to lead the way. The two go down the stairs, past the Oberst, and disappear towards the party.

CUT to the safe room. Crawford and Teddy are listening intently at the door, with Spider just behind them. We see Rosey at the safe. His face is now glistening with sweat.

TEDDY

I can't hear nothing. I think he's gone.

SPIDER

I don't like the sound of that.

TEDDY

You don't like the sound of nothing.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Spider, go and sit down. What we mustn't do is panic. Go on.

He gives Spider a gentle shove, and Spider returns to his former seat. But Spider sits down in a tense position.

He's either coming back in two minutes - in which case we're fucked..

[Pause]

Or he's not coming back at all.

SPIDER

Well, that's marvellous, that is.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Fuck all we can do about it either way, Spider. It's out of our hands. All we can do is sit tight - and keep completely silent.

[Whispers]

Got it?

SPIDER

Got it, sir.

There is a long pause.

(continued)

ROSEY

I'm getting somewhere now, sir.

He grins, but the strain is showing.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[nonchalant]

Well, thank God for that.

We CUT to Sgt Temple and Conshie at the top of the hill.

CONSHIE

How long's it been now, sarge?

SGT TEMPLE

[consulting his watch. His  
face drops]

Eighteen minutes.

There is a pause as Conshie looks at him.

CONSHIE

How long was it supposed to take?

SGT TEMPLE

[shrugs]

How long is a piece of string?

There is a pause. Then we hear some rustling. ENTER  
HARRY, through the bushes

HARRY

[angry]

How long we s'posed to be waiting for  
them? They been in there for ages.

SGT TEMPLE

Hold on, son. It's two of your mates in  
there, too.

(continued)

HARRY

[pauses, thinks]

Well, yeah. But it's no good all of us getting caught, is it?

SGT TEMPLE

If any of us did get caught, how far do you think the rest of us would get? We're twenty miles behind the lines.

HARRY

We might make that boat. You never know. You could get us there.

SGT TEMPLE

I've got a fucked ankle.

[He kneads it.]

Anyway, Bert Crawford's in there. I ain't going nowhere without Bert Crawford.

HARRY

[sarcastic]

Why, he saved your life or something?

SGT TEMPLE

[annoyed]

We both saved each other's lives, you nit. That's how it goes in the Commandos.

HARRY

Yeah, well that's all well and good.

[He sits down grumpily.]

But I ain't in the bleeding Commandos.

We CUT to Taffy. He is still watching the window intently. He looks at his watch and begins to bite his nails. There is a sudden sound, and Hitler Youth appears at his side.

(continued)

TAFFY

[surprised]

What you doing over here?

HITLER YOUTH

Tell you what, Taffy. There's a fucking party going on in there.

[Gestures towards the house.]

TAFFY

Yeah, well that's a fat lorra good to us, boyo.

HITLER YOUTH

I dunno. We both got German uniforms on.

TAFFY

Not sure it'd do us much good chatting the frauleins up in English.

HITLER YOUTH

Well, I have got a bit of the old Kraut, actually. I never told you this, but I'm actually half-German.

TAFFY

Bollocks!

HITLER YOUTH

[peevied]

Alright. Don't believe me then.

[He settles down next to Taffy.]

How long they been up there now?

(continued)

TAFFY

Twenty minutes, I think. I can't believe it.

HITLER YOUTH

[gazing up at the window]

Do you think they're even still in there?

They both look up.

We CUT to the safe room. They are all in exactly the same positions as before. Spider is looking tenser, and Rosey is sweatier, than they were before. There is a click.

ROSEY

Definitely coming, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

How long, Rosey? No pressure, son - but how long?

ROSEY

Couple of minutes now and I got the little darling.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Right. Spider.

[Spider looks.]

When these documents come out, I'm going to photo them on this desk. And then the ones I've done I'm putting in a neat pile on your desk. Alright?

[Spider nods.]

For God's sake, do not in any way interfere with those papers once I've put them there. Got it?

(continued)

SPIDER

[strained voice]

Got it, sir.

We CUT to Rosey, who tries to grin through a thick mask of sweat.

CUT to the party downstairs. We see Gfr Konrad talking to Manfred. There are a couple of other guys with them, but no ladies. The women are all with the more senior officers. We note that Manfred's gaze is fixated on the prominent bosom of a buxom wench talking to one of the officers.

GFR KONRAD

[leaning over]

Hast du mein zigaretten, Manfred?

Subtitle: Have you got my cigarettes, Manfred?

MANFRED

Ja, Herman. Nach oben.

Subtitle: Yes, Herman. Upstairs.

GFR KONRAD

Schnappt sie, Manfred. Diese damen konnte woollen rauchen.

Subtitle: Well, get them, Manfred. These two ladies might want to smoke.

Manfred realises that two ladies have now joined their party. He smiles, and moves back across the hall to the foot of the stairs. As he goes upstairs, he passes the Oberst, who is still talking earnestly to the other officers, and Manfred looks back at him as he ascends the stairs. Seeing the Oberst there has clearly jogged his memory.

As he passes along the unlit corridor upstairs, he appears confused. Then he sees the door of the safe room, and stops. He approaches the door and knocks on it.

MANFRED

Herr Oberst?

Subtitle: Colonel?

CAPT CRAWFORD

[voice only]

Ja, mein kamerad?

Subtitle: Yes, my friend?

Manfred looks concerned. He begins to turn back the way he has come - but, as he does so, the door opens, and Capt Crawford sticks his head out.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[smiling]

Da ich bin - Hauptmann Brandt.

Subtitle: It's me - Captain Brandt.

He steps into the corridor. Manfred is two yards away. Manfred hovers uncertainly, then Crawford takes a step forward and offers him his hand.

MANFRED

[coming forward with hand  
outstretched]

Ah, Hauptmann Brandt. Ich denke nicht -

Subtitle: Ah, Captain Brandt. I don' think -

Crawford grabs hold of his arm and yanks him forward. Manfred stumbles, but Crawford pulls him into the room. Teddy closes the door. As Manfred grapples with Crawford, Teddy wallops the German over the head with his cosh. Manfred goes down, but then starts trying to crawl back towards the door. Teddy goes towards him with a knife, but Crawford intercedes.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Allow me.

Crawford takes hold of the German and twists his neck, breaking it. There is an awful snapping sound. The German falls down dead.

SPIDER

[distressed]

Urggh!

CAPT CRAWFORD

Now, I didn't want you to use the knife, Teddy. Too much mess.

ROSEY

There's gonna be fucking dozens of Krauts storming in here in a minute.

CAPT CRAWFORD

I don't think so. Now, just you keep going, Rosey. I think -

[a pause, for close-ups]

- this is just one suspicious geezer - or maybe even just a curious geezer - who came back on his own. I don't think he's even told anyone else.

TEDDY

How do you know?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Otherwise, where's the others?

Nobody responds. While they wait for someone to say something, there is another click.

(continued)

ROSEY

[quiet voice]

Bingo.

The door of the safe swings open. Rosey collapses in a nervous heap.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[checks watch]

Twenty-three minutes. Nice going, Rosey.

Crawford looks around the room and tries to assess the situation.

Right, move away, Rosey, and let me take the files out.

Rosey moves to the side, looking completely exhausted. Crawford takes out a pile of papers and carefully brings them to the table.

ROSEY

[looking across]

So which ones you gonna photograph?

CAPT CRAWFORD

The fucking lot.

ROSEY

Oh Jesus.

Crawford begins photographing the papers, and then putting the ones he's done in a pile on Spider's desk. Spider looks at the huge pile on Crawford's desk with horror.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

[slowly, while he's working]

This camera's dead quick. It's a Kraut camera, a Leica. Have you heard of 'em?

[Nobody responds.]

We still get these through Sweden, oddly enough. So that is one thing at least that Swedish neutrality has done for us.

[Pause.]

Anyway, at least it gives us time to think about what we're going to do with one dead German. Anyone got any bright ideas?

ROSEY

[becoming more composed now]

Sir, I thought the idea was that no-one was to know we were in here.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Nobody does know. He knew -

[nods towards the German]

- but he's dead.

ROSEY

So - you think we can get away with it?

CAPT CRAWFORD

We can get away with one German corporal who goes missing one night during a party. Nobody's gonna connect that with a safe being robbed.

[Pause]

That is, as long as nobody realises that a safe has been robbed.

(continued)

ROSEY

Which rather begs the question, Captain -  
of what the fuck do we do with old Jerry  
here?

Rosey looks across at Crawford expectantly.

We CUT to Taffy and Hitler Youth, still looking up at the  
window - but they are looking morose.

HITLER YOUTH

I reckon they've had it. They'd be back  
out again by now.

TAFFY

Yeah, but -

[he gestures around him]

- it's quiet. There's no commotion or  
anything.

HITLER YOUTH

There might be inside. How do we know?  
[Pause.] Why don't we creep over there,  
and see if there's any palaver at the  
front entrance?

TAFFY

[sceptical]

Hmm.

[Looks up at the window.]

Orright then.

They crawl towards the position where Hitler Youth was  
before, so that they can see the front entrance.

We CUT to Sgt Temple and the others at the top of the hill.

HARRY

We gotta set a fucking time limit or  
something.

(continued)

SGT TEMPLE

We ain't moving til I say we're moving.  
And that's an order.

We CUT to Taffy and Hitler Youth, hiding in the bushes.  
From their viewpoint, we see more people arriving at the  
entrance for the party.

HITLER YOUTH

Think you were right. There is nothing  
happening.

TAFFY

Nothing except their bloody party. To  
which we're not bloody invited.

HITLER YOUTH

Well, I'm gonna have a smoke.

[He takes out his pack.]

TAFFY

You can't. Someone'll see the smoke.

HITLER YOUTH

[rising]

Alright then.

He starts walking towards the chateau, slightly to the side  
of the front terrace.

TAFFY

[rising]

Wha' you doing, mun?

HITLER YOUTH

Well, I fucking look German, anyway.  
Nobody'll even notice me.

(continued)

He stands to the side of the front steps, smoking. Taffy reluctantly gets up and joins him. He takes a cigarette off him.

TAFFY

Fine bloody mess you're gonna gerrus in yur.

HITLER YOUTH

We'll be alright.

Suddenly he holds his finger to his lips. Taffy looks across, and we see a red-headed German girl, clearly drunk, walking towards them wearing an evening dress.

REDHEAD

Hast du ein zigarette?

Subtitle: Have you got a cigarette?

HITLER YOUTH

[hesitant, but cottoning on quickly]

Err - ja, mein fraulein.

[He gives her one.]

REDHEAD

Ich danke ihnen.

Subtitle: I thank you.

Hitler Youth bows gallantly. The Redhead waits, and Hitler Youth looks confused. He looks at Taffy, with panic in his eyes. Taffy moves across and lights the girl's cigarette for her.

REDHEAD

[giving him a big smile]

Ah - tausend dank!

Subtitle: A thousand thanks!

(continued)

GERMAN BOYFRIEND

[from the steps]

Rosanna!

The Redhead giggles, leaves them and totters back towards the German boyfriend on the steps.

TAFFY

Can't believe what you got us involved in there.

HITLER YOUTH

Yeah - but we got away with it, didn't we?

Taffy says nothing. We see that he is now gazing into a big window, which was previously curtained - but light is now streaming through. The curtain draws back, and we see the Redhead, waving out at them. Taffy waves back. The Redhead smiles and sits down on a settee at the back of the room. She is still visible through the window as she talks to somebody out of picture. Taffy ogles her breasts, which are threatening to break out from her evening dress.

TAFFY

Yeah. To be fair, they're all bloody pissed.

[He looks at his watch.]

I half feel like joining 'em.

We CUT to Sgt Temple on the hilltop.

SGT TEMPLE

[peering through binoculars]

Hang on, boys. Something's happening.

CONSHIE

What is it, sarge?

(continued)

SGT TEMPLE

[looking concerned]

The window's open.

CONSHIE

So what's up?

SGT TEMPLE

Something's dangling out of it...

We CUT to the safe room. Teddy is at the window, with rope wrapped around him, holding onto something and trying to keep his balance. The window pane is no longer there.

TEDDY

[excited]

I've got him, I've got him.

The camera peers over the window frame and we see the body of Manfred dangling below, swaying from side to side. Crawford is at Teddy's side, giving the hoot-owl signal.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Where the fuck's Taffy?

TEDDY

[struggling]

What shall I do with this cunt?

CAPT CRAWFORD

[worried, looking below]

You'll have to keep going. Lower him to the ground.

We CUT to the big hall. We see the Oberst walking away from the foot of the stairs, towards another group of officers standing with their backs to a bay window. He passes the settee where the Redhead is sat, and she calls out.

(continued)

REDHEAD

Ah - Herr Oberst!

The Oberst bows and makes as if to continue on his way, but she waves him over. He goes over, says something and kisses her on the cheek, then continues towards the other group of officers. He begins talking to them.

We CUT to Teddy, giving out more rope. But he goes too fast, and the body begins to violently sway from side to side. We see that there is light coming out of a window down below, close to where the body is swaying.

TEDDY

Shit!

We CUT to the Oberst, talking to the officers. The bay window is directly behind them. As he speaks, we focus on the officers. Behind them, we see Manfred's body sway behind the window. But we then see that, at that instant, the Oberst was topping up his glass from a decanter of water on a tray. As he looks up again, we see that the body has disappeared from view. The Oberst goes on talking.

OBERST

Wie ich sagte -

Subtitle: As I said -

CUT to the safe room. Teddy has lowered the body down to the ground. He stops, exhausted, as Manfred's corpse hits the gravel with a thump.

CAPT CRAWFORD

You'll have to get down there, Teddy, and get rid of it.

TEDDY

[astonished]

Me?

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

[still photographing at high speed]

I'm taking pictures. Spider's got to replace the window. And Rosey's fucked.

We see Rosey still sat on the floor, looking a nervous wreck.

TEDDY

Fucking hell. How do I get down?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Spider - more fucking rope.

Spider gets some more rope, and starts wrapping it around Teddy, then Crawford takes the other end and starts wrapping around himself.

Go on. Get down there.

TEDDY

You'll never take my weight.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, I'll fucking have to.

ROSEY

[getting up]

We'll pitch in. Come on Spider.

They both grab the rope as well.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Right. Go.

Slowly and uncertainly, Teddy descends, bouncing off the wall. He gets to the bottom, unravels himself and then picks up Manfred's corpse. He scuttles over to the bush where Taffy was, and takes cover.

Crawford winds the rope back in, and pulls the curtains shut. As he turns, he sees Rosey is at his desk, photographing more documents.

Crawford is about to complain, but sees that Rosey is actually doing it quickly and efficiently.

ROSEY

It's alright, sir. I have used cameras before. Matter of fact, I did a bit of counterfeiting in my day.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright - don't miss any though. That's crucial.

ROSEY

I'll be methodical, sir.

The two piles of paper are of similar height now, meaning that the photographing is about halfway through.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[pacing the room]

Now, what did you want to tell me, Spider?

SPIDER

Well, you're not going to like this, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Get on with it.

SPIDER

We can't all get back out through the window, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Why the fuck not?

SPIDER

Well, I can't replace the window pane properly from outside. I've got to do it from in here.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Jesus. Now he tells me.

[Turns to Spider]

So how the hell are you going to get out?

SPIDER

I was hoping you'd come up with something, sir.

Crawford gives him a look.

We CUT to Sgt Temple and the others at the hilltop.

SGT TEMPLE

[shaking his head]

Well, I don't know what the fuck's going on now.

We CUT back to the safe room.

ROSEY

[still photographing at speed]

Don't worry, sir. I'll crack on with this. You do the recce.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[wearily]

I'll do the recce.

SPIDER

Well, you'll have to, sir. You're the only one who speaks German.

Crawford walks across the room and opens the door slowly. He looks up and down the corridor, then leaves the room and enters the corridor.

Crawford turns left, towards the lights and the music. He emerges on the balcony and looks down into the hall, which is full of people in various stages of merriment.

The stairway is now empty of people. He focusses on the main entrance door - which is now empty and unguarded.

Crawford turns and walks back the way he has come, and opens the door of the safe room.

Crawford enters the safe room. Rosey, still photographing papers, looks up. There are not many left to do now. Spider is pushing the window pane back into place. He stands back to admire his handiwork.

SPIDER

There you are.

[Turns to Crawford]

Looks alright now, sir.

ROSEY

Almost finished these, sir. Two more pages.

He flicks over the last couple of pages, and places the last sheets on the pile on Spider's desk. The pile on Crawford's desk has now disappeared.

All done now.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright, make sure we don't leave nothing.

He takes the camera from Rosey and puts it in his bag. He carefully picks up the pile of papers, puts them back the right way up, and places them in the safe.

[To Rosey:]

Leave that fucking safe exactly the way you found it, Rosey.

[Rosey starts fiddling with the safe. Crawford looks at the window pane that Spider has just replaced. He pulls the curtains to. Lastly, he picks the pile of papers up from the floor and puts them back on the desk, where he found them.]

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Now listen. I'm the only one who speaks German, right?

ROSEY

Right, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Okay. There's a lot of pissed people down there. Right?

[Rosey shrugs.]

So Spider's pissed - and we're carrying him out. That way, Spider doesn't have to say anything. Rosey - you just grin.

[He grabs Spider under his arms.]

Act like you're totally pissed, Spider.

Spider collapses, and Crawford supports him.

Finished with that safe, Rosey?

ROSEY

[closes the safe and moves away]

Yeah. All finished.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Put that fucking rope in my bag.

Rosey picks up the rope from the floor and puts it in Crawford's bag.

Now, get your arm under Spider on the other side. Wedge the bag in between, so they can't see it there. And put that lamp out.

Rosey puts the lamp out, picks up the bag and gets on the other side of Spider.

(continued)

Let's go.

We watch them leave the safe room, and close the door behind them. Then we see them emerging into the corridor.

ROSEY

How you locking it?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Skeleton key, of course. We're not totally incompetent in the Commandos, Rosey.

They turn left and head down the unlit corridor, before emerging into the light on the balcony. We now hear the loud music coming from downstairs. They begin to descend the stairs. As they go down, a drunken German passes them, saluting. Then an officer goes past, with a girl, too interested in kissing her to even see them.

Crawford manoeuvres his way past these people. As they get to the bottom of the stairs, we see the open front doorway, and then, as they turn, we catch a glimpse of the night sky outside.

As they walk towards the door, the Oberst suddenly comes into view. He looks at the three men, laughs, and speaks to Crawford.

OBERST

Er ist betrunken, Hauptmann.

Subtitle: He is drunk, Captain.

Crawford nods and laughs. Rosey also laughs. Spider looks up, looking completely befuddled.

OBERST

Und so bin ich!

Subtitle: And so am I!

(continued)

We CUT to Taffy and Hitler Youth, still standing outside smoking. There are a couple of fag butts at their feet now. Taffy peers through the bay window again.

TAFFY

She's got lovely tits, that redhead.

He moves closer to the window. The Redhead turns and sees him. She gives him a lingering look, then points to her cigarette holder, then points to Taffy. She gives him an imploring look. Taffy turns and moves towards the front entrance, but collides with a German, causing him to fall to the floor. Taffy looks across. We see only the boots of this German.

Taffy picks himself up off the floor. His gaze travels up the German uniform. There is major ominous music. Then we see that it is Captain Crawford.

CAPT CRAWFORD

What the fuck are you doing, Taff?

TAFFY

Err - glad you made it back, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Follow me.

He turns, and Taffy and Hitler Youth follow him back into the bushes. There, we see Spider, Rosey, carrying Crawford's kit bag, and Teddy. The corpse of Manfred is on the ground. Crawford takes his bag back off Rosey.

Right. Let's move.

They crawl through the park, with Crawford leading. He is followed by Rosey, Spider, Teddy - with the corpse on his back - Taffy and Hitler Youth.

CUT to the Redhead. We see her from the other side of the settee, inside the bar. She turns to look out of the window, and sees that there is now nobody there. She gazes at the window for a second. Then, a German speaks to her, and she returns his gaze, smiling and laughing.

(continued)

The men, led by Crawford, are still crawling. They reach the end of the park, and disappear through some bushes. As they do so, the ticking sound stops.

18 minutes of screen time

CUT & END OF SCENE & END OF ACT THREE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE FIFTY-ONE

EXT. NIGHT. THE HILLTOP.

SGT TEMPLE and CONSHIE are waiting expectantly, and smoking. ENTER CAPT CRAWFORD and the others, through the bushes.

CAPT CRAWFORD

All set, Bill?

SGT TEMPLE

Christ, Bert. Did you get the goods?

CAPT CRAWFORD

[tapping his kitbag]

Got 'em.

SGT TEMPLE

Christ.

[Sees Teddy, with Manfred's  
corpse on his back.]

What do we do with the dead Kraut?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Chuck him off the mountain. There was a  
precipice just up there, wasn't there?

[He points up.]

TEDDY

[breathing heavily]

How far is it, sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Ten minutes, Teddy. Ten minutes.

[Looks around.]

Where's Harry?

(continued)

SGT TEMPLE

[glancing around]

Err, dunno.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Brilliant.

SGT TEMPLE

He was here a minute ago.

ENTER HARRY from the bushes. He is smoking.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Right, let's get off then.

They begin to pick up their kit bags. Crawford moves menacingly towards Harry.

What the hell are you up to, Harry?

HARRY

Just waiting to see if you'd turn up.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[grabs hold of him]

You were fucking doing a runner - weren't you?

HARRY

[shoves Crawford away]

Well, I might have been keeping my options open.

[Looks around for support.]

I mean, I didn't know if you was gonna get out of there, did I?

(continued)

[The men look back at him  
with blank expressions - even  
ROSEY and TEDDY.]

CAPT CRAWFORD

[pointing aggressively]

In future, Harry, stick to your orders.  
Clear?

Harry glares malevolently back at him.

Ach.

[Makes dismissive gesture.]

Let's move. We can't let this fucker slow  
us down.

They all EXIT except Harry. He is left smoking by the tree  
on his own. Harry throws the cigarette down, looking  
pissed off, and also EXITS.

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE FIFTY-TWO

EXT. NIGHT. A MOUNTAINTOP.

SGT TEMPLE looks down into a precipice. ENTER TEDDY, struggling.

TEDDY

Are we there yet?

CAPT CRAWFORD

[points down]

Down there, Teddy. No-one'll spot him down there.

TEDDY

[relieved, lowering the body off his back]

Thank God for that.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Do the honours then.

Teddy throws the body down. Then he tugs off his too-tight black jumper and throws that down, too.

There you are. We'll be able to go a bit faster now.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE FIFTY-THREE

EXT. NIGHT. SOME HILLS.

We see TEDDY's strained face as the men march at a faster pace.

TEDDY

Strewth. Wish he'd ease up a bit.

ROSEY

I'm fed up of these fucking hills.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[at the front, half-turning]

Do you want to make this damn boat, or not?

HARRY

How do we know it's even gonna be there?

CAPT CRAWFORD

It'll be there.

ROSEY

Can we stop for a bit, sir? Sgt Temple needs a rest.

[Gestures behind him.]

Crawford stops and lets the other men go past, until SGT TEMPLE appears in shot, bringing up the rear, limping badly.

CAPT CRAWFORD

How you getting on, Bill?

Temple grimaces

Alright. We'll have a ten minute break.

(continued)

[People start to sit down.]

Ten minutes, though. No more.

[He fiddles with his fly.]

I could do with a pee.

Crawford goes into some bushes, with the camera following him.

CUT to Harry, sitting slightly apart from the others. He quietly gets to his feet and draws his pistol. He EXITS, the way that Crawford went.

CUT to close-up of Rosey, who has seen all this. He looks alarmed, and starts to get up - but then dithers.

CUT to Crawford, peeing against some bushes. He hears a sound behind him. While still peeing, he takes out the compact from his shirt pocket. He looks into it, angling it behind him. In the compact, he sees a reflection of someone brandishing a pistol.

We see Harry moving towards Crawford's back.

Crawford, now peeing with no hands, takes out his pistol and angles it while looking into the compact. We hear a silenced shot.

CUT to Harry, looking astonished. He looks down, and we see blood seeping out of him. He falls down at Crawford's feet.

Crawford turns him over, and we see Harry's face. He is trying to say something. Crawford crouches down and listens.

HARRY

[struggling to get the words  
out]

All - officers - are - bastards.

He dies.

(continued)

Crawford lays him down, does his fly up, then picks up Harry and carries him towards the bushes. He throws him onto the top of a thick thicket of brambles. For a moment, the corpse remains on the top of the thicket. Then it disappears, and is swallowed up by all the brambles.

Crawford turns and walks towards the camera.

CUT to Rosey, watching the gap in the bushes where the two men went. Crawford appears, and Rosey looks relieved.

ROSEY

[whispers]

What happened to Harry?

Crawford makes a slit throat gesture, then holds his finger to his lips.

CAPT CRAWFORD

You'll have to square it with Teddy.

ROSEY

He won't be best pleased.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[walking into the centre of  
the group]

Come on. Let's go.

TAFFY

[reluctantly rising]

That was a quick bloody ten minutes.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Rosey - you and Teddy take the front for a bit.

[They move off.]

(continued)

Bill?

[All the other men walk out  
of shot.]

How is it?

SGT TEMPLE

[sitting, trying to massage  
his ankle, grimacing]

It's bad, Bert.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Can you make it?

SGT TEMPLE

Fucking doubt it.

A long pause.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well - if you can't, you'll have to use  
the pistol.

SGT TEMPLE

[looking up wearily]

I know, Bert.

CAPT CRAWFORD

I haven't even got any whiskey to ease it  
for you.

Temple says nothing.

You can't let them catch you. You don't  
want to end up with the fucking Gestapo.

SGT TEMPLE

No, Bert. I know.

They look at each other. Then, eventually, Crawford pats  
him on the shoulder.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Don't leave it too late, Bill.

SGT TEMPLE

No, Bert. I won't.

Crawford turns away and EXITS. The camera remains fixed on Temple as he stares intensely into space.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE FIFTY-FOUR

EXT. NIGHT. THE VILLAGE.

We see the men, led by CAPT CRAWFORD, clamber over the first stile and creep slowly through the village. They are all holding their boots in their hands.

As they pass through, the camera PANS and we see, in a dark corner, the GENDARME watching them, while smoking a cigarette.

GENDARME

[whispers to himself]

Bonne chance, mes amis.

Subtitle: Good luck, my friends.

He throws the cigarette butt on the ground.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE FIFTY-FIVE

EXT. NIGHT. SOME HILLS.

We see SGT TEMPLE, staring grimly into the camera. He is holding his pistol. He contemplates it, then puts it away. He laces his boot up. Then he gets up. He puts a rolled-up sock in his mouth, then begins to stagger off.

We CUT to a close-up of his face as he grimaces.

He begins to speed up a little.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE FIFTY-SIX

EXT. NIGHT. A FIELD LITTERED WITH CORPSES.

We see CAPT CRAWFORD leading the men between the bodies. This is the field in which the farmhouse siege took place. Crawford's men all have their boots on again now.

SPIDER

Christ, did we really kill all these?

HITLER YOUTH

We must have.

TEDDY

Rosey?

ROSEY

Yeah?

TEDDY

[half-turning]

What's happened to Harry?

ROSEY

[nervously]

He had an accident, Teddy.

TEDDY

An accident? Why didn't you tell me?

ROSEY

I was waiting for the right moment.

They step over one of the corpses.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE FIFTY-SEVEN

INT. NIGHT. A GERMAN MILITARY OFFICE.

HAUPTMANN GRUBER, the eye-patched German officer, is speaking into the telephone.

HAUPTMANN GRUBER

[agitated]

Herr Oberst, I really cannot understand this. I have lost an entire squadron of men, and nobody seems able to tell me where they are. How can this be?

[He listens]

Herr Oberst, could they have been slaughtered? By paratroopers, perhaps? I fear there may be some major operation going on.

We switch to a SPLIT-SCREEN, with Hauptmann Gruber on one side and Herr OBERST, from the chateau, on the other.

OBERST

But Walter, nothing has been reported. Nothing has happened in your sector except some random act of sabotage on a railway depot. These men will turn up tomorrow, I'm sure.

HAUPTMANN GRUBER

Alright, Herr Oberst. I'll wait until tomorrow.

OBERST

[diplomatically, soothingly]

And tomorrow the railway repair crew will also be arriving.

HAUPTMANN GRUBER

Yes, Herr Oberst.

(continued)

[Pause]

So no special orders, sir?

OBERST

No. Just carry on with your regular coastal patrols. Alright?

HAUPTMANN GRUBER

Alright, sir.

OBERST

And Walter?

HAUPTMANN GRUBER

Sir?

OBERST

Try not to panic. The war is going very well.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE FIFTY-EIGHT

EXT. NIGHT. THE VIADUCT.

CAPT CRAWFORD leads the men down from the hill, through some bushes, and onto a railway line. We now see that they are running along the viaduct.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Hurry up. There might be a train coming.

TEDDY

[wheezing]

If there is, can we fucking catch it?

ROSEY

[jovial]

Viaduct, Teddy.

TEDDY

I know, Rosey. Why a fucking duck?

We see them all receding into the distance, further along the track.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE FIFTY-NINE

INT. NIGHT. A GERMAN MILITARY OFFICE.

HAUPTMANN GRUBER puts his cap on and EXITS.

We CUT to the outside of the office, and see that we are in the yard of a barracks. A squadron of men are in formation, awaiting orders.

HAUPTMANN GRUBER

Alright, men. It's the usual coastal patrol.

One of the men yawns.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE SIXTY

EXT. NIGHT. THE VIADUCT.

We see the viaduct, and then close in on the railway line. There is nobody in the shot.

Then, after a few moments, we hear a sound of movement. We hear heavy breathing.

The bushes part and SGT TEMPLE enters. He gingerly gets down onto the railway line, and runs along it. He is now going at a fair speed.

We CUT to a close-up of his face. The sock is still in his mouth, and he is breathing heavily through his nose. He is grimacing.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE SIXTY-ONE

EXT. NIGHT. THE RAILWAY DEPOT.

We see the damaged railway sidings. The German bodies have been taken away, but no repair work has been carried out.

We CUT to a shot of CAPT CRAWFORD at the top of the hill, looking down with his binoculars. ROSEY comes and squats next to him.

CAPT CRAWFORD

They haven't even repaired it yet.

ROSEY

And there's no guards.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, there's not much point, is there?  
There's nothing to fucking guard at the moment.

[Pause, puts the binoculars  
down.]

Come on.

We CUT to the railway sidings. Then we see Crawford emerge from the bushes at the bottom, followed by the others. They trot across the lines. Crawford stops by the hut on the other side.

Pity Bill's not here to see his handiwork.

ROSEY

It's a bloody shame, sir.

As he says this, we hear something. We see the bushes part on the other side of the lines. Rosey looks alarmed.

Someone's coming, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[astonished]

I don't fucking believe it. It's Bill.

(continued)

We see SGT TEMPLE running across the lines. He joins them at the far side, pulls the sock out of his mouth and leans against the hut, exhausted.

I thought you were a goner.

[Sgt Temple does not respond.]

Bill?

SGT TEMPLE

[looking up, clearly in pain]

I'm not sure I can go much further, Bert.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, we're still six miles short, Bill. You'll have to.

[Temple does not respond.]

Rosey - I wonder if they've replenished that stock of whiskey that was in the office.

ROSEY

[sceptical]

Has anyone even been here?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, it's worth a look. Anyway, they must have been here. They cleared the bodies away.

ROSEY

Alright.

[He goes into the hut.]

CAPT CRAWFORD

Bill - would anything else help?

(continued)

SGT TEMPLE

Shooting me would help. 'Cause I don't think I can bring myself to do it.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Nah, we ain't shooting ya. We're too close for that.

ROSEY

[emerging from the hut,  
smiling]

I don't fucking believe it.

[He holds a whiskey bottle  
aloft.]

They got fucking chocolate bars in there as well.

HITLER YOUTH

[grinning]

That's fucking ideal, that is.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE SIXTY-TWO

EXT. NIGHT. THE BRIDGE OF A BOAT.

COMMANDER WALTERS and LIEUTENANT COOPER are talking on the bridge.

COMMANDER WALTERS

Well, here we go again.

LIEUT COOPER

Maybe it'll be third time lucky,  
Commander.

COMMANDER WALTERS

[sceptical look]

I wouldn't put your house on it, Cooper.

LIEUT COOPER

[downcast]

No, sir.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE SIXTY-THREE

EXT. NIGHT. A BARN IN THE MIDDLE OF A FIELD.

CAPT CRAWFORD leads the men through the field. They pass the barn. Sgt Temple is now in the middle of the men, clutching the whiskey bottle. We see him take a swig. Conshie pats him on the back. Taffy brings up the rear, smoking.

SPIDER

We did our training in there.

[Hitler Youth does not  
respond.]

Seems ages ago now.

HITLER YOUTH

Yeah.

They all EXIT the field.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE SIXTY-FOUR

EXT. NIGHT/DAY. THE MINED FIELD.

CAPT CRAWFORD leads the men into the field.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Now, this is the mined field. Strictly  
single file this time. Follow me, and be  
careful. You know what happened last  
time.

The men creep slowly along the edge of the field. We CUT  
FORWARD, and they are now a third of the way through the  
field. Dawn is now beginning to break.

SPIDER sees some bits of material, and takes his helmet off  
as he passes, in memoriam to Denny.

We CUT FORWARD and see the men all EXIT the field.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE SIXTY-FIVE

EXT. DAY. THE MAIN COAST ROAD

CAPT CRAWFORD leads the men as they dart across the road in three groups: first, Crawford, TEDDY and ROSEY; then HITLER YOUTH, SPIDER and CONSHIE; then SGT TEMPLE, still limping badly, and TAFFY.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE SIXTY-SIX

EXT. DAY. THE SMALL WOODS.

CAPT CRAWFORD leads the men as they dart across the last part of the field and into the small woods. They trot through the clearing.

SPIDER

This was where we almost bumped into those  
Krauts, wasn't it?

HITLER YOUTH

[glancing around him  
fearfully]

Hmm.

[More cheerful now.]

There don't seem to be any around now,  
though.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE SIXTY-SEVEN

EXT. DAY. THE COAST PATH.

HAUPTMANN GRUBER leads the men forward along the cliff top. He stops and gazes out to sea. He squints, because he is looking into the sun, rising on the horizon.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE SIXTY-EIGHT

EXT. DAY. THE COAST PATH.

CAPT CRAWFORD leads the men forward along the cliff top. He stops and gazes out to sea. He squints, as he is looking into the sun, rising on the horizon.

SGT TEMPLE

[worried]

Any sign of the boat, sir?

CAPT CRAWFORD

[dismayed]

No.

[He glances at his watch.]

But he's not due just yet.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE SIXTY-NINE

EXT. DAY. THE BRIDGE OF THE BOAT.

We see COMMANDER WALTERS looking at his watch. He and LIEUT COOPER are stood on the bridge, gazing at the coast. Cooper is using the binoculars.

COMMANDER WALTERS

Any sign of them, Cooper?

LIEUT COOPER

[dismayed]

Not yet, sir.

COMMANDER WALTERS

Well, we'll give it til eight. That was the appointed time, wasn't it?

LIEUT COOPER

Yes, sir.

COMMANDER WALTERS

Best to follow the proper procedure.

LIEUT COOPER

Yes, sir.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE SEVENTY

EXT. DAY. THE COAST PATH.

HAUPTMANN GRUBER is gazing out to sea, using the binoculars.

GFR SCHMIDT

Can you see anything, Hauptmann?

HAUPTMANN GRUBER

[putting binoculars down]

For one absurd moment, Schmidt, I thought I saw a boat.

GFR SCHMIDT

You mean an Allied boat, sir?

HAUPTMANN GRUBER

Ach, I cannot be sure. Did I even see it?

He walks forward nonchalantly, as if he has forgotten about the boat. Then he sees the machine gun post, and his expression changes.

Steiner.

A German private, STEINER, comes forward.

STEINER

Sir?

HAUPTMANN GRUBER

Man the machine-gun post.

STEINER

Yes, sir.

Steiner and another German put the machine gun in place. Then Steiner sits down, facing the sea. He is young and eager.

(continued)

If I see an Allied boat, do I shoot at it,  
sir?

HAUPTMANN GRUBER

[smiling]

Why, certainly, Steiner. But also -

[he swivels the seat around,  
so that Steiner is facing  
inland]

- keep an eye on what might be coming to  
meet this possibly mythical boat.  
Alright?

STEINER

[keen, like a kid with a new  
toy]

Yes, sir.

HAUPTMANN GRUBER leads the rest of the men inland.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE SEVENTY-ONE

EXT. DAY. THE COAST PATH.

CAPTAIN CRAWFORD is gazing through his binoculars again.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Is it me, Bill, or is that our boat?

[Hands him the binoculars.]

SGT TEMPLE

[smiling]

It's the boat, sir.

ROSEY

[turning to the others,  
delighted]

Boys - it's the fucking boat.

They cheer.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[annoyed]

Keep it down. We're not out of the woods  
yet.

[To Temple.]

So where's it going?

SGT TEMPLE

[looking at the map]

Our beach is around that headland, sir.

[Points.]

CAPT CRAWFORD

Right. Let's get there.

They move inland, which is the quickest way to reach the  
headland.

(continued)

We CUT to STEINER at the machine-gun post. He is gazing out to sea. We hear voices. Steiner swivels around and faces inland, with a stern expression on his face.

We see CAPT CRAWFORD suddenly squat down by some bushes. He signals to the others to get down. They all get down. Crawford pulls the bushes apart, and we see the machine-gunner, sitting at the top of the field.

CAPT CRAWFORD

They've manned the machine-gun post.  
That's all we fucking need.

SGT TEMPLE

[peering through the bushes]

I can take him out with the rifle.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Yeah, but he won't be on his lonesome,  
will he? You'll probably alert half the  
German army.

[He turns.]

Spider - can you get up there without  
being heard, and take him out with your  
knife?

SPIDER

[looking]

Yeah, I reckon so.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Someone else better go with you.

CONSHIE

I'll go, sir.

(continued)

CAPT CRAWFORD

Alright, Conshie. Good man. If it's impossible to do it silent, you'll just have to take the cunt out with the rifle. Got it?

CONSHIE

Got it, sir.

Spider and Conshie EXIT the shot, creeping forward. We CUT to Crawford, peering through the bushes. We CUT to Steiner, looking alert. We CUT to Spider and Conshie, creeping forward. They go in slightly different directions. Then, as Spider continues to creep forward, Conshie stops and lifts up the rifle.

We CUT to Spider, whose sleeve has got caught up in brambles. He pulls it away, but makes a loud rustling sound. CUT to Steiner, who hears this and suddenly swivels the machine gun around - but still can't see Spider. We CUT to Conshie, who stands up and cocks his rifle. But when he pulls the trigger, nothing happens. We see Steiner swivel and focus on Conshie. We see a close-up of Conshie's eyes widening. We see Steiner pull the trigger, and Conshie goes down in a hail of bullets.

We see Crawford looking away in anguish. We see Spider creep around the side, but Steiner hears rustling sounds, and then sees the bushes moving. As Spider emerges and runs towards him, Steiner swivels the machine-gun and issues a couple of bullets at Spider before Spider lands on him.

They fall off the chair together and writhe around on the floor, Spider on top. We see Spider hold the knife aloft and then stab Steiner twice, accompanied by two dramatic notes of music.

Spider rolls off the top of Steiner and lies on the ground, face up. He looks at his hand, and sees that there is blood on it. He looks down, and sees copious amounts of blood pouring out of him.

SPIDER

Oh fuck.

(continued)

Crawford and the others arrive.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Shit. You've really gone and done it this time, Spider.

SPIDER

[strained voice]

I know, sir.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[turning to Temple]

I'm afraid he's had it. He won't last five minutes.

ROSEY

[putting down binoculars]

There's Krauts coming.

CAPT CRAWFORD

How many?

ROSEY

Fucking thousands.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Shit.

[Looks at Spider.]

Spider, you've had it, mate.

SPIDER

[struggling to speak]

Don't I know it.

CAPT CRAWFORD

There's one last favour you can do us. Are you game?

(continued)

SPIDER

[blood bubbling at the side  
of his mouth, sounding like  
he's gargling]

Yes, sir.

Capt Crawford picks him up and tenderly puts him on the  
seat.

You know how to use a machine-gun?

Spider nods.

Sit here for as long as you can, and shoot  
any cunt that moves. Got it?

Spider nods.

Let's get the fuck out of here.

Crawford leads the men down the cliff path. We can now see  
the beach, and we can see the boat coming in.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE SEVENTY-ONE (A)

EXT. DAY. THE BRIDGE OF THE BOAT.

COMMANDER WALTERS and LIEUTENANT COOPER are standing on the bridge.

COMMANDER WALTERS

Was that shooting, Lieutenant?

LIEUT COOPER

Well it wasn't fucking morris dancing.

[Walters gives him a look.  
Cooper looks disturbed.]

Yes, it was shooting, sir.

[Looks through the  
binoculars.]

COMMANDER WALTERS

[impatient]

What's going on, man?

LIEUT COOPER

[excited]

It's Crawford, sir. There's six of them  
on the beach.

[Glances at Walters, looking  
tense.]

They look a bit agitated, sir.

COMMANDER WALTERS

Move in, Mackay. At speed. Get in as  
close as you can.

We see the boat moving towards the beach. We see Crawford  
and the men waving on the beach.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - Scene Seventy-Two

EXT. DAY. THE MACHINE GUN POST.

We CUT to the machine-gun post. The sun is blazing directly behind it, creating a strange halo effect around Spider's head. Spider is slumped over the gun and appears to be dead.

We CUT to HAUPTMANN GRUBER, approaching the field. He urges his men on. They begin to enter the field.

HAUPTMANN GRUBER

[looking through his  
binoculars]

Ferner.

GFR FERNER

Sir?

HAUPTMANN GRUBER

Is that Steiner?

GFR FERNER

[squinting into the sun,  
tries to use his hand as a  
screen]

Must be, sir.

[Looks at Gruber.]

He's dead, sir.

Hauptmann Gruber sadly shakes his head, then turns to face the remaining men.

HAUPTMANN GRUBER

Advance up the field with speed. Let's  
cut them off at the beach.

The men start pouring into the field.

(continued)

We CUT to Spider. He still looks dead, but then his eye opens. We CUT to a shot of the men advancing up the field, from Spider's viewpoint. He moves slightly, and we see his hand take control of the machine-gun. His fingers close around the trigger. There is eerie music.

We see Gruber urging the men on. The last of them enters the field, and Gruber brings up the rear. He begins to walk faster and overtakes a few of them. He looks up towards the machine-gun post, and squints into the sun. We can see Spider moving, but it is all very blurry. Gruber looks puzzled, and tries to see - but can only see blinding sunlight. The eerie music is getting louder.

We see the men from Spider's viewpoint. He sits up and we see his finger tighten on the trigger. He starts firing, and the Germans begin to fall like dominoes. We see him swivel from one side to the other, mowing most of them down.

We see Gruber dive down into some bushes, and look up, horrified. In the field, men are still falling.

The machine gun is whizzing back and forth from side and side, with Spider barely in control of it. His finger remains fixed to the trigger.

Finally, as the machine gun is on one side of its swivel, Gruber gets up and fires at Spider with his pistol. He fires three bullets into him, and Spider falls from the machine-gun post. We get a close-up of his lifeless body on the floor. He appears to have a smile on his face.]

#### HAUPTMANN GRUBER

[after a pause]

Alright, men. He's dead. We can advance.

Gruber is still the only one standing. He gazes around the field waiting for others to get up. Eventually one man gets up. Gruber looks happier, but then his look turns to one of dismay. We see that this man's guts are hanging out. After a moment, he collapses.

Gruber is now the only German left standing. Everyone else in the field is either dead or dying. Gruber gazes around the field in horror.

(continued)

Gott in himmel!

Subtitle: Fuck me Jackson!

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE SEVENTY-THREE

EXT. DAY. THE BEACH.

CAPTAIN CRAWFORD is leading the men as they run across the beach. We can also see that the boat is coming in. But they are running parallel to the cliffs, rather than away from them.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[turning to Temple]

Looks like we fucking made it, Bill.

SGT TEMPLE

[looking back up at the cliffs, a bit doubtfully]

Yeah. Looks like.

We CUT to the field. HAUPTMANN GRUBER is gazing around at all the corpses, looking completely shell-shocked. We hear a cough, and Gruber looks up, with his pistol ready - but then sees that it is GFR SCHMIDT, with a small group of men - maybe three of them in all.

HAUPTMANN GRUBER

Schmidt. As you can see,

[he gestures despairingly at the field]

there has been a massacre.

Schmidt looks around disconsolately.

GFR SCHMIDT

[becoming suddenly alert]

Can we still stop them, Hauptmann?

Gruber is silent, and we are not sure if he has heard Schmidt. Then he shakes his head, appearing to come out of a reverie.

(continued)

HAUPTMANN GRUBER

Yes. Let's get down to the beach.

He turns and goes to the cliff edge, with the others following. He sees that the men are running around the promontory to reach the boat. Gruber points forward, and now looks almost manic.

Yes, Schmidt. We can cut them off.  
Follow me!

They begin to race along the headland.

We CUT to Crawford and the others. Some are getting close to the edge of the beach.

We cut to Gruber and the Germans. They stop at the cliff edge.

HAUPTMANN GRUBER

[pointing down manically]

We can fire from here!

The three Germans, including Schmidt, lie close to the cliff edge in firing positions.

On the beach, we see Crawford enter the water and begin wading, holding his kit bag above him. For a moment, we focus on the kit bag.

Crawford is followed into the water by ROSEY and TEDDY, who exchange nervous glances with one another.

The camera PANS back to the beach, and we see Temple, limping but managing to run alongside HITLER YOUTH. TAFFY is puffing and blowing, and falling further behind them.

The camera PANS again and sweeps up the cliff. We see the German snipers lying on the top.

We see the beach from the Germans' viewpoint. We see one of the Germans aim at Taffy, and we see his finger tighten on the trigger.

(continued)

We CUT to Taffy, running along the beach. He is at the back, staggering and staring straight ahead of him. We see the boat bobbing up and down in the sea from his viewpoint. Then we hear a shot, and Taffy falls to the floor.

We CUT to Hitler Youth, who looks back, distraught.

HITLER YOUTH

Taffy!

He tries to go back, but Temple pushes him forward.

SGT TEMPLE

He's had it, son.

These two continue to run. Hitler Youth glances behind him again, then runs purposefully forward. Then we see them wading into the water. Up ahead of them, we see Crawford, Rosey and Teddy being hauled up onto the boat.

Up on the cliff, we see Schmidt turn to Gruber.

GFR SCHMIDT

Out of range, sir.

Gruber looks dismayed. He walks down to the beach, with the others following.

We CUT to a shot of Taffy, who has blood pouring out of him. Lying on his back, he opens his wallet and takes out a photo of the German girl with the big bazookas. He kisses the photo, smiles, and then his features freeze as he dies. His arm falls onto him, trapping the photograph next to his chest.

We see Schmidt approach, and gaze down at Taffy. He notices the photo and picks it up. Then, as he stares at it, he looks puzzled.

GFR SCHMIDT

[looking up]

Hauptmann.

Gruber comes over.

(continued)

HAUPTMANN GRUBER

What is it, Schmidt?

GFR SCHMIDT

It's this photo, sir.

[He gives it to Gruber, who looks at it expressionlessly.]

HAUPTMANN GRUBER

Well, what of it?

GFR SCHMIDT

Is it not the wife of Gefreiter Muller, sir?

HAUPTMANN GRUBER

[looks at it casually, then more intently]

Why, yes. It's Inge. You're right.

[Gruber looks up, baffled.]

We CUT to a shot of the boat, where Hitler Youth and Temple are being hauled aboard. Temple collapses on his back on the deck, looking completely spent.

We CUT back to the Germans on the beach.

GFR SCHMIDT

What does it mean, sir?

HAUPTMANN GRUBER

Muller was killed in the sabotage raid two days ago.

[He still looks puzzled - then he looks more decisive.]

(continued)

These must have been the men who carried out the raid.

GFR SCHMIDT

Ah. Yes - that must be it, sir.

HAUPTMANN GRUBER

[gazing out at the boat]

But these English...They are a strange race, Schmidt.

GFR SCHMIDT

Sir?

HAUPTMANN GRUBER

[putting his arm on Schmidt's shoulder]

They send a group of commandos over - a crack unit, no doubt. But for what?

[He laughs.]

Merely to carry out a small piece of sabotage which can be rectified within 48 hours.

[Shrugs expansively.]

Don't you agree that they are a foolish people?

GFR SCHMIDT

Yes, sir.

[He smiles.]

A highly foolish people, Hauptmann.

(continued)

HAUPTMANN GRUBER

And to think that we could ever consider  
losing a war to such a race of  
nincompoops.

[He laughs wildly.]

GFR SCHMIDT

[also laughing]

Yes, you're right, sir. The British are  
such nincompoops!

They watch the boat receding into the distance.

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE SEVENTY-FOUR

EXT. DAY. THE BRIDGE OF THE BOAT.

From the boat, we see the Germans on the beach, getting smaller and smaller. We see ROSEY, TEDDY and HITLER YOUTH watching over the rails. CAPT CRAWFORD goes over to offer some whiskey to SGT TEMPLE, who is still lying on his back. Temple sits up and has a swig.

Rosey looks back at the beach, which is receding into the distance.

ROSEY

[waving]

Bye bye, fucking France.

[To Crawford, who appears  
alongside him at the rail.]

That's the last fucking time I'm ever  
going to Europe.

TEDDY

Me, too.

ROSEY

And I hope to God we never get involved  
with anything in fucking Europe ever  
again.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, I'll drink to that.

[Looks at Walters.]

Or I would do, if I had a drink.

COMMANDER WALTERS

Yes, well come down below. And, err, in  
the circumstances, I think all the men can  
come down with you.

(continued)

ROSEY

Cheers, Commander. You're a gent.

We see them walk along the deck, with Temple being helped along by LIEUT COOPER at the rear. They go down below and enter Walters's cabin.

Cooper fixes the drinks. The others are all sat down now. Temple is looking anxiously at his ruined ankle.

COMMANDER WALTERS

We've got a medic on board, Sergeant. He'll have a look at that for you in a minute.

SGT TEMPLE

Thank you, sir.

ROSEY

[sipping his drink]

Lovely bit of rum, Commander.

TEDDY

You'll be thinking of joining the Navy next, Rosey.

COMMANDER WALTERS

It's brandy, actually.

ROSEY

Oh, is it?

[Has another sip.]

Yeah, you're right.

HITLER YOUTH

Rosey, you don't know your arse from your earhole.

(continued)

COMMANDER WALTERS

So, err - what have you and the chaps been doing all this time?

LIEUT COOPER

We really weren't expecting to see you again, sir. Hope you don't mind me saying so.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[shrugs]

Well, what we were doing was carrying out the original mission.

COMMANDER WALTERS

[after a pause]

You're pulling my leg, Captain.

CAPT CRAWFORD

No, it's no word of a lie, sir.

[Holds up his kit bag.]

What we were after is safely stowed in here. In fact -

[he opens the bag, rummages in it, and removes the camera, which he holds aloft]

- could you put this in the safe?

COMMANDER WALTERS

[taking it]

Gladly.

CAPT CRAWFORD

And don't let me leave the boat without it.

(continued)

COMMANDER WALTERS

[looking at the camera]

So I take it your mission, whatever it was, was therefore successful?

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, it will be once we get back to Blighty, sir.

COMMANDER WALTERS

Well, there's 50 miles to go. Waters infested by Jerry boats, Jerry subs - and there's even the odd Jerry plane that decides to drop in.

ROSEY

Well, if that's all they got - we're 'ome and 'osed, aren't we, lads?

They all laugh.

We freeze on the image of the five 'commandos' all laughing. Then, laid over the freezed frame, a caption appears:

'Eight weeks later, the successful D-Day landings took place. Within a year, the war in Europe was over. Great Britain had once again saved the continent from its own self-destruction.'

CUT & END OF SCENE

BLOODY BULLDOGS - SCENE SEVENTY-FIVE

INT. DAY. THE ALBION PUB IN BARNSTAPLE.

We see the sign of the Albion pub. CAPTAIN CRAWFORD comes into shot and goes into the pub. We CUT to a shot of the interior, and see that IRENE is cleaning behind the bar. She looks up.

IRENE

[delighted]

Bert - you're back.

[She puts her glass of gin and lemon on the counter, leans over and kisses him.]

CAPT CRAWFORD

Apparently.

IRENE

I thought you said you might not be coming back.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Well, seemingly I was wrong.

[He sits at the bar, which is otherwise deserted.]

I'll have the usual, love.

Irene begins to pull the pint.

Where's your other half?

IRENE

Still in Cairo. I 'spect he'll be back soon.

[She gives a mischievous smile.]

But not just yet.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Hmm.  Alright.

[He gives her a cigarette,  
which she takes.  Their hands  
touch.]

Same as we were before then, I suppose.

IRENE

[leaning back and eyeing him  
mischievously]

I suppose.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Can you pull me another four of them?  
I've got a terrible thirst on.

IRENE

[puzzled]

Alright.  They won't keep their head,  
though.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[after a pause]

Don't suppose you've got a bunch of young  
nurses in town, have you?

IRENE

Well, we got the hospital.  So we got  
nurses.

CAPT CRAWFORD

Any dances they go to, are there?

IRENE

Well -

[thinks]

(continued)

- the Gaumont is close to the hospital.  
And they do have a Friday night dance, as  
it happens.

CAPT CRAWFORD

We might stroll over there later, then.

IRENE

We might.

[She eyes him inquisitively.]

What you interested in nurses for? Aren't  
I enough for you?

CAPT CRAWFORD

You're plenty, Irene. It's me mates I'm  
thinking of.

As he says this, SGT TEMPLE comes in, on crutches, and sits  
next to Crawford at the bar. We then see ROSEY, TEDDY and  
HITLER YOUTH occupy the remaining stools.

These men have had a hectic time of it  
lately. They're a bit smashed up. They  
need a bit of recuperation.

They all grin back at her.

By the way, the beers are for them.

Irene puts the beers in front of them, and they begin to  
drink. Crawford indicates Hitler Youth.

And he is one of ours.

Hitler Youth grins.

IRENE

Hmm, alright then. But I dunno why you're  
so intent on the nurses. We got five land  
girls staying upstairs, and they're all  
desperate for men.

(continued)

ROSEY

Five?

[His eyes widen.]

That means I get to 'ave two of 'em!

Everyone laughs.

IRENE

One of 'em 'as got glasses, mind.

CAPT CRAWFORD

[in hysterics]

Irene. You're a fucking star.

ROSEY

I'll drink to that.

THE OTHERS

And me!

The men all clink their glasses together, and Irene joins in, clinking her glass of gin and lemon against their glasses. The picture freezes on their laughing faces, and we hear THE MEN'S TRAINING SONG in full once again.

We find the chateau, we creep inside

No Kraut sees us, we enter and hide.

We find the papers, we photo them all

And that's what wins us the whole fucking war.

We leave the chateau, we creep away

No Kraut sees us, we're home in a day.

We get back to Blighty, we go to the pub

For a pint of best and the barmaid's rub.

(continued)

Then this morphs into the theme music and see the END  
CREDITS.

CUT & END OF SCENE & END OF ACT FOUR & END OF FILM

---THE END---