

Futile Combat

Written by

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BRITISH TRENCHES

BRIGHTON, a British officer, early 30's, loyal, no nonsense, wearing his standard uniform, standing on a level raising him higher allowing him to see the enemy trenches before him.

BRIGHTON

looks down at the men that are in the trench below. He then look over the trench at the green grass in front of him. Beyond the grass is muddy with barbed wire and some ruins of structures.

THE MEN

below are young, some even look like boys. One of the men, a blond kid with bright blue eyes, stares at Brighton. Their eyes meet. Brighton looks away not wanting to becoming too involved.

They look back at him, their eyes full of fear and longing. Brighton frowns, worried.

Brighton's friend, GUS BROWN, is there next to him, an Irishman he's the same age as Brighton and is a sergeant.

THE MEN

stare at Brighton terrified and wide eyes. Some of them vomit. There is a mix of ages, and even races in the trench, some of the soldiers are Indian.

BRIGHTON

takes a deep sigh, lowers himself into the trench next to Gus. He lights a cigarette and gives one to Gus. They both are taking deep breaths to enjoy what could be their last.

A WHISTLE blows behind them. Brighton throws his cigarette underneath him. Gus keeps his in.

BRIGHTON
ARTILLERY, BRACE!

Brighton places his arms over his head and lowers himself to a squat, leaning against the side of the trench with the rest of the men.

Brighton puts his fingers in his ears.

BANGS and EXPLOSIONS come, rocking the trenches. Knocking some of the men over into the mud. Debris flies over the trench, chunks of dirt and grass!

The last shell hits!

BRIGHTON

slowly gets up and goes back to his position, gazing over. The grass that was once there is nothing but large craters. The barbed wire stands were splintered and the barbed wire is embedded in the new mud.

He grabs his rifle and takes out his three foot long bayonet.

BRIGHTON (CONT'D)
FIX BAYONETS!

THE MEN ABOUT 300 IN ALL

attach their bayonets! Some begrudgingly. They all CLICK in place.

The large knives protrude over the trench. Gus takes out his rifle and fixes the bayonet checks his M1911 Pistol, loading a fresh magazine.

BRIGHTON (CONT'D)
THREE WHISTLES AND OVER THE SIDE!
GET READY!

Brighton looks up at the soldiers, cocking their weapons and placing them on their shoulders.

The WHISTLE BLOWS THREE times!

Brighton slowly gets to the ladder.

THE MEN

storm out of the trench yelling and screaming! A hundred men dashing across the field.

Brighton places his rifle over his shoulder with a strap and takes his pistol out.

Brighton crawls over the wood barrier with the men around him. Gus is one of the last ones out, pushing out the green privates who lollygagging behind.

GUS

Get your ass out, you fucka!

A GERMAN MACHINE GUN

Goes off, mowing down the first line of soldiers. Men drop like flies, bullets ripping them apart!

Some of the men turn around and run back to the trench.

Brighton leading through the rows of barbed wire and the ruins of a couple of former brick walls. Brighton stops and aims down sight. He fires.

Some of his men join him in the cover. Gus joins him and primes the grenade and tosses it into the trench.

The Germans are still in their trenches, firing rounds.

The British and Brighton start to fire on the trench, the men that surround him get shot. One gets hit in the chest and falls back spitting blood, the other gets his arm shot off, he keeps looking around to find where its at. Brighton notices this.

BRIGHTON

MEDIC!

A man from the trench runs up with the red cross logo on his helmet, he explodes as a mortar shell hits him. Brighton shakes his head in disgust.

Gus returns fire from the cover, hitting the other man who's firing from the trench in.

Gus fires and hits a German straight in the forehead, causing his brains to spill and splatter against the man behind him.

Brighton fires his M1911 and runs out of ammunition and loads a new magazine in and continues to fire again and hits a German in his shoulder as he's throwing a stick grenade.

The German body flops and the now primed grenade goes off and mud and body parts go flying. SCREAMS of German soldiers.

A machine gunners on the other side start to fire, hitting the chests of some of the British soldiers. Brighton gets grazed in his shoulder, causing him to fall and change his hand which is holding the pistol.

A German officer blows a WHISTLE and the men run out of their trenches and run out in a bayonet charge. They SCREAM and sprint towards the British troops.

The British and Germans collide! Mud flies off their boots as they charge at one another, the British also have their bayonets and are charging back. British and Germans are stabbed, as the yard knife pierces the skins of the boys.

Some even have makeshift clubs as weapons, it has become medieval warfare.

Brighton fires his pistol and hits a charging German in the chest and he collapses as it bullet exits and blood splatters. Brighton keeps firing his pistol and takes out two men who are running at the British.

His magazine ends and he holsters his weapon and takes out his rifle, one armed. Gus stands over him, firing his rifle at the German trenches. Brighton places his rifle on the edge of the wall and starts to fire.

Gus hits a German officer who is yelling orders in the chest.

Brighton looks up as a private moves up really close to him and stands above him and shooting, and then a bayonet goes through the mans chest and then the German who stabbed the British soldier is shot execution style, by Gus in the head and he falls onto Brighton.

A Final WHISTLE

Brighton in all of the confusion pushes off the body that has fallen on him, Gus pushes the body and helps get Brighton up and turns back to the British men who are in hand-to-hand combat.

BRIGHTON (CONT'D)

RETREAT!!

Brighton and his men start to run back to his trench with him. Artillery shells and mortars start firing at the Germans. Even some of the shells hit some of the Brits.

Gus falls in the mud and gets up, he gets grazed by a shot near his torso. He grabs at his side as the mortars and artillery shells go off around him, Brighton grabs him by the shoulder and runs with him to cover.

Brighton and Gus finally gets back to his trench, some other soldiers get back to the trench with him. He notices that these men are some of his men that were in his trench to begin with.

Their eyes are wide and unmoving from the mud at bottom the trench. Their uniforms are soaked in mud and blood. They don't have their rifles with them either.

Brighton looks over the trench, Gus is laying down in the bottom of the muddy trench and looking . Looking out over the field at the dead bodies that are still being riddled with bullets as the machine gun fire continues.

Brighton ducks his head and then hears screaming as a wounded soldier is still on the ground. He has a wound in his leg, he is trying to crawl back to the trench, but the enemy machine guns takes him out.

The fragments of the body go flying all over no-mans land, some of the fragments hit the soldiers.

A leg hits a man in the face and he vomits after the corpses blood is on his face.

Another mortar hits the British trench, causing gruesome injuries to the soldiers, one of the soldier's hand is gone. The other has turned into pink mist and is gone, shreds of the uniform remains.

CUT TO LATER

EXT. OFFICER TRENCHES - MIDDAY

Brighton sits in a chair amongst the other officers of the regiment. He is being stitched in his shoulder by a medic. The man on his left is Major MCDUMMON, a grizzled veteran of the British Expeditionary Force, he's in his early forties and is smoking a rather large pipe. The man sitting on his right is Captain ODEN, a younger officer that went through the academy, rich and snobby. The other two are lieutenants like Brighton.

They are pouring tea into mugs over the fire they are sitting near. The medic leaves after wrapping up the wound with gauze and Brighton puts on a clean shirt and his uniform jacket.

BRIGHTON

Takes a cup of tea and hold it properly.

BRIGHTON
That was hell.

MCDUMMON
We lost many men today. How many of yours did we lose Lawrence?

McDummon pauses, waiting for a response.

MCDUMMON (CONT'D)

Brighton!

Brighton shudders awake.

BRIGHTON

Sorry Major. I think about half of my boys didn't make it back.

He looks down at his coat, which still has blood and mud on it. McDummon places a hand on Brighton's shoulder.

MCDUMMON

Well, it's just the way war must be fought, mass casualties will be common.

BRIGHTON

Will we be reinforced soon?

MCDUMMON

I don't think so, we may have to fall back sooner than previously estimated.

BRIGHTON

Alright, our men could use new rifles, half of them don't work, jammed due to the mud and all that.

MCDUMMON

I can't make promises, I will see what I can do.

BRIGHTON

Yessir.

MCDUMMON

Are you positive that half of your regiment is gone?

BRIGHTON

Yessir, the mortars may have killed more since then. I haven't been back since sixteen hundred.

Oden sips his tea slowly observing the moment.

ODEN

How could you lose half a regiment, Lawrence? The attack only lasted seven minutes.

MCDUMMON

Captain, please. Brighton, we need your men for our advance tonight.

BRIGHTON

I can't sir. I mean we can't sir. The casualties would be too many.

MCDUMMON

I'm sorry, it has to be you.

Brighton shakes in anger, looking at his tea for a brief moment. A tear strolls down his face, but he tries to hide it but Oden notices it.

ODEN

Brighton. They died on the field with some honor.

BRIGHTON

No, they just died! Not with honor, but to gain one hundred yards. But what the fuck you know about war, you've never even seen combat!

ODEN

Watch your tone. You don't talk to your superior that way. You can't take it personal Brighton.

MCDUMMON

Captain! The man just went over the top, give him some space.

ODEN

I mean they are just men, there will be more. Think of them as pawns in a bigger game.

Brighton stands up, drops his mug and lands a thunderous right cross on Oden.

ODEN (CONT'D)

You swine! You'll get a court marshal for that!

Oden throws a swing and misses. Brighton lands two quick jabs and Oden falls face first in the mud. He leans on his elbow to look up at his attacker. Oden's face is covered with mud and his nose is bleeding. McDummon holds his hand to help den get up.

MCDUMMON

Get up Captain.

ODEN

I want him court marshalled!

MCDUMMON

You led him on Oden.

Oden gets up and shoots a look towards Brighton. Brighton smirks as Oden gets back into his chair. McDummon moves up to the table underneath a tent in the corner.

INT PLANNING TENT - CONTINUOUS

The tent is in the corner of the large square of the trench, there are other maps on the walls of the trench. The trench is staked into the mud. McDummon places a large map over the table in the middle of the tent. The other men stand around the table. He takes out a pencil and starts to mark new locations on it.

MCDUMMON

We will need to be able to protect this front, we haven't been able to reenforce the forward position. Intelligence has told us that there might be an attack tonight. So Brighton, we will need your boys to be vigilant.

Brighton nods.

MCDUMMON (CONT'D)

We will need them to be prepared and ready on my call.

BRIGHTON

Yessir.

Oden spits blood and stares down Brighton as he looks over at Oden.

BRIGHTON (CONT'D)

What if they attack?

MCDUMMON

Send a runner and Oden's men will come in behind you.

BRIGHTON

What about artillery?

MCDUMMON

There will be an artillery strike and then await more orders.

BRIGHTON
Understandable sir.

MCDUMMON
Dismissed.

The soldiers salute, McDummon The men disperse from the tent, Brighton and Oden walk out next to each other and place their helmets on.

EXT BRITISH TRENCHES - CONTINUOUS

As soon as they look up at the cloudy sky, rain drops start to drop. The drops bouncing off the wide brim of the tin caps.

Oden reaches into his pocket and takes out a silver container, he pops it open to reveal cigarettes. Oden takes out a cigarette and lights it and offers the container to Brighton. Brighton removes one and Oden lights it for him. The end burns with a deep neon orange glow as he inhales, the toxic vapor escaping from his face.

ODEN
Never would expect you to throw a punch Lawrence.

BRIGHTON
You would have done the same James.

ODEN
We have to be civil, you know the rules about this sort of thing.

BRIGHTON
Rules, rules about what?

ODEN
Command and war. As a lieutenant you should know exactly what I mean, striking a fellow officer, you should be in cuffs.

BRIGHTON
You were **not bloody** out there. I've seen boys torn from limb to limb, You know nothing about war Oden.

ODEN
I've done the research and have read accounts. I think I'm ready.

BRIGHTON

Are you? What will you do when an
artillery is right next to your
bloody ead?

ODEN

I-I don't know.

BRIGHTON

Exactly, now don't wimper like a
scared little cunt when your in
combat. You're right behind me.
Thank you for the cigarette.

Brighton flicks his cigarette past the head of Oden, the sparks flickering as it hits the side of the trench and into the mud. Brighton strolls past Oden, the rain picks up.

EXT. TRENCH - NIGHT

CRACK! Lightning streaks across the nights sky, the rain is still going.

BRIGHTON

sits underneath a makeshift shelter in the trench. He's leaning against the back wall, he's wearing reading glasses and reading a book. A lantern is hanging from a hook next to a mirror. He's reading *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* and is slowly drinking out of a flask. The RAIN starts to slow down.

Gus walks into the trench. He removes his canvas poncho and sits down perpendicular from Brighton and takes out his pistol and places it on his lap.

GUS

Bugger of a storm out there. What
time do we move to the front?

Without looking up from his novel.

BRIGHTON

Don't know yet, awaiting word from
HQ.

GUS

Any backup?

Gus takes out some bullets from his pouch and starts to load a magazine. Brighton finishes a chapter and throws the book on his bunk.

BRIGHTON
Oden's supposed to after their
advance.

GUS
So after we're dead?

BRIGHTON
Probably.

GUS
Ah, right. Oden's really our
reinforcement?

BRIGHTON
It would seem so.

GUS
Goddammit. I must say that he
thinks, he is brilliant, but he's
just an ass.

BRIGHTON
I know. He lacks experience.

GUS
Little Birdy told me that you
decked him.

BRIGHTON
Yeah. Like you said, he's an ass.

The two officers laugh, Brighton offers his flask to Gus, Gus takes a swig and hands it back. Gus swallows and coughs as the liquor's effect hits him.

GUS
What is that swill?

BRIGHTON
It's supposed to be whisky.

Gus shrugs and takes another pull.

BRIGHTON (CONT'D)
How's Kendra?

GUS
She's great.

BRIGHTON
Fantastic.

GUS
I asked her to marry me.

BRIGHTON
No bloody way!

GUS
Ya, no shite.

BRIGHTON
Any idea what she said?

GUS
Nope.

BRIGHTON
I can go get the post if you want?

GUS
No. I'll get it tomorrow morning.

BRIGHTON
Well congrats.

GUS

bows with the flask takes another drink. He almost wretches again.

GUS
What kind of whisky is this?

BRIGHTON
Its Irish, or so I was told.

GUS
That's not Irish. If that's Irish,
I'm from New Guinea.

The two laugh Brighton motions for another swig and Gus gives him one.

GUS (CONT'D)
Has Oden even seen combat yet?

BRIGHTON
I have no idea. I think he has but
not in this large of a scale.

GUS
Are we going to get off this rock?

Gus lights up a cigar as he's talking and takes a deep inhale.

 BRIGHTON
 Still, I have no idea Sometime soon
 I hope.

Gus exhales.

A private walks into the trench and salutes the two. Brighton salutes back.

 BRIGHTON (CONT'D)
 At ease private.

 PRIVATE #1
 Message from the major, sir.

Brighton stands up and grabs the slip of paper from the standing soldier and reads it.

 BRIGHTON
 You may leave us.

The private walks back the way he came.

 GUS
 What is it?

 BRIGHTON
 Artillery strike at 2300. We are to
 hold the line and move upon the
 second whistle.

 GUS
 Covering fire until an advance?

 BRIGHTON
 Basically.

GUS

 grabs his helmet and rifle, Brighton does the same. They check their weapons for ammunition, loading fresh magazines into both of their primary weapons as they walk down the spiraling maze.

 They sling the rifles over their shoulders and go through the trench over to where the enlisted men are sitting around lamps. The men are laughing and drinking heated water. One is playing on a harmonica.

As soon as one sees Brighton and Gus walking into their barracks, he stands up and salute, the rest of them join in the salute.

BRIGHTON (CONT'D)

At ease. Men, we have covering fire for tonight's artillery shelling. Then we will wait for the advancement.

Some of the men curse under their breath as he says that.

BRIGHTON (CONT'D)

As much as you and I both hate this assignment, we must do it to the best of our ability.

GUS

Get your ammunition and meet back here in 10 minutes.

GUS

walks among the soldiers as they start to grab their gear and open a wooden crate of ammunition. The soldiers clamor around it, placing the bullets into their rifles and into magazines.

EXT BRITISH TRENCHES NIGHT

Lightning and THUNDER strike against the sky, raindrops fall to the ground hitting the puddles.

Two sets of feet splash in a puddle as two British messengers are running through the British trenches, turning off lamps as they sprint through men walking in patrol. They wake up sleeping soldiers as they run by and turning off the lamps.

The messengers stop next to Brighton and Gus. He salutes Brighton.

BRIGHTON

Thank you Shields.

The soldier grabs his rifle and joins the rest of the men on the line, the line of men are aiming their weapons down towards the German trenches.

A white flare goes off, lighting up the sky and the muddy pile that is a hill.

BRIGHTON

looks back at the sniper whose up in the mud between the trenches.

THE SNIPER

puts up a thumb and Brighton looks to his men.

Brighton takes out his pocket watch, the time is close to 11 p.m. The clock finally turns to 11 and Brighton places the watch back and looks over to Gus and he nods.

BRIGHTON (CONT'D)

BRACE!!!

The BLAST of the artillery guns being fired, the WHISTLING of the artillery shells falling are heard.

Gus looks up as he looks for the shells and they hit the trenches across the way.

The EXPLOSIONS cause the ground to shake and then it goes SILENT.

The British soldiers aim down sight. SCREAMS from the Germans are heard.

SCREAMS turn into an aggravated YELLS.

Another flare goes up.

The sniper behind him FIRES. The body of a German soldier slums and tumbles in the mud.

BRIGHTON (CONT'D)

Where are they Griffin?

GRIFFIN

Over the ridge. They are running over.

BRIGHTON

(to soldiers)

BE READY!

Brighton looks over to the messenger, Shields.

BRIGHTON (CONT'D)

Go get McDummon now! Tell him we need to move faster. GO! GO!

Shields nods and then sprints off down the trench, dropping his rifle.

The first German soldier that comes over throws some circular object in the trench.

It bursts open and yellow smoke envelops the trench. Griffin fires his long rifle and hits the German through his helmet and his body plops in a muddy puddle.

GUS
GAS! MASKS ON!

The men scramble around and find their gas masks, placing them in a hurry.

One man doesn't his mask on in time and grabs at his throat, choking on the blood filling his lungs, he pukes blood and falls to the ground. Gus pushes his body back.

Another flare goes off and it highlights the reflective lenses of the Germans as they crawl over the mud of no-man's-land.

BRIGHTON
FIRE!

The Brits fire upon the German troops who are charging.

FOUR BRITISH SOLDIERS

run up to the trench through the chaos and set up two mortars and start firing at the Germans. The explosions go off and the black outline of German soldiers are highlighted.

FROM GRIFFIN'S SCOPE

He aims at two Germans who are trying to set up a machine gun at the top of the hill. They set up the stand and place the gun in.

GRIFFIN

HOLDS BREATH. Griffin fires, hitting one center mass, he stumbles down the hill. The second man is setting up the rest of the weapon and starts to feed the bullets through, Shields fire and hits him center mass in the skull, he also tumbles down the hill.

GRIFFIN'S

magazine ends and he looks for a fresh one, he reaches for his pouch, but finds it empty, he keeps looking through all of his pockets to find it. He sits up and reaches in his pouch.

As he keeps searching for his ammunition, a German scout, draped in dark camouflage crawls over the muddy, rainy hill. He aims down his iron sights at Griifin.

GRIFFIN

finally finds his magazine and BANG and Griffin is hit in the left breast, he falls over and falls face first in the muddy water.

BRIGHTON

keeps firing his rifle, bullets WHIZZING by his head, his magazine ends and he removes his pistol from his holster and fires it at a charging German, dispatching him as he stumbles just short of the British Trench.

He fires his pistol again at a German officer who's leading his men. Brighton fires two rounds and misses emptying his magazine, the German officer notices the shots and fires at Brighton.

Brighton tries to reload while taking cover, the wood of the trenches splinters past him as the bullets hit home.

Gus notices as a bullet is planted into the trench next to him. Gus turns and fires at the officer, the bullet hits him straight in the throat, blood explodes as the artery is hit.

The officer falls on his knees holding his bloody throat.

GUS

takes a moment and then sighs and fires again in a mercy kill, hitting the officer in the head. Gus looks up in disgust at what he had to do.

The British reinforcements run in and throw grenades at the Germans, SCREAMS as the enemies go flying. Oden walks in and points out where the Germans are coming from and orders the men to fire. They discharge their rounds, stopping five Germans from advancing.

A Maxim machine-gun is placed at the top of the trench near where Griffin's corpse is. It starts to fire upon the attacking Germans. Mowing down the lines of soldiers that come from over the small hill.

A WHISTLE from the other side of the hill and some GERMANS YELLING ORDERS is heard on the other side. It grows silent, as the rain picks up.

The MAXIM stops firing.

Then SCREAMS as the Germans all sprint towards the trench with their bayonets fixed on the rifles.

The Maxim jams behind them. The soldiers curse, trying to fix the weapon.

BRIGHTON'S

eyes widen with fear as a bayonet comes inches from his face. The butt of the German rifle swings around and CRASHES into his jaw.

Gus is caught in a corner and is hit by a club, the German clubs him in head, the German is about to finish him off, but the German is bayoneted through the gut and falls face first into the mud. The Brit tries to help him up, but is shot and falls in front of Gus, hiding him as he fades out of consciousness.

BRIGHTON

takes out his pistol and dispatches the rushing German and the second German as he lands in the mud. The Germans keep coming and Brighton's pistol runs out of bullets. Brighton realizes the trench is overrun as a second wave of SCREAMING Germans come in.

BRIGHTON (CONT'D)

FALL BACK! FALL BACK!

The British sprint backwards as the Germans take over. Brighton joins them as some get stuck in the mud and are bayoneted.

EXT. BRITISH TRENCH COMMONS- CONTINUOUS

The British sprint back into the heart of the British camp, McDummon picks up a rifle and grabs a soldier that sprints.

MCDUMMON
Tell artillery to fire at the
British Front NOW!!!

SOLDIER #1
Our Front?

MCDUMMON
No time to argue boy. GO!!!

The runner sprints towards the back of the British line.

EXT BRITISH TRENCHES - CONTINUOUS

BRIGHTON

is still weaving his way through the narrow serpent-like trenches as the Germans follow closely behind. A LOW WHISTLE comes from above.

BRIGHTON

looks up in horror at the nights sky as the WHISTLING GROWS LOUDER.

The Germans retreat to the Trench they came from, the British soldiers all sprint and climb over the edge of the trench to escape.

The shells are now visible as they IMPACT behind Brighton who is running across the top of the trench lines. More shells hit, spewing debris and mud high into the air. Brighton jumps off the top and drops at the feet of Oden and his regiment of soldiers.

EXT. BRITISH TRENCH COMMONS - CONTINUOUS

BRIGHTON

tries to stand up and collapses into the mud from exhaustion, he's face to face with Shields, who's eyes are unblinking, Brighton gets up on to a sitting position.

McDummon reaches his hand out and Brighton takes it to stand up.

BRIGHTON
Thank you.

MCDUMMON

Welcome.

He lets out a SQUEAL in pain as he reaches back to his shoulder as he hits a piece of shrapnel.

MCDUMMON (CONT'D)

Medic!

The medic run in with stretchers and start to carry him away on his stomach.

FADE TO:

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL TENT- DAY

Brighton stirs awake and tries to sit up but his battered shoulder pains him and he slams back to the cot. He looks up at the IV that is above his shoulder. He's wrapped up pretty well, his arm in a sling and there are stitches that are covered gauze and tape.

A nurse walks by and observes Brighton awake. This is NURSE GAUNT, she's in her late 20's.

NURSE GAUNT

(cooing)

Good to see you awake. No no no no.
Lay back down.

BRIGHTON

(Grunts) SHIT.

Brighton lays back down and his head goes limp against the pillow. She grabs a needle and pumps up some liquid into it. She flicks the needle as a drop of the liquid comes out. She places the needle into the glass bottle of the IV. She squishes down the plunger as the slightly yellow liquid mixes with the clear.

BRIGHTON

relaxes, his eyes seem to squint as the drug flows through his veins.

NURSE GAUNT

A little more morphine should help
ease your tensions.

Brighton's head lies nearly motionless on the pillow as he rides the high of the painkiller.

BRIGHTON
Can I see a list?

NURSE GAUNT
Which list?

BRIGHTON
Injured or MIA. From my company.

NURSE GAUNT
Why?

BRIGHTON
Just do it please.

NURSE GAUNT
(Sighs) Battalion number?

BRIGHTON
285th.

NURSE GAUNT
I'll be right back.

The nurse walks towards a table with stacks of paper which are in order of regiments, 0-99, 100-199, 200-299. Other nurses are at it as well, removing the sheets. There are large rocks on the top of the stacks to keep them from blowing away.

She strolls to the 200-299 stack and starts rolling through all of the sheets and removes the sheet. She grabs a clipboard as she walks back to the tent and up to Brighton.

NURSE GAUNT (CONT'D)
Rank sir?

BRIGHTON
First Sergeant.

NURSE GAUNT
Kessell, Falke, George and Brown.

BRIGHTON
Brown.

NURSE GAUNT
MIA. Unconfirmed. Probable KIA.

BRIGHTON
Most recent?

NURSE GAUNT
Yessir.

BRIGHTON

Thank you.

Brighton thinks for a moment, he sees one of his men, his arm is tightly bound by the wrap, it has burgundy stains from the dried blood.

SOLDIER #2

Lieutenant Brighton.

BRIGHTON

Kendall?

KENDALL

Yessir.

BRIGHTON

I didn't see you brought in, where were you soldier?

KENDALL

I was with Sergeant Brown as he headed back.

BRIGHTON

Is there a possibility he made it back?

Kendall shakes his head "no."

Brighton just looks down at his legs, a tear streams down his face and then he lets out a loud SOB in pain.

NURSE GAUNT

Sir are you alright?

THE NURSE

goes to a table which has two pitchers of water, she pours a glass. The Nurse comes back over with the glass and elevates his pillow.

NURSE GAUNT (CONT'D)

What's wrong sir?

Brighton SOBS.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. LONDON HOME EARLY DAY

A KNOCK on the door.

KENDRA, a red-headed, lionhearted woman answers the door. She slowly opens the door as the morning light pours out of the doorway.

Reveal Brighton, wearing his uniform, freshly pressed with medals hanging off of him, and a sling around his left arm.

KENDRA
Lawrence! Come in, Come in. I just
put on a kettle.

Brighton gingerly enters the apartment. He's carrying an envelope in his right hand.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Brighton enters the kitchen, Kendra places the tea kettle on the table and puts sugar and cream into each mug.

KENDRA
So good to see you. How's my Gus?

Brighton's eyes dart from Kendra's. He looks like he's about to be sick.

KENDRA (CONT'D)
What's going on?

BRIGHTON

takes the envelope out of his pocket and slides it across the table.

KENDRA

removes the letter. Her eyes start to read, slowly, then widen with fear.

She looks across to Brighton, who has a tear streaming down his face. She BAWLS and slams her fist to the table. She nearly slumps to the tile floor.

Brighton comes across and wraps his arms around her in consolidation. She sobs on the floor.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

The stained glass window is being hit by heavy rain, the waves of rain hits the side of the church.

The pews are somewhat full, people are wearing black. People are holding each other as they weep. A couple at the front are sitting down, the mother is SOBBING, the father's eyes are welling up but they aren't flowing over. Next to them is Kendra, her head is down in a black veil. She's not crying but she looks hollow, face white, cheeks pink from crying.

Brighton is sitting in the back, in full military uniform and sling. His eyes are not moving from the floor.

A rough, unsanded coffin, is on a platform at the front of the pews. A photograph of Gus when he first enlisted sits at the front with the coffin. There is a bagpipe player, who starts to PLAY "Amazing Grace"

Gus' father has a single tear streak down face as the song starts. His wife SOBS louder. Kendra's eyes grow misty and her expression more hollow.

The parents stand up with a rose in hand, they walk to the coffin and drop it onto the empty coffin. A line files behind, holding poppies and dropping them onto the empty coffin.

Brighton looks towards Kendra as he reaches the top of the aisles. He drops a poppy among the rest. He turns towards the parents, who embrace him. He nods in solemn silence.

He looks to Kendra, who's sitting alone. He sits down next to her.

Her hand lays flat and Brighton puts his in hers as the SONG finishes.

INT. LONDON HOME 2 WEEKS LATER

The wake is underway, the family is sitting in a room, slowly eating assorted foods and not talking. There is a small group of wounded soldiers that fought with Gus and Brighton at Ypres.

They see Brighton and salute to him.

Brighton returns the gesture.

INT. LONDON HOME

KNOCK KNOCK!

Kendra walks to the door. Opens the door.

Brighton is standing in street clothes with a flower. Kendra takes the white flower from the outstretched hand.

KENDRA

Please come in.

BRIGHTON

I don't mean to intrude. I just came to pay my respects.

KENDRA

It's been two weeks, you did not need to come here.

BRIGHTON

Oh okay I'll be on my way.

KENDRA

Come in.

Kendra pulls on Brighton's collar to get him in.

He slowly walks in and notices the quiet home, the entryway has a bench with a mirror with racks on the side. He removes his hat and hangs it there.

He notices there are pictures hanging pasted to the mirror, there are photos of Gus and Kendra. There are also really old photographs which are clearly Kendra's parents.

Kendra walks into the front room, to reveal the large bouquets, she politely places the flower in the mix of the others.

Brighton smirks in embarrassment.

KENDRA (CONT'D)

Why did you come today?

BRIGHTON

I-I just wanted to pay my respects that's all.

KENDRA

Bolloks Lawrence. You came to see if I wanted to go on a date.

BRIGHTON
B-but I didn't.

KENDRA
I say yes.

BRIGHTON
What? I did not want to ask you
that question.

KENDRA
What did you come to ask me?

Kendra is very blunt and forward.

BRIGHTON
I came to ask you--

KENDRA
You didn't. I accept. I want to get
out of this dreaded house.

BRIGHTON
Okay, when?

KENDRA
Now.

Kendra does not hesitates as she walks back to the entryway
and grabs a coat off of the hook She throws Brighton's hat
back at him.

Brighton catches the hat in his chest.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - INDIAN STAND.

The two sit at the counter at an Indian food stand. The curry
is placed in front of them.

KENDRA
(to vendor)
Thank you.

The vendor nods in his thanks and goes to the next customer.
The curry is steaming and Kendra takes a bite, it burns the
top of her mouth.

Kendra rushes to grab the pint of ale that is in front of
her.

BRIGHTON
Hot is it?

Kendra sticks her tongue out in defiance. Brighton starts to eat his curry slowly, blowing on the heated edible.

KENDRA

What led you to ask me out today?

BRIGHTON

I want you to know that I just wanted to get you out of that empty home.

KENDRA

Sure.

BRIGHTON

I swear, I would not make a move this close to when you lost someone.

KENDRA

I know its not a romantic gesture. I'm just teasing you.

BRIGHTON

Oh ok.

KENDRA

Lawrence you shouldn't be so awkward with me.

The two eat their food in silence for a moment.

BRIGHTON

I just want to know what your answer was.

KENDRA

Beg your pardon?

BRIGHTON

To the proposal?

Kendra has a forkful of food she stops and sets it back down.

KENDRA

What does it matter?

BRIGHTON

Just curious.

KENDRA

Lawrence. Drop it.

Kendra resumes eating.

BRIGHTON
 Sorry to push that on you.

Kendra does not look up from her curry and nods. Brighton resumes eating in silence, the STREET NOISE picks up.

Beat

KENDRA
 Where's your girl?

BRIGHTON
 Don't have one.

KENDRA
 Did you want to talk what happened at the steeple?

BRIGHTON
 What happened at the steeple?

KENDRA
 You grabbed my hand.

BRIGHTON
 I did nothing of the sort.

KENDRA
 Yes, yes you did.

BRIGHTON
 No I didn't, you must've grabbed mine.

KENDRA
 I did nothing of the kind.

The two giggle and Kendra hold out her hand.

KENDRA (CONT'D)
 Here. Your record won't be tarnished.

Brighton takes her hand. They stare at each other for a moment and they laugh.

Fade to Black

EXT. BELGIAN ROAD - DAY

8 Months Later

A snowy countryside seems quiet. The quietness is interrupted by two sets of wheels as they ride across the snowy road.

Two armored cars with machine gunners in the back, ride along the path. The passengers are wearing German uniforms. In the back seat there are two wooden crates. All of the passengers are armed in some way.

They enter an area with trees covering the road, shadows dance as the sunny day is ended by the branches.

The passenger in the lead car is wearing the stripes of a lieutenant. He taps the shoulder of the driver and leans in.

GERMAN LEADER

(in German)

Slow up. Check the woods.

The lead car slows down. The car behind follows suit. The machine guns are rotating on their mounts, searching the treeline.

A CRACK from a rifle echoes through the woods, hitting the driver in the trail car. The car runs into a tree, sending the passenger and machine gunner flying, the gunner hitting a tree with a hard THUD.

Another CRACK hits the second driver in the neck, he slumps the Leader grabs the wheel and nudges the driver's body out.

The Leader hits the accelerator and the machine gunner starts firing into the darkness of the woods. A bullet hits the machine gunner in the chest, he falls out. A final SHOT hits the commander in the shoulder, his foot slips off the accelerator.

The car stops.

Four figures emerge from the woods wearing white camo with their long rifles in white paint.

Two go to the first car and the other two go to the car with the injured leader. The German leader fires his pistol in the direction of the men. One of the men fires back with his pistol, its a headshot.

The two other men rummage through the car, and the crates are full of files.

The first group looks towards the second and shakes their head.

The second group looks through the crates and nods. They remove a bunch of folders. One photograph slips out ,it's the face of a beaten up Gus.

EXT. LONDON FACTORY - EVENING

WHISTLE! As the doors to the large brick factory open.

Snow falls on the street, Brighton is walking amongst the crowd of busy men and women who just finished their shifts. He's wearing a factory uniform, he places on a sling as he walks the street. He's talking to a couple of the co-workers as he exits.

He laughs at something as they leave the yard. His coworkers go another direction and he strolls in the other direction.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The streets are full of people, walking to and from. Brighton steps from a shop with a sign overtop that read's BUTCHER. He's carrying a paper bag under his arm and reading the paper as he walks, someone bumps into his bad shoulder, causing him to clinch in pain. He glares at the person and CURSES under his breath.

He removes the sling and takes a cigarette from the package. He lights it and continues down the cobblestone road.

INT. LONDON HOME

The door unlocks and Brighton walks into the front room of the small house. He removes his jacket and stomps his boots on the carpet. He still has a cigarette in his mouth, he realizes this and takes one last inhale before reopening the door and throwing it back out with his exhale.

FOOTSTEPS from the upper floor come toward him.

KENDRA (O.S.)
Is that smoke I smell?

BRIGHTON
No ma'am.

Kendra walks down the steps, she smiles as she sees her sweetheart. She kisses him and wretches as she tastes the tobacco.

KENDRA
Liar. Dammit that swill is awful.

BRIGHTON
I did bring you a gift.

KENDRA
Did you get paid?

BRIGHTON
Yes and this.

He removes the bag and the wrapped parcel of steak.

KENDRA
Ooo! Incredible!

Kendra takes the miniscule slabs of meat. Kendra walks with the parchment wrapping into the kitchen

INT. KITCHEN.

Kendra sets down the two strips of steak, removes a killet from the cabinet and starts the stove.

Brighton sits down at the table. He removes his wallet and the change and places it on the table. He accidently takes out a small jewelry box. He quickly puts it back in his pocket.

Kendra heard the quick movement and turns around to look at Brighton who's smiling at her. She continues to season the beef.

There is A KNOCK on the door.

Kendra and Brighton look towards the front door.

Brighton walks to the door. Kendra pours some oil into the pan.

Brighton returns with a large parcel.

KENDRA
Who was it?

BRIGHTON
No one, just the parcel.

Brighton starts to remove the twill string that is wrapped tightly around the brown paper wrapping.

A large manilla envelope and two small cardboard tubes unfold out on the table.

KENDRA

What is it?

BRIGHTON

I have *no* idea.

Brighton opens the manilla envelope first. There is type on them, direction and instructions.

Brighton opens one of the tubes to show blue prints of some machine and a large black and white photograph of a tank with German symbols and a large hole in the side.

The final tube is a photograph, starting with the bottom block of a jailed convict, he slowly rolls it up and he's in shock

Brighton's grow wide and looks like he's going to vomit. He puts his hand on his face in suprise.

KENDRA

What is it.

Kendra turns to see the look on Brighton's face.

Kendra sees the photo and collapses to the ground.

Brighton rushes over to help her up. He sets her on the chair.

Brighton goes back to the instructions.

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREETS - DAY

Brighton steps off a trolley, among the masses of people, he's carrying the envelope. He opens it past the blueprints and removes the sheet with the typewritten instructions. Brighton looks up to the street sign.

STREET SIGN

Parliament Avenue and 6th.

BRIGHTON

Checks his papers and nods, placing the letter back into the folder. And strolls down to the left of the street. He enters the large building, it looks abandoned, no lights are inside. He checks the address once more, pauses, then goes inside.

INT ABANDONED BUILDING

Brighton walks among the dark and empty rooms and stops as he hears a KETTLE WHISTLING. FOOTSTEPS as a figure dressed in black walks in front of the entryway to the kitchen. The figure stops and looks at Brighton.

ASHBY

Hello Lawrence. You want a cup?
Kettles hot.

The figure finishes his stride out of sight and the WHISTLING STOPS.

BRIGHTON

Excuse me?

Brighton moves cautiously into the kitchen.

INT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Brighton enters and sees a pistol on the table. The suited man is pouring two cups of tea, complete with fresh milk and sugar cubes on a silver platter tray.

ASHBY

You're a little bit early. The
kettle would have been ready and a
fresh pot at the table.

BRIGHTON

Wha?

The man turns around with cups in hand. This is ASHBY, a middle-aged man, his hair is salt and pepper with a thick mustache.

ASHBY

Tea. Want some?

BRIGHTON

I guess. Who the buggar-

ASHBY

(interrupting)
My name is Paul Ashby. Head of
Intelligence. Biscuits?

BRIGHTON

What. Does that have to do with-

ASHBY

I believe that you received the packet. Sit down please.

Ashby motions to the seat. Brighton takes it.

Ashby places the tea pot and cups onto the platter and sets the tea in front of Brighton.

He properly pours the tea and puts in the milk.

ASHBY (CONT'D)

One lump or two?

BRIGHTON

One. Thanks. I-

Ashby holds a finger up as he removes the sugar and PLOPS it into the tea. He quickly removes the manilla envelope and removes a pen from his breast pocket.

He slides the envelope towards Brighton.

Brighton removes the contents of the envelopes.

There are more headshots in black and white.

BRIGHTON (CONT'D)

What does this all mean? I mean that..

ASHBY

Drink your..

Brighton SLAMS his hands on the table top.

BRIGHTON

(interrupting)

Stop. Interrupting. Me.

ASHBY

I'm all yours.

BRIGHTON

Why am I here?

ASHBY

Augusta Brown. Your friend is in a prisoner of war camp in Belgium. He and three other men were captured, all three were intelligence officers.

BRIGHTON

Gus was not a part of intelligence.

Ashby tosses a file from inside his jacket pocket.

ASHBY

He wasn't?

Brighton reads and tosses the file back at him disgust.

BRIGHTON

How long?

ASHBY

Since the end of basic.

BRIGHTON

Why me?

ASHBY

Personal motivations.

BRIGHTON

Personal motivations?

ASHBY

Are you not in a relationship with Augusta's fiance?

BRIGHTON

That is not any of your bloody business.

ASHBY

I didn't mean to rile you up old boy.

BRIGHTON

You didn't mean to rile me up? You had to bring this up in my life, after all I've been through, let alone what she's gone through! She thinks he's DEAD!!

ASHBY

Doesn't she deserve to know the truth, Lawrence?

BRIGHTON

What would you have me do?

ASHBY

Take a team across the lines and
get our chaps out.

BRIGHTON

With what?

Ashby opens the folder back up and removes a photograph.

A Black German Mark I tank is laying on its side on the muddy
battle field.

EXT. FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - MORNING - 2 MONTHS LATER

A low fog hangs over the lush countryside. In a small
clearing, a black German tank is sitting in the middle.

It's a former British tank that has been modified with German
guns and lettering. It has a Mercedes-Benz engine within her
belly.

A small fire pit is full of black coals that have orange
underneath, it is still slightly smoking.

Three tents surround the tank.

Brighton exits his tent. He has started to grow facial hair,
especially a mustache which looks fairly thick. He removes a
cigarette from a case from his breast pocket, it has the
German monarchy seal engraved on the top of the tin case.

He lights the cigarette with the remnants of the campfire and
inhales, the tip of the smoke turns orange. He exhales.

The sunlight starts to creep over the top of the trees, it
streams along the forest floor, BIRDS START CHIRPING.

He leans against the side of the tank, enjoying his tobacco.

Then a twig SNAPS in the forest around them.

Brighton turns around and looks at the camp, no one is
stirring awake. He opens a small hatch to his right in which
he reaches into the interior of the mechanized device.

The RUMBLINGS in the bushes in the forest grow closer.

Brighton removes a rifle from inside the large mechanical
beast. He loads a magazine into it. He throws his cigarette
on the ground.

It CLICKS as a round is loaded into the chamber, Brighton
pulls back on the bolt, slowly to not make so much noise.

A deer sprints out of the forest and into the clearing.

It stares at Brighton, who lowers his gun and stares back.

He removes the magazine from the rifle and pops the round out of the chamber and catches it in his hand.

Brighton stomps on his smoking cigarette on the wet grass.

Two men escape their tents and nod at towards their leader.

With all of the movement, the deer escapes back into the thick forest that surrounds them.

The one on the right is ALEXANDER DUPOUNT a rather large Frenchman, who towers over the other two men. He has shaven his head and has a thick mustache.

The man on the left is SADRA GUPTA is a British Indian who's mixed but looks white, he's the translator of the of the group, he's short and stocky with jet black hair that escapes from his German uniform. He's wearing some curled shoes.

BRIGHTON

Morning.

ALEXANDER

(thick French accent)

Why the rifle boss?

BRIGHTON

It's nothing.

Brighton places the rifle back inside the tank. The door shuts with a CREAK.

SADRA

When do we move?

BRIGHTON

Soon. Soon enough. Sadra, put a kettle on and change your damn shoes, this isn't Bangladesh.

Sadra looks down at his shoes, Alexander laughs.

Brighton walks to the other side of the camp, the tent he was in moves and GROANS.

WASHINGTON VIRGIL aka WASH exits the tent. An African-American from New York, his eyes are tired, but have a gleam to them. He's the heavy arms expert and an artillery man.

Brighton nods to Wash and Wash nods back.

WASH
Mornin'

BRIGHTON
Good morning Wash.

Brighton gets to the last tent and kicks the side.

BEN
Oi!!!

LUCAS
Fook Off.

BRIGHTON
Wake your asses up! We need to move soon.

The two brothers peek their heads out of the tent. The blonde brother is BEN, a short and aggressive soldier, and a great mechanic. His brother, LUCAS, who is a little taller than his brother but with black hair is the lead gunsmith. The two are Irish men, who enlisted.

BEN
What time is it?

BRIGHTON
Time to prep the tank.

LUCAS
Ben go deal with it. I'm going to rest for a few minutes.

BRIGHTON
No we need you to clean the guns with Wash. Let's go.

LUCAS
Shite.

The brothers come out in their drawers and start to head towards the beast.

WASH
Put some clothes on damn!

BEN
Where's your fookin' uniform ya black bastard?

WASH
Yes, because I look like a kraut.

BEN
You could try, we'll say you're our
prisoner.

WASH
I ain't wearing no cuffs, white
boy.

The two get face to face in an intense confrontation. Ben breaks with a smile and tries to hold in laughter, but it escapes from him.

The two men LAUGH.

WASH (CONT'D)
Where's your brother?

BEN
He should be getting out of the
tent soon.

The movement in the tent is aggressive, Lucas's movements in the tent grow more intense.

LUCAS
Oh for Fucks sake! Where's me kit?!

BEN
It's in the machine, ya dumb sack
of potatoes.

Lucas exits the tent, his face reddened. He's wearing a German uniform. He walks up to the two men standing in front of the tank and points a finger at his brother angrily. Ben is about to burst with laughter.

LUCAS
Not. A . Word. (Beat) Let's go
Wash.

The two men walk to the tank.

Brighton climbs to the top of the tank and enters from the top, he shuts the hatch and flicks on the lights.

INT. BUFFALO II - CONTINUOUS

The seven seater landship is very quiet, but the RAMBLINGS outside are muffled through the thick skin.

Brighton sits in a side seat, he finds his rifle which is on a bracket on the side.

There are other weapons, a sawed off shotgun and sidearms are a majority of what fills it. A couple of rifles and semi-auto weapons are there as well.

Brighton grabs the sawed off and places it to the side of his seat, he takes out a box of shells from underneath his seat and loads two shells into the boar of the beast. He locks it back and fills the leather strap attached with more shells, until it is full.

A KNOCK on the hatch next to him, Brighton answers, the light streaking into the cabin. Ben's head is peaking into the machine.

BEN

She's tuned, I just need to get the crew. Ready to move?

BRIGHTON

Yeah, just give me a moment. Tear down camp, Get your brother and Wash to place the guns back inside.

The door SLAMS behind him.

BACK OUTSIDE

EXT. FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE

The men break down camp and wrap it all into a very large canvas bag. It is wrapped by wire that is pushed onto the back end of the tank.

Wash struggling to move, finally reaches the side hatch and opens it to reveal Lucas, who's waiting. Wash has long straps of ammunition for the large machine guns.

Wash hands him a large band of the machine gun ammo. Every band he passes through the hatch, lightens him up.

CA-LICK as the machine gun is cocked. Wash moves them around along the side of the

It then WHIRS to Life.

The exhaust lets loose with black smoke.

The final member, Wash enters the tank.

INT. BUFFALO II - CONTINUOUS

The driver Ben gazes back to the rest of the crew.

Brighton is sitting at the center, he's gazing through a small port.

The large machine trudges along, it's belt SQUEAKING as it crawls across the terrain, it runs over a small stone and mortar wall.

Brighton sits back down into his seat and takes out a small trench periscope. He gazes at the countryside as the tank starts it rise on the hill.

Time starts to pass as they continue across enemy lines. Rain falls on the top of their helmeted heads. They close the tops of the tank and continue as the dirt turns to sludge.

The engine GROANS as it is finally becomes overworked. Thus causing the engine to struggle.

They finally stop as Ben jumps out of the machine through the side door, the rain pelting his faux German uniform.

Wash joins him, his eyes darting around for any person. The two grab a large gasoline canister from the roped sides of the machine.

They open a side port to go back inside.

INT. BUFFALO II - CONTINUOUS

They sprint back inside and starts to pour gasoline in the port at the engine.

WASH

The tracks are covered in that shit. We need to pull over and camp.

BRIGHTON

No we can't, we need to be behind the enemy lines before we can even think about pulling off.

BEN

Well we're out of gas.

Ben tosses the empty can against the side, next to a couple of other gas cans.

BRIGHTON

How long do we have then Benjamin?

BEN

Maybe a couple more hours of travel if we were able to fill her up all the way.

WASH

We need to find a pump house and fill up as soon as possible. But we need to stop first.

BRIGHTON

We have to get past enemy lines first. We are still in neutral territory.

WASH

But we don't have the fuel to reach that point Captain.

BRIGHTON

Wash just help me get to the point then.

BEN

If you can't listen to Wash then we need to pull over and camp for the night.

BRIGHTON

We can't!

A bullet ricochets off of the armor, sparks fly off in the tank. All of the men get back to their posts.

BRIGHTON (CONT'D)

Any idea where that came from?

LUCAS

Looks like right side captain!

More bullet fire as they start to dent in some of the armor.

WASH

Right side. German's at three o'clock!

BRIGHTON

(under breath)

What the bugger are they doing here?

SADRA

Do we fire sir?

BRIGHTON

No, no, we need to try to blend in.
Wash stay here. Alexander, you're
up.

Firing stops as Alexander comes out in his German uniform
with his hands raised.

EXT. FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Alexander exits the tank as the FIRING stops.

ALEXANDER

(in German)
Good day!

GERMAN COMMANDER

What are you doing with that
machine?

ALEXANDER

We are taking it back to Belgium
for repairs.

GERMAN COMMANDER

Under who's orders?

ALEXANDER

Look at it, you do not need to be
an officer to see it needs repairs.

GERMAN COMMANDER

Obviously but you need to have your
commander come speak to me.

INT. BUFFALO II - CONTINUOUS

With the last sentence being uttered, Wash takes out a pistol
and the rest of the men take out their sidearms.

Brighton takes his out as well. He slowly cocks his weapon
and takes the barrel and points it through a slit in the side
of the tank.

Wash moves to a side mounted machine gun, he cocks the gun
slowly, trying not to create noise.

He moves the gun more towards the patrol, slowly.

EXT. FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Alexander is looking back towards the Buffalo II and sees the machine gun move and starts to sweat.

ALEXANDER

If you didn't fire at us, we
wouldn't be in bad shape. Imagine
if you... Lieutenant were reported
to shooting at your own brothers?
You would be executed.

Leans in.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

I'll forget I saw you and you'll
forget you saw us and we'll move
along.

The commander looks at the tank and the man who's in front of him.

BACK TO:

INT. BUFFALO II

Everyone in the tank leans in and they all start to cock their weapons.

Wash's finger moves towards the trigger slower, waiting on the response.

BACK TO:

EXT. FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE

The men behind the commander also raise their weapons as the tension seems to escalate.

Alexander starts to back towards the Buffalo II.

The commander nods and nods to his men, they lower their weapons and turn back towards their command.

Alexander takes a deep breath and exhales as he heads back towards the tank.

He opens the door, but before he does he vomits on the ground.

INT. BUFFALO II - CONTINUOUS

ALEXANDER

(In French)

Fuck (then in German, Russian, and
finally in English.)

Wash removes himself from the gun and the rest of the men
place their weapons back as he enters.

WASH

Ben, how long until we're out?
We've been running the entire time.

BEN

Probably around 30 more minutes.

WASH

Brighton. We cannot survive out
here if we don't have fuel.

DRIPPING IS HEARD.

Lucas and Wash sprint towards the back. Wash almost slips and
falls as the bottom of his boots are covered in oil.

BRIGHTON

Find oil and petrol. We meet back
here in an hour.

Wash starts to head towards the door.

BRIGHTON (CONT'D)

Not you Wash, you'll keep eyes on
the crew. Sadra and Alexander will
come with me.

SADRA

Yessah.

Sadra grabs his rifle and exits the tank.

Lucas leaves his spot and starts to work on the engine.

Wash stares at Brighton and joins Lucas at the engine.

Brighton grabs a Rifle and checks his side arm for
ammunition.

He places his cap onto his head and exits the machine.