

EXT. GERMAN CAMP - DAY

NOTE: THE DIALOGUE IN THIS SCENE IS SPOKEN IN GERMAN AND
SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH

Men of the pionier patrol return to the camp alongside
their rescuers. All are weary. STUNNED by the sight of
more death.

Many are once again sick with relief at their own
survival. They have cheated death one more time.

There are wounded, too. Some are helped in by comrades,
shoulder to shoulder. Others are carried in, bloodied and
groaning. Dying. The overall scene is one of abject
defeat.

Only one man is jubilant. Gerber. His body language is
MANIC, his mood BUOYANT. Lunser walks into camp alongside
him - though not 'with' him -- as though wishing to
distance himself from this fanatic.

Lunser and Gerber walk toward the CAMERA while, behind
them, men shout for aid. MEDICS RUN to receive the
wounded. The two SS men carry their rifles slung over
their shoulders. Gerber PUNCHES his palm.

GERBER

(joyous)

They turned and ran. Ran like
rabbits.

LUNSER

(cranky)

Jesus! Are you blind, man?

Gerber pauses mid-stride and the two men face one
another. Gerber appears puzzled.

LUNSER (CONT.)

Our arrival swung the balance.
Their leader knew slogging it
out would endanger his men. The
man showed merit.

Gerber snorts in disdain.

LUNSER (CONT.)

He withdrew, wiser once he'd
seen our strength. Can't you see
that?

(beat)

Can't you see him now, making
his report? The British massing?
Ready to hit us again -- this
time in greater numbers.

The two men reach their familiar log-seat and un-sling
their rifles. They loosen belts and packs, ready to sit.
Around them other men are doing the same. Sharing
cigarettes, wiping sweat from grimy foreheads. Resting.
Relieved.

GERBER

(tetchy)

They ran. That's all I saw. You
should take heart in it.

(looks at Lunser in
disgust)

Instead of whining.

(beat)

Take heart from mighty Tommy
running away.

LUNSER

(isn't listening)

If only our leaders showed that
man's merit. Instead, they leave
us in this stinking trap. Like
sacrificial lambs.

(looks into his hands)

And for what?

GERBER

(moody)

For Germany.

Lunser looks wistfully toward the trees as Gerber begins
to strip his own rifle. He has a strop on now but his
actions remain animated. The man, indoctrinated since
childhood is unable to contemplate defeat.

LUNSER

(quietly)

Germany.

(pause)

Mielkendorf. Salty breeze fresh
from the Baltic. Poplars swaying
on the Dorfstrasse.

(beat)

Katherina.

Gerber suddenly looks up, interested. It isn't often
Lunser reveals anything of his private life.

GERBER
Your wife?

LUNSER
(shakes his head)
My fiancée.

Lunser turns to Gerber and smiles. It is a wan, weary smile. Hints of sadness.

LUNSER (CONT.)
She's in Kiel.
(pauses to reflect)
I asked her to leave. I cleared
it for her to stay on my
father's farm, miles away from
the shipyards. She refused.

Lunser looks away and resumes to gaze up at the nearby trees as though willing himself back onto Mielkendorf's Dorfstrasse.

LUNSER (CONT.)
(softly)
She said she'd be okay. Said
she'd be safe.