

BLACK SCREEN

A military snare drum tensely taps.

Sounds of an old city scape fades up. People bustle, trolleybuses trudge on, antiquated car horns blare, and horse-drawn carriages clack and creak.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

If we pull this off, the rewards will be grand.

FADE IN:

INSERT - MAP OF PARIS

A pencil traces a route through the maze of streets.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(circling)

The shipment comes in here. We must arrive before dawn, get the stuff and avoid any competitors. It'll take a half hour to reach our location ... then we get to business.

INT. CAFE - DAY

A middle-aged couple, cafe owners WILLIAM and ROSE, loom over the map. They are dazed by the stupidity of the plan.

The cartographer, BERTIE, straightens himself, dumbfounded for a different reason.

Bertie is 32 and bright, just not in brains or brawn. At some point in his life, his child-like innocence morphed into adult naivety. His face is soft besides his eyes, which dance energetically in awe. His pant legs are slightly too long and his arm sleeves slightly too short.

BERTIE

What?

WILLIAM

You want to open up a shop in Paris?

ROSE

Bertie, love, next to Berlin, Paris is Jerry-central.

Bertie thinks. The owners impatiently await his answer.

BERTIE
... More customers!

WILLIAM ROSE
Wot is wrong with you? (to William)
Calm down.

William exhales, quenching his frustration.

ROSE (cont'd)
(to Bertie)
Don't be daft.

WILLIAM
Daft? He's a nutter!

In the background, chef ALAN barges in the cafe carrying a huge box. William pounds the map.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
Even if we could afford a second
shop, enter the country, and if the
Jerries would actually pay ... you'd
have to take me head off before I
serve that scum.

Alan drops the box on the table. Bertie rips his map from under it, knocking himself against the wall in the process.

ROSE
What ya get?

ALAN
Have a look.

The owners swarm the box, dissatisfied.

WILLIAM
Christ ...
 (looking to Bertie)
Wanna open a shop? We gotta wait for
rations to survive! Table scraps!

ALAN
Finally got some cheese.

BERTIE
(peering in)
Any Wensleydale?

Alan laughs.

ROSE
(displaying the brick)
Government cheddar.

William hangs his head.

WILLIAM
Everyone back to work.

The crew disperses.

INT. CAFE - KITCHEN - DAY

Bertie whips up coffees with elegance and speed. Behind him, Alan dry heaves as he pours US-imported powdered eggs.

Bertie delicately positions the coffees on the tray before gliding it into

INT. CAFE - DAY

The newly dignified Bertie sets the coffee tray down in front of TWO OLDER WOMEN.

BERTIE
Is there anything else I can get you?

The ole ladies eye their drinks.

OLE LADY
We ordered tea, not this rotten stuff.

Bertie silently stares at the coffees for ... too long.

BERTIE
(snapping back to)
I'll correct this immediately.

Bertie gathers the drinks and rushes back to

INT. CAFE - KITCHEN - DAY

Bertie frantically throws two teas together, destroying his workstation in the process.

William bursts in.

WILLIAM
Two teas ... you can't do two teas?

WILLIAM
Lost two customers because
you served two ole nans
coffee with their scones.

BERTIE
I know, I know, I feel
terrible.

William points to a can of rat poison and mix of industrial
cleaners underneath Bertie's drink prep station.

WILLIAM
Have to find a new place for
this—can't trust you won't mix it in
the drinks and cause a mass killing!

Bertie stops filling the teapot. William has gone too far.

BERTIE
You and I both know who won London's
Waiters Race in '36 and '38.
(pointing to himself)
Me.
(holding two fingers
up)
Two of them.

All of Bertie's sternness is replaced with sniffing and
tears. William can't believe what he's just heard. He
saunters off.

WILLIAM
(trailing)
Jesus Christ.

Alan runs up to Bertie.

ALAN
What's wrong, man? I've never seen
you like this before?

BERTIE
It's Lillian, I haven't hea—

WILLIAM (O.S.)
—Bertie! Get out here!

Bertie wipes his nose as he jogs out.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Bertie joins William at the window, peering out to see what
William is fixated on.

Another gloomy London day, William thrusts an umbrella into
Bertie's hands.

WILLIAM
Go out and collect customers.

BERTIE
Wot?

WILLIAM
When you see people walking by or
automobiles stop, kindly escort them
to our front door.

BERTIE
Bu—

William shoves Bertie out the door. William watches as Rose
joins him.

ROSE
Lay off the lad, he's a good kid.

WILLIAM
Aye? I'm about ready to have him
committed.

ROSE
Oh, how could you say that? He's like
a son to us.

WILLIAM
Aye, he's like a son as in I wish I
never had 'em.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Bertie patrols the sidewalk as thunder rumbles.

After a moment, a YOUNG WOMAN rounds the corner. Bertie
waves at her.

BERTIE
Come try some delicious food!

Young Woman hurries across the street. Bertie pouts.

A flash of lightning brings a downpour. Bertie shields
himself.

Another flash brings an Aston Martin Atom hydroplanes around
the corner. The tires wail as the car stops.

A GOON and a SHOWGIRL stumble from a club across the street,
ending their all-nighter by hopping into the Atom.

Bertie rushes over, sticking his head in the open door.

BERTIE (cont'd)
(yelling over the
rain)
Would you like to tr—

Bertie's head is led out of the Atom by a revolver barrel.
Goon clicks the hammer back.

BERTIE (cont'd)
Apologies, I'm mistaken.

The occupants cackle as the Atom speeds off.

Bertie trudges back across the street, rubbing the imprint
of the barrel on his cheek.

A top n' tails COUPLE runs down the sidewalk, trying to
shield themselves from the rain.

BERTIE (cont'd)
We have hot food and drink and
shelter here!
(running towards them)
C'mon, need an umbrella?

The woman snatches Bertie's umbrella from him as they run,
leaving Bertie to be drenched.

MAN
Cheers, lad!

BERTIE
... That's not what I meant.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Bertie, clothes sagging, sulks in the puddled doorway.

WILLIAM
Leaves with an umbrella and comes
back wet, unbelievable. Go home and
change.

Bertie does a 180 and leaves.

INT. BERTIE'S FLAT - DAY

Bertie stands in his ramshackled flat, shuffling through
Lillian's letters.

Bertie's lone presence adds to the grim setting as he's surrounded by evidence of a loving home of husband and wife.

Bertie's eyes leisurely trail across the love letters.

Bertie lingers on a specific line:

"Oh, how I ache for you to be with me. I write this from Rochefort-en-Yvelines. It's paradise—better than heaven itself ... if only you were by my side."

Bertie smiles at his bittersweet reminiscing. His face softens, returning to his debilitating longing.

Footsteps outside his door break his concentration. He flings the front door open.

INT. BERTIE'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

A POSTMAN, in the middle of dropping the mail, recoils.

POSTMAN

Ah! Christ man!

Bertie snatches the mail, quickly sorting through it. Dissatisfied, he drops them all on the ground.

BERTIE

I'm expecting a letter from my wife,
how long does it take the post to
deliver it?

POSTMAN

Huh?

BERTIE

Every other Tuesday I get a letter
from her. The last letter I received
was seventeen days ago.

POSTMAN

I can't deliver the letter if the
post doesn't give it to me!

Bertie thinks ...

INT. POST - DAY

Bertie stands with the POSTMASTER.

POSTMASTER
We can't deliver the letter if the
sender hasn't sent it!

Bertie slaps the counter defeated. Hands-on-hips, he leaves.

INT. CAFE - KITCHEN - DAY

Bertie stares at his workstation. No orders, not like Bertie cares. He glances at the rat poison on the counter.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

Bertie shuffles home in a depressed laze. Suddenly, an idea flashes on his face.

He sprints to

INT. RESPLENDENT RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bertie sneaks in through a backdoor. He scans the hysteric staff—war hasn't stopped the rich from eating.

He spots an ole chum of his, PETE, a tuxedo-clad waiter.

BERTIE	PETE
Pete!	Where's the other plate? I need sole and asparagus.

VOICE (O.S.)
Three minutes.

Pete fumes but smiles at Bertie and clasps his shoulder.

PETE
Bertie, how are ya?!

BERTIE
All right, but I need your help.

PETE
What about?

BERTIE
I need to go to France.

PETE
(scoffs)
I know England's bad, but defecting
to the Jerries? Come now Bertie.

BERTIE
Lillian's in France, I think she's in trouble.

PETE
Sorry, but I can't help you.

BERTIE
Oh come on!

PETE
I would if I could ... I mean, you're talking suicidal.
(to the line)
Where is the sole and asparagus?!

VOICE (O.S.)
Has it been three minutes?

PETE
You ain't got three minutes. IT SHOULD BEEN OUT TEN MINUTES AGO.

Bertie refocuses Pete's attention.

BERTIE
Listen, Pete. You're as crooked as they come.

PETE
Gee thanks.

BERTIE
I mean that as a compliment.

Pete scrunches his face.

BERTIE (cont'd)
I need someone to smuggle me into Paris. I'll pay.

Pete sighs.

PETE
I need your food and tobacco ration cards, and eighty pounds.

BERTIE
Done.

PETE
When do you need this?

BERTIE

Now.

Pete tisks.

PETE

Tough.

(contemplating)

You're really serious?

Bertie nods.

PETE (cont'd)

... I mean, I think it's the dumbest
idea ever, but for money, I'll do
whatever you want.

Bertie beams.

BERTIE

Thanks, Pete. You're a real mate.

PETE

(writing)

Be at this address in four hours.

Bertie takes the note. The sole and asparagus is delivered to Pete. He lights a cigarette, inadvertently puffing smoke over the plates.

Pete glides out the back door as Bertie inspects the kitchen out of professional curiosity.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

Bertie stands on the smoky, gothic street corner. He kicks a stone around before turning to propaganda posters posted on a brick wall.

The first poster is of a blonde bombshell is surrounded by drooling suits, titled "You forget but she remembers" and subtitled "Be like dad, keep mum."

The second poster depicts a gnarly ape in a Nazi uniform is surrounded by Union Jacket bayonets, titled "We beat 'em before, we'll beat 'em again."

The Aston Martin Atom from before pulls up. Bertie approaches it happily.

This time, Pete is in the driver's seat with the same plastered Showgirl from before.

PETE
C'mon, climb in.

Bertie jumps in.

INT./EXT. ASTON MARTIN ATOM - NIGHT

Pete zips through the streets, Showgirl clinging to him. She alternates between sipping her martini and Pete's neck.

Bertie rides in the back, petrified.

BERTIE
Too fast.

PETE
(to Showgirl)
Come now, put the drink down already.

SHOWGIRL
Whatever you say.

Showgirl downs her drink before siccing Pete. He swerves in excitement.

BERTIE
Too fast.

SHOWGIRL
(to Pete)
I think your bloke is saying something.

PETE
(to Bertie)
What?

BERTIE
Slow down!

Pete slows a little bit. Showgirl checks her makeup.

PETE
(to Showgirl)
Not you.

SHOWGIRL
(to Bertie)
So where ya going?

PETE
Dammit Bertie.

BERTIE
To France.

SHOWGIRL
France?!

BERTIE
Yep!

SHOWGIRL
You're mental! The Jerries'll skin
you alive! And them dirty French'll
give you up!

BERTIE
Wel—

PETE
—You don't have to worry
about no Hitlerism taking
over England. We're refined,
not barbarians. We're
individuals here.
(to Showgirl)
Especially me ... ain't I
special?

SHOWGIRL
You know it, sugar.

PETE
Ditto, babe, ditto.

Pete jerks the wheel, screeching through the turn. He
continues as if nothing happened:

PETE (cont'd)
Just look at Bertie for English drive
and singularity. Who else would walk
into the deadly evergreen for some
straight-cut?

SHOWGIRL
Who ya going for?

BERTIE
My wife.

SHOWGIRL
... that's so sweet.

There's a lull. Showgirl begins sobbing.

PETE
Hey, calm down.

Pete rubs her thigh, she slaps him away.

SHOWGIRL
Don't touch me!

PETE
Dammit Bertie!

EXT. PORT - NIGHT

Bertie trembles at the sight of his transportation—a boat.
He eyes Pete talking to one of the crew from afar.

Back in the Atom, Showgirl leans out the window.

SHOWGIRL
Brucie!

Bertie turns. She waves him over.

SHOWGIRL (cont'd)
I got something for you.

She removes a miniature cap gun of a pistol from her purse.

SHOWGIRL (cont'd)
You're like a knight from a book I
read as a kid ... here's your sword.

Bertie takes the gun.

BERTIE
Thank you.

Showgirl clumsily hugs Bertie, kissing his cheek.

SHOWGIRL
You're sweet. Don't die.

PETE (O.S.)
Bertie!

Bertie walks over to meet Pete.

SHOWGIRL
Oh, and if you don't find her, come
back for me!

Showgirl laughs in the background as Pete leads Bertie to
the vessel.

BERTIE
Is there any other way to go?

PETE

If you want to find your wife, this
is it.

BERTIE

... All right lets go.

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

Pete helps Bertie onto the boat. Bertie huffs exasperated
breaths and clings to the railing.

CREWMAN

Welcome aboard.

Crewman chucks Bertie a life vest, which smacks his side.
Bertie refuses to let go of the railing.

Pete fits the vest on Bertie, prying his hands off the
railing. Bertie rushes to center mast.

PETE

Farewell, Bertie.

BERTIE

Wait ... give me that rope.

Pete flings the piece of rope to Bertie who wraps it around
his waist/the mast. He ties it tight.

BERTIE (cont'd)

(chuckling nervously)

Just in case.

Pete furrows his brow.

PETE

Good luck, Bertie.

With a quick clap on the shoulder, Pete scurries off.

LATER

A group of BRITISH COMMANDOS struggle through their bully
beef and cracker rations.

A few of them participate in target practice, tossing their
crumbled wax paper at Bertie who is still tied to the mast:
pale, trembling, sweating, wearing a thousand yard stare.

The commandos murmur and snicker at Bertie.

COMMANDO #1 lights up, offering his cigarette to Bertie.

COMMANDO #1
Don't smoke, lad?

Bertie snaps to.

BERTIE
Huh? Sorry, no.

COMMANDO #2
(from afar)
Ask him what he's doing!

COMMANDO #1
What are ya doin'?

BERTIE
Going to Paris, find my wife.

COMMANDO #1
Going to Paris to find your wife?

BERTIE
Yes.

COMMANDO #1
(to the group)
Says he's going to find his wife!

The group caterwauls, surrounding Bertie.

COMMANDO #2	COMMANDO #3
Blasted man! What the hell's	(disappointed)
wrong with you?	Oh, darling ...

COMMANDO #4	COMMANDO #1
Plenty of dames in London	You know any French?
with all us out here!	

BERTIE
Lillian is fluent. I know bonjour, au
revoir, oui, sors-le, non ... um ...
merci ... and ... that's about it.

COMMANDO #1
What's she doing over there?

BERTIE
She's in some culinary program ...
"cooking up something for the
Jerries."

The Commandos look among themselves, bewildered.

COMMANDO #4
What? Like a Red Cross thing?

BERTIE
I guess ...

COMMANDO #2
You know any German?

BERTIE
Ja, danke, hallo, mein Fuhrer ...
sauerkraut, and, oh, Nazi!

The commandos stare in awe.

COMMANDO #1
... Do you have a gun?

BERTIE
Oh, yes!

Bertie whips out his piece.

COMMANDO #4
That's what my grandad
would've carried!

COMMANDO #2
Thing couldn't kill a shrew!

COMMANDO #3
Not gonna last a minute.

COMMANDO #1
Find a better hiding spot.

Their critiques quiet ...

BERTIE
... Oh, I know "Heil Hitler", too.

COMMANDO #3
Ah, you'll do fine.

BERTIE
Cheers!

COMMANDO #2
Fine? Lad's milky mush.

CREWMAN (O.S.)
Lights out, gentlemen.

The Commandos power down, scattering to collect their gear.

COMMANDO #1
Better untie yourself. We're leaving.

BERTIE
Oh God.

COMMANDO #1
And hide that pistol in a safe spot.

Bertie stuffs the pistol in his underwear as the Commandos
gather at the port quarter.

He unties himself and meekly joins them.

EXT. ROWBOAT - NIGHT

Bertie and the Commandos drift on the sea, encased in dense fog and eerie silence.

They drift and drift until ...

... beams of light bleed into the fog.

Commando #2 feels a tug on his waist. Looking down, he sees Bertie has just bound them together.

COMMANDO #2
Better untie that rope, Jack.

COMMANDO #1
Shh!

Commando #2 doesn't take his death-stare off Bertie, who timidly unties them.

The fog lightens to reveal the French coastline.

The Atlantic Wall is mid-construction, spotlights piercing the night.

COMMANDO #1
(hushed)
Stay quiet. Move quickly.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The rowboat skids to a halt as the breaking waves push and pull it.

The Commandos hop out efficiently as Bertie flops onto the beach, kissing the sand and immediately spitting it out.

Each commando takes a side of the boat, rushing inland. Bertie crawls on the beach, elated to be on somewhat solid ground.

In the distance, a NAZI SENTRY patrols the shore, strolling in Bertie's direction.

Commando #1 rushes back, dragging Bertie inland.

EXT. FRENCH FOREST - NIGHT

The Commandos and Bertie trudge through the thick forest. The Commandos float through the terrain like ghosts while Bertie inadequately stumbles behind.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The Commandos wait in the tree line, checking both ways of the road. Commandos #1 and #2 study their silk map.

Bertie finally catches up.

COMMANDO #1
Right lad, this is where we part
ways. Any further, you may figure out
what we're up too.

COMMANDO #2
I very much doubt that.

COMMANDO #1
(to Bertie)
Any further and you're a liability.

BERTIE
OK, thank you sir.

Commando #1 points down the dirt road.

COMMANDO #1
To Paris, you're going to follow this
road for three hundred and fifty-four
kilometers ... then, turn right.
Follow that road 'til Paris. Follow?

BERTIE
I follow.

COMMANDO #1
Off you go then. Godspeed.

Bertie follows the road as the Commandos wave him on until he's out of earshot.

COMMANDO #1 (cont'd)
He's dead.

VARIOUS LOCATIONS

Through night and day, Bertie marches as the French countryside becomes increasingly metropolitan.

His clothes become tattered and Bertie himself battered. A few well-placed signs guide him to Paris.

EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY

Bertie wanders the city of love, completely lost. He approaches various FRENCH PASSERSBY:

BERTIE

How do I get to 104 rue charlot?

He's ignored despite his repeated questioning.

BERTIE (cont'd)

Where am I?

He begins to panic.

BERTIE (cont'd)

Does anyone speak English?

Bertie runs down the street.

BERTIE (cont'd)

English! Does anyone speak English?

None of the strangers Bertie accosts answer. He sighs.

BERTIE (cont'd)

Damn!

VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me, I speak English.

Bertie turns toward the thick-accented voice.

BERTIE

Oh, wonderful!

Bertie jogs to a NAZI OFFICER. Bertie shakes his hand.

BERTIE (cont'd)

(laughing)

For a second, I thought I was really
in trouble. I don't know my way
'round this place.

NAZI OFFICER

Where are you trying to go, mate?

BERTIE

104 rue charlot.

NAZI OFFICER
What's an Englishman doing lost in
Paris?

BERTIE
Took a wrong turn in London, I guess.

Bertie and Nazi Officer laugh as he snatches Bertie's arm.

NAZI OFFICER
Let's go for a drive.

Nazi Officer escorts Bertie to his car.

INT./EXT. CAR - DAY

Bertie rides in the backseat of the Nazi Officer's open-top
Citroën. They fly throughout the city.

The wind blows furiously.

NAZI OFFICER
How'd you really end up in Paris?

BERTIE
What?!

NAZI OFFICER
How'd you arrive in Paris?!

BERTIE
By boat!

NAZI OFFICER
How did you breach the coast?

Bertie processes what he thinks he heard.

BERTIE
I've only burnt the toast once ...
one too many for a server who won two
Waiters' Races.

Nazi Officer turns around.

NAZI OFFICER
Huh?!

BERTIE
Waiters' Race! London, '36 and '38.
Broke the record!

NAZI OFFICER
Broke through Le Tréport?

Bertie catches the street sign marked "Rue de Charlot".

BERTIE
Stop the car!

NAZI OFFICER**
Damn simpleton.

BERTIE
That was it!

NAZI OFFICER
Have to make a slight detour, mate.

Nazi Officer chuckles.

NAZI OFFICER (cont'd)
That all right with you, mate?

Nazi Officer turns to see an empty backseat. He slams the brakes, spotting Bertie face-planted on the pavement.

Nazi Officer hops out of his car and pursues Bertie.

EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY

Bertie limps down the street, approaching a NAZI SOLDIER.
Behind Bertie, Nazi Officer barks at Nazi Soldier.

NAZI OFFICER**
Stop that man!

Bertie doesn't pay any mind. Nazi Soldier unslings his rifle and raises it at the approaching Bertie.

NAZI SOLDIER**
Halt!

Nazi Officer raises his pistol.

NAZI SOLDIER** (cont'd)
I said stop!

As both Nazis pull their triggers, Bertie is kneecapped by pain. He falls to the ground as the Nazis inadvertently shoot each other.

Bertie clutches his leg in the fetal position while the Nazis lay dead on the pavement. He looks up to see he's almost to the Rue de Charlot.

Bertie rises, bolting to the intersection.

BERTIE
(with every step)
Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow.

He gets closer and closer to the road.

BERTIE (cont'd)
Lillian!

EXT. RUE DE CHARLOT INTERSECTION - DAY

Bertie eyes the building numbers. He turns right.

EXT. RUE DE CHARLOT - DAY

Bertie sprints and sprints, excited like a newspaper boy with breaking news.

BERTIE
Lillian!

The building numbers go down: 110, 109, 108, 107, 106 ...

He rounds the bend.

AROUND THE BEND

Bertie reaches 104 rue Charlot. He stops, huffing exasperated breaths. His smile fades. His face contorts.

Building 103 and 105 are perfectly fine. 104 is obliterated.

Bertie slinks towards the rubble.

BERTIE
(whimpering)
... Lillian?

Bertie scans the chunks of concrete, ornate furniture, torn clothes, and blood stains. He ascends the mountain of debris, sifting through it.

LATER

Bertie is dirty and his clothes torn. He has upturned most of the debris. He notices a gleam of metal in the dirt.

Exhausted, he falls down. He cradles a wedding band in a catatonic silence.

He reads the inscription, "Beaverbrooks 8k — do us part".

VARIOUS LOCATIONS

Bertie rides the trolley and hikes various landscapes, before approaching the rural commune, Rochefort-en-Yvelines.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Bertie wanders throughout the dark forest: vacant eyes on a paralyzed face.

He stumbles upon a clearing, passing a teary-eyed glance to the moon and stars. He kneels, cradling Lillian's and his own wedding bands.

INSERT - BAND INSCRIPTIONS

Bertie's ring is inscribed, "'Til death"

BACK TO SCENE

BERTIE

The death part wasn't supposed to happen so soon ... and you weren't supposed to go first.

Bertie replaces his band, wearing Lillian's on his pinky.

BERTIE (cont'd)

... I should've never let you go.

Barring a slight howling breeze and critters scurrying about, Bertie steep in a long silence.

He reaches into the front of his pants, removing his pistol.

Immediately, he presses the barrel to his temple and pulls the trigger ...

... CLICK!

Bertie fumbles with his pistol, clicking and switching the mechanics. He raises it again: click, click, click.

He fumbles again, ejecting the magazine. Confused, he tries to reconstruct and function the pistol.

Testing again, he puts the barrel to his temple and his finger on the trigger ...

... A red beam blinds Bertie. He shields his eyes as other beams illuminate.

Bertie scans the dark landscape.

Dozens of people pour from the tree line. The beams begin to flicker as sounds of aircraft invade the air.

A man, FRANCOIS, approaches the kneeling Bertie. Francois keeps his rifle aimed at Bertie.

Francois is 25. He looks like he was once a prospective university student but fell prey to a hardened life. He's lanky with a gaunt face, rings around his eyes, and a bent nose that's been clocked into an irreversible position.

FRANCOIS*

Who are you?

BERTIE

English.

FRANCOIS

What are you doing here?

BERTIE

(chuckles)

I was trying to turn out the lights.

FRANCOIS

Suppose in these times, I don't have to ask why.

BERTIE

... My wife.

FRANCOIS

My condolences.

BERTIE

Cheers.

Francois turns around to see the operation going successfully: arms containers are parachuting into the field and RESISTANCE FIGHTERS are stashing them in the trees.

Francois turns back to Bertie, crouching to his level.

FRANCOIS

I won't stop you from doing what you want to do, but maybe you want to come with us?

BERTIE

Don't think you'd want me, can't even figure out how to work my own gun.

FRANCOIS

Most of us didn't know how to work a gun. Could always use a man who's willing to die.

Francois takes Bertie's pistol, he ensures it will fire on the next trigger pull.

Francois returns Bertie's pistol.

FRANCOIS (cont'd)

But that's your decision.

Francois starts to leave before stopping himself.

FRANCOIS (cont'd)

Oh, if you do, um ... it. Can I have that after you're gone?

Bertie eyes his pistol.

FRANCOIS (cont'd)

I mean, we're always short on weapons.

BERTIE

I guess so.

FRANCOIS

Thanks.

With the pat of Bertie's knees, Francois backs off a few paces. He stands, still in Bertie's eye-line, with his arms folded ... awkward.

Bertie tries to think but can't take his eyes off of Francois. They make eye contact. After a brief stare down, Francois gets it.

FRANCOIS (cont'd)

(pointing)

Ah, right, stand over here then.

Francois moves out of Bertie's sight.

Bertie stews. He eyes the pistol before lowering it.

BERTIE

Guess I don't have anything to lo—

—BAM! The pistol fires into Bertie's leg.

INT. PHYSICIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TWO MAQUIS (resistance fighters) burst through the door carrying Bertie as Francois follows. The DOCTOR leads them in as Bertie's anguishing screams fill the quant home.

DOCTOR*

Bring 'em here!

The Maquis lumber into

INT. PHYSICIAN'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The Maquis plop Bertie down on the dining room table. They wipe their bloody hands off, using Bertie's shirt as a rag.

DOCTOR*

What happened?

FRANCOIS*

Shot himself in the leg.

DOCTOR*

Bad shooting.

FRANCOIS*

I'd say, considering he was aiming for his head.

Doctor sees the gushing wound, he beams.

DOCTOR*

Somebody find my leg-saw.

FRANCOIS*

Leg-saw?

DOCTOR*

(pointing)

Right there.

Francois passes the saw to Doctor. Bertie snatches the doctor's lapel.

BERTIE

Don't take my leg! For the love of
Christ, don't take my leg!

Doctor uses the saw to cut Bertie's pants. Bertie faints.

Doctor examines the wound ... just a graze from .22 caliber.
Dejectedly, he throws his saw away.

DOCTOR*

Wet chicken.