

"INGLOURIOUS
BASTERDS"

Written and directed
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EXT - DAIRY FARM - DAY

The modest dairy farm in the countryside of Nancy, France (what the French call cow country).

We Read a SUBTITLE in the sky above the farm house;

CHAPTER ONE

"ONCE UPON A TIME IN....
NAZI OCCUPIED FRANCE"

This SUBTITLE disappears, and is replaced by another one;

"1941
One year into the German
occupation of France".

The farm consists of a house, small barn, and twelve cows spread about.

The owner of the property, a bull of a man FRENCH FARMER, brings a axe up and down on A tree stump blemishing his property. However simply by sight, you'd never know if he's been beating at this stump for the last year, or just started today.

JULIE

One of his three pretty teenage daughters, is hanging up laundry on the clothes line. As she hangs up a white bed sheet, she hears a noise, moving the sheet aside she see's;

JULIE'S POV:

A Nazi town car convertible, with two little nazi flags attached to the hood, a NAZI SOLDIER behind the wheel, a NAZI OFFICER alone in the back seat, following TWO OTHER NAZI SOLDIERS on motorcycles, coming up over the hill on the country road leading to their farm.

JULIE

Pappa.

The French Farmer sinks his axe in the stump, looks over his shoulder, and see's the Germans approaching.

The FARMERS WIFE, CHARLOTTE comes to the doorway of their home, followed by her TWO OTHER TEENAGE DAUGHTERS, and see the Germans approaching.

The Farmer yells to his family in FRENCH, SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH;

FARMER
Go back inside and shut the door.

FARMER

(to Julie)

Julie, get me some water from the pump to wash up with, then get inside with your mother.

The young lady runs to the water pump by the house. She picks up a basin, and begins pumping, after a few pumps, water comes out splashing into the basin.

The French Farmer sits down on the stump he was previously chopping away at, pulls a handkerchief from his pocket, wipes sweat from off his face, and waits for the Nazi convoy to arrive. After living for a year with the sword of Damocles suspended over his head, this may very well be the end.

Julie finishes filling the water basin, and places it on the window sill.

JULIE

Ready Pappa.

FARMER

Thank you darling, now go inside and take care of your mother. Don't run.

Julie walks inside the farm house and closes the door behind her.

As her father stands up from his stump, and moves over to the window sill with the water basin...

...The SOUND of the ENGINES of the two motorcycles and car get LOUDER.

The Farmer SPLASHES water from the basin on his face and down his front. He takes a towel off a nail, and wipes the excess water from his face and chest, as he watches the two motorcycles, the one automobile, and the four representatives of the National Socialist Party come to a halt on his property.

We don't move into them, but keep observing them from a distance, like the Farmer.

The TWO NAZI MOTORCYCLIST are off their bikes, and standing at attention next to them.

The NAZI DRIVER has walked around the automobile, and opened the door for his superior.

The NAZI OFFICER says to The Driver in UNSUBTITLED GERMAN;

NAZI OFFICER

This is the property of Perrier LaPadite?

NAZI DRIVER
Yes heer Colonel.

The Nazi Officer climbs out of the back seat of the vehicle, carrying in his left hand a black leather attache case.

NAZI OFFICER
Herman, until I summon you, I am to be left alone.

NAZI DRIVER
As you wish Heer Col.

The S.S. COLONEL yells to The Farmer in FRENCH, SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH;

NAZI OFFICER
Is this the property of Perrier LaPadite?

FARMER
I am Perrier LaPadite.

The S.S. Colonel crosses the distance between them with long strides, and says in French with a smile on his face;

NAZI OFFICER
It is a pleasure to meet you Monsieur LaPadite, I am Colonel Hans Landa of the S.S.

COLONEL.HANS LANDA offers the French Farmer PERRIER LAPADITE his hand. The Frenchman takes the German hand in his and shakes it.

PERRIER
How may I help you?

COL LANDA
I was hoping you could invite me inside your home and we may have a discussion.

INT - LAPADITE FARM HOUSE - DAY

The door to the farm house swings open, and the Farmer gestures for the S.S. COL to enter. Removing his grey S.S. cap, the German steps inside the Frenchman's home.

Col Landa is immediately greeted with the sight of the Farmers wife, and three pretty daughters standing together in the kitchen, smiling in his direction.

The Farmer enters behind him, closing the door.

PERRIER
Colonel Landa, this is my family.

The S.S. COL clicks his heels together, and takes the hand of the French Farmers Wife...

COL LANDA
Col Hans Landa of the S.S. madame,
at your service.

He kisses her hand, then continues without letting go of his hostess hand...

COL LANDA
Please excuse my rude intrusion on your routine.

FARMERS WIFE
Don't be ridiculous, heer Col.

While still holding the French Woman's hand, and looking into her eyes, The S.S. Colonel says;

COL LANDA
Monsieur LaPadite, the rumors I have heard in the village about your family are all true. Your wife is a beautiful woman.

His eyes leave the mother, and move to the three daughters.

COL.LANDA
(CON'T)
And each of your daughters is more lovely than the last.

PERRIER
Merci. Please have a seat.

The Farmer offers The S.S. Colonel a seat at the families wooden dinner table. The Nazi Officer excepts the French Farmers offer, and lowers himself into the chair. Placing his grey S.S. cap on the table, and keeping his black attache case on the floor by his feet.

The Farmer (perfect host) turns to his Wife and says;

PERRIER
Charlotte, would you be so good as to get The Colonel some wine?

COL LANDA
Merci be coupe Monsieur LaPadite, but no wine. This being a dairy farm one would be safe in assuming you have milk?

CHARLOTTE
Oui.

COL LANDA
Then milk is what I prefer.

CHARLOTTE
Very Well.

The mother of three, takes a craft of milk out of the ice box, and pours a tall glass of the fresh white liquid for The Colonel.

The S.S. Colonel takes a long drink from the glass, then puts it down LOUDLY on the wooden table.

COL LANDA
Monsieur, to both your family, and your cows, I say; Bravo.

PERRIER
Merci.

COL LANDA
Please, join me at your table.

PERRIER
Very well.

The French Farmer sit's at his wooden dinner table across from The Nazi.

The Women remain standing.

Col Landa leans forward, and says to the Farmer in a low tone of confidentially;

COL LANDA
Monsieur LaPadite, what we have to discuss, would be better discussed in private. You'll notice, I left my men outdoors - if it wouldn't offend them, could you ask your lovely ladies to step outside.

PERRIER
You are right.

PERRIER

(to his women)

Charlotte, would you take the girls outside. The Colonel and I need to have a few words.

The Farmers Wife follows her husbands orders, and gathers her daughter's taking them outside, closing the door behind them.

The Two Men are alone, at the farmers dinner table, in the Farmers humble home.

COL LANDA

Monsieur LaPadite, I regret to inform you I've exhausted the extent of my French. To continue to speak it so inadequately, would only serve to embarrass me. However, I've been lead to believe you speak English quite well?

PERRIER

Oui.

COL LANDA

Well, it just so happens, I do as well. This being your house, I ask your permission to switch to English, for the remainder of the conversation?

PERRIER

By all means.

They now speak ENGLISH;

COL LANDA

Monsieur LaPadite, while I'm very familiar with you, and your family. I have no way of knowing if you are familiar with who I am. Are you aware of my existence?

The Farmer answers;

PERRIER

Yes.

COL LANDA

This is good. Are you aware of the job I've been ordered to carry out in France?

PERRIER

Yes.

The Colonel drinks more milk.

COL LANDA

Please tell me what you've heard?

PERRIER

I've heard, the fuhrer has put you in charge of rounding up the Jews left in France who are ether hiding, or passing for Gentile.

The S.S. Colonel smiles.

COL LANDA

The Fuhrer couldn't of said it better himself.

PERRIER

But the meaning of your visit, pleasant though it is, is mysterious to me. The Germans looked through my house nine months ago for hiding Jews, and found nothing.

COL LANDA

I'm aware of that, I read the report on this area. But like any enterprise, when under new management, there's always a slight duplication of efforts. Most of it being a complete waste of time, but needs to be done nevertheless. I just have A few questions Monsieur LaPadite, if you can assist me with answers, my department can close the file on your family.

Taking his black leather attache case, and placing it on the table, he takes out a folder from inside. He also extracts a expensive black fountain pen from his uniform front pocket. Opening the folder, and referring to it;

COL LANDA

Now before the occupation there were four Jewish families in this area, all dairy farmers like yourself. The Loveitts, The Doleracs, The Rollins, and The Dreyfus's, is that correct?

PERRIER

To my knowledge those were the jewish families among the dairy farmers.
- Heer Colonel, would it disturb you if I smoked my pipe?

Looking up from his papers.

COL LANDA

Please, Monsieur LaPadite, it is your house, make yourself comfortable.

The Farmer gets up from the table, goes to his shelf over the fireplace, and removes from it a WOODEN BOX that contains all the fixins to his pipe. He sits back down at the table with his Nazi guest.

As The Farmer loads the bowel of his pipe with tobacco, sets a match to it, and begins slowly puffing, making it red hot, the S.S. Colonel studies the papers in front of him.

COL LANDA

Now according to these papers, all the jewish families in this area have been accounted for - except, The Dreyfusis. Somewhere in the last year it would appear they have vanished. Which leads me to the conclusion that they've ether made good their escape, or someone is very successfully hiding them.

(looking up from
his papers, across
the table at The
Farmer)

What have you heard about The Dreyfusis
Monsieur LaPadite?

PERRIER

Only rumors -

COL LANDA

- I love rumors! Facts can be so misleading, where rumors, true or false are often reveling. So Monsieur LaPadite, what rumors have you heard regarding The Dreyfusis?

The Farmer looks at Landa.

COL LANDA

Speak freely Monsieur LaPadite, I want to hear what the rumors are, not who told them to you.

The Farmer puffs thoughtfully on his pipe.

PERRIER

Again, this is just a rumor - but we heard the Dreyfuis had made there way into Spain.

COL LANDA

So the rumors you've heard have been of escape?

PERRIER

Yes.

COL LANDA

Were the LaPadites and the Dreyfuis friendly?

As the Farmer answers this question, the CAMERA LOWERS behind his chair, to the floor, past the floor, to a small area underneath the floorboards revealing;

FIVE HUMAN BEINGS

lying vertically underneath the farmers floorboards. These human beings are The DREYFUIS, who have lived lying down underneath the dairy farmers house for the past year. But one couldn't call what The Dreyfuis have done for the last year living. This family has done the only thing they could, hidden from a occupying army that wishes to exterminate them.

PERRIER

We were families in the same community, in the same bussiness. I wouldn't say we were friends, but members of the same community, we had common interest.

The S.S. Colonel takes in this answer, seems to except it, then moves to the next question.

COL LANDA

Having never met the Dreyfuis, would you confirm for me the exact members of the household and their names?

PERRIER

There were five of them.
The father, Jacob.....wife, Miram.....
her brother, Bob.....

COL LANDA

- How old is Bob?

PERRIER

Thirty - thirty one?

COL LANDA

Continue.

PERRIER

And the children...Amos...and Shoshanna.

COL LANDA

Ages of the children?

PERRIER

Amos - six - I believe. And Shosanna,
was fifteen or sixteen, I'm not really
sure.

CUT TO

EXT - DAIRY FARM - DAY

The Mother and her three Daughters finish taking the laundry off the clothes line.

They can't hear anything going on inside.

The three Nazi Soldiers watch the three Daughters.

BACK TO LANDA AND PERRIER

COL LANDA

Well I guess that should do it.

He begins gathering up his papers, and putting them back into his attache case.

The Farmer, cool as a cucumber, puffs on his pipe.

COL LANDA

However, before I go, could I have another glass of your delicious milk?

PERRIER

But of course.

The Farmer stands up, goes over to the ice box, and takes out the craft of milk. As he walks over and fills the Nazi Colonel's glass, the German Officer talks.

COL LANDA

Monsieur LaPadite, are you aware of the nickname the people of France have given me?

PERRIER

I have no interest in such things.

COL LANDA

But you are aware of what they call me?

PERRIER

I'm aware.

COL LANDA

What are you aware of?

PERRIER

That they call you, "The Jew Hunter".

COL LANDA

Precisely! Now I understand your trepidation in repeating it. Before he was assassinated, Heydrich apparently hated the moniker the good people of Prague bestowed on him. Actually why he would hate the name, "The Hangman", is baffling to me. It would appear he did everything in his power to earn it. But I, on the other hand, love my unofficial title, precisely because I've earned it.

As "The Jew Hunter" enjoys his fresh milk, he continues to theorize with the french farmer.

COL LANDA

The feature that makes me such a effective hunter of the jews, is, as opposed to most German soldiers, I can think like a jew. where they can only think like a German, or more precisely, a German soldier. Now if one were to determine what attribute the German people share with a beast, it would be the cunning and predatory instinct of a hawk.

COL LANDA
(CON'T)

Negro's - gorilla's - brain - lips -
smell - physical strength - penis size.
But, if one were to determine what attributes
the jews share with a beast, it would be
that of the rat.

Now the Fuhrer and Gobbles propaganda
have said pretty much the same thing.
Where our conclusions differ, is I don't
consider the comparison a insult.
Consider for a moment, the world a rat
lives in. It's a hostile world indeed.
If a rat were to scamper through your
front door right now, would you greet it
with hostility?

PERRIER
I suppose I would.

COL LANDA
Has a rat ever done anything to you to
create this animosity you feel toward
them?

PERRIER
Rat's spread disease, they bite people -

COL LANDA
- Unless some fool is stupid enough to
try and handle a live one, rats don't
make it a practise of biting human beings.
Rats were the cause of the bubonic plague,
but that was some time ago. In all your
born days, has a rat ever caused you to
be sick a day in your life? I purpose to
you, any disease a rat could spread,
a squirrel could equally carry.
Yet I assume you don't share the same
animosity with squirrels that you do with
rats, do you?

PERRIER
No.

COL LANDA
Yet, they are both rodent's, are they
not? And except for the fact that one
has a big bushy tail, while the other
has a long repugnt tail of rodent skin,
they even rather look alike, don't they?

PERRIER

It is a interesting thought,
heer Colonel.

COL LANDA

However, interesting as the thought may be, it makes not one bit of difference to how you feel. If a rat were to scamper through your door, this very minute, would you offer it a saucer of your delicious milk?

PERRIER

Probably not.

COL LANDA

I didn't think so. You don't like them. You don't really know why you don't like them. All you know is, you find them repulsive.

(let's the
metaphor
sink in)

What a tremendously hostile world a rat must endure. Yet, not only does he survive, he thrives. And the reason for this, is because our little foe has a instinct for survival and presavation second to none. And that Monsieur, is what a jew shares with a rat. Consequently, a German soldier, conducts a search of a house suspected of hiding jews. Where does the hawk look? He looks in the barn, he looks in the attic, he looks in the cellar - he looks everywhere, he would hide. But there are many places it would never occur to a hawk to hide. However the reason the Fuhrer brought me off my Alps in Austria, and placed me in French cow country today, is because it does occur to me. Because I'm aware what tremendous feats human beings are capable of once they abandon dignity.

(Changing tone)

May I smoke my pipe as well?

The Farmer's cool facade is little by little eroding.

PERRIER

Please, Cononel, make yourself at home.

The Jew Hunter, removes both a pipe and a bag of tobacco fixings. The pipe, strangely enough, is a Calabash, made from a "S" shaped gourd with a yellow skin, made famous by Sherlock Holmes.

As the Nazi Colonel, busies himself with his smoking life, he continues to hold court at the Frenchmans table.

COL LANDA

The other mistake the German soldier make is their severe handling of the citizens who give shelter and aid to the Jews. These citizens are not enemies of the state. They are simply confused people, trying to make some sense out of the madness war creates.

These citizens do not need punishing. They simply need to be reminded of their duty in war time.

Let's use you as a example Monsieur LaPadite. In this war, you have found yourself in the middle of a conflict that has nothing to do with yourself, your lovely ladies, or your cows - yet, here you are.

So Monsieur LaPadite, let me purpose a question. In this time of war, what is your number one duty? Is it to fight the Germans in the name of France to your last breath? Or, is it to harass the occupying army to the best of your ability? Or, is it to protect the poor unfortunate victims of warfare who can not protect themselves?

Or, is your number one duty in this time of bloodshed, to protect those very beautiful women who constitute your family?

The Colonel lets the last statement stand.

COL LANDA

That was a question Monsieur LaPadite. In this time of war, What do you consider your number one duty?

PERRIER

To protect my family.

COL LANDA

Now, my job dictates, that I must have my men enter your home, and conduct a thorough search, before I can officially cross your families name off my list.

COL LANDA
(CON'T)

And if there are any irregularities to be found, rest assured, they will be. That is unless, you have something to tell me that will make the conducting of a search unnecessary.

(pause)

I might add also, that any information that makes the performing of my duty easier, will not be met with punishment. Actually quite the contrary, it will be met with reward.

And that reward will be, your family will cease to be harassed in anyway, by the German military during the rest of our occupation of your country.

The Farmer, pipe in mouth, stares across the table at his German opponent.

COL LANDA

You are sheltering enemies of the state, are you not?

PERRIER

Yes.

COL LANDA

Your sheltering them underneath your floorboards aren't you?

PERRIER

Yes.

COL LANDA

Point out to me the area's where their hiding.

The Farmer points out the area's on the floor with the Dreyfusis are underneath.

COL LANDA

Since I haven't heard any disturbance, I assume that while their listening, they don't speak english?

PERRIER

Yes.

COL LANDA

I'm going to switch back to french now, and I want you to follow my masquerade - is that clear?

PERRIER

Yes.

Colonel Landa stands up from the table, and switching to FRENCH says
SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH;

COL LANDA

Monsieur LaPadite, I thank you for milk,
and your hospitably. I do believe our
business here is done.

The Nazi Officer opens the front door, and silently motions for his
men to approach the house.

COL LANDA

Mademoiselle LaPadite, I thank you for
your time, we shant be bothering your
family any longer.

Yet the LaPadite women watch the Nazi soldiers, machine guns at ready,
approach the house.

The Soldiers enter the doorway, Col Landa, silently points out area of
the floor the Jews are hiding under.

COL LANDA

So, Monsieur and Madame LaPadite
I bid you adieu.

He motions to the Soldiers with his index finger.

They TEAR UP the wood floor with MACHINE GUN FIRE.

The little farm house is filled with SMOKE, DUST, SPLINTERS, SCREAMS,
BULLET CASINGS, and even alittle BLOOD.

With a hand motion from the Colonel, the Soldiers cut off their
gunfire. The Colonel keeps his finger in the air to indicate silence.

UNDERNEATH THE FLOORBOARDS

The entire Dreyfus family lay dead. Except for sixteen year old
SHOSANNA, who miraculously escaped being struck by the nazi's bullets.
With her dead family surrounding her, the young girl goes for freedom
(represented by wire mesh vent).

COL LANDA

hears movement underneath the floor, looks down and see's a SHAPE
moving forward between the planks in the floor.

COL LANDA

It's the girl. Nobody move!

VENT
is KICKED open, the girl SPRINGS out.

COL LANDA
as he crosses the floor, he see's the young girl RUNNING towards the cover of the woods. He unlatches the window, and opens it. Shosanna is perfectly FRAMED in the window sill.

SHOSANNA
RUNNING towards woods. Farm house and Col in the window in B.G.

FILTHY BAREFEET
SLAPPING against wet grass.

CU SHOSANMA'S FACE
same as a animal being chased by a predator FLIGHT - PANIC - FEAR

SHOSANNA'S POV
the safety of tree's, getting closer.

COL LANDA
Framed by the window, takes his LUGAR, and straight arm aims at the fleeing Jew, cocking back the hammer with his thumb.

COL LANDA POV
of the fleeing Shosanna.

CU COL LANDA
SLOW ZOOM into his eyes as he aims.

PROFILE CU SHOSANNA
mad dash for life.

COL LANDA
changes his mind. He yells to the rat fleeing the trap, heading for the safety of the wood pile, in FRENCH SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH;

COL LANDA
Au revoir, Shosanna! Till we meet again!

SHOSANNA
makes it to the woods, and is gone.

The S.S. Colonel closes the window.

EXT - DAIRY FARM - DAY
The Nazi town car DRIVES away.

EXT - NAZI TOWN CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Colonel Hans Landa sits in the backseat of the convertible, that's speeding away from the French farm house.

Landa speaks to his Driver in GERMAN, SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

COL LANDA

Herman, I sense a question on your lips?
Out with it?

DRIVER

Why did you allow an enemy of the state
to escape?

COL LANDA

Oh, I don't think the state is in too
much danger, do you?

DRIVER

I suppose not.

COL LANDA

I'm glad you see it my way. Besides,
not putting a bullet in the back of a
fifteen year old girl, and allowing
her to escape, our not necessarily
the same thing. She's a young girl, no food,
no shelter, no shoes, who's just witnessed
the massacre of her entire family.
She may not survive the night. And after
word spreads about what happened today,
it's highly unlikely she will find any
willing farmers to extend her aid.
If I had to guess her fate, I'd say she'll
probably be turned in by some neighbour.
Or, she'll be spotted by some German
soldier. Or, we'll find her body in the
woods, dead from starvation or exposure.
Or, perhaps...she'll survive. She will
elude capture. She will escape to America.
She will move to New York city.
Where she will be elected, President of
the United States.

The S.S. Colonel chuckles at his little funny.

TITTLE CARD:

"INGLORIOUS BASTERDS"

FADE UP

CHAPTER TITLE APPEARS:

CHAPTER TWO

"INGLORIOUS BASTERDS"

FADE UP

EXT - SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND - DAY

A bunch of SOLDIERS are lined up at attention.

LIEUTENANT ALDO RAINE, a hillbilly from the mountains of Tennessee, walks down the line. He recruits the men, the Germans will later call; "The Basterds". Lt. Aldo has one defining physical characteristic, a ROPE BURN around his neck. As if once upon a time, he survived a LYNCHING. The scar will never once be mentioned.

LT. ALDO

My name is Lt. Aldo Raine, and I'm puttin together a special team. And I need me eight soldiers. Eight - Jewish - American - soldiers. Now y'all might of heard rumors about the armada happening soon. Well, we'll be leavin a little earlier. We're gonna be dropped into France, dressed as civilians. And once we're in enemy territory, as a bushwackin, guerrilla army, we're gonna be doin one thing, and thing only, Killin Nazi's. The Members of the National Socialist Party, have conquered Europe through murder, torture, intimidation, and terror. And that's exactly what we're gonna do to them. Now I don't know bout y'all? But I sure as hell, didnt come down from the goddamn Smoky mountains, cross five thousand miles of water, fight my way through half Sicily, and then jump out of a fuckin air-o-plane, to teach the Nazi's lessons in humanity. Nazi ain't got no humanity. There the foot soldiers of a Jew hatin, mass murderin manic, and they need to be destroyed. That's why any and every son-of-a-bitch we find wearin a Nazi uniform, there gonna die.

LT.ALDO
(CON'T)

We will be cruel to the Germans,
and through our cruelty, they will
know who we are. They will find the
evidence of our cruelty, in the
disembowed, dismembered, and
disfigured bodies of their brothers
we leave behind us. And the German
will not be able to help themselves
from imagining the cruelty their
brothers endured at our hands, and
our boot heels, and the edge of our
knives.

And the Germans, will be sickened by us.
And the Germans, will talk about us.
And the Germans, will fear us.
And when the Germans close their eyes
at night, and their sub conscious
tortures them for the evil they've done,
it will be with thoughts of us,
that it tortures them with.

He stops pacing, and looks at everybody.

LT.ALDO

Sound good?

They all say;

ALL

Yes, sir!

LT.ALDO

That's what I like to hear. But I
got a word of warning to all would-be
warriors. When you join my command,
you take on debit. A debit you owe
me, personally. Every man under my
command, owes me, one hundred nazi scalps.
And I want my scalps.
And all y'all will git me, one hundred
Nazi scalps, taken from the heads of
one hundred dead Nazi's.....
....or you will die trying.

CUT TO

EXT - MOUNTAIN TOP CHALET - DAY

A huge Chalet on a misty mountain top in Barvia.

A SUBTITLE APPEARS:

"BARVIA
BURSTICH GARDEN
(HITLERS PRIVATE LAIR)"

INT - BURSTICH GARDEN - DAY

In a huge room, ADOLPH HITLER, pounds on a big table with his fist, as he rants at TWO GERMAN GENERALS.

They speak GERMAN SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

HITLER

How much more of these jew swine must I endure? They butcher my men like they were fish bait! This pack of filthy degenerates, are doing what the Russian army didn't, and Patton's army couldn't. Turning soldiers of The Third Reich, into superstitious old women!

GERMAN GENERAL

Just the cowards among them mine Fuhrer.

Hitler pounds furiously on the desk with his fist.

HITLER

No, no, no, no, no, no! I have heard the rumors myself! Solders of The Third Reich, who have brought the world to there knee's, now pecking and clucking like chickens. Do you know the latest rumor they've conjured up, in their fear induced delirium? The one that beats my boys with a bat. The one they call "The Bear Jew"...is a Golem. A avenging jew angel, conjured up by a vengeful rabbi, to smite the Aryans!

GENERAL

Mine Fuhrer, this is just soldiers gossip, no one really believes The Bear Jew is a golem.

HITLER

Why not? They seem to be able to elude capture like a aberration. They seem to be able to appear and disappear at will.

HITLER
(CON'T)

You want to prove their flesh and blood? Then BRING THEM TO ME!
I will hang them naked, by their heels, from the eiffel tower!
And then throw their bodies in the sewers, for the rats of Paris to feast!

The Fuhrer sits down at the table to compose himself, and wipe his greasy black hair out of his face.

HITLER
(Disgusted)

The Bear Jew.

He hits the button on the intercom on his desk.

HITLER

Kliest!

KLIEST VOICE comes out of the intercom;

KLIEST'S VOICE(OS)

Yes, mine Fuhrer.

HITLER

I have a order I want relayed to all German soldiers stationed in France. The jew degenerate known as The Bear Jew, hence forth, is never to be referred to as The Bear Jew again. We will cease to aid the Americans any longer in there attempt to undermine the German soldier psyche. Did you get that Kliest?

KLIEST'S VOICE(OS)

Yes mine Fuhrer. Do you still wish to see Private Butz?

HITLER

Who and what is a private Butz?

KELIST'S VOICE(OS)

He's the soldier you wanted to see personally. His squad was ambushed by Lt.Raines Jews. He was it's only survivor.

HITLER

Indeed I do want to see him, thank you for reminding me. Send him in.

CUT TO

EXT - FRENCH WOODS - DAY

CU FACE OF DEAD GERMAN SOLDIER

His head lies on the ground horizontal. A HAND reaches into FRAME, KNOCKS aside the dead German patriots helmet, and grabs a handful of the cadavers blonde hair. A LARGE KNIFE ENTERS FRAME, and begins SLICING ALONG THE HAIRLINE.

This process is called SCALPING.

After SLICING is complete, the SCALP easily peels off like a banana.

GERMAN PRISONERS PVT.BUTZ AND SGT.RACHTMAN
on their knees, hands behind there heads.

Private Butz NARRATES the scene in GERMAN SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

PVT.BUTZ(VO)

Werner and I were the only ones left alive after the ambush. While one man guarded us, the rest removed the hair. All The Basterds wore German scalps tied to their belts.

CU SCALPS
hanging from belts.

PVT.BUTZ(VO)

They not only took valuables....

WE SEE QUICK CUTS OF

Rings, Weapons, Iron Cross, and somebody digging out a Gold Tooth with a knife, being removed from Dead Germans.

PVT.BUTZ(VO)

...They also took their identification papers.

CU IDENTIFICATION PAPERS

taken from the inside pocket of a dead German uniform.

BASTERD PFC.UTIVICH

flips through the I.D. papers till he gets to the page that contains the German soldiers, name, statistics, and photo.

PFC.UTIVICH

Sigfried Muller.

PVT.BUTZ(VO)

...and tore out the identification page.

Utivich RIPS the page out, and sticks it in his pocket.
Tossing the torn book on the dead, scalpless body.

PVT.BUTZ(VO)

...They then removed their boots...

CU GERMAN COMBAT BOOTS

laces untied...boot pulled off...

SOCKS

removed, reveling dead bare feet...

BASTERDS

tossing the boots off a hill.

PVT.BUTZ(VO)

Throwing them away from the bodies...

DEAD GERMANS

scalps removed from their heads, pink bare feet...

PVT.BUTZ(VO)

The Basterds, took their lives, their
hair, their valuables, their identity,
and finally their dignity in death.

True that. The sight of the dead soldiers with bare feet
does rob the tableaux of a certain dignity, that is normally
felt in battlefield shots.

BACK TO HITLER

HITLER

The dogs!

He fights his frustration, then...

HITLER

Continue.

BACK TO THE BASTERDS

Aldo screams to The Basterd who's guarding the two German
prisoners.

LT.ALDO

Hey Hirschberg, send that kraut
sarge over.

BASTERD PFC.HIRSCHBERG

KICKS Sgt.Rachtman in the back.

PFC.HIRSCHBERG

You! Go!

Sgt.Rachtman is a little slow to respond. So Hirschberg grabs him by the hair, YANKS him to his feet, and KICKS him in the ass, sending him on his way.

Most of The Bastreds sit in a circle, Indian style, with Aldo in the middle.

As Sgt.Rachtman walks towards this circle of Basterds, A OFF SCREEN LITERARY NARRATOR (not Pvt.Butz) speaks over the SOUNDTRACK in ENGLISH;

NARRATOR(VO)

Sgt.Werner Rachtman has seen many interrogations since Germany decided it should rule Europe. But this is the first time he's ever been on the wrong end of the exchange.

It's always been his belief, only a weakling, in mind, body, and spirt complies with the enemy under threat of consequence.

As Werner watched men cry like women, pleadingly offer their knowledge, in exchange for their worthless lives, he made a vow to himself.

If his role is to die in this conflict.

When they put him under the earth, his dignity would be buried with him.

For in the other world, the gods only respect the ones they test first.

Well Sgt, this is your test.

And the gods are watching.

The captured German Sgt, enters the circle of Basterds, stands straight before the sitting southern Lieutenant, and salutes his captor.

SGT.RACHTMAN
(ENGLISH)

Sgt.Werner Rachtman.

Aldo returns the salute, looking up at him.

LT.ALDO

Lt.Aldo Raine, pleased to meet cha.
You know what sit down means Werner?

SGT.RACHTMAN

Yes.

LT.ALDO

Then sit down.

The German Sgt does.

LT.ALDO

Hows your English Werner? Cause if need be, we gotta a couple fellas can translate.

Aldo points at one of The Basterds in the circle, CPL.WILHELM WICKI.

LT.ALDO

Wicki there, a Austrian Jew, got the fuck outta Saltzberg, while the gettin was good. Became American, got drafted, and came back to give y'all what for.

Then Aldo points to another Basterd. A big scary looking Basterd, in a German Sgt's uniform, named, SGT.HUGO STIGLITZ

LT.ALDO

And another one over there, you might be familiar with, Sgt.Hugo Stiglitz. Heard of 'em.

The two German Sgt's look at each other.

SGT.RACHTMAN

Everybody in the German army's heard of Hugo Stiglitz.

The Basterds laugh, a couple pat Hugo on the back.

The NARRATOR comes back on the SOUNDTRACK.

NARRATOR(VO)

The reason for Hugo Stiglitz's celebrity among German soldiers is simple.

WE SEE A PHOTO OF HUGO on the front page of the Nazi version of Stars and Stripes (the military newspaper).

NARRATOR(VO)

As a German enlisted man, he killed thirteen Gestapo officers, mostly Majors.

WE SEE THE MILITARY PHOTOS OF ALL THIRTEEN GESTAPO OFFICERS.

NARRATOR(VO)

Instead of putting him up against a wall, the High Command decided to send him back to Berlin, to be made a example of.

Hugo in chains, being put in a lone troop truck, part of a prison convoy, enroute to Berlin.

NARRATOR(VO)

Needless to say, once The Basterds heard about him, he never got there.

EXT - FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The Basterds AMBUSH the prison convoy, killing everybody.

They walk to the back of the troop truck, inside Hugo in chains, stares back at them.

LT.ALDO

Sgt.Hugo Stiglitz?

Hugo nods.

LT.ALDO

I'm Lt.Aldo Raine, and these are The Basterds. Ever heard of us?

Hugo nods his head, yes.

LT.ALDO

We just wanna say, we're a big fan of your work. When it comes to killin Nazi's, I think you show great talent, and I pride myself on havin a eye for that kind of talent. But your status as a Nazi killer, is still amateur. We all came here to see, if you wanna go pro?

BACK TO THE BASTERD CIRCLE.

LT.ALDO

Now Werner, I'm gonna assume you know who we are?

SGT.RACHTMAN

Aldo the Apache.

The circle of Basterds giggle.

LT.ALDO

Well Werner, if you heard of us, you probably heard, we ain't in the prisoner takin business. We in the killin Nazi business. And cousin, business is boomin.

The Basterds laugh.

LT.ALDO

Now that leaves two ways we can play this out. Either kill ya, or let ya go. Now weather or not you gonna leave this circle alive, depends entirely on you.

Aldo takes out a map of the area, and lays it out in front of his prisoner.

LT.ALDO

Up the road a piece, there's a orchard. 'sides you, we know there's another kraut patrol fuckin around here somewhere. Now if that patrol were to have any crackshots, that orchard, would be a goddamn snipers delight. Now if you ever wanna eat a sauerkraut sandwich again, you gotta show me on this map, where they are, you gotta tell me how many they are, and you gotta tell me, what kinda artillery they carrying with 'em?

SGT.RACHTMAN

You can't expect me to divulge information that would put German lives in danger?

LT.ALDO

Well, Werner that's where your wrong. Because that's exactly what I expect. I need to know about Germans hidin in trees? And you need to tell me? And you need to tell me, right now? Now take your finger, and point out on this map, where this partys bein held, how manys comin, and what they brought to play with?

Werner sits, head held high, back straight, chin up, every inch the German hero facing death.

SGT.WERNER
I respectfully refuse, sir.

Aldo jerks his thumb behind him.

LT.ALDO
You see that ole boy battin rocks?

WE RACK FOCUS to a one of The Basterds not in the circle.
He's wearing a wife beater, and power hitting stones
with a baseball bat.

Werners eyes go to the ballplayer.

LT.ALDO
That's Sgt.Donny Donowitz. But you
might know him better by his nickname,
The Bear Jew. Now if you heard of
Aldo the Apache, you gotta heard about
The Bear Jew?

SGT.RACHTMAN
I heard.

LT.ALDO
What did you hear?

SGT.RACHTMAN
He beats German soldiers with a club.

LT.ALDO
He bashes their brains in with a
baseball bat, what he does.

SGT.DONOWITZ
back to us, still haven't seen his face. He Babe Ruths a
rock soaring into the atmosphere.

LT.ALDO
Now Werner, I'm gonna ask you one
last-goddamn-time, and if you still,
"respectfully refuse", I'm callin The
Bear Jew over here, and he's gonna take
that big bat of his, and he's gonna
beat your ass to death with it.
Now take your wennersitnitzel lickin
finger, and point out on this map
what I want to know.

SGT.RACHTMAN
Fuck you and your jew dogs.

Instead of getting mad, The Basterds burst out LAUGHING.

Aldo says to Werner, with a giggle in his voice;

LT.ALDO

Actually Werner, we're all tickled ya said that. Frankly, watchin Donny beat Nazi's to death, is the closest we ever get to goin to the movies.

(YELLING)

DONNY!

SGT.DONOWITZ

he turns to CAMERA, and yells;

SGT.DONOWITZ

Yeah?

LT.ALDO

Got a German here wants to die for country. Oblige him.

SGT.DONNY DONOWITZ

Bat over his shoulder, smiles.

CUT TO

INT - BARBER SHOP (BOSTIN) - DAY

Donny, cutting heads, in his pop's barber shop, in Bostin.

DONNY

...ya got the goddamn fuckin Germans, declaring open season on Jews in Europe, and I'm suppose to fly to the fuckin Philippines, and fight a bunch of fuckin Japs - not me pal. If we just go in this against the Japs, the whole U.S.of fuckin A can go take a running jump at the moon.

HEAD

You know they got a word for what your sayin Donny, it's called treason.

DONNY

Hey, stick your treason up your poop hole. If I'm gonna kill my fellow man in the name of liberty, that fellow man, will be German.

INT - SPORTING GOODS STORE - DAY

MR.GOOROWITZ'S sporting goods shop in Donny's Jewish Bostin neighbourhood. Donny walks in.

MR.GOOROWITZ
Hello Donny, how are you?

DONNY
Ah, just dandy, Mr.Goorowitz.

MR.GOOROWITZ
Your mother, your father - everything good there?

DONNY
There just fine. I'm shippin off next week.

The store proprietor, extends his hand to the young man.

MR.GOOROWITZ
Good for you son. Kill one of those Nazi basterds for me, will ya?

DONNY
That's the idea, Mr.Goorowitz.

MR.GOOROWITZ
What can I do you for, Donny?

DONNY
I need a baseball bat.

The store owner leads him to a basket with eight bats in it. Donny starts going through them without saying anything.

Mr.Goorowitz watches.

MR.GOOROWITZ
You gettin your little brother a present before you ship out?

Donny, concentrating on the bats, not looking up;

DONNY
No.

Donny's "no", silences the gabby Goorowitz. He seems to settle on one, feeling it's weight in his hands.

DONNY
Can I try this one on for size, outside?

Extending his arm;

MR.GOOROWITZ

Be my guest.

The phone rings.

MR.GOOROWITZ

I'll get that, you go right ahead.

The proprietor answers the phone, and gets into a conversation with his OFF SCREEN Mother.

Donny walks outside, WE STAY IN STORE, but can see him clearly through the stores big picture window.

However, Mr.Goorowitz instinctively, turns his back to Donny to speak with his mother.

Donny starts swinging the bat. It's pretty obvious he's pantomiming beating somebody to death with it. Then the he starts yelling;

DONNY

Take that ya Nazi basterd! You like fuckin with the Jews? Wanna Fuck with the Jews? The American jews are gonna FUCK with you.....!

Mr.Goorowitz, see's none of this, as he speaks to his mother. He hangs up the phone, just as Donny walks back into the store. Store owner turns to store customer.

DONNY

Is this the heaviest ya got?

CUT TO

INT - HALLWAY APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Donny, dressed nice, in a apartment building in his Jewish Bostin neighbourhood. He knocks on a door.

A VERY OLD JEWISH WOMAN opens the door, only a little, peering out at the young man.

OLD WOMAN

How can I help you?

DONNY

Mrs.Himmelstein?

MRS.HIMMELSTEIN

State your business young man.

DONNY

Mrs.Himmelstein, I'm Donny Donowitz,
my father Sy Donowitz, owns the barber
shop on Greeny Ave, "Sy's Barber Shop".

MRS.HIMMELSTEIN

I've seen it. Do you live in the
neighbourhood?

DONNY

All my life.

MRS.HIMMELSTEIN

Again, state your business?

DONNY

May I have a word with you?

MRS.HIMMELSTEIN

What about?

DONNY

Our people in Europe.

She thinks for a beat, then holds the door open for the
young man.

MRS.HIMMELSTEIN

Come in. Would you like some tea?

INT - MRS.HIMMELSTEIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Donny sits on a overstuffed sofa, holding a tea cup and
saucer in his hand. Mrs.Himmelstein sits on a overstuffed
chair, holding her tea, looking across at her visitor.

DONNY

(Sipping tea)

Very good.

MRS.HIMMELSTEIN

If you like tea.

Donny chuckles at her little joke. The old woman remains
stone. She wasn't joking. He places his saucer on the coffee
table and begins;

DONNY

Mrs.Himmelstein, do you have any love
ones over in Europe who your concerned
for?

MRS.HIMMELSTEIN

What compels you young man, to ask a stranger such a personal question?

DONNY

Because I'm going to Europe. And I'm gonna make it right.

MRS.HIMMELSTEIN

And just how do intend to do that, Joshua?

He holds up his bat.

DONNY

With this.

MRS.HIMMELSTEIN

And what exactly do you intend to do with that toy?

DONNY

I'm gonna beat every Nazi I find to death with it.

She takes another sip of tea.

MRS.HIMMELSTEIN

I thought we were having tea together?

Donny picks up his cup, and takes a sip.

MRS.HIMMELSTEIN

And in this pursuit, how is it that I can be of service?

DONNY

I'm going through the neighbourhood. If you have any love ones in Europe, who's safety you fear for, I'd like you to write their name on my bat.

BACK TO BASTERDS

Donny takes a long walk to Werner.....

PVT.BUTZ

watches all this ...

As WE CUT BACK and FORTH BETWEEN DONNY WALKING and WERNER WAITING, WE ALSO CUT BACK and FORTH BETWEEN DONNY and MRS.HIMMELSTEIN....

MRS.HIMMELSTEIN

You must be a real BASTERD, Donny?

DONNY

You bet your sweet ass I am.

MRS.HIMMELSTEIN

Good. A Basterds work is never done.
Specially in Germany.

Donny steps up to the plate, looking down at the Nazi;

DONNY

Gimmie your papers.

Werner hands Donny up his papers.

Donny RIPS the identity page out, and sticks it in his pocket.

MRS.HIMMELSTEIN

Hand me your sword Gideon. I do believe
I will join you on this journey.

INSERT

she signs the BAT, "MADELEINE"

BACK TO BASTERDS

Donny BEATS Werner TO DEATH WITH THE BAT, to the cheers of
The Basterds.

PVT.BUTZ

watches. Hirschberg says to him;

PFC.HIRSCHBERG

About now, I'd be shittin my pants, if
I was you.

Aldo points a finger at Butzs, and crooks it toward him.

PFC.HIRSCHBERG

That means you, cup cake.

A crying, visibly shaken, Butz sits down in front of Aldo.

LT.ALDO

You wanna live?

PVT.BUTZ

Yes, sir.

LT.ALDO

Point out on this map, the German
position.

His arm shoots out like a rocket, and points out the
positions.

PVT.BUTZ

This area here.

LT.ALDO

How many?

PVT.BUTZ

Maybe twelve.

LT.ALDO

What kinda of artillery?

PVT.BUTZ

They have a machine gun dug in here pointing north.

BACK TO HITLER

HITLER

How did you survived this ordel?

WE SEE Pvt.Butz in The Fuhrer's room for the first time. He wears a Nazi cap, which is unusual in the presence of The Fuhrer, but he seems okay with it.

PRVT.BUTZ

They let me go.

FROM HERE ON WE GO BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN ALDO AND HITLER.

LT.ALDO

Now when you report what happened here, you can't tell 'em, you told us, what you told us. They'll shoot ya. But there gonna wanna know, why you so special, we let you live? So tell 'em, we let ya live, so you could spread the word through the ranks, what's gonna happen to every Nazi we find.

HITLER

You are not to tell anybody anything! Not one word of detail! Your outfit was ambushed, and you got a away. Not one word more.

PVT.BUTZ

Yes mine Fuhrer.

Pause.

HITLER

Did they mark you like they did the other survivors?

PVT.BUTZ

Yes mine Fuhrer.

HITLER

Remove your hat and show me.

LT.ALDO

Now say we let ya go, and say you survive the war? When you get back home, what'cha gonna do?

PVT.BUTZ

I will hug my mother like I've never hugged her before.

LT.ALDO

Well, ain't that's a real nice boy. Are you going to take off your uniform?

PVT.BUTZ

Not only shall I remove it, but I intend to burn it!

The young German is telling Aldo, what he thinks, Aldo wants to hear. But the last answer didn't go down as well as he thought it would, evident by the frown on Aldo's face.

LT.ALDO

Yeah, that's what we thought. We don't like that. You see, we like our Nazi's in uniforms. That way, you can spot 'em, just like that.

(Snaps his fingers)

But you take off that uniform, ain't nobody gonna know you was a Nazi. And that don't sit well with us.

Aldo removes a LARGE KNIFE from a sheath on his belt.

LT.ALDO

So I'm gonna give ya a little somethin, you can't take off.

BACK TO HITLER

Pvt.Butz removes his combat helmet, hair hangs in his face, he moves it aside, and WE SEE a SWASTIKA has been HAND CARVED INTO HIS FOREHEAD.

BACK TO BASTERDS

BUTZ'S POV:

on ground, looking up at them. Aldo has just carved the swastika, and he's holding the bloody knife. All The Basterds crowd around to admire his handy work.

SGT.DONOWITZ

You know Lieutenant, your getting pretty good at that.

LT.ALDO

You know how you get to Carnegie Hall, don't 'ch? Practice.

FADE TO BLACK

OVER BLACK

CHAPTER TITLE APPEARS:

CHAPTER THREE

"GERMAN NIGHT IN PARIS"

NOTE: This whole Chapter will be filmed in French New Wave Black and White.

INT - CINEMA AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

We're in the auditorium of a cinema in Paris. However the CAMERA is pointed in the direction of the audience, not the screen. We start CLOSE on the projector beam, emanating from the little glass window in the back of the theatre

The CAMERA continues to DOLLY back, making the Shot Wider and Wider, bringing in more and more the German occupied citizens of Paris, who stare at the OFF SCREEN silver screen in the dark

We can hear the OFF SCREEN SOUNDTRACK of a Goebbels produced German omm paw paw musical movie being projected.

The Shot continues to pull further and further back, and the German dialogue continues to fill the auditorium.....

TILL.....

....The DOLLY SHOT LANDS on a CLOSE UP of Shosanna, watching the movie.

A SUBTITLE APPEARS:

"1941

PARIS

TWO WEEKS AFTER THE MASSACRE
OF SHOSANNA'S FAMILY"

We hear the sound of the German musicals climax.

The lights go up in the auditorium.

Shosanna, dressed in a NURSES UNIFORM she swiped from somewhere, remains seated, as the rest of the PATRONS, gather their coats, and file out.

EXT - LITTLE CINEMA (PARIS) - NIGHT

Patrons exit under the cinema marquee, as someone from inside SHUTS OFF the marquees lights.

The MARQUEE READS in French:

"GERMAN NIGHT BRIDGET VON HAMMERSMARK in MADCAP IN MEXICO".

EXT - PROJECTION BOOTH (LITTLE CINEMA)

A French Black Man, who we will learn later is named MARCEL, is the cinema's projectionist. We see him for a moment, taking the film reels off the projector, and placing them on rewinds.

INT - AUDITORIUM

CU SHOSANNA

still sitting in her seat. Except for her, the auditorium is empty.

The owner of the Cinema, a attractive looking French woman, who we will later know as MADAME MIMIEUX, appears in one of the cinema's opera box balconies.

Looking down from her perch at the young girl, sitting in the empty cinema.

The DIALOGUE will be spoken in FRENCH, and SUBTITLED into ENGLISH.

MADAME MIMIEUX

So young woman, since it's beyond obvious we're closed for the evening. I must assume you want something. What can I do for you?

SHOSANNA

May I sleep here tonight?

MADAME MIMIEUX

So I gather your not a nurse?

SHOSANNA

No.

MADAME MIMIEUX

But your a bright little thing, that's clever disguise. Where is your family?

SHOSANNA

Murdered.

MADAME MIMIEUX

So your a war orphan?

SHOSANNA

We were from Nancy. The Bosch found us -

MADAME MIMIEUX

- Is this a sad story?

SHOSANNA

Oui.

MADAME MIMIEUX

Sad stories bore me. These days everyone in Paris has one. I haven't bore you with mine, don't bore me with yours.

SHOSANNA

You can run the machines?

MADAME MIMIEUX

What machines?

Using her hands to pantomime the rotating film reels on a projector, she says;

SHOSANNA

The machines that show the film?

MADAME MIMIEUX

The projectors? Yes, I own a cinema, of course I can operate them.

SHOSANNA

I know, I saw you.

FLASH ON:

CU SHOSANNA

eyes creeping up the stairway in the projection booth, watching...

MADAME MIMIEUX

expertly working the projectors....

BACK TO SHOSANNA

SHOSANNA

Teach me. Teach me to run the machines, that show the film. It's only you and the negro. I know you could use some help.

MADAME MIMIEUX

I know at least six people who've been put up against a wall, and machine gunned for sheltering enemies of the state. I have no intention of being unlucky number seven. How long have you been in Paris?

SHOSANNA

A week, and a few days.

MADAME MIMIEUX

How have you survived the curfew without capture?

SHOSANNA

I sleep on rooftops.

MADAME MIMIEUX

Again, I'm forced to admit, clever girl. How is it?

SHOSANNA

Cold.

MADAME MIMIEUX

(LAUGHS)

I can imagine.

SHOSANNA

Respectfully, no you can't.

Pause.

MADAME MIMIEUX

Fair enough.

Thinks.....

MADAME MIMIEUX

So you can't operate a 35mm film projector, you want me teach you, in order to work here, in order to use my cinema, as a hole to hide in, is that correct?

SHOSANNA

Oui.

MADAME MIMIEUX

Whats your name?

SHOSANNA

Shosanna.

MADAME MIMIEUX

I'm Madame Mimieux. You may call me Madame. This is a cinema. Not a home for wayward war orphans. Having said that, what you say is true. If you were truly exceptional, I could find use for you. So Shosanna, are you truly exceptional?

SHOSANNA

Oui Madame.

MADAME MIMIEUX

I will be the judge of that.

DISSOLVE TO

TITLE CARD:

Which shows a lovely PENCIL SKETCH of the CITY OF PARIS, complete with Eiffel Tower.

ABOVE IT READS:

"1944
PARIS"

THEN...

The CAMERA PULLS BACK, and we see we're not looking at a TITLE CARD at all, but a CALENDER stuck on the wall of the Little Cinema's Projection Booth. Before we leave it, WE SEE the Month is JUNE.

....The CAMERA finds, the THREE YEARS OLDER SHOSANNA, working as the PROJECTIONIST. It would appear, that Shosanna passed Madame Mimieux's exceptional test.

A lyrical Morricone-like tune PLAYS on the SOUNDTRACK, this will be "Shosanna's Theme".

A Little Bell, begins RINGING, on one of the projectors, alerting Shosanna it's time for a REEL CHANGE.

Shosanna stands at the projector, watching the old German film she's projecting, waiting for the 1st REEL CHANGE MARK....

SILVER SCREEN

of the little cinema. On Screen LENI REFENSHTAL lies horizontal as a ice sickle drips on her head in the old German film, "The White Hell Of Piza Palu", The 1st REEL CHANGE MARK POPS ON in the upper right hand corner of the FRAME...(That tells the projectionist to get ready).

As the FILM REEL on the 1st PROJECTOR rolls out, Shosanna stands ready, waiting by the 2nd PROJECTOR...

WHEN...

SILVER SCREEN

the 2nd REEL CHANGE MARK POPS ON in the same place (That's the one).

SHOSANNA

THROWS the lever on the 2nd PROJECTOR, switching the film from projector 1# to projector 2#, executing a perfect REEL CHANGE.

As Shosanna's Theme plays on the Soundtrack, we watch viva MONTAGE, her go through her daily chores. Carry heavy film cans up the stairs, empty the rat traps, ect,ect...

EXT - CINEMA - NIGHT

The MARQUEE READS in French:

"GERMAN NIGHT LENI REFENSHTAL in PABST WHITE HELL OF PIZA PALU"

Shosanna emerges from the cinema carrying two buckets of LETTERS (for the marquee), and a tall ladder. Her chore here, obviously, is to change the show on the marquee.

The LITERARY NARRATOR comes on the Soundtrack in ENGLISH;

NARRATOR(VO)

To operate a cinema in Paris during the occupation, one had two choices. Either you could show new German propaganda films, produced under the watchful eye of Joseph Goebbels. Or....you could have a German night in your weekly schedule, and show allowed German classic films. Their German night was Thursday.

Shosanna, by herself, perched up high on the ladder, changing the letters on the marquee.

A YOUNG GERMAN SOLDIER (about the same age as Shosanna), walks out of the cinema. He sees the ladder with the young French girl on top, and walks over.

They speak FRENCH, SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

GERMAN SOLDIER

What starts tomorrow?

Shosanna looks down, seeing the young German Solder smiling up at her from below.

SHOSANNA
A Max Linder festival.

GERMAN SOLDIER
Ummmm, I always preferred Linder to
Chaplin. Except Linder never made a
film as good as "The Kid". The chase
climax of "The Kid", superb.

Shosanna continues working, not adding to the conversation.

GERMAN SOLDIER
I suppose now you could use a "M"
a "A" and a "X"?

SHOSANNA
No need, I can manage.

GERMAN SOLDIER
Don't be ridiculous, it's my pleasure.

He hands the French damsel the letters spelling MAX.

SHOSANNA
Merci.

GERMAN SOLDIER
I adore your cinema very much.

SHOSANNA
Merci.

She busies herself with the marquee letters...

GERMAN SOLDIER
Is it yours?

SHOSANNA
Do I own it?

GERMAN SOLDIER
Oui.

SHOSANNA
Oui.

GERMAN SOLDIER
How does a young girl, such as yourself,
own a cinema?

Do to his uniform, and Shosanna's situation, all his efforts
at trying to make small talk, strikes the young jewess in
hiding as a Gestapo interrogation.

SHOSANNA

My aunt left it to me.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Lucky girl.

Shosanna makes no reply back.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Merci for hoisting a German night.

SHOSANNA

I don't have a choice, but your welcome.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Do you chose the German films yourself?

SHOSANNA

Oui.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Then my merci stands. I love the Refensthal mountain films, especially, "Pizu Palu". It's nice to see a French girl who's a admirer of Refensthal.

SHOSANNA

"Admire", would not be the adjective I would use to describe my feelings towards Fraulein Refensthal.

GERMAN SOLDIER

But you do admire the director Pabst, don't you? That's why you included his name on the marquee.

She climbs down from the ladder and faces the German Private.

SHOSANNA

I'm French. We respect directors in our country.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Apparently even Germans.

SHOSANNA

Even Germans. Merci for assistance, Private. Adieu.

She turns to go back inside.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Your not finished?

SHOSANNA
I'll finish in the morning.

She opens the door to go inside.

GERMAN SOLDIER
May I ask your name?

SHOSANNA
You wish to see my papers?

She hands him her excellently forged papers.

That's obviously not what he meant, but he takes them anyway to read her name.

GERMAN SOLDIER
Emmanuelle Mimieux. That's a very pretty name.

SHOSANNA
Merci. Are you finished with my papers?

He hands them back.

GERMAN SOLDIER
Mademoiselle. My name is Fredrick Zoller.

She gives no response.

GERMAN SOLDIER
It's been a pleasure chatting with a fellow cinema lover. Sweet dreams, Mademoiselle.

He gives her a little salute, and walks into the black of a curfew imposed night.

She looks after him. She didn't show it, but he kinda got to her. After all, for any true cinema lover, it's hard to hate anybody who, CINEMA MON AMOUR.

EXT - ROOFTOP CINEMA - NIGHT

Shosanna stands on the roof of her cinema, late at night, lighting up a cigarette. As she takes her first big drag, she remembers a voice.

FLASH ON

MADAME MIMIEUX, the younger Shosanna, and the black projectionist Marcel, in the projection booth. Shosanna lights up a cigarette, and Madame Mimieux SLAPS her face HARD, knocking the cigarette out of her mouth. Marcel quickly STAMPS it out on the floor.

MADAME MIMIEUX

If I ever see you light up a cigarette in my cinema again, I'll turn you into the Nazi's, do you understand?

Shosanna is shocked by this statement.

SHOSANNA

Oui, Madame.

MADAME MIMIEUX

And for bringing a open flame in my cinema, you deserve far worse then a Nazi jewish boxcar. With your thick head, what do you think the highest priority of a cinema manager is? Keeping this fucking place from burning down to the ground, that's what! In my collection, I have over 350, 35mm, nitrate film prints, which are not only immensely flammable, but highly unstable. And should they catch fire, they burn three times faster then paper. If that happens.. ...POOF...all gone, cinema no more, every body burned alive. If I ever see you with a open flame in my cinema again, I won't turn you into the Nazi's I'll kill you myself. And the fucking Germans will give me a curfew pass. Do you understand me?

SHOSANNA

Oui, Madame.

MADAME MIMIEUX

Do you believe me?

SHOSANNA

Oui, Madame.

MADAME MIMIEUX

You damn well better.

BACK TO ROOF

Shosanna exhales cigarette smoke.

Marcel comes onto the roof.

MARCEL

Are you well?

SHOSANNA

Even on the roof I can't smoke a cigarette without hearing Madames voice yelling at me. That's why I do it. To hear Madames voice again.

MARCEL

We both miss her.

SHOSANNA

I know. I'm fine, darling. I'll be to bed soon.

Marcel goes back inside, Shosanna smokes.

INT - FRENCH BISTRO - AFTERNOON

Shosanna sits in the back of a French bistro, reading a book, "The Saint in New York" by Leslie Charteris, drinking wine. When the young German Private from the other day, FREDRICK ZOLLER, walks in. He gets a beer, then notices the French girl sitting in the back. He smiles, and heads over to her. "Oh no, not this guy again", she thinks.

Again they speak in FRENCH SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

FREDRICK

May I join you?

SHOSANNA

Look Fredrick -

FREDRICK
(SMILING)

- You remember my name?

SHOSANNA

Yes....Look, you seem a pleasant enough fellow -

FREDRICK

- Merci.

SHOSANNA

Your welcome. - regardless, I want you to stop pestering me.

FREDRICK

I apologize Mademoiselle, I wasn't trying to be a pest. I was simply trying to be friendly.

SHOSANNA

I don't wish to be your friend.

FREDRICK

Why not?

SHOSANNA

Don't act like a infant. You know why.

FREDRICK

I'm more then just a uniform.

SHOSANNA

Not to me. If you are so desperate for a French girlfriend, I suggest you try Vichy?

Just then TWO OTHER GERMAN SOLDIERS come over, obviously very impressed with Fredrick. They make a fuss over him in UNSUBTITLED GERMAN, which nether Shosanna, or the non German speaking members of the movies audience, can understand. He signs autographs for them, shakes their hands, and they go on their way.

Shosanna's eyes narrow.

SHOSANNA

Who are you?

FREDRICK

I thought I was just a uniform?

SHOSANNA

Your not just a German soldier, are you somebodies son?

FREDRICK

Most German soldiers are somebodies son.

SHOSANNA

Yeah, but your not just somebody. What are you, Hitlers nephew?

He leans in across the table, she leans in too, and he says;

FREDRICK

Yes.

SHOSANNA

Really?

FREDRICK

No not really, I'm just teasing you.

She leans back annoyed.

SHOSANNA

Then what is it? What are you, a German movie star?

FREDRICK

Not exactly.

SHOSANNA

(Pfuit), what does that mean, "not exactly".
I asked if you were a movie star, the
answer to that question, is yes or no.

Fredrick laughs at that line.

FREDRICK

When you said that just now, you
reminded me of my sister.

This catches young Shosanna off guard.

FREDRICK

I come from a home of six sisters.
We run a family operated cinema in Munich.
Seeing you run around your cinema,
reminds me of them. Especially my sister
Helga. She raised me, when our father
wasn't up to the job. I admire her very
much. You'd like her, she doesn't wear a
German uniform.

SHOSANNA

You were raised by Helga?

FREDRICK

All my sisters, I'm the baby, but Helga
was the bossiest.

SHOSANNA

And your mother and father?

FREDRICK

My mother died. And my father was a
loser. My fathers moto; "If at first
you don't succeed, quit". The day he
left, good riddance. My sisters are
all I need. It's why I like your cinema.
It makes me feel both closer to them,
and a little homesick at the same time.

SHOSANNA

Is your cinema still operatiing?

FREDRICK

Oui.

SHOSANNA

What's it called?

FREDRICK

The Kino Haus.

SHOSANNA

How has it done durring the war?

FREDRICK

Actually, in Germany, cinema attendance is up.

SHOSANNA

No doubt, you don't have to operate under a curfew.

FREDRICK

How often do you fill your house?

SHOSANNA

(Pfuit), not since before the war.

FREDRICK

So if you had one big engagement, that would help you out?

SHOSANNA

Of course, but that's not likely to happen.

TWO MORE GERMAN SOLDIERS and their TWO FRENCH DATES approach the table. They ask for Fredricks autograph, he signs it for them. One of the French Girls says in FRENCH, how exciting it is to meet a real live German war hero. Shosanna hears it. They leave. So that's it, she thinks.

SHOSANNA

So your a war hero? Why didn't you tell me?

FREDRICK

Everybody knows that, I liked you didn't.

SHOSANNA

What did you do?

He takes a sip of beer.

FREDRICK

I've shot the most enemy soldiers in world war two...so far.

You bet your sweet ass that got her attention.

SHOSANNA

Wow.

FREDRICK

I was alone in a bell tower in a walled off city in Russia. It was myself, and a thousand rounds of ammo, in a bird's nest, against three hundred Soviet soldiers.

SHOSANNA

What's a bird's nest?

FREDRICK

A bird's nest is what a sniper would call a bell tower. It's a high structure, offering a three hundred and sixty degree view. Very advantageous for marksmen.

SHOSANNA

How many Russian's did you kill?

FREDRICK

Sixty-eight.

(beat)

The first day. A hundred and fifty the second day. Thirty-two, the third day. On the fourth day, they exited the city. Naturally my war story received alot of attention in Germany, that's why they all recognize me. They call me the German Sgt. York.

SHOSANNA

Maybe they'll make a film about your exploits.

FREDRICK

Well, that's just what Joseph Goebbels thought. So he did. It's called "Nation's Pride", and guess what, they wanted me to play myself, so I did. They have posters for it in kiosks all over Paris. That's another reason for all the attention.

SHOSANNA

"Nation's Pride" is about you? "Nation's Pride" is starring you?

FREDRICK

I know, comical, huh?

SHOSANNA

Not so comical. So what are you doing in Paris, enjoying a rest?

FREDRICK

Hardly. I've been doing publicity, having my picture taken with different German luminaries, visiting troops, that sort of thing. Goebbels wants the film to premier in Paris, so I've been helping them in the planning. Joseph is very keen on this film. He's telling anybody who will listen, when "Nation's Pride" is released, I'll be the German Van Johnson.

Shosanna, wasn't falling for the young German, by any stretch. However his exploits, as well as his charming manner, can't help but impress. But his referring to Goebbels as "Joseph", like their friends, is all she needed to get on the right side of things. This young man is trouble with a capital "T", and she needs to stay far fucking away from him.

She abruptly rises, and says;

SHOSANNA

Well, good luck with your premier Private. I hope all goes well for Joseph and yourself. Au revoir.

And with that, she disappears. Leaving the perplexed private alone.

EXT - CINEMA MARQUEE - DAY

It's the next day.

Shosanna and Marcel are changing the letters on the marquee.

Marcel excuses himself to visit the toilet.

Shosanna is alone outside the little cinema, perched up on her ladder.

WHEN.....

...A BLACK NAZI SEDAN pulls up in front of the little cinema.

A GERMAN MAJOR in a black Gestapo uniform steps out of the back of the sedan.

The DRIVER, a German Private, steps out as well.

Yelling to the young girl up high on the ladder;

Both GERMAN and FRENCH will be SUBTITLED into ENGLISH.

GESTAPO MAJOR
Mademoiselle Mimieux?

SHOSANNA
Oui?

Telling his Driver in German to ask her in French;

GESTAPO MAJOR
Ask her if this is her cinema?

In French The Driver asks Shosanna;

DRIVER
Is this your cinema?

SHOSANNA
Oui.

GESTAPO MAJOR
Tell her to come down.

DRIVER
Come down please.

She climbs down the ladder.

The Driver opens the back door of the sedan, indicating for her to get in.

SHOSANNA
I don't understand, what have I done?

DRIVER
(to Major)
She wants to know what she's done?

GESTAPO MAJOR
Who says she's done anything?

DRIVER
Who says you've done anything?

Then in her best imitation of Madame Mimeux's arrogant manner.

SHOSANNA
Then I demand to know what this is about,
and where do you propose to take me?

The Driver begins to translate, when the Gestapo Major holds up his hand, telling him not to bother. The Major looks at the young French girl and tells her in German;

GESTAPO MAJOR

Get your ass in that car.

No translation necessary. She climbs into the back of the car, followed by the Germans. The sedan takes off.

INT - SEDAN (MOVING) - DAY

The Nazi sedan drives through the early afternoon Paris streets.

WE HOLD SHOSANNA IN TIGHT CU

the whole ride, never showing her Nazi oppressor sitting beside her. We just hold on her face trying not to reveal anything.

The sedan stops.

The car door opens and the Driver offers Shosanna his hand.

EXT/INT - MAXIUM'S (FAMOUS PARIS CAFE) - DAY

She steps out of the car, and is lead into a Paris cafe by the Gestapo Officer. It takes the young Jewess a moment or two before she realizes she's not being led to a Gestapo interrogation room, a railroad car, or a concentration camp, but to lunch.

The best table at Maxims. Three people, and two dogs, sit at it. Germany's Minister of Propaganda, and the number two man in Hitlers Third Reich, JOSEPH GOEBBELS, his female French translator (and mistress), FRANCESCA MONDINO, and young Private Zoller, are the people. TWO BLACK FRENCH POODLES, belonging to Mademoiselle Mondino, sit together in another chair at the table.

We join them in mid-conversation;

They all speak GERMAN, SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

GOEBBELS

- it's only the off spring of slaves that allows America to be competitive athletically. America olympic gold can measured in Negro sweat.

Shosanna is lead through the French eatery by the Gestapo Major. Private Zoller see's her, and stands up, excuse's himself, and greets her before she reaches the table.

Fredrick says in French, SUBTITLED in ENGLISH;

FREDRICK

Good you came. I wasn't sure weather or not you'd except my invitation.

SHOSANNA

Invitation?

THEN.....

...Goebbels Voice says OFF SCREEN;

GOEBBLES (OS)

Is that the young lady in question,
Fredrick?

Private Zoller turns in his direction, takes Shosanna by the arm, and leads her to him.

FREDRICK

Yes it is, heer Goebbels. Emmanuelle,
there is somebody I want you to meet.

Joseph Goebbels, remaining seated, looks up at the young French girl, scrutinizing her as he spoons creme brule into his mouth.

The excited Fredrick introduces Shosanna to the propaganda minister formally.

FREDRICK

Emmanuelle Mimieux, I'd like to
introduce you to the minister of
propaganda, the leader of the entire
German film industry, and now I'm a
actor, my boss, Joseph Goebbels.

Goebbels offers up his long spider-like fingers for Shosanna to shake. She does.

GOEBBELS

Your reputation precedes you Fraulein
Mimieux.

He looks to Francesca to translate, but she's just taken a big bite of terri misu.

They all laugh.

Fredrick jumps in....

FREDRICK

And normally, this is heer Goebbels French
interpreter, Mademoiselle Francesca
Mondino.

FRANCESCA

looks up at Shosanna.

NARRATOR'S VOICE comes on soundtrack;

NARRATOR (VO)

Francesca Mondino is much more than
Goebbels French Interpreter.
She's also Goebbels favorite French
actress to appear in his films.....

FLASH ON:

FILM CLIP

from one of Francesca's B/W Goebbels produced productions.

Francesca, dressed as a French peasant girl, with a YOUNG
GERMAN (MOVIE) SOLDIER.

She speaks in FRENCH, SUBTITLED in to ENGLISH;

FRANCESCA/PEASANT GIRL

I love you, I can't help it. My country
or my heart, which do I betray?

A SUBTITLE APPEARS below naming the films title;

"SENTIMENTAL COMBAT" (1943)

FLASH ON

Francesca and Goebbels having sex in her boudoir, on her red
velvet bed.

NARRATOR (VO)

And Goebbels favorite French Mistress,
to act in his bed.

WE SEE JUST A SUPER QUICK SHOT OF Goebbels FUCKING Francesca
DOGGY STYLE.

FRANCESCA
(ANIMAL-LIKE)

Do it! Do it! Fuck me - fill me!

BACK TO FRANCESCA
looking at Shosanna.

FRANCESCA

Bonjour.

SHOSANNA

Bonjour.

FREDRICK
And you've met the Major.

The Gestapo Officer steps up and says, to Fredrick in German;

GESTAPO MAJOR
Actually, I didn't introduce myself.
(to Shosanna)
Major Deiter Hellstrom of the Gestapo, at
your service mademoiselle.
(he clicks
his heels)
Please allow me, have a seat.

The Gestapo Officer pulls out a chair, for the young lady to sit down. Shosanna takes the hot seat. Seated to her right is Private Zoller. To her left are the two curly pampered poodles. Major Hellstrom pours Shosanna a glass of red wine from a small craft on the table.

MAJOR HELLSTROM
Try the wine mademoiselle, it's quite good.

Goebbels looks across the table at her.

GOEBBELS
Well I must say, you've made quite a
impression on our boy.

Francesca interprets Goebbels German for Shosanna.

GOEBBELS
I must say fraulein, I should be rather
annoyed with you.

Francesca interprets..

GOEBBELS
I arrive in France, and I wish to have
lunch with my star...

Francesca interprets....

GOEBBELS
Little do I know He's become
the toast of paris, and now he
must find time for me.

Francesca interprets...

GOEBBELS

People wait in line hours, day's,
to see me. For the Fuhrer and
Private Zoller, I wait.

Francesca interprets...

GOEBBELS

So finally, I'm granted a audience
with the young Private, and he spends
the entire lunch speaking of you
and your cinema.

Francesca interprets...

GOEBBELS

So Fraulein Mimieux, let's get down
to business.

Private Zoller interrupts -

FREDRICK

- Heer Goebbels, I haven't informed
her yet.

GOEBBELS

Unless the girls a simpleton, I'm
sure she's figured it out by now,
after all she does operate a cinema.
Francesca, tell her.

Francesca tells Shosanna in French;

FRANCESCA

What they're trying to tell you
Emmanuelle, is Private Zoller has
spent the last hour at lunch,
trying to convince Monsieur Goebbels
to abandon previous plans for Private
Zollers film premier, and change the
venue to your cinema.

Zoller reacts.

FRANCESCA

(FRENCH
to Zoller)

What?

FREDRICK

I wanted to inform her.

FRANCESCA

Shit. I apologize Private, of
course you did.

GOEBBELS
(GERMAN
to Francesca)

What's the issue?

FRANCESCA

The Private wanted to inform the
mademoiselle himself.

GOEBBELS

Nonsense. Until I ask a few
questions, he has nothing to inform.
Let the record state, I have not
agreed to a venue change.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Duly noted.

Goebbels speaks German to Shosanna;

GOEBBELS

You have opera boxes?

SHOSANNA

Oui.

GOEBBELS

How many?

SHOSANNA

Three.

GOEBBELS

More would be better. How many
seats in your auditorium?

SHOSANNA

Three hundred and fifty.

GOEBBELS

That's almost four hundred less
than The Ritz.

Fredrick jumps in...

FREDRICK

But heer Goebbels, that's not such
a terrible thing. You said yourself
you didn't want to indulge every
two faced french bourgeois taking
up space currying favor. With less
seat's it makes the event more
exclusive. Your not trying to fill
the house, their fighting for seats.

FREDRICK
(CON'T)

Besides, to hell with the French. This is a German night, a German event, a German celebration. This night is for you, me, the German military, the high command, their family and friends. The only people who should be allowed in the room, are people who will be moved by the exploits on screen.

Goebbels listens silently, then after a bit of a pause;

GOEBBELS

I see your public speaking has improved. It appears I've created a monster. A strangely persuasive monster. When the war's over, politics awaits.

Table chuckles.

GOEBBELS

Well Private, though it is true, I'm inclined to indulge you anything. I must watch a film in this young ladies cinema before I can say, yes or no.

(to Shosanna)

So young lady, you are to close your cinema tonight, and have a private screening me.

Francesca interprets....

GOEBBELS

What German films do you have?

Francesca asks..

SHOSANNA

My cinema , on German night, tends to show older German classics.

Francesca interprets...

GOEBBELS

Why not my films?

Francesca asks....?

SHOSANNA

I draw a older German audience in my cinema, that appreciate the nostalgia of the earlier time.

Francesca interprets...

GOEBBELS

That's nonsense fraulein. Us Germans are looking forward, not backwards. That era of German cinema is dead. The German cinema I create, will not only be thee cinema of Europe. But the worlds only alternative to the degenerate jewish influence of Hollywood.

Fredrick Jumps in...

FREDRICK

Along with being a cinema owner, Emmanuelle is quite a formidable film critic.

He chuckles, but alone.

GOEBBELS

So it would appear. Unfortunately for the fraulein, I've outlawed film criticism.

Zoller, thinking fast, says:

FREDRICK

Why don't you screen "Lucky Kids"? I'm sure Emmanuelle hasn't seen it. And it's so funny, I've been meaning to recommend it to her, for her German night. That's a great idea, let's watch "Lucky Kids" tonight.

GOEBBELS

Ahhh, "Lucky Kids", "Lucky Kids", "Lucky Kids". When all is said and done, my most purely enjoyable production. Not only that, I wouldn't be surprised, if sixty years from now, It's "Lucky Kids" that I'm the most remembered for. I know it doesn't seem like it now, but mark my words. Very well, I'll have a print sent over to the fraulein's cinema. We'll screen "Lucky Kids" tonight.

As Francesca interprets this for Shosanna....

....the empty chair next to the young jewish girl is suddenly filled with the bottom half of a grey S.S. officer uniform.

GOEBBELS

Ah Landa, your here, this is the young lady in question.

The S.S. Officer sits down, and it's our old friend from the first scene COL HANS LANDA.

FREDRICK

Shosanna, this is Col Hans Landa of the SS, he'll be running security for the premier.

CU SHOSANNA

A bomb is dropped and detonated behind her eyes. But if she gives any indication of this, her war story ends here.

The S.S. OFFICER

that murdered her family, takes her hand and kisses it, saying in perfect French;

COL LANDA

Charmed Mademoiselle.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Better known as "The Jew Hunter".

The table laughs.

GOEBBELS

Oh Francesca, what was that funny thing the Fuhrer said about Hans?

FRANCESCA

What thing?

GOEBBELS

You know, you were there, it was a funny thing the Fuhrer said, about Hans...Something about a pig?

Francesca's memory is jogged.

FRANCESCA

Oh, yes of course.

She repeats it by whispering it in Goebbels ear.

GOEBBELS

Oh, yes of course, that's it. So the Fuhrer said, he wouldn't be surprised if Hans weren't rooting out jews like a truffle pig from the play pen.

FRANCESCA

That's what we need, pigs that can root out jews.

COL LANDA

Who needs pigs when you have me?

Big hearty laugh around the table.

GOEBBELS

Do you have a engagement tonight?

COL LANDA

Well, as a matter of fact, I do -

GOEBBELS

- Break it. We're all going to the Fraulein's cinema tonight to view "Lucky Kids".

COL LANDA

Splendid.

Then Reich Ministers companion Mademoiselle Mondino, interrupts;

FRANCESCA

And now I must get Reich Minister Goebbels to his next appointment.

GOEBBELS

Slave driver! French slave driver!

They all chuckle.

Everybody begins to stand up from the table....

....Francesca gathers the stupid dogs....

...as Col Landa stands, he says;

COL LANDA

Actually, in my role as security chief of this joyous German occasion, I'm afraid I must have a word with Mademoiselle Mimieux.

Mademoiselle Mimieux eyes go to Private Zoller, who responds.

FREDRICK
What sort of discussion?

COL LANDA
That sounded suspiciously like a
Private questioning the order of a
Colonel? Or am I just being sensitive?

FREDRICK
Nothing could be further from the
truth Colonel. Your authority is
beyond question.
But your reputation does proceed
you. Should Mademoiselle Mimieux
or myself be concerned?

GOEBBELS
Hans, the boy means no harm, he's
simply smitten. And he's correct.
Your reputation does proceed you.

Laughter all around. The Reich Minister and his axis entourage,
make their way to front of the cafe, with the two dumb dogs on
a leash, leading the way.

COL LANDA
No need for concern, you two.
As security chief, I simply need
to have a chat with the possible
new venue's property owner.

FREDRICK
I was just hoping to escort
Mademoiselle Mimieux back to her
cinema.

GOEBBELS
Nonsense! You can eat ice cream,
and walk along the Sienne another
time. Right now, allow Col Landa
to do his job.

Everybody says their farewells.

Col Landa offers the young jew in hiding a seat at a small
table in the outside patio area of Maxims.

The fluency and poetic proficiency of the S.S. jew hunters
french, revels to the audience, that his feigning clumsiness at
french with Monsieur Lapadite in the films first scene, was
simply a interrogation technique.

They speak FRENCH SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

COL LANDA
Have you tried the strudel here?

SHOSANNA
No.

COL LANDA
It's not so terrible. So how is it
the young Private and yourself came
to be acquainted?

She's about to answer, when a WAITER approaches.

COL LANDA
Yes, two strudels, one for myself,
and one for the Mademoiselle. A cup
of espresso, with a container of
steamed milk, on the side.
For the Mademoiselle, a glass of milk.

Considering Shosanna grew up on a dairy farm, and the last time
she was on a dairy farm, her strudel companion murdered her
entire family, his ordering her milk is, to say the
least....disconcerting.

The key to Col Landa's power, and or charm, depending on the
side ones on, lies in his ability to convince you he's privy to
your secrets.

The Waiter exits.

COL LANDA
So Mademoiselle, you were beginning
to explain....?

SHOSANNA
(Anxiously)
Up untill a couple of days ago,
I had no knowledge of Private Zoller,
or his exploits. To me, the Private
was simply just a patron of my cinema.
We spoke a few times, but -

COL LANDA
- Mademoiselle, let me interrupt you.
This is a simple formality, no
reason for you to feel anxious.

The strudel arrives.

The Colonel takes one look at it, and says to the Waiter;

COL LANDA
I apologize, I forgot to order the
cream fresh.

WAITER
One moment.

He exits.

COL LANDA
(Refuring to
the apple pie)
Wait for the cream.
(Back to
business)
So Emmanuelle - May I call you
Emmanuelle?

SHOSANNA
Oui.

COL LANDA
So Emmanuelle, explain to me how
does it happen, that a young lady
such as your self, comes to own a
cinema?

The Waiter returns, applying cream fresh to the two strudels.

The S.S. Colonel looks across the table at his companion, picking
up his fork, he says;

COL LANDA
After you.

Shosanna takes a whip creamy bite of strudel, Landa follows her
lead.

COL LANDA
(Mouthfull
of pie)
Success?

Shosanna, mouth full of pie, indicates she approves.

COL LANDA
Like I said, not so terrible.
(Back to
business)
So you were explaining the origin of
your cinema ownership?

SHOSANNA

The cinema originally belonged to
my aunt and uncle -

Col Landa removes a little black book from his pocket.

COL LANDA

- What is there names?

SHOSANNA

Jean-Pierre and Ada Mimieux.

He records the names in his little book.

COL LANDA

Where are they now?

SHOSANNA

My uncle was killed during blitzkrieg.

COL LANDA

Pity....Continue.

SHOSANNA

Aunt Ada passed away from fever
last spring.

COL LANDA

Regrettable.

(Respectful
pause)

It's come to my attention you have
a negro in your employ, is that true?

SHOSANNA

Yes, he's a Frenchman. His name is
Marcel. He worked with my aunt and
uncle since they opened the cinema.
He's the only other one who works
with me.

COL LANDA

Doing what?

SHOSANNA

Projectionist.

COL LANDA

Is he any good?

SHOSANNA

The best.

COL LANDA

Actually one could see where that might be a good trade for them. Can you operate the projectors?

SHOSANNA

Of course I can.

COL LANDA

Knowing the Reich Minister as I do, I'm quite positive he wouldn't want the success or failure of his illustrious evening, dependent on the prowess of a negro. So if it comes to pass we hold this event at your venue, talented no doubt, as your negro may be, you will operate the projectors. Is that exceptable?

As if she has any say.

SHOSANNA

Oui.

Col Landa takes another bite of strudel, Shosanna follows suit.

COL LANDA

So it would appear our young hero is quite smitten with you?

SHOSANNA

Private Zollers feelings for me aren't of a romantic nature.

COL LANDA

Mademoiselle...?

SHOSANNA

Colonel, his feelings are not romantic. I remind him of his sister.

COL LANDA

That doesn't mean his feelings aren't romantic.

SHOSANNA

I remind him of his sister who raised him.

COL LANDA

It's sounding more and more romantic
by the minute.

Landa takes out a handsome looking cigarette case, with a S.S. LOGO on it. Removing one of the fags, he lights it up with a fancy S.S. gold lighter. He offers one to Shosanna.

COL LANDA

Cigarette?

SHOSANNA

No thank you.

COL LANDA

Do you smoke?

SHOSANNA

Yes.

COL LANDA

Then I insist, you must take one.
There not French, there German.
I hope your not nationalist about
your tobacco, to me French cigarettes
are a sin against nicotine.

She takes one, but makes no move to light it.

He inhales deep, and says;

COL LANDA

I did have some thing else I wanted
to ask you, but right now, for the
life of me, I can't remember what it
is. Oh well, must not of been important.

Col Landa stands up, throws some French francs on the table, puts on his grey S.S. cap, touches his finger to his visor, saluting Shosanna, and saying:

COL LANDA

Till tonight.

And with that he's gone.

Shosanna breaths a sigh of relief.

The CAMERA begins to slowly lower from a MEDIUM CU to her feet ankles and floor. We see her shoes are in a puddle of urine. During her conversation and strudel with the man that exterminated her entire family, shosanna pissed herself. She drops the German cigarette in to the piss puddle by her feet.

INT - CINEMA AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The SILVER SCREEN
on screen is the German screwball comedy "LUCKY KIDS".

We hear OFF SCREEN laughter at the on screen aryan antics.

CU GOEBBELS
Watching the screen, basking in his own toxic genius.

CU FRANCESCA
Laughing at the comedy, hand covering her mouth.

CU TWO BLACK POODLES
Pantingly watching the screen.

CU MAJOR HELLSTROM
Smiling, smoking a French cigarette.

CU COL LANDA
Smoking his calabash, amused.

CU FREDRICK ZOLLER
Truly enjoying himself.

CU SHOSANNA
watching the screen.

The LITERARY NARRATOR comes on the soundtrack.

NARRATOR (VO)

While Shosanna sits there pretending to be amused by the aryan antics of Goebbels Frank Capra copy, "Lucky Kids", a thought suddenly comes to her.

We see her face get slightly distracted behind the eyes.

NARRATOR (VO)

What if tonight, accidentally, the cinema burned down? The Third Reich would lose it's Minister of propaganda, it's national hero, and it's top jew hunter, all in one fell swoop.

She chuckles at the thought, though it looks like she's laughing at the German comedy.

SILVER SCREEN
"The END" card for "Lucky Kids" is projected.

The Nazi rouges gallery, and Shosanna, applaud the film.

The lights go up.

Goebbels accepts congratulations, as they stand and begin to file out into the lobby.

NARRATOR (VO)

The screening of "Lucky Kids" was a complete success. And Heer Goebbels conceded to have the venue changed to Shosannas cinema. Not only that, in a moment of inspiration, Heer Goebbels had a idea.

Goebbels speaks GERMAN, and Francesca translates;

GOEBBELS

I must say, I appreciate the modesty of this auditorium. Your Cinema has real respect, almost church like. Not to say we couldn't spruce the place up a bit. In Versailles there's a crystal chandelier hanging in the banquet hall that is extraordinary. we're going to get it, and hang it from the very middle of auditorium roof. Also I want to go to Louvre, pick up a few Greek nudes, and just scatter them about the lobby.

MONTAGE

we see a quick series of shots that show all that happening.

The chandelier being removed from the ceiling of Versailles.

Greek nude statues being hand trucked out of the Louvre.

A truck driving through the french countryside with the enormous crystal chandelier in the back.

The lobby of Shosanna's cinema, pimped out in Nazi iconography. WORKERS buzz around decorating. The Greek statues are moved into place.

We see Workers trying with incredible difficulty, to hoist the huge, heavy, and twinkingly fragile chandelier, in Shosannas auditorium, which now resembles something out of one of Tinto Brass's Italian B-movie rip off's of Visconti's "The Damned".

SHOSANNA

watches all this from a opera box, she shakes her head in disbelief.

BACK TO SHOSANNA AND THE NAZI'S
 in the lobby, post screening of "Lucky Kids", she's soundlessly
 escorting them to the door, as they make their goodbyes.

NARRATOR (VO)

As they left the little French
 cinema that night, all the Germans
 were very happy....

We see Private Zoller hanging back, so he can say goodbye.

NARRATOR (VO)

None more so then Private Zoller.

She closes the door on him. Watching the Nazi's walk into the
 Paris night. Their shadows, for a moment on a wall, look
 like grotesque Nazi charcters. ^{the}

The Nazi's are gone.

Marcel sits at the top of the staircase of the lobby, looking
 down at Shosanna.

They speak in FRENCH SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

MARCEL

What the fuck are we suppose to do?

SHOSANNA

It looks like we're suppose to have
 a Nazi premier.

MARCEL

Like I said, what the fuck are we
 suppose to do?

SHOSANNA

Well, I need to speak with you
 about that.

MARCEL

About what?

SHOSANNA

About these Hun swine, commandeering
 our cinema.

MARCEL

What about it?

She slowly walks up the stairs to Marcel. She makes him part
 his legs, and sits on the lower step, between his legs. Her
 back up against his chest, his arms around her shoulders.
 Shosanna has only known this type of intimacy with Marcel.

SHOSANNA

Well, when I was watching the bosch
(Said in
English)
Capra-corn abomination,
(Back to
French)
I got a idea.

MARCEL

I'm confused, what are we talking
about?

SHOSANNA

Filling the cinema with Nazi's and
their whores, and burning it down
to the ground.

MARCEL

I'm not talking about that, your
talking about that.

SHOSANNA

No, we're talking about that,
right now. If we can keep this
place from burning down by
ourselves, we can burn it down
by ourselves.

MARCEL

Shosanna -

SHOSANNA

No, Marcel, just for sake of argument,
if we wanted to burn down the cinema,
for any number of reasons, you and I
could physically accomplish that, no?

MARCEL

Oui Shosanna, we could do that.

SHOSANNA

And with Madame Mimieux's 350 nitrate
film print collection, we wouldn't
even need explosives, would we?

MARCEL

You mean we wouldn't need any more
explosives?

SHOSANNA

Oui, that's exactly what I mean.

She begins kissing his hands.

SHOSANNA
(CON'T)

I am going to burn down the cinema
on Nazi night.

One of his fingers probes her mouth.

SHOSANNA
(CON'T)

And if I'm going to burn down the
cinema, which I am, we both know,
your not going to let me do it
by myself.

The back of her head presses up hard against him, as his hand
both caresses, and grips her lovely neck.

SHOSANNA
(CON'T)

Because you love me. And I love you.
And your the only person on this earth
I can trust.

She then TWISTS around, so she's straddling him. They are now,
face to face.

SHOSANNA
(CON'T)

But that's not all we're going to do.
Does the filmmaking equipment in the
attic still work? I know the film
camera does. How about the sound
recorder?

MARCEL

Quite well, actually. I recorded a
new guitarist I met in a cafe last
week. It works superb. Why do we
need filmmaking equipment?

SHOSANNA

Because Marcel, my sweet, we're
going to make a film. Just for the
Nazi's.

She gives him a deep french kiss.

FADE TO BLACK

BLACK FRAME

CHAPTER TITLE APPEARS:

CHAPTER FOUR

"OPERATION KINO"

FADE OFF

INT - ENGLISH COUNTRY ESTATE - DAY

A young MILITARY ATTACHE, opens the sliding double doors that serve as a entrance to the room.

MILITARY ATTACHE

Right this way, Lieutenant.

A snappy handsome British Lieutenant in dress browns, steps inside the room. This officer, who has been mixing it up with the Gerrys since the late thirties, is named LT.ARCHIE HICOX. A young George Sanders type (The Saint and Private affairs of Bel Ami, years).

Upon entering the room, Lt.Hicox is gobsmacked.

Standing before him is legendary military mastermind, GENERAL ED FENECH, a older George Sanders type (Village of the Dammed).

But in the back of the room, sitting behind a piano, smoking his ever present cigar, is the unmistakable bulk of WINSTON CHURCHELL.

The Lieutenant was not expecting him.

Hicox salutes the General.

LT. HICOX

Lt. Archie Hicox, reporting sir.

GEN FENECH

(Salutes back)

General Ed Fenech, at ease Hicox.
Drink?

Hicox's eye's go to the formidable bulldog behind the piano, who's scrutinizing him behind his cigar. However the man behind the cigar makes no gesture, and the General, makes no acknowledgment of the three hundred pound gorilla in the room. Which Lt.Hicox knows enough to mean, if Churchell isn't introduced, he ain't there.

LT.HICOX

If you offered me a scotch and plane water, I could drink a scotch and plain water.

GEN.FENECH

That a boy, Lieutenant. Make it yourself, like a good chap, will you? Bars in the globe.

Hicox heads over to the bar globe.

LT.HICOX

Something for yourself, sir?

GEN.FENECH

Whiskey straight. No junk in it.

The Lieutenant moves over to the Columbus-style globe bar, and busies himself mixing spirits, playing bartender chappy.

Fenech, eyeing the Lieutenant's file.

GEN.FENECH

It says here you've run three undercover commando operations in Germany, and German occupied territories? Frankfaurt, Holland, and Norway to be exact?

Back to them, mixing drinks, he says;

LT.HICOX

Extraordinary people, the Norwegian's.

GEN.FENECH

It says here you speak German fluently?

LT.HICOX

Like a Katzenjammer Kid.

GEN.FENECH

And your occupation before the war?

His back still to us, as he bartends...

LT.HICOX

I'm a film critic.

GEN.FENECH

List your accomplishments?

LT.HICOX

Well sir, such as they are, I write reviews and articles, for a publication called; "Films and Filmmakers". As well as our sister publication.

GEN.FENECH

What's that called?

LT.HICOX

"Flickers Bi-Monthly". And I've had two books published.

GEN.FENECH

Impressive. Don't be modest Lieutenant, what are their titles?

LT.HICOX

The first book was called; "Art Of The Eye's, The Heart, and The Mind:A Study of German Cinema in the Twenties". And the second one was called;.....

He turns around with his whiskey and plain water, and the Generals whiskey no junk. He finishes what he was saying, as he walks toward the General, handing him his drink.

LT.HICOX

"Twenty-Four Frame Da Vinci". It's a subtexual film criticism study of the work of German director G.W. Pabst.

He hands the General his whiskey.

LT.HICOX

What should we drink to, sir?

GEN.FENECH

(Thinking, for a moment)

Down with Hitler.

LT.HICOX

All the way down, sir.

CLINK.

GEN.FENECH

Are you familiar with German cinema under the Third Reich?

LT.HICOX

Yes. Obviously I haven't seen any of the films made in the last three years, but I am familiar with it.

GEN.FENECH

Explain it to me.?

LT.HICOX

Pardon sir?

GEN.FENECH

This little escapade of ours, requires a knowledge of the German film industry under the Third Reich. Explain to me UFA, under Goebbels?

LT.HICOX

Goebbels considers the films he's making to be the beginning of a new era in German cinema. A alternative to what he considers the Jewish German intellectual cinema of the twenties. And the Jewish controlled dogma of Hollywood.

SUDDENLY...Bellowing from the back of the room;

CHURCHELL

How's he doing?

LT.HICOX

Frightfully sorry sir, once again?

CHURCHELL

You say he wants to take on the Jews at their own game? Compared to sayLouis B.Mayer...how's he doing?

LT.HICOX

Quite well, actually. Since Goebbels has taken over, film attendance has steadily risen in Germany over the last eight years. But Louis B.Mayer wouldn't be Goebbels proper opposite number. I believe Goebbels see's himself closer to David O.Selznick.

Gen.Fenech looks to the Prime Minister.

With a puff of cigar smoke, Churchill says;

CHURCHELL

Brief him.

GEN.FENECH

Lt.Hicox, at this point in time I'd like to brief you on, Operation Kino. Three days from now, Joseph Goebbels is throwing a gala premier of one of his new movies in Paris -

LT.HICOX

- What film sir?

The General has to resort to peeking at his file.

GEN.FENECH

The motion pictures called; "Nation's Pride".

LT.HICOX

Oh, you mean the film about Private Zoller?

GEN.FENECH

We don't have any intelligence, on exactly, what the film that night will be about.

LT.HICOX

But it's called "Nation's Pride"?

GEN.FENECH

Yes.

LT.HICOX

I can tell you what it's about, it's about Private Fredrick Zoller. He's the German Sgt.York.

Fenech can't help suppress a smile, they have the right man.

GEN.FENECH

In attendance at this joyous Germanic occasion, will be Goebbels, Gerring, Boorman, and most of the German High command, including all high ranking officers of both The S.S., and, The Gestapo. As well as luminaries of the Nazi propaganda film industry.

LT.HICOX

The master race at play, aye?

GEN.FENECH

Basically, we have all our rotten eggs in one basket. The objective of Operation Kino,...Blow up the basket.

LT.HICOX

(Reciting a
a poem)

"...and like the snows of yesteryear,
gone from this earth". Jolly good, sir.

GEN.FENECH

An American Secret Service outfit,
that lives deep behind enemy lines,
will be your assist. The Germans call
them; "The Basterds".

LT.HICOX

"The Basterds", never heard of them.

GEN.FENECH

Whole point of the secret service,
old boy, you not hearing of them.
But the Gerrys have heard of them,
because these yanks have been them
the devil. Their leader is a chap
named Lt.Aldo Raine. The Germans
call him, "Aldo the Apache".

LT.HICOX

Why do they call him that?

GEN.FENECH

Best guess, is because he removes the
scalps of the Nazi dead.

LT.HICOX

Scalps, sir?

GEN.FENECH

The hair.

He runs his finger along his hairline.

GEN.FENECH

Like a red Injun.

LT.HICOX

Rather gruesome sounding little
Dicky bird, isn't he?

GEN.FENECH

No doubt the whole lot, a bunch a
nutters. But you've heard the
expression, "It takes a thief".

LT.HICOX

Indeed.

General Fenech continues on with his exposition, moving over
to a military map.

GEN.FENECH

You'll be dropped into France, about twenty four kilometers outside of Paris. The Basterds will be waiting for you. First thing, you go to a little village called, "Nadine".

(He points it
out on the map)

Apparently the Gerrys never go there. In Nadine, there's a tavern, called, "La Louisiane", you'll rendez-vous with our double agent, and she'll take it from there. She's the one who's going to get you in the premiere. It will be you, her, and two German born members of the Basterds. She's also made all the other arrangements your going to need.

LT.HICOX

How will I know her?

GEN.FENECH

I suspect that won't be too much trouble for you. Your contact is Bridget Von Hammersmark.

LT.HICOX

Bridget Von Hammersmark? The German movie star is working for England?

GEN.FENECH

For the last two years now. One could even say Operation Kino was her brainchild.

In the back of the room the bulldog barks;

CHURCHELL

Extraordinary women.

LT.HICOX

Quite.

GEN.FENECH

You'll go to the premiere as her escort, lucky devil. She'll also have the premiere tickets for the other two. Got the gist?

LT.HICOX

I think so, sir. Paris when it sizzles.

The three British bulldogs laugh.

EXT - CINEMA ROOFTOP - DAY

Shosanna and Marcel are on the rooftop of their cinema, literally, making a movie.

Marcel is behind a old (even then) BOLEX 35MM MOVIE CAMERA, positioned low looking up.

Shosanna, the camera subject, stands on boxes looking down into it.

A old timey MICROPHONE is positioned out of frame.

As they always do, and always will, they speak FRENCH SUBTITLED into you know what.

MARCEL

We need a sync mark.

SHOSANNA

What is a sync mark?

MARCEL

A action and noise put together,
So we can sync up the picture
and sound.

SHOSANNA

How do we do that?

MARCEL

Clap your hands.

She does.

MARCEL

In frame imbecile.

She claps her hands in front of her face.

MARCEL

Ready?

Shosanna takes a deep breath, then;

SHOSANNA

Ready.

MARCEL

Action.

WE CUT BEFORE SHE SPEAKS TO.....

....THE SCENE EARLIER BETWEEN MARCEL AND SHOSANNA IN THE LOBBY, ON THE STAIRS, TALKING ABOUT BURNING DOWN THE CINEMA.

Big difference this time, it's in COLOR.

MARCEL

But how do we get it developed?
Only a suicidal idiot like us would
develop that footage. How do we get
a 35mm print with a soundtrack?

SHOSANNA

Do you know one person who can do
both things?

MARCEL

Of course Gaspar, very nice man,
took care of all the experimental
filmmakers. But nobody in their
right mind would strike a print of
what your talking about. If the
Nazi's found out, their life wouldn't
be worth this.

He snaps his fingers.

SHOSANNA

In a wolf fight, you ether eat the
wolf, or the wolf eats you. If we're
going to obliterate the Nazi's,
we have to use their tactics.

MARCEL

What does that mean?

SHOSANNA

We find somebody who can develop
and process a 35mm print. And we
make them do it, or we kill them.
Once we tell them what we want to
do, if they refuse, we have to kill
them anyway, or they'll turn us in.

MARCEL

Would you do that?

SHOSANNA

Like that.

Snaps her fingers.

INT - SMALL FILM PROCESSING LAB - LATE NIGHT

A old mom and pop film processing lab circa the Thirties.
Late late at night.

GASPAR, the fatherly figure of all the experimental French filmmakers in the decade before German rule, takes a SAVAGE BEATING at the hands of his friend Marcel.

Shosanna watches, pitiless.

SHOSANNA

Bring that fucker over here!
Put his head down on that table.

Marcel, holds his arm behind him, as he forces his head flat against the table top.

Shosanna brings a HATCHET DOWN DEEP into the table, just by his face.

SHOSANNA

You ether do what the fuck we tell
you to, or I'll bury this axe in your
collaborating skull.

GASPAR

I'm not a collaborator!

SHOSANNA

Then prove it! Or does your manhood
go no deeper, then standing to piss?
Marcel, does his wife, and children
know you?

MARCEL

Oui.

SHOSANNA

Then after we kill this dog for
Germans, we'll go and silence them.

She lifts up the hatchet, raises it high...

SHOSANNA

Prepare to die, collaborator fucker!

CUT TO

GASPAR

hands the couple a SMALL SILVER CAN OF 35mm FILM. Outside
the shop window, it's morning.

INT - PROJECTION BOOTH -

WE SEE the five heavy silver film cans of Fredrick Zollers life story "Nations Pride" (clearly marked) on the floor of the projection booth.

The can for REEL 4 is open and empty.

Shosanna's at the editing bench, REEL 4, is up on the rewinds...

Shosanna SPLICES her and Marcells footage into REEL 4 of Fredricks film. Rewinds it, puts it back in the can, and puts a piece of RED TAPE on REEL 4 CAN.

She walks out of the booth, turning off the lights behind her, PLUNGING THE SCREEN INTO DARKNESS.

BLACK FRAME

FROM BLACK DISSOLVE TO

EXT - LA LOUISIANE (TAVERN) - NIGHT

We see a small basement tavern, with a old rustic sign out front that reads, "La Louisiane".

A SUBTITLE APPEARS:

"The Village of
NADINE, FRANCE"

TWO SHOT LT.HICOX and LT.ALDO RAINÉ
Aldo is dressed like a French civilian. Hicox is dressed in a German grey S.S. Cap't uniform. They look out of a window, in a apartment, in the village of Nadine, overlooking the tavern.

LT.ALDO

You didn't say the goddamn rendez-vous was in a fuckin basement.

LT.HICOX

I didn't know.

LT.ALDO

You said it was in a tavern?

LT.HICOX

It is a tavern.

LT.ALDO

Yeah, in a basement. You know, fightin in a basement offers a lot of difficulties, number one being, your fighting in a basement.

Wilhelm Wicki, joins the SHOT, dressed in a German S.S. Lieutenant uniform.

WICKI

What if we go in there, and she's not even there?

LT.HICOX

We wait. Don't worry, she's a British spy, she'll make the rendez-vous.

WE SEE the other Basterds, dressed in French civilian clothes, are in the room as well, they are, Donowitz, Hirschberg, and Utivich. And in the back of the room, dressed in the grey uniform of a S.S. Lieutenant, Hugo Stiglitz sits off by himself, sharpening his S.S. DAGGER on his leather belt looped around his boot. Anybody not in the scene from the Basterds opening chapter, is dead.

Lt.Hicox watches Stiglitz off by himself on the other side of the room, SHARPENS his dagger menacingly.

...Stiglitz is fucking weird....

Lt.Hicox approaches Stiglitz...

LT.HICOX

Stiglitz, right?

STIGLITZ

That's right, sir.

He continues bringing the blades edge, up, then, down on the leather strap.

LT.HICOX

I hear your pretty good with that?

Meaning the blade. Stiglitz doesn't answer.

LT.HICOX

You know, we're not looking for trouble, right now. We're simply making contact with our agent. Should be uneventful. However, on the off chance I'm wrong, and things prove eventful. I need to know, we can all remain calm.

The renegade Gerry Sergeant, stops his blades progress, and looks up at the limy Lieutenant.

STIGLITZ

I don't look calm to you?

LT.HICOX

Well, now you put it like that,
I guess you do.

He turns his attention back to his blade.

Hicox moves over to Aldo, and asks him privately;

LT.HICOX

This Gerry of yours, Stiglitz?
Not exactly the loquacious type,
is he?

Aldo just looks at him.

LT.ALDO

Is that the kinda man you need, the
loquacious type?

LT.HICOX

Fair point, Lieutenant.

LT.ALDO

So y'all git in trouble in there,
what are we suppose to do?
Make bets on how it all comes out?

LT.HICOX

If we get into trouble, we can
handle it. But if trouble does
happen, we need you to make damn
sure no Germans, or French, for
matter, escape from that basement.
If Frau Von Hammersmark's cover is
compromised, the mission is kaput.

Donny chimes in;

SGT.DONOWITZ

Speaking of Frau Von Hammersmark,
who's idea was it for the death trap
redez-vous?

LT.HICOX

She chose the spot.

SGT.DONOWITZ

Well isn't that just dandy?

LT.HICOX

Look, she's not a military strategist.
She's just a actress.

LT.ALDO

Ya don't got to be Stonewall
Jackson to know you don't want to
fight in a basement.

LT.HICOX

She wasn't picking a place to fight.
She was picking a place, isolated,
and without germans.

PFC.HIRSCHBERG

Lieutenant, I hate to be contrary,
but I got me a Nazi pissin on
Louisiana two-o'clock.

They move to the window, and sure enough, ONE LONE NAZI
PRIVATE, relieves himself against the side wall.

Lt.Hicox, this was definitely, not the plan.

LT.HICOX

Shit.

Sgt.Donowitz chides him;

SGT.DONOWITZ

So what do you think your fraulein
Von Hammer -

LT.HICOX

- Obviously, I don't know, Sgt.

The British officer watches the German soldier, who's not
suppose to be there. When Hugo Stiglitz joins him at the
window. Stiglitz looks down at the urinating Nazi, S.S. dagger
in hand.

STIGLITZ

If we're going, let's go.

He sheaths the dagger.

EXT - LA LOUISIANE (BASEMENT TAVERN) - NIGHT

The GERMAN PISSING PRIVATE, sloppily finishes his task.
Craming his noodle back in his pants, he descends the stairs
that lead him back into the basement tavern. We Follow him.....

INT - LA LOUISIANE (BASEMENT TAVERN) - NIGHT

....Inside the basement tavern, La Louisiane. It has a very low hanging basement ceiling. A old looking wood bar off to the right. And the only other space in the little tavern, is taken up by two large (at least in here) tables, which take up both half's of the room. And despite rumors to the contrary, one of the two tables, is completely filled with drunken celebrating Nazi enlisted men, of which our urinating friend is one of five.

FIVE NAZI'S

ONE GERMAN MASTER SGT, ONE FEMALE GERMAN SGT (a powerfully built stocky type), and THREE MALE GERMAN PRIVATES.

The Five Nazi's are sitting around the table, drinking, and playing a very fun game with none other then the fraulein of the hour, UFA diva, BRIDGET VON HAMMERSMARK. Dressed to the nines in a chic Forties style women's suit, complete with fedora. The game their playing consists of each player having a card with the name of a famous person, real or imaginary, stuck to their forehead. The player doesn't know what name is on their forehead. So they ask the others questions to figure out who they are.

The Five Germans, five cards read; MASTER SGT #1 (POLA NEGRI), FEMALE SGT #2 (BEETHOVEN), GERMAN PRIVATE #3 (MATA HARI), GERMAN PRIVATE #4 (EDGAR WALLACE), GERMAN PRIVATE #5 (WINNETOU). And Bridget Von Hammersmark, who wears her card in the brim of her fedora, has GENGHIS KHAN.

It's German #5 (WINNETOU) turn to ask questions.

The DIALOGUE will be in GERMAN, and SUBTITLED into ENGLISH.

Also, while some dialogue will be written for the German Soldiers, it will be mostly made up from the exuberance of their game playing, and celebrating.

WINNETOU

....okay, I'm not German. Am I American?

The whole table bursts out laughing.

FEMALE SGT/BEETHOVEN

Yes you are!

EDGAR WALLACE

Well, not really.

SGT.POLA NEGRI

What do you mean, not really? Of course he is.

EDGAR WALLACE

Well if he's so American, how come he's never been translated into English? He's not American. He's suppose to be American, but he's not a American creation. In fact, he's something very different.

WINNETOU

Okay, I'm a fictional, literary character, from the past, I'm American, and that's controversial.

BRIDGET/GENGUS

No it's not controversial. The nationality of the author, has nothing to do with the nationality of the character. The Character is the character. Hamlet's not British, he's Danish. So yes, this character was born in America.

WINNETOU

Well I'm glad that's settled. If I had a wife, would she be called a squaw?

He's got it.

The table Laughs.

The TABLE

YES!

WINNETOU

Is my bloodbrother, Old Shatterhand?

The TABLE

Yes!

WINNETOU

Did Karl May write me?

The TABLE

Yes!

In the BACKGROUND, WE SEE, our three counterfeit German Officers, Hicox, Wicki, and Stiglitz, enter the basement tavern. They obviously see the five German soldiers, but their too far away for us (the audience) to read their face. No doubt their less then happy. Fraulein Von Hammersmark see's them as well. Without getting up, she waves to them.

BRIDGET

Hello, my lovelies, I will join you in moments. I'm finishing up a game with my five new friends here.

LT.HICOX

No hurry, Frau Von Hammersmark. Take your time, enjoy yourself.

BRIDGET

(To Winnetou)

So who are you?

WINNETOU

I am WINNETOU, CHIEF of the APACHES!

The table CHEERS, and APPLAUD the Apache Chief, as he takes the card off his forehead.

The other Four German Soldiers drink down there beer (part of the game).

Bridget Von Hammersmark knock backs her champagne.

MATA HARI

Frau Von Hammersmark, when your friends came in, did you realize you did a double take, like in the movies?

BRIDGET

Really? No, I wasn't aware of that at all.

MATA HARI

They must be second nature to you now? Did they teach you how to do a double take in the movies?

BRIDGET

Well, yes they did, but it's not really that difficult.

SGT.POLA NEGRI

Do one for us.

The Table heartily agrees.

Bridget looks directly at the Master Sgt, and does a perfect, and perfectly funny, Double Take.

The Table loves it.

MATA HARI

My turn, I want to try.

Mata Hari, looks directly at Beethoven, and does a Double Take.

EDGER WALLACE

I want to try.

He does.

Soon the whole Table is doing dueling Double Takes.

HICOX - WICKI - STIGLITZ

watch the table do dueling Double Takes. Obviously, they don't understand.

THEN...

...Bridget Von Hammersmark rises, and excuses herself from the Table. She removes the card stuck in her fedora, looking at the name Gengus Khaun for the first time.

BRIDGET

Gengus Khaun! I would never of gotten that.

She walks over, and joins the masquerading Germans table, the Gentlemen rise. She greets each warmly with a french cheek kiss, as if she knows them well.

They all take a seat. The two Basterds, and one Brit, drink Whiskey. The taverns PROPRIETOR, a older, big bellyed Frenchman named EARL, comes over to the table, and pours more champagne into Bridget's Champagne glass. He leaves, returning back behind the bar, with the YOUNG FRENCH BARMAID, the only other person in the establishment.

Obviously, they speak GERMAN, SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

LT.HICOX

I thought this place was suppose to have more French then Germans?

BRIDGET

Normally that's true. The Sgt over there's wife, just had a baby. His commanding officer gave him, and his mates the night off to celebrate.

WICKI

We should leave.

BRIDGET

No, we should stay. For one drink at least. I've been waiting for you in a bar, it would look strange if we left before we had a drink.

LT.HICOX

She's right, just be calm, and enjoy your booze.

BACK TO THE GERMAN TABLE

The French Barmaid, has taken Bridget's place in the rousing, rowdy game. She tells them, her person must be French, or she won't know them. Winnetou thinks for a moment, then writes a name on a card. The Barmaid puts it on her forehead, It says; NAPOLEON.

The Germans all laugh.

BACK TO THE BASTERDS TABLE

BRIDGET

There's been some new developments. The cinema venue has changed.

LT.HICOX

Why?

BRIDGET

No one knows. But that in itself shouldn't be a problem. The cinema it's been changed to is considerably smaller than The Ritz. So whatever materials you brought for The Ritz, should be doubly effective here. Now this next piece of information is colossal, try not to over react. The Fuhrer, will be attending tomorrow.

Hugo Stiglitz does a SPIT TAKE.

Bridget's eyes bore holes in him.

BACK TO THE REAL GERMANS

They see Hugo do the spit take, and burst out laughing. Keeping it up, they begin to do dueling spit takes, like they did dueling double takes earlier. Needless to say, they all get wet.

BACK TO BASTERDS

BRIDGET
(To Hicox)

You'll be going as Ernst Schuller.
You'll say your a associate producer
on Riefenstahl's "Tiefeland". It's the
one German production not under Goebbels
control, and Leni wouldn't be caught dead
at a Goebbels film affair.

BACK TO REAL GERMAN TABLE

Master Sgt. Pola Negri, drinks his beer, as he looks over,
dreamily, at Bridget Von Hammersmark at the other table.

BACK TO BASTERDS

Bridget continues to brief Hicox on his identity. We See in
the B.G., the German Master Sgt stand up from his table, and
head toward Fraulein Von Hammersmark.

BRIDGET

..the films gone through many delays,
and Leni's heath is deteriorating, so
if you have to speak...

Hicox, seeing the German Master Sgt approach, signals for her
to cool it.

SGT.POLA NEGRI

Frau Von Hammersmark, I was just
thinking, could you sign a autograph
to my son on his birthday?

BRIDGET

I'd love to Wilhelm.
(To the Table)
This handsome happy Sgt, just became
a father today.

The Pretend Officers offer congratulations to the Sgt.

The German Master Sgt, CLICKS his heels, and bows before his
superior officers.

SGT.POLA NEGRI

Thank you, heil Hitler.

He raises his hand....as do the seated phony officers; "Heil
Hitler".

As she takes a rather fancy fountain pen from her clutch..

BRIDGET

So Wilhelm, do you know the name of
this progeny yet?

SGT.POLA NEGRI

I most certainly do, fraulein. His name is Maximilian.

Even the slightly psychotic Stiglitz, likes this German Sgt.

STIGLITZ

Wonderful name, Sgt.

SGT.POLA NEGRI

Thank you, Lieutenant. When he's old enough to ride a bicycle, I will buy him a blue one. And I will paint on the side "The Blue Max".

He thrusts out his beer stein, for the officers to cheers.

They do.

Bridget finishes signing her autograph, with a big flourish.

BRIDGET

There you go. But wait, I'm not finished yet.

She reaches into her clutch, and pulls out some lipstick. Applies some ruby red color to her lips, and then kisses the napkin, leaving a big red lip print. Then hands the treasured item to the young father.

BRIDGET

Nothing but the best for little Maximilian.

SGT.POLA NEGRI

Thank you fraulein, thank you. Max may not know who you are now. But he will. I will show him all of your movies. He will grow up with your films, and this napkin on his wall.

Then, to the whole tavern....

SGT.POLA NEGRI

I purpose a toast to the greatest actress in Germany! There is no Dietrich, there is no Riefenstahl, only Von Hammersmark!

The whole room toasts.

This would be a good time for the German Sgt to go back to his table, and his men. And he almost does.....but...since he is drunk, and star struck, he out wears his welcome.

SGT.POLA NEGRI

So, Frau Von Hammersmark, what brings you to France?

Feeling any good Nazi Officer's patience would of been exhausted long ago, Lt.Hicox butts in.

LT.HICOX

None of your business, Sgt.
You might not have worn out your welcome with the fraulein, with your drunken boorish behavior, but you have wore out your welcome with me.

The Table of game playing Soldiers, hear this, and get quiet.

LT.HICOX

Might I remind you Sgt., your a enlisted man. This is a Officers table. I suggest you stop pestering the fraulein, and rejoin your table.

The German Master Sgt., looks quizzically at the Officer.

SGT.POLA NEGRI

Excuse me Cap't, but your accent is is very unusual.

The whole room pauses...for different reasons.....

SGT.POLA NEGRI

Where are you from?

A silent moment passes between the two tables, then the two German born impostors spring into action.

WICKI

Sgt.! You must be ether drunk or mad, to speak to a superior officer with such impertinentness!

Stiglitz, STANDS and YELLS to the other table;

STIGLITZ

I'm making YOU,...

(Pointing at
Winnetou)

...and YOU,...

(Pointing at
Edgar Wallace)

...responsible, for him.

(Pointing at
Sgt.Pola)

I suggest you take hold of your friend, or he'll spend Max's first birthday in jail for public drunkenness!

The Germans SPRING UP, and take hold of Sgt.Pola.....

WHEN.....

A GERMAN VOICE rings out;

GERMAN VOICE (OS)

Then might I inquire?

The Five known Germans move aside, reveling the unknown German in the room, unseen till now, our old friend from before MAJOR DEITER HELLSTROM of the GESTAPO. The Major stands from the little table he was sitting at.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Like the young newly christened father,
I too have a acute ear for accents.
And like him, I too find yours odd.
From where do you hail, Cap't?

Wicki jumps in;

WICKI

Major, this is highly inappr -

MAJOR HELLSTROM

- I wasn't speaking to you
Lt.Saltzberg,

(Turning to
Stiglitz)

or you ether, Lt.Berlin.

(Looking at
Hicox)

I was speaking to Cap't I-don't-know-what.

The Gestapo Major is now standing beside Sgt.Pola, before the impostors table.

Lt.Hicox, calmly explains his origin.

LT.HICOX

I was born in the village that rests
in the shadow of Piz Palu.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

The mountain?

LT.HICOX

Yes. In that village we all speak like
this. Have you seen the Riefenstahl film?

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Yes.

LT.HICOX

Then you saw me. You remember the skiing torch scene?

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Yes I do.

LT.HICOX

In that scene was myself, my father, my sister, and my two brothers. My brother is so handsome, the director Pabst, gave him a Close Up.

As Bridget Von Hammersmark places a cigarette in a ivory cigarette holder, which Hicox, as if on cue, lights for her, she says;

BRIDGET

Major, if my word means anything, I can vouch for everything the Young Cap't has just said. He does hail from the bottom of Piz Palu, he was in the film, and his brother is far more handsome than he.

The impostors laugh.

Then....so does the Gestapo Major. He turns to the Sgt.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

You should rejoin your friends.

Which the young Sgt is more than happy to do. That table begins playing there game again.

Major Hellstrom, the highest ranking officer in the room, bows graciously to the female German celebrity.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

May I join you?

BRIDGET

By all means, Major.

The Gestapo Major sits at the table, opposite Lt.Hicox, and Wicki. The French Barmaid brings over the Majors beer stein.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

So that's the source of your bazaar accent? Extraordinary. So what are you doing here Cap't?

LT.HICOX

Aside from having a drink with the lovely fraulein?

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Well that pleasure requires no explanation.

Chuckle...Chuckle

MAJOR HELLSTROM

I mean in country. Your obviously not stationed in France, or I'd know who you are.

LT.HICOX

You know every German in France?

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Worth knowing.

LT.HICOX

Well, there in lies the problem. We never claimed to be worth knowing.

Chuckle...Chuckle.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

(Chuckling as
he asks)

All levity aside, what are you doing in France?

LT.HICOX

Attending Goebbels film premiere as the frauleins escort.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Your the frauleins escort?

LT.HICOX

Somebody has to carry the lighter.

Chuckle chuckle.

BRIDGET

The Captain is my date, but all three are my guests. We're old friends Major, who go back along time. Longer then a actress would care to admit.

Chuckle chuckle.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Well, in that case, let me raise a glass to the three luckiest men in the room.

BRIDGET

I'll drink to that.

They cheers.

BACK TO THE REAL GERMAN TABLE

They continue to have alot of fun playing their game.

BACK TO OFFICERS TABLE

MAJOR HELLSTROM

I must say, that game their playing looks like a good bit of fun. I didn't join them, because your quite right Cap't, officers and enlisted men shouldn't fraternize. But seeing as we're all officers here,

(Bowing to
Bridget)

..and sophisticated lady friends of officers. What say we play the game?

Lt.Hicox begins to refuse, when Bridget (feeling she knows better), interrupts him;

BRIDGET

Okay, one game.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

wunderbar

The Major borrows five cards from the other table, and lays them out in front of Bridget and the officers.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

So the object of the game, is to write the name of a famous person on your card. Real or fictitious, doesn't matter. For instance, you could write Confucius or Fu Manchu.

(He SNAPS his
fingers)

Eric! More pens.

(Back to players)

And they must be famous. No Aunt Inga's. When you finish writing, put the card face down on the table, and move it to the person to your left. The person to your right, will move their card in front of you. You pick up the card without looking at it, lick the back, and stick it on your forehead like so.

He demonstrates.

MAJOR HELLSTROM
(CON'T)

And in ten yes or no questions, you must
guess who you are.....

As Major Hellstrom finishes explaining the finer points of the
game, The CAMERA PANS OFF HIM, and BEGINS SLOWLY ZOOMING INTO
STIGLITZ. The Majors dialogue begins to FADE AWAY.

Untill we're in a SPAGHETTI WESTERN FLASHBACK. Which is RED
FILTERED FOOTAGE of Hugo being savagely WHIPPED by somebody
wearing a GESTAPO UNIFORM, SUPERIMPOSED over his CLOSE UP.

The Flashback disappears. It's driving Stiglitz crazy, being
this close to a Gestapo uniform, and not plunging a knife into
it.

The Majors Voice comes back on the soundtrack.

MAJOR HELLSTROM
...So let's give it a try, shall we?
Everybody write your names.

The Five players write their names....

Then move their cards to the right....

Everybody sticks their cards on their forehead.....

MAJOR	BRIDGET	WILHELM	ARCHIE	HUGO
HELLSTROM	VON HAMMERSMARK	WICKI	HICOX	STIGLITZ
is	is	is	is	is
KING	MARCO	BULLDOG	BRIGITTE	G.W.
KONG	POLO	DRUMMOND	HELM	PABST

MAJ.KING KONG
I'll start, give you the idea.
Am I German?

They laugh.

BRIDGET
No.

MAJ.KING KONG
Am I a American?

They laugh - but then Wicki says;

WICKI
Wait a minute, he goes to -

BRIDGET

Don't be ridiculous, obviously he wasn't born in America.

MAJ.KING KONG

So....I visited America, aye?

The Table says; "Yes".

MAJ.KING KONG

Was this vist...fortuitous?

WICKI

Not for you.

MAJ.KING KONG

....Hummm. My native land, is it what one would call, exotic?

The Table confers, and decides, yes it is exotic.

MAJ.KING KONG

Hummmmm. That could be ether a reference to the jungle, or the Orient. I'm going to let my first instinct take over, and ask, am I from the jungle?

The Table says; "Yes you are".

MAJ.KING KONG

Now gentlemen, around this time you could ask, weather your real or fictitious. I however, think that's too easy, so I won't ask that, yet. Okay, my native land is the jungle? I visited America, but my visit was not fortuitous to me, but the implication is that it was to somebody else. When I went from the jungle to America,....Did I go by boat?

"Yes".

MAJ.KING KONG

Did I go against my will?

"Yes".

MAJ.KING KONG

On this boat ride,....Was I in chains?

"Yes".

MAJ.KING KONG
 When I arrived in America,...Was I
 displayed in chains?

"Yes".

MAJ.KING KONG
 Am I the story of the Negro in America?

The Table says, "No".

MAJ.KING KONG
 Well then I must be King Kong.

He throws the card on the table.

They applaud him.

MAJOR HELLSTROM
 Now since I answered correctly, you all
 need to finish your drinks.

The three counterfeit Nazi's knock back their whiskey.

MAJOR HELLSTROM
 Now, who's next?

LT.HICOX
 Major, I don't mean to be rude. But the
 four of us are very good friends. And
 the four of us haven't seen each other
 in quite a while. So....
 Major, I'm afraid, you are intruding.

MAJOR HELLSTROM
 I beg to differ Cap't. It's only if the
 fraulein considers my presence a
 intrusion, that I become a intruder.
 How about it fraulein? Am I intruding?

BRIDGET
 Of course not, Major.

MAJOR HELLSTROM
 I didn't think so. It's simply the young
 Cap't is immune to my charms.

The Table's not sure what to do, is this a confrontation?
 Then, the Major laughs.

MAJOR HELLSTROM
 I'm just joking, of course I'm intruding.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Allow me to refill your glasses gentlemen,
and I will bid you and the fraulein adieu.

(Leaning in)

Eric has a bottle of thirty-three year old
single malt scotch whisky from the
Scottish highlands. What do you say
gentlemen?

LT.HICOX

Your most gracious, sir.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Eric, the thirty-three, and new glasses!
You don't want to contaminate the thirty-
three with the swill you were drinking.

ERIC

How many glasses?

LT.HICOX

Five glasses.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Not me. I like scotch, scotch doesn't like
me.

BRIDGET

Nor I. I'll stay with bubbly.

Lt.Hicox, hold up three fingers (pinky to index), to Eric the
owner.

LT.HICOX

Three glasses.

Eric brings the three glasses, and the old bottle, pouring for
the three soldiers.

Major Hellstrom lifts up his beer stein, and toasts;

MAJOR HELLSTROM

To a thousand year Reich!

They all mutter, "a thousand year reich", and toast glasses.

The Gestapo Major puts down his beer stein, and then WE HEAR a
CLICK, under the table.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Did you hear that? That's the sound of
my Luger pointed right at your testicles.

LT.HICOX

Why do you have a Luger pointed at my testicles?

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Because you've just given yourself away, Cap't. Your no more German then that scotch.

LT.HICOX

Well, Major -

BRIDGET

- Major -

MAJOR HELLSTROM

- Shut up slut.

(To Hicox)

You were saying?

LT.HICOX

I was saying that makes two of us. I've had a gun pointed at your balls since you sat down.

SGT.STIGLITZ

That makes three of us.

UNDERTABLE

We See all three guns pointed at appropriate crotches. As well as Bridget's legs, right besides the Nazi Major's. Her pretty gams are sure to be chewed up in the possible crossfire.

SGT.STIGLITZ

And at this range, I'm a real Fredrick Zoller.

Hugo also brings out his dagger, and sitcks it in the table top.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Hummmmm...Looks like we have a bit of a sticky situation here.

LT.HICOX

What's going to happen, Major, is your going to stand up, and walk out that door with us.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

No no no no no no, I don't think so. I'm afraid you and I both know, no matter what happens to anybody else in this room, the two of us aren't going anywhere.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

(pointing behind
him at the table)

Too bad about them though. They seem
like a likeable bunch.

(referring to

Stiglitz and Wicki)

You two will have to shoot them.

BRIDGET

Then Major, I implore you. For the
sake of those German troops, will
you please leave with us?

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Oh Bridget, your concern for German
troops, gets me

(Pointing at
his heart)

...right here. You mean for the sake
your whore legs, don't you? You can't
afford to get any bullet holes in them,
your not finished spreading them for
all the Hollywood Jews.

Lt.Hicox picks up his thirty-three year old single malt
scotch, and says;

LT.HICOX

(ENGLISH)

Well, if this is it old boy, I hope
you dont mind if I go out speaking
the kings?

MAJOR HELLSTROM

(ENGLISH)

By all means, Cap't.

The English film critic, commando, picks up the thirty-three
the Nazi Major bought him, and says;

LT.HICOX

There's a special rung in hell reserved
for people who waste good scotch.
And seeing as I might be rapping on
the door momentarily....

He downs the stuff.

LT.HICOX

(To the Nazi
Major)

I must say, damn good stuff, sir.

He puts the glass down.

LT.HICOX
Now about this, "Pickle", we find
ourselves in. It would appear, there's
only thing left for you to do.

MAJOR HELLSTROM
(ENGLISH)
And what would that be?

LT.HICOX
Stiglitz.

STIGLITZ
Say, auf wiedersehen to your balls!

STIGLITZ
FIRES into HELLSTROM'S BALLS.....

As does HICOX, HITTING not only Hellstrom, but BRIDGET as
well.

HELLSTROM
FIRES into HICOX'S BALLS and KNEE CAPS.

STIGLITZ
then JUMPS over the table, and begins STABBING HELLSTROM with the
DAGGER.

HICOX FALLS to the floor....DEAD.

BRIDGET FALLS to the floor..SHOT.

WICKI
brings his weapon out from underneath the table, and BEGINS
FIRING across at The GERMANS at the table, who unaware, were
still PLAYING THE GAME.

WINNETOU
is SHOT IN THE BACK, before he even knew what was happening.

EDGAR WALLACE and The FRENCH BARMAID
are both SHOT by WICKI.

SGT.POLA NEGRI
FALLS to the floor in the confusion.

FEMALE SGT.BEETHOVEN and STIGLITZ bring their guns toward each
other and FIRE. They BOTH TAKE and GIVE each other so many
BULLETS, it's almost romantic when they collapse DEAD on the
floor.

WICKI and MATA HARI
both ON THERE FEET, FIRING WILDLY at each other, MATA HARI is
HIT THREE TIMES (fatally), WICKI is HIT ONCE.

SGT.POLA NEGRI
comes off the floor with a SUB MACHINE GUNN, and SPRAYS the
whole other side of the room, WIPING OUT both WICKI and ERIC.

The SHOOTING STOPS...the SMOKE caused by the gunfire...starts
to DISSIPATE...The only one in the room left alive, is the
young German Sgt, with the machine gunn.

WE HEAR the feet of the soldiers outside, reach the basement
entrance.

The door opens....

...The German Sgt, sends FIFTY BULLETS in the doors
direction...

No one goes through it.

What we have here, is a rabbit hole like situation. No one
inside is getting out, no one outside is getting in.

The young German Sgt, YELLS in ENGLISH, to the outside;

GERMAN SGT

You outside! Who are you? British,
American, what?

Aldo's Voice YELLS down the hole;

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)

We're American's ! What are you?

GERMAN SGT

I'm a German you idiot!

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)

You speak English pretty good for a
German!

GERMAN SGT

I agree! So let's talk!

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)

Okay, talk!

GERMAN SGT

I'm a father! My baby was born today
in Frankfurt! Five hours ago! His name
is Max! We were in here drinking and
celebrating! They're the ones that
came in shooting and killing!
It's not my fault!

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)
 Okay, okay, it wasn't your fault!
 What's your name soldier?

GERMAN SGT
 Wilhelm!

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)
 That's the same name as one of the
 guys you just killed!

WILHELM
 They attacked us!

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)
 Okay Wilhelm....is anybody alive
 on our side?

WILHELM
 No!

We hear a VOICE OFF SCREEN, yell out;

BRIDGET'S VOICE(OS)
 I'm alive!

Wilhelm spins in the direction of the voice.

On the floor, with a bullet in her BLOODY LEG, lies the still
 alive Bridget Von Hammersmark.

The German Sgt points the muzzle of the machine gunn at
 the German celebrity, with hate in his eyes.

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)
 Who's that?

WILHELM
 (To BRIDGET,
 Low)
 Make a sound whore, and I spit!

Meaning the muzzle.

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)
 Wilhelm, who is that?

WILHELM
 Is the girl on your side?

Pause.

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)
 Which girl?

WILHELM
Who do you think, Von Hammersmark!

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)
Yeah, she's our's!

WILHELM
(To Bridget
LOW in GERMAN)
I thought so. So you run with the
American's now, huh? Now times are
bad?

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)
Is she okay?

WILHELM
(To Bridget
LOW in GERMAN)
You despicable traitor.
(To Aldo)
She's been shot, but she's alive.
(To Bridget
LOW in GERMAN)
For now.

We hear The Basterds Curse their luck Off Screen.

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)
Okay Wilhelm, what'd ya say we
make a deal?

WILHELM
What's your name?

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)
Aldo. Wilhelm, can I call ya, Willi?

WILHELM
Yes.

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)
So Willi, you know we could lob three
or four or five or six grenades down
there, and your little war story ends
here. But good fer you, bad fer her,
you die, she dies. So what say we
make a swap?

WILLI
Keep talking!

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)
 Okay, Willi here's my deal! You let
 me and one of my men come down to
 take the girl away! And we take the
 girl, and leave! That simple, Willi!
 You go your way, we go ours! And little
 Max, gets to grow up playing catch with
 his daddy! So what'ya say, Willi, we
 got a deal?

Willi thinks....

Bridget watches Willi think.....

WILLI

Aldo?

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)
 I'm here Willi!

WILLI
 I want to trust you.....But how can I?

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)
 What choice ya got?

WILLI
 I could kill the girl!

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)
 Well now, Willi, that's true enough.
 But something you need to know, so
 you don't get the wrong idea. Ain't
 none of us give a fuck bout that
 girl. But, admittedly, if you kill
 her, it would fuck up our plans. But
 you'll be dead by then anyway, so
 what'd you care? And lets not
 forget that little Katzenjammer
 Max, growin up without a pop. So in
 the spirit of gettin you home to
 him, we got a deal, Willi?

WILLI
 Okay Aldo, I'm going to trust you!
 Come down, no guns!

Aldo and Hirschberg come down the stairs, showing open hands.

Willi keeps his machine gunn trained on them.

Aldo with his hands up, says;

ALDO
Hey Willi, what's with the machine
gunn, I thought we had a deal?

WILLI
We do have a deal, now git the girl
and go.

ALDO
Not so fast, Willi, we only have a
deal, we trust each other. A Mexican
stand off ain't trust.

WILLI
You need guns on me for it to be
a Mexican stand off.

ALDO
You got guns on us, you decide to
shoot, we're dead. Up top, they got
grenades, they drop 'em down here,
your dead. That's a Mexican stand
off, and that wasn't the deal.

WILLI
Just take that fucking traitor, and
go! See? Now your down here -
Now you get tricky - !

ALDO
- No tricks! - Ain't nobody gittin
tricky, Willi! I swear to god, I'm
too damn dumb to get tricky. But
(Meaning
Hirschberg)
him and I lived up to the deal. We
came down without guns. Now it's
your turn. No trust, no deal.

Willi pointing gunn at them.....thinking....

ALDO
I know your scarred. I'm scarred,
he's scarred, we're all scarred.
So what's it gonna be Willi?
Ether we got a deal, or you might
as well just shoot us now.

Willi decides....

He puts the machine gunn down on the bar.

WILLI

Fine. Take that fucking traitor and get her out of my sight.

ALDO

Danka, Willi, danka. okay, Hirschbeg, you grab her shoulder -

WHEN...

From behind Aldo and Hirschberg, Bridget lifts up Major Hellstroms Luger, and EMPTIES the remaining bullets into Sgt. Willi, who FALLS to the floor, DEAD.

Aldo and Hirschberg spin around shocked.

ALDO

You fuckin bitch! I had a deal with that man!

From the floor, the bloody, sweaty, and in excoriating pain (she'll probably lose that leg), German movie star, says to the two American soldier's she's just meeting for the first time;

BRIDGET

He was a enemy soldier, who knew who I was. He couldn't live.

Hirschberg loses control, and KICKS the woman on the floor, hard in the side.

HIRSCHBERG

I ought'a beat your fuckin head in -

ALDO

Stop it. Just pick her up, and get that bitch outta here.

HIRSCHBERG

Aldo, she just -

ALDO

- She's right.

HIRSCHBERG

What?

ALDO

I said, she's right. He was a Nazi soldier. If he lived, he would doomed the mission.

ALDO
(CON'T)

Don't mean I like it, don't mean I like her, but she's right. Now as Willi said, "take this fuckin traitor, and get 'er outta my sight".

EXT - LA LOUISIANE - NIGHT

Hirschberg, carrying Fraulein Von Hammersmark, and Aldo emerge from the bowels of the basement.

Bridget points at a fancy black sedan, telling them it's her's.

Aldo, Hirschberg, Bridget, Donowitz, and Utivich pile in, and take off.

INT - FRENCH HOUSE IN COUNTRY (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

NOTE: In this entire scene, no French spoken will be SUBTITLED.

A OLD MAN lies asleep under the covers of his blankets, in his bed, in his bedroom....

WHEN....

....OFF SCREEN the sound of a DOOR BEING KICKED OPEN....
...The SOUND of what sounds like EIGHT DOGS BARKING....and the sound of FEET RUNNING TOWARDS US.....

....his bedroom door, is THROWN OPEN, and Sgt. Donowitz RUSHES IN, grabbing the Old Man in his bed, and putting a 45 Automatic to his head.

SGT. DONOWITZ
(ENGLISH)

Doctor? Doctor?

OLD MAN
(FRENCH)

What? What's happening?

Donny SLAMS the 45. hard against the Old Man's head, shocking, scarring, and bringing the old gent to attention.

SGT. DONOWITZ
(ENGLISH)

Doctor? Are you a fucking doctor?

He nods his head, yes.

SGT. DONOWITZ

Andi amo....

Donny YANKS/DRAGS the Old Man out of bed, in his almost comical nightshirt (which makes him cuter, thus the brutality against him hurts more) towards the door....

INT - DOCTORS EXAMINING ROOM - NIGHT

...Into a doctors examining room, built into a French country house, with a examining table, and medical instruments.

However, it's obviously the medical examining room of a veterinarian.

Along the walls are different cages with eight excited BARKING dogs in it.

The Soldiers are putting the shot in the leg, bleeding, and in excruciating pain, Bridget on the examining table.

Donny, still holding on to the Old Man, points in the girls direction...

SGT.DONOWITZ
(ENGLISH)

She's been shot. Shot. Bang bang...
(pointing at
his leg)
...in leg...understand?

OLD MAN
(FRENCH)

No no no, I don't speak English.

Donny jams the barrel of his 45. into the thigh of the Old Man.

SGT.DONOWITZ
(ENGLISH)

BANG BANG - in the leg, understand!

The Old Man nods his head yes.

OLD MAN
(FRENCH)

But I'm a veterinarian...animals...
I take care of animals...

Bridget screams from the table...

BRIDGET
(ENGLISH)

He's a fucking veterinarian you
imbecile!

SGT.DONOWITZ
 It's still a doctor. If he can get
 a bullet out of a cow, he can get
 a bullet outta you.

LT.ALDO
 Right now, we just need morphine.

Donny yells at the Old Man;

SGT.DONOWITZ
 Morphine! We need morphine!

The Old Man tries to explain in French, that he's not a human
 doctor....

WHEN....

....Donny takes the 45. and SHOOTs one of the DOGS in the
 cages.

Everybody jumps.

Donny SCREAMS at the Old Man;

SGT.DONOWITZ
 MORPHINE!!!

BANG

He SHOOTs another dog....

SGT.DONOWITZ
 MOREPHINE!!!

The Old Man begs him to stop, and goes to get the morphine.

CUT TO

The BODY of Gestapo Major DEITER HELLSTROM dead on the floor.

INT - LA LOUISIANE - NIGHT

We're back in the basement tavern. Colonel Hans Landa stands
 over the corpse. He moves over to the next corpse, a smile
 breaks out on his face.

He says in GERMAN SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

COL.LANDA
 Ahhh Hugo, you've moved up in the
 world I see. Lieutenant. And with
 your record of insubordination.
 Truly remarkable.

A Nazi soldier named HERRMAN, joins the S.S. Officer.

COL.LANDA

And that ones...

(Pointing at
Wicki)

...name is Weihelm Wicki. He's
Austrian born jew, who immigrated
to the United States when things
began turning sour for the Israelites.
They are the two German born members of
The Basterds. They've been known
to don german uniforms, to ambush squads.

FLASH ON

Three Nazi Soldiers walking towards a company of other German
Soldiers. The Three Soldiers backs are to us. Dried bloody
bullet holes cover the backs of the three uniforms.

The SGT of the German company, yells to the trio;

SGT.GERMAN COMPANY

What brings you all the way out here?

The TRIO MOW DOWN the GERMAN COMPANY with their machine guns.

BACK TO LANDA

COL LANDA

But that doesnt look like this.
This is odd.

Looking down he see's something....

...bending down, he examines fraulein Von Hammersmarks two
pretty dress shoes lying on the floor.

One shoe is covered in blood.

The other, while blood speckled, is fairly clean.

Picking up the clean shoe, and holding it in his hand.

COL.LANDA

It would appear somebodies missing.
Somebody fashionable.

A OFF SCREEN SOLDIER'S VOICE cries out;

SOLDIERS VOICE(OS)

Col, this ones still alive!

We follow Hans to the spot on the floor where Sgt.Willi lies.
He's shot in the chest, but it looks like Max's daddy is still
alive.

INT - EXAMINING ROOM - NIGHT

Bridget on the examining table, post morphine shot.

The other Basterds in the room watch Aldo interrogate the German lady.

LT.ALDO

Now 'fore we yank that slug outta ya, you need to answer a few questions

BRIDGET

Few questions about what?

LT.ALDO

About I got three men dead back there, and why don't you try tellin us what the fuck happened?

BRIDGET

The British officer blew his German act, and a Gestapo Major saw it.

LT.ALDO

'fore we get into who shot John, why did you invite my men to a rendez-vous in a basement with a bunch of Nazis?

BRIDGET

I can see, since you didn't see what happened inside, the Nazi's being there must look odd.

LT.ALDO

Yeah, we gotta word for that kinda odd in English, it's called, suspicious.

BRIDGET

Don't let your imagination get the better of you, Lieutenant. You met the sergeant, Willi. He had a baby tonight. His commanding officer gave him and his friends the night off to celebrate. The Germans being there was just a tragic coincidence.

Aldo thinks for a moment...

LT.ALDO

Okay, I'll buy that. He was ether there with his men waiting for us, or he was there celebrating his sons birthday, he wasn't doin both.

LT.ALDO

How did the shootin start?

BRIDGET

The English man, gave himself away.

LT.ALDO

How did he do that?

BRIDGET

He ordered three glasses.

She holds up three fingers, index to pinky.

BRIDGET

We order, three glasses.

She holds up three fingers, thumb to index.

BRIDGET

That's the German three. The other is odd. Germans would, and did notice it.

LT.ALDO

Okay, let's pretend there were no Germans, and everything went exactly the way it was suppose to. What would of been the next step?

BRIDGET

Tuxedos. To get them into the premiere, wearing military uniforms, with all the military there, would of been suicide. But going as members of the German film industry, they wear tuxedos, and blend in with everybody else. I arranged a tailor to fit three tuxedos tonight.

LT.ALDO

How did you intend to get them into the premiere?

BRIDGET

Hand me my purse.

They do. And she opens it, and takes out three tickets to the film premiere.

BRIDGET

Lt.Hicox was going as my escort. The other two were going as a German cameraman and his assistant.

LT.ALDO

Can you still get us in that premiere?

BRIDGET

Can you speak German better than your friends, no. Have I been shot, yes. I don't see me tripping the light fantastique up the red carpet any time soon. Least of all by tomorrow night.

(Pause)

However, there's something you don't know. There's been two recent developments regarding Operation Kino. One, the venue has been changed from The Ritz, to a much smaller venue.

LT.ALDO

Enormous changes at the last minute? That's not very Germatic. Why the hell is Goebbels doin stuff so damn peculiar?

BRIDGET

It probably has something to do with the second development.

LT.ALDO

Which is?

FLASH ON

IN A PRIVATE DINNING ROOM IN GERMANY, The FUHRER, aka Adolph Hitler, aka Adolph Shicklegroover, aka The Bohemian Corporal, having dinner with Goebbels, only a few short days ago.

The FUHRER

(GERMAN)

I've been rethinking my position in regards to your Paris premiere of "Nations Pride". As the weeks have gone on, and the Americans are on the beach, I do find myself thinking more and more about this Private Zoller. This boy has done something tremendous for us. And I'm beginning to think my participation in this event could be meaningful.

BACK TO BRIDGET

BRIDGET

The Fuhrer's attending the premiere.

Donny breaks the teams silence;

SGT.DONOWITZ

What?

LT.ALDO

When the hell did this happen?

BRIDGET

The venue change, two weeks ago.
The Fuhrer's attendance, four days ago.

LT.ALDO

And how come London don't know nothing about that?

BRIDGET

We need to get something straight, once and for all. Everything London knows, it learned from me. If I don't know, London doesn't know. So now, this is me, informing you, Hitler's coming to Paris.

SGT.DONOWITZ

FUCK A DUCK!

Aldo stands up from the chair, pacing as he takes in this new information.

BRIDGET

What are you thinking?

LT.ALDO

I'm thinking getting a wack at plantin ole Uncle Adolph makes this a horse of a different color.

BRIDGET

What's that suppose to mean?

LT.ALDO

It means, your gettin us in that premiere.

BRIDGET

I'm going to probably end up losing this leg, bye bye acting career, fun while it lasted. How do you expect me to walk up a red carpet?

LT.ALDO

The doggie docs gonna dig that slug
outta your gam. Then he's gonna wrap
it up in a cast, and you gotta good
how I broke my leg mountain climbing
story. That's German, ain't it?
Y'all like climbin mountains,
don'tch?

BRIDGET

I don't. I like smoking, drinking,
and ordering in restaurants, but I
see your point.

LT.ALDO

We fill ya up with morphine, till
it's comin out ya ears. Then just
limp your little ass up that
rouge car-pet.

BRIDGET

Splendid. When the Nazi's put me up
against a wall, it won't hurt
so much.

(Changing tone)

I know this is a silly question
before I ask it, but can you
American's speak any other language
then English?

HIRSCHBERG

Other then Yiddish?

BRIDGET

Preferably.

Donny referring to Aldo and himself.

SGT.DONOWITZ

We both speak alittle Italian.

BRIDGET

With a atrocious accent, no doubt.
But that doesn't exactly kill us
in the crib. Germans don't have a
good ear for Italian. So you mumble
Italian, and brazen through it, is
that the plan?

LT.ALDO

That's about it.

BRIDGET
That sounds good.

LT.ALDO
It sounds like shit, but what else
we gonna do, go home?

BRIDGET
No, it's good. If you don't blow it,
with that, I can get you in the
building.
(Change tone)
So, who does what?

LT.ALDO
Well I speak the most Italian, so
I'll be your escort. Donowitz speaks
the second most, so he'll be your
Italian cameraman. And Hirschberg
third most, so he'll be Donnys
assistant.

HIRSCHBERG
I don't speak Italian.

LT.ALDO
Like I said, third best. Just keep
your fuckin mouth shut. In fact why
don't you start practising, right now.

BRIDGET
(Meaning Utivich)
What about the little one?

UTIVICH
Do you mean me?

BRIDGET
I didn't mean any offence.

UTIVICH
None taken you German cunt.

LT.ALDO
Utivich is the chauffeur.

UTIVICH
I can't drive.

Bridget SCREAMS in frustration;

BRIDGET
You Americans are fucking useless!

UTIVICH

Gimmie a break, I'm from Manhattan.

LT.ALDO

No worries, son. We got over fourteen hours before the movie tomorrow. More then enough time for you to learn to drive.

UTIVICH

NO no no no, Lieutenant, it's not!

LT.ALDO

Oh yes yes yes yes, Private, it is. And yes yes yes yes, you will.

(Changes tone)

Look Utivich, you and I both know, if we went to grade school together, you damn sure ain't copyin off of my test. Well I lern't to drive in four hours on a Tennessee mountain road. And I'm a shit for brains coal miner bootlegger. Hirschberg, you know how to drive, right?

HIRSCHBERG

Yes.

LT.ALDO

Teach 'em.

BRIDGET

But there is a problem. I'm a movie star. This is a movie premiere. I can't show up looking like I was just in a Nazi gun fight. Now I have a dress for the premiere at my hotel. But sometime tomorrow, I have to get my hair done.

All The Basterds, except Donny, burst out laughing.

LT.ALDO

Sister, you must got wunderbar luck. Guess who went to beauty school?

The CAMERA WHIP PANS to SGT.DONOWITZ.

Bridget rolls her eyes.

BLACK FRAME

CHAPTER TITLE APPEARS:

CHAPTER FIVE

"REVENGE OF THE GIANT FACE"

FADE OFF

INT - SHOSANNAS AND MARCELS LIVING QUARTERS - NIGHT

We're in Shosannas and Marcells living quarters, above the cinema. We've never been in here before.

A SUBTITLE APPEARS ON SCREEN:

NIGHT OF "NATION'S PRIDE" PREMIERE

She's standing before a full length mirror, in a real attractive Forties style dress for the premiere. She's stunning. This is the first time in her life she's had the opportunity, or the occasion to wear something like this. Since she knows this is the last night of her life, no time like the present.

SOUNDS of the hub-bub of the premiere, not to mention the German brass band that's blaring Third Reich Marches, can be heard coming from below.

Shosanna walks to her apartment window, and looks down at the Germatic miasma below.

SHOSANNAS POV: WE SEE all the pageantry below. Tons of SPECTATORS. Tons of guests dressed in Nazi uniforms, tuxedos, and female finery, walking up the long red carpet (with a big Swastika in the middle, naturally) leading into Shosannas cinema. The German brass band omm-pa-pa-ing away. German Radio and Film crews covering the event for the fatherland back home. And of course, MANY GERMAN SOLDIERS providing security for this joyous Germatic occasion.

Shosanna COUGHS up a lugi, and HOCKS it.

A GERMAN S.S. GENERAL, being interviewed by a RADIO COMMENTATOR, the lugi HITS him right on his bald head.

Shosanna goes back to the full length mirror, places a very fashionable Forties style hat on her head, then lowers the period style black fish net veil over her face. She takes out a small GUN, and puts it in the pocket of her dress., and it's on. She exits the apartment door, to join the premiere. From this point on, there's no turning back, it's all the way baby, all the fucking way!

INT - CINEMA STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The stairwell in the building that connects the living quarters, with the cinema. She walks down the stairs, goes through a door that puts her next to the projection booth door. She takes out a key and opens it.

INT - PROJECTION BOOTH - NIGHT

Marcel prepping the film reels for tonight. The five silver metal film cans that carry one 35mm reel of film each are laid out. The cans for reels one and two are empty. Cans for reel three, our specially marked can for reel four, and can for reel five (which should never see the light of a projector) lie in wait.

Shosanna, looking like a Forties movie star, enters the projection booth.

The scene in FRENCH SUBTITLED in ENGLISH;

MARCEL

Ooh lala, Danielle Darrieux, this is so exciting. Pleased to meet you.

SHOSANNA

Shut up fool.

Marcel lifts up the veil covering her face, and their lips meet.

SHOSANNA

Cheeky black bugger. I have to go down and socialize with these Hun pigs. Let's go over it again?

MARCEL

Reel one is on the first projector. Reel two is on the second. Three and four are ready to go.

SHOSANNA

Okay, the big sniper battle in the film begins around the middle of the third reel. Our film, comes on in the fourth reel, so Somewhere towards the end of the third reel, go down and lock the doors of the auditorium. Then take your place behind the screen, and wait for my CUE, when I give it to you, BURN IT DOWN!

INT - CINEMA LOBBY - NIGHT

The pageantry of the evening is in full swing, as all the German beautiful people, enter the cinema. They mingle in the swastika covered, greek nude statue peppered lobby. Nazi Military Commanders, High Ranking Party Officials, and German Celebrities (Emil Jannings, Veit Harlin), hob knob and drink Champagne from passing WAITERS who carry glasses on silver trays.

We see Shosanna enter from the area at the top of the big staircase in the lobby that overlooks the lobby parlor entrance. She descends the staircase, and busies herself with theatre stuff.

At the top of the staircase, looking down at the master race in all there finery, is Colonel Hans Landa, dressed in his finest SS Uniform, smoking on his Calabash.

CAMERA FRAME

directly behind him. On the right side, we see the figure of Col.Landa, from behind, watching the guests entering the cinema. On the left side of frame, is the cinema entrance, from a looking down perspective of the guests entering the building.

THEN....

...A THINK BUBBLE, like in a comic book, appears on the left side of frame, obscuring the cinema entrance. Inside of Landas think bubble, a little scene plays out.

THINK BUBBLE

Inside a hospital room filled with DOCTORS, NURSES, and a PATIENT in a hospital bed. Then Col.Landa enters the room, and screams at everybody;

COL.LANDA

I want everybody out of this room!

They start to leave.

COL.LANDA

That means now, goddamnit!

They RUSH OUT.

He walks over to the Patient in the hospital bed, It's none other then SGT.WILLI, and yes, he's still alive.

Landa pulls up a chair next to the bed, sits down.

COL.LANDA

Can you speak, Sgt?

SGT.WILLI
(Weakly)

Yes Colonel.

COL.LANDA

Tell me everything that happened in
there?

The THINK BUBBLE DISSOLVES away, revealing the entrance again,
and as if on perfect cue, in walks Bridget Von Hammersmark,
dressed lovely, leg in a big white cast. The three basterds in
their tuxedos, flank her.

CU COL.LANDA
smiles.

He descends the stairs, towards the four saboteurs....

They speak in GERMAN, SUBTITLED in ENGLISH;

COL.LANDA

Fraulein Von Hammersmark, what
has befallen Germany's most elegant
swan?

BRIDGET

Colonel Landa, it's been years.
Dashing as ever I see.

COL.LANDA

Flattery will get you everywhere,
fraulein.

They chuckle, and air kiss.

COL.LANDA

So what's happened to your lovely
leg, a by product of kicking ass in
the German cinema, no doubt.

BRIDGET

Save your flattery, you old dog.
I know too many of your former
conquests, to fall into that honey
pot.

Chuckle...chuckle...

COL.LANDA

Seriously, what happened?

BRIDGET

Well, I tried my hand, foolishly I might add, at mountain climbing. And this was the result.

COL.LANDA

Mountain climbing? That's how you injured your leg, mountain climbing?

BRIDGET

Believe it or not, yes it is.

A brief moment passes between the two...

THEN...

The Colonel BURSTS OUT with UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER. So uproarious in fact, that it's quite disconcerting to the four saboteurs.

The Colonel begins to regain his composure....

COL.LANDA

Forgive me, fraulein. I don't mean laugh at your misfortune. It's justmountain climbing? I'm curious fraulein, what could of ever compelled you to undertake such a foolhardy endeavor?

The Double meaning is not lost on the German actress.

BRIDGET

Well, I shant be doing it again, I can tell you that.

COL.LANDA

That cast looks as fresh as my old Uncle Gustave, when were you climbing this mountain, last night?

BRIDGET

Very good eye, Colonel. It happened yesterday morning.

COL.LANDA

Hummm. And where exactly in Paris is this mountain?

This stops her for a seconded.

Then Landa laughs it off, taking them off the hook.

COL.LANDA

I'm just teasing you, fraulein. You know me, I tease rough. So who are your three handsome escorts?

BRIDGET

I'm afraid neither three speak a word of German. Their friends of mine from Italy. This is a wonderful Italian stuntman, Antonio Margheriti.

(Meaning Aldo)

A very talented cameraman, Enzo Gorlomi.

(Meaning Donny)

And Enzo's camera assistant, Dominick Decocco.

The German fraulein turns to the three tuxedo wearing Basterds.

BRIDGET

(ITALIAN)

Gentlemen, this is a old friend, Col. Hans Landa of the S.S.

The Basterds know only too well who Landa the Jew Hunter is, but they can't show it.

Aldo sticks out his hand...

LT.ALDO

Boungiorno.

The German takes his hand....

COL.LANDA

Margheriti...?

(ITALIAN)

Am I saying it correctly...?

.....Margheriti?

LT.ALDO

(ITALIAN)

Yes. Correct.

COL.LANDA

(ITALIAN)

Margheriti....Say it for me once please...?

LT.ALDO

Margheriti.

COL.LANDA
(ITALIAN)

I'm sorry, again...?

LT.ALDO

Margheriti.

COL.LANDA
(ITALIAN)

Once more....?

LT.ALDO

Margheriti.

COL.LANDA

Margheriti.

(FRENCH)

It means daisies, I believe.

Turning his gaze to Donny.

COL.LANDA
(ITALIAN)

What's your name again?

SGT.DONOWITZ

Enzo Gorlomi.

COL.LANDA
(ITALIAN)

Again....?

SGT.DONOWITZ

Gorlomi.

COL.LANDA
(ITALIAN)

One more time, but let me really
hear the music in it.

SGT.DONOWITZ
(HAMMY ITALIAN)

Gorlomi.

Now to Hirschberg...

COL.LANDA
(ITALIAN)

And you?

Then Hirschberg breaks out the best Italian accent of the
group;

HIRSCHBERG
Dominick Decocco.

COL.LANDA
Dominick Decocco?

HIRSCHBERG
Dominick Decocco.

COL.LANDA
Bravo....Bravo.

BRIDGET
(GERMAN)
Well, my two cameraman friends need
to find there seats.

Col.Landa stops a WAITER with a tray of champagne glasses.

COL.LANDA
(GERMAN)
Not so fast, lets enjoy some champagne.

Everyone gets a glass.

COL.LANDA
(FRENCH)
- Oh, Mademoiselle Mimieux, please
join us, I have some friends I'd
like you to meet.

Shosanna joins the circle, and is handed a champagne glass.

This is the first moment The Basterds are aware of Shosanna.

COL.LANDA
(FRENCH)
May I say Mademoiselle, you look
divine.

SHOSANNA
(FRENCH)
Merci.

COL.LANDA
(GERMAN)
This lovely young lady, is Mademoiselle
Emmanuelle Mimieux, this is her cinema,
and she is our hostess for the evening.
(FRENCH)
And Mademoiselle, this battered, broken,
and none worse for the wear German
goddess, is Bridget Von Hammersmark.

BRIDGET
Bonjour.

SHOSANNA
Bonjour.

BRIDGET
(FRENCH)
I'm afraid my companions don't speak
any French, there Italian. This is
Antonino, Enzo, and Dominick.

All three smile goofy spaghetti bender smiles.

COL.LANDA
(FRENCH)
Actually fraulein Von Hammersmarks
Italian associates, need help finding
there seats. Perhaps Mademoiselle
Mimieux would be so kind to escort
them?

SHOSANNA
(FRENCH)
It would be my pleasure. Let me see
your tickets?

Donny hands her two tickets. She indicates for them to follow her.

Donny and Hirschberg both exchange one last look with Aldo,
then follow the young french girl into the auditorium.

INT - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The cinema auditorium is filling up quickly with grey and black
uniforms.

Shosanna finds the two counterfeit Italians their seats.

After she points out their seats, she turns to leave...

Hirschberg...

...reaches out and grabs her wrist.

He looks her in the face, and filled with tremendous guilt,
because if he's successful tonight he's going to blow this
cute French girl to smithereens, he says;

HIRSCHBERG
Grazie.

The cute French Girl looks back at the goofy looking Italian boy with slicked back hair, that makes him look kind of Jewish, with tremendous guilt, knowing if she is successful tonight, she's going to burn him alive, and says;

SHOSANNA

Prego.

BACK TO LOBBY

They begin flicking the lights on and off. A GERMAN SOLDIER YELLS in GERMAN in the lobby;

GERMAN SOLDIER

Take your seats! The show is about to begin! Everybody take your seats!

Col.Landa, Lt.Aldo, and Bridget are still together.

COL.LANDA

(GERMAN)

I must call The Fuhrer. He doesn't want to make his entrance untill everybody seated. Come with me Frau Von Hammersmark. The Fuhrer has heard your here, and he wishes to commend you personally.

BRIDGET

(GERMAN)

Me? Why?

COL.LANDA

(GERMAN)

Don't be modest. Everybody is quite taken with your resolve. A accident, like you've just experienced, and yet you still show up to to a important Party event. The Fuhrer was quite adamant in his gratitude. We'll use Mademoiselle Mimieux's office.

(To Aldo

in Italian)

I'm afraid I must rob you of your companion, but only for a moment.

BRIDGET

(ITALIAN)

Yes, apparently The Fuhrer wishes to commend me.

COL.LANDA
(ITALIAN)

Wait here a moment. I promise I won't
detain her long.

What are ether of them suppose to do, argue?

Col.Landa goes over to one of the Nazi GAURD/USHER, and
whispers in his ear, gesturing toward Aldo. Like he's saying,
leave the boy alone, till we come back.....Or is he?

Col.Landa limps Bridget away towards Shosannas office.

As Aldo stands in the lobby, more and more people enter the
auditorium, till it's only Aldo and the six Nazi Gaurd/Ushers
in the now vacant lobby.

INT - SHOSANNA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Shosanna's cinema manager office. It's small, cluttered, and
dominated by a desk.

They both enter.

Col.Landa closes the door behind him, and LOCKS IT.

Bridget notices, but says nothing.

Now the two Germans are alone.

COL.LANDA
Have a seat fraulein.

Pointing at one lone chair in front of the desk.

She lowers herself in the chair.

Instead of moving around to the other side of the desk,
opposite her. The SS Colonel pulls another little chair over,
and places it in front of the fraulein.

He sits. Their knees almost touching.

The Colonel points to the foot not in the cast.

COL.LANDA
(GERMAN)
Let me see your foot.

BRIDGET
(GERMAN)
I beg your pardon?

Patting his lap.

COL.LANDA
Put your foot in my lap.

BRIDGET
Colonel, you embarrass me.

COL.LANDA
I assure you fraulein, my intention
is not to flirt.

Patting his lap more with more aggression.

The nervous fraulein, lifts up her strapy dress shoe enclosed
foot, and places it in the Colonel's lap.

The Colonel, very delicately, unfastens the thin straps that
hold the frauleins shoe on her foot.....

....He removes the shoe.....

.....Leaving only the frauleins bare foot....

THEN....

He removes from his heavy SS coat pocket, the pretty dress shoe
the fraulein left behind at La Louisiane....

He slips it on her foot....

....it fits like a glove.

Bridget knows she's BUSTED.

Col.Landa smiles and says in ENGLISH;

COL.LANDA
What's that American expression...
"If the shoe fits...you must wear it".

He removes her foot from his lap.

BRIDGET
(GERMAN)
What now Colonel?

COL.LANDA
(GERMAN)
Do you admit you treachery?

She stares defiant daggers into him.

BRIDGET
(GERMAN)

The only thing I will admit to, is
resisting you...

(ENGLISH)

Sons-a-bitches..

(GERMAN)

...to my last breath.

COL. LANDA
(GERMAN)

"Resist to your last breath"?

SUDDENLY....

Hans LUNGES forward, putting his strong mitts around Bridget Von Hammersmarks lily white delicate neck, and with all the violence of a Lion in mid-pounce, SQUEEZES with all his MIGHT.

Bridgets face turns tomato RED, as the VEINS in her face BULGE, and her esophagus is CRUSHED in his GRIP.

With a violent YANK, he JERKS her TO THE FLOOR. She TUMBLES out of the chair, Landa never releasing his GRIP around her throat. Now fully on top of her, he BEARS DOWN, SQUEEZING THE VERY LIFE OUT OF HER. Every thing he has, he brings to bear on the elegant ladies neck.

Then, to finally finish her off, he begins BANGING THE BACK OF HER HEAD, HARD AGAINST THE FLOOR...

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

She's dead.

He releases the grip around her throat. His hands are TREMBLING...

He rises.

Strangling the very life out of somebody with your bear hands, is the most violent act a human being can commit.

Also, only humans strangle, the opposable thumbs being quite important part of the endeavor. As Hans Landa stands, the sheer violence he had to call on to accomplish this task, still surges through him. He tries to gain control of the trembling, that is rippling through his body. He takes out a silver SS FLASK (filled with peach schnapps), and knocks back a couple of swigs. He holds his hand out in front of him. The TREMBLING is beginning to subside. He picks up the telephone.

Into the phone in German he says;

COL.LANDA

Inform The Fuhrer the audience has taken there seats, and we're ready to begin.

Step one, in Hans master plan, done.

He then dials another number.....

INT - LOBBY - NIGHT

Aldo in the lobby....

WHEN...

...he's JUMPED by the SIX NAZI USHERS...

He's THROWN ROUGHLY to the ground face first. Like the modern day Secret Service, within seconds, his wrists are handcuffed behind his back, he's searched, they find the BOMB attached to his ankle, it's removed, a BLACK CLOTH BAG is pulled over his head, then he's hoisted up, and RUSHED out of the building.

This happens in mere seconds, and quietly too, no one in the auditorium is none the wiser.....

INT - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

...including Donowitz and Hirschberg, sitting amongst the master race, waiting for showtime.

EXT - CINEMA - NIGHT

The Six Nazi Soldiers, hustle the hooded Aldo, down the red carpet, then into the alley besides the cinema.

Aldo's put up against a wall.

Inside the black hood, he's SCREAMING every insulting thing about Germany, Germans, German food, German shepherd...anything.

COL.LANDA'S VOICE(OS)

Shut up!

The faceless black hood does.

Col.Landa, now standing directly in front of his hooded prisoner, says in ENGLISH;

COL.LANDA

As Stanley said to Livingston;
Lt.Aldo Raine, I presume?

LT.ALDO

Hans Landa?

COL.LANDA

You've had a nice long run, Aldo.
Alas, your now in the hands of the
SS. My hands to be exact. And they've
been waiting along time, to touch you.

He reaches out with his finger, and lightly touches Aldo's
face right in the middle of the hood.

Aldo's head VIOLENTLY FLINCHES.

COL.LANDA

Caught ya flinching.

In German, he orders the men put Aldo in the back of a truck.

Aldo, bound, and bagged, is put in the truck. Also in the
truck is Utivich, wearing a makeshift chauffeurs uniform,
bound, and bagged like the Lieutenant.

The Truck drives off.

Col.Landa turns around, and SEES FROM A DISTANCE, Hitlers
motorcade pull up to the cinema. Then the Fuhrer, Goebbels,
Francesca, and the rest of the entourage, make there way down
the red carpet into the cinema.

Landa smiles.

EXT TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

We see the truck leaving the city of Paris, under the veil of
night.

We also seem to be leaving the drama of Operation Kino.

INT - TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

The two hooded prisoners, bounce along in the back of the
truck.

Utivich, is crying inside his hood.

LT.ALDO

Utivich?

UTIVICH

Is that you Lieutenant?

LT.ALDO

Yep.

UTIVICH

Do you know what happened to Donny?
Hirschberg? The woman?

LT.ALDO

No I do not.

UTIVICH

Lieutenant, sorry I'm crying.

LT.ALDO

Nothin to be sorry about, son.
This bag, get to anyone.

UTIVICH

Not exactly John Wayne, am I?

LT.ALDO

John Waynes a pampered movie star.
He burst into tears, if his cook,
busts his yoke at breakfast. Just
try puttin a bag over his head, and
hear what kinda sounds he makes.

Utivich, giggles through the tears.

LT.ALDO

I just want you to know, son, I was
real proud of you tonight. Learnin
how to drive overnight. Driving in
that Limo line. You was in the hot
seat, son, and you stood up real good.

Utivich Cries LOUDER.

Aldo takes his foot, finds Utivichs foot, and places his foot
on top.

The TOUCH has a slight calming effect on Utivich.

In the darkness, Utivich has reclaimed his dignity.

EXT - COUNTRY TAVERN - NIGHT

The truck pulls up to a small tavern outside of Paris (not La
Louisaiane).

The two hooded prisoners, are walked inside the establishment.

INT - COUNTRY TAVERN - NIGHT

The hooded men are lead into the closed for business, but open
for something else, rustic tavern.

The Nazi Guards, unlock the handcuff, then sit them down in chairs.

Then, simultaneously, the hoods are YANKED OFF.

The two prisoners, are seated at a table, in what they can now see, is a rustic tavern. On the table is one telephone, one bottle of Chianti, and three glasses. And on the opposite end of the table, sits Colonel Hans Landa.

A NAZI SOLDIER sits posted at a impressive looking two way radio set up in the tavern.

Colonel Lands starts in right away at the two baffled, discombobulated American soldiers.

They will only speak ENGLISH in the scene.

COL.LANDA

Italian? Really?

(BEAT)

What could you have possibly been thinking?

LT.ALDO

Well, I speak alittle Italian -

COL.LANDA

I speak a little Tagalog, but I wouldn't begin to presume I could pass for Filipino. Don't get me wrong, I understand you were in a pickle, what with you losing your Germans. And I have nothing but admiration for improvisation. Still.....Chico Marx is more convincing. If the three of you had shown up to the premiere dressed in womans attire, it would have been more convincing.

Landas eyes go to the Two Nazi Guards behind the prisoners.

COL.LANDA

(GERMAN)

You may leave us. But stay alert outside.

They exit, leaving the Colonel, the Lieutenant, the Private and a German Radio Man in the corner.

COL.LANDA
So your Aldo the Apache?

LT.ALDO
So your The Jew Hunter?

COL.LANDA
Jew Hunter, (pfuit), I'm a detective.
A damn good detective. Finding
people is my specialty. So naturally,
I worked for the Nazi's finding people.
And yes, some of them were Jews.
But Jew Hunter? Just the name that stuck.

UTIVICH
Well you do hafta admit, it is
catchy.

COL.LANDA
Do you control the nicknames, your
enemies bestow on you? Aldo the
Apache and The Little Man?

UTIVICH
What do you mean, The Little Man?

COL.LANDA
The Germans nickname for you.

UTIVICH
The Germans nickname for me is, The
Little Man?

COL.LANDA
Or "The Little One", ether one means you.
And as if to make my point, I'm
a little surprised how tall you
were in real life. I mean, your a
little fellow. But not circus midget
little, as your reputation would
suggest.

LT.ALDO
Where is my men? Where is Bridget
Von Hammersmark?

COL.LANDA
Bridget Von Hammersmark. Oh I'm sure
she's in whatever, big bubbling
cesspool in hell, the devil reserves
for traitors of her ilk.

COL.LANDA
(CON'T)

Well, lets just say, she got what she deserved. And when you purchase friends like Bridget Von Hammersmark, you get what you pay for. Now as far as your Pisanos, Sgt.Donowitz, and Pt.Hirschberg -

LT.ALDO

How do you know our names?

COL.LANDA

Lt.Aldo, if you don't think I wouldn't interrogate every single one of your swastika marked survivors....? We simply aren't operating on the level of mutual respect I assumed. Now, back to the whereabouts of your two Italian saboteurs. At this moment, both Hirschberg, and Donowitz, should be sitting in the very seats we left them in. Seats, 0023 and 0024, if my memory serves. Explosives, still around there ankle, still ready to explode. And your mission, some would call a terrorist plot, as of this moment, is still a go.

The two Basterds don't believe this. It can't be true.

LT.ALDO

That's a pretty exciting story. What's next, Eliza on the ice?

COL.LANDA

However, all I have to do, is pick pick up that phone right there. Inform the cinema, and your plans kupet.

LT.ALDO

IF, their still there, and IF their still alive, and that's one big IF, there ain't no way, you gonna take them boys without settin off them bombs.

COL.LANDA

I have no doubt, and yes, some Germans will die., and yes, it will ruin the evening, and yes, Goebbels will be very very very mad at you for what you've done to his big night. But you won't get Hitler, you won't get Goebbels, you won't get Gering, and you won't get Boorman. And you need all four to end the war.

(Pause)

But if I don't pick up that phone, right there, you may very well get all four. And if you get all four, you end the war...tonight.

The Nazi Colonel lifts up the bottle of Chianti, and fills three glasses. As he pours, he says;

COL.LANDA

So gentlemen, lets discuss the prospect of ending the war..tonight.

All three have their Chianti filled glasses.

COL.LANDA

So the way I see it, since Hitlers death, or possible rescue, rests solely on my reaction...If I do nothing...It's as if I'm causing his death, even more then yourselves. Would you agree?

LT.ALDO

I guess so.

COL.LANDA

How about you Uitivich?

UITIVICH

I guess so too.

COL.LANDA

Good, we more or less, all agree. Gentlemen, I have no intention, of Killing Hitler, and killing Goebbels, and Killing Gerring, and killing Boorman, not to mention winning the war single handedly for the allies, only later, to find myself standing before a Jewish tribunal.

Now they get it.

COL.LANDA

If you want to win the war, tonight,
We have to make a deal.

LT.ALDO

What kinda deal?

COL.LANDA

The kind you wouldn't have the
authority to make. However, I'm sure
this mission of yours, has a
commanding officer? A General, I'm
betting. For.....

(Thinking)

....O.S.S. would be my guess.

Aldo's eyebrows reveal that was a good guess.

COL.LANDA

Oooh, that's a bingo. Is that the
way you say it, That's a bingo?

LT.ALDO

You just say, bingo.

COL.LANDA

Bingo! How fun. But I digress, where
were we? Oh yes, make a deal. Over
there is a very capable two way
radio. And sitting behind it, is a
more then capable radio operator,
named Herrman. Get me somebody on
the other end of that radio with the
power of the pen, to authorize my
- Let's call it, the terms of my
conditional surrender, if that taste
better going down.

BACK TO THE PREMIERE

Shosanna in the booth, she brings down the lights.

In the packed, excited auditorium, the house lights go down.

CU CURTAIN SWITCH, she flips it.

In the auditorium, the RED VELVET CURTAINS part.

Shosanna, throws the lever on the first projector.

The PROJECTOR BULB goes HOT WHITE, PROJECTING A BEAM....

FILM REELS rotate...

35mm FILM moves through the projectors film gate...

The opening seal of a film by The THIRD REICH flickers on the SCREEN...

Goebbels and Francesca watch...

Hitler watches....

Fredrick watches....

Donowitz and Hirschberg watch....

Shosanna, in the booth, watches through the little window...

The CAMERA PANS OFF of Shosanna, to the clearly marked film can, REEL FOUR. The SURPRISE REEL.

BACK TO LANDA AND THE BASTERDS

Landa, with radio headphones over his ears, and a microphone in his hand, talks to the UNSEEN/UNHEARD American Brass on the other end.

COL.LANDA

....So, when the military history of this night is written, it will be recorded, that I was part of "Operation Kino" from the very beginning, as a double agent. Anything I've done in my guise as a SS Colonel, was sanctioned by The O.S.S., as a necessary evil to establish my cover with The Germans. And it was my placement, of Lt.Raines dynamite in Hitler and Goebbels opera box that assured there demise. By the way, that last part is actually true.

FLASH ON

Landa placing bomb in Goebbels and Francesca's opera box.

BACK TO LANDA

COL.LANDA

I want my full military pension and benefits under my proper rank. I want to receive the congregational medal of honor, for my invaluable assistance in the toppling of the Third Reich.

He looks over and sees Aldo and Uitvich watching the one sided conversation.

COL.LANDA

In fact, I want all the members of "Operation Kino" to receive the congregational medal of honor. Full citizenship for myself - but that goes without saying. And I would like the United States of America to purchase property for me on Nantuckett island, as a reward for all the countless lives I've saved by bringing the tyranny of the National Socialist party to a swifter then imanged end. Do you have all that, sir?

(Pause)

I look forward to seeing you face to face as well, sir.

(Pause)

He's right here.

The Colonel hands the headphones and microphone to Aldo.

LT.ALDO

Yes, sir?

We HEAR the VOICE on the other end of the radio, give Aldo his orders;

RADIO VOICE(OS)

Colonel Landa will put you and Private Uitivich in a truck as prisoners. Then he and his radio operator, will get in the truck, drive to our lines. Upon crossing our lines, Colonel Landa and his man will surrender to you. You will then take over driving of the truck, a bring them straight to me for debriefing. Is that clear, Lieutenant?

LT.ALDO

Yes, sir.

The Conversation is over, he puts the radio down.

The three men look at one another.

Landa picks up his wine.

COL.LANDA

So I suppose the only thing left to do is lift a glass, and toast to Donowitz and Hirschbergs success. You too Herrman, come over here.

The four men, Col.Hans Landa, Lt.Aldo Raine, Pvt.Smithson Uitivich, and Herrman, lift up four glasses of wine.

COL.LANDA

Gentlemen, To history, and it's Witnesses.

CHEERS.

BACK TO THE PREMIERE

WE CUT TO THE B/W FILM ON SCREEN.

Fredrick Zoller, playing himself, is in a ornamental tower in a Russian village, picking off RUSSIAN SOLDIER's below.

A RUSSIAN GENERAL KCHOVLANSKEY

peering at the German Private through binoculars. He lowers the long range glasses, and confers with one of his OFFICERS.

GENERAL KCHOVLANSKEY
(RUSSIAN)

What's the death toll?

OFFICER
(RUSSIAN)

47, so far.

WE HEAR A SHOT.

OFFICER
(RUSSIAN)

48. General, I implore you, we must destroy that tower!

GENERAL KCHOVLANSKEY
(RUSSIAN)

That tower is one of the oldest, and most beautiful structures in Russia. I won't be responsible for turning a thousand years of history into dust!

A BRAVE RUSSIAN SOLDIER, tries to run between two buildings.

Zoller, gets him.

Then proceeds to pick him apart, one single bullet at a time.

SHOSANNA IN PROJECTION BOOTH

She removes "REEL 4" (The Special Shosanna Reel), and prepares it on the 2nd Projector. Reel 3, on the first Projector, playing now, is halfway through. In a few short minutes, it's going to be show time.

Marcel says to Shosanna in FRENCH, SUBTITLED in ENGLISH;

MARCEL

It's time. I should go lock the auditorium,
and take my place behind the screen.

This is the last time they will ever see each other, too much to say. He holds her in his arms and lays a one kiss before I die wet one on her.

DONOWITZ AND HIRSCHBERG

sit in their seats watching the movie, surrounded by DRESS UNIFORM NAZI'S. They've developed a dopey way of communicating with each other in this hostel environment.

Basically, speaking English like it were gibberish Italian. They say English words, only adding a "I", or a "A", or a "O", to the end of it. And saying it in a exaggerated Italian accent, complete with pantomimes.

Donowitz leans into Hirschberg, and says in a wispier;

They speak in ITALIA-ISH SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

SGT. DONOWITZ
(ITALIA-ISH)

I-a Go-a Toilet-a, Set-ta Boom-a.
(I go to the toilet and set the bomb)
When-a I-a Go-a, you-a Set-ta Boom-a.
(When I go, you set your bomb)

Hirschberg indicates/pantomimes, he can't set his bomb surrounded by all these Nazi's.

Donowitz, pantomimes crossing his legs, setting bomb on ankle in his seat. Then getting up, and dropping it in the back of the auditorium, in the dark.

Hirschberg doesn't get it.

HIRSCHBERG

What-a?

(What?)

Donny pantomimes again, more exaggerated, and with less patience.

HIRSCHBERG

Affirm-ato, affirm-ato.
(Affirmative, affirmative)

SGT.DONOWITZ

They-o Look-o Screen-a, Not-o You-a.
(They're looking at the screen, not you.)

HIRSCHBERG

Fantastic-o.
(Fantastic)

SGT.DONOWITZ

After-teri, Set-ta, Five-o Moment-o
(Pointing to
watch)

You-a, Pphisst.
(After you set the bomb, wait five
minutes, and get out of here)

HIRSCHBERG

What-o?
(What?)

SGT.DONOWITZ

Confuss-i, confuss-i, confuss-i.
(Confused, confused, confused.)
What-a, and-o what-o, same-o?
(I thought "What-a" ment "What",
does "What-O" mean "What", as well?)

HIRSCHBERG

Oh-o, sorr-o, I-o ment-a "What-a".
(Oh, sorry, I ment what.)

SGT.DONOWITZ

After-teri, you-a set-ta boom-a,
five-o moment-o, you-a, fuck-o Pphisst.
(After you set the bomb, wait five
minutes and get the fuck out of here.)

HIRSCHBERG

Affirm-ato, affirm-ato.
(Affirmative, Affirmative)

SGT.DONOWITZ

Good-a, Luck-a.
(Good luck.)

Donowitz stands from his seat, and walks out of the dark auditorium, into the lobby. The Nazi Guards/Ushers are gone, the lobby is completely empty. Seeing the STAIRS leading down to the WATER CLOSET/BATHROOM, he descends them to plant the Boom-a, I mean, The Bomb.

DESCENDING THE STAIRS

leading to the Water closet. Like a lot of old cinema's, not only was the water closet located under the auditorium, you had to pass through a rather large SMOKING LOUNGE to get to it. In the Smoking Lounge are TEN NAZI ENLISTED MEN, the Guards/Ushers for the event, smoking and indulging in soldiers gossip. They're all in dress uniforms, and all are armed.

Donowitz, in his tuxedo, acts cool, and walks right through them.

They look up, but don't disturb there time off vibe.

Donny enters the big Water Closet. Except for ONE LONE NAZI ENLISTED MAN at the urinal, it would appear as if Donny has the whole wash room to himself.

He enters the privacy of a toilet stall, locks the door.

MARCEL IN LOBBY

He descends the stairs leading down from the projection booth, into the empty lobby. He goes to one of the auditorium doors, and peers inside.

WE SEE THE SCREEN AND THE AUDIENCE FROM MARCELS POV: in the back of the room. The audience seems riveted to Fredrick's exploits on screen.

Marcel closes the door, and with a KEY, DEADBOLTS it SHUT.

INSIDE THE AUDITORIUM

WE PAN OFF THE SCREEN to Marcel, who locks the two doors on ether side of the screen...due to curtains placed there, no one notices Marcells actions.

Marcel then goes BEHIND THE SCREEN, WE SEE the IMAGE (backward) of Fredricks sniper battle HUGE COVERING ENTIRE SIDE ROOM...A PILE of over 300 nitrate FILM PRINTS, lay like a junk pile , right behind the screen.

Sitting down in a wooden chair facing the screen, and Pile-o-film, he lights up a cigarette, a absolute no-no in a cinema of this era, but tonight, what does it matter?

He smokes, and waits for his cue to....BURN IT DOWN!

FREDRICK IN OPERA BOX

along side Hitler, Goebbels, Francesca, and BOORMAN. On screen the battle rages. He leans over and whispers something in Goebbels ear, we can't hear. Goebbels makes a very sympathetic face (at least sympathetic for Goebbels), and says in German;

GOEBBELS

Perfectly understandable, dear boy.
You go now, and we'll see you after
the show.

He exits the opera box. And walks to the projection booth door. He raps on the door in a trying to be amusing way.

The door opens, just a little bit, Shosanna not friendly, stares at him.

He, as per usual, is all smiles and charm.

They speak in FRENCH, SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

FREDRICK

Are you the manager, of this cinema?
I want my money back. That actor in
the movie stinks.

He laughs.

She doesn't even smile. She says, in all serious business;

SHOSANNA

What are you doing here?

FREDRICK

I came to visit you.

SHOSANNA

Can't you see how busy I am?

FREDRICK

Then allow me to lend a assist.

SHOSANNA

Fredrick it's not funny, you can't
be here. This is your premiere, you
need to be out there with them.

As Fredrick prepares to tell his little tale, with all the charm at his command, Shosanna listens, knowing the third reel is just about over, and her big reel change is coming up.

FREDRICK

Normally, you would be right.
And for all the other films I do,
I intend to endure evenings like
tonight, in the proper sprit.
However the fact remains, this film,
is based on my military exploits.
And in this case, my exploits
consisted of me killing many men.
Consequently, the part of the film
that's playing now,....I don't like
watching this part.

SHOSANNA

Fredrick, I am sorry, but -

FREDRICK

- So, I thought, I'd come up here
and do what I do best, annoy you.
And from the look on your face, it
would appear I haven't lost my touch.

DONNY IN TOILET

Sgt. Donowitz, with BOMB in his lap, sets the timer, six
minutes from now. He then places the bomb in the back of the
toilet tank.

CAMERA ON FLOOR OF WATER CLOSET

we see the tile of the floor stretch out before us. We see
Donny's feet in the closed toilet stall. We HEAR, the OFF
SCREEN Nazi Enlisted Man, finish his piss. Then HIS SHOES WALK
THROUGH FRAME....WE FOLLOW THEM TO.....The SINK...WE STAY ON
The Shoes...as WE HEAR The Soldier WASH HIS HANDS...THEN....
THE CAMERA RISES UP HIS PANT LEG...Till...WE'RE EYE LEVEL with
the German Soldier, with a ARMY CAP on his head, who's
done washing his hands....THEN....The Soldier removes
his cap, brushes some bangs out of his face, and WE CAN SEE
THE SWASTIKA HAND CARVED INTO HIS FOREHEAD, UNDENIABLE MARK
OF THE BASTARDS. He SPLASHES some WATER ON HIS FACE, puts his
cap back on his head, and joins his comrades in the smoking
lounge. As he exits FRAME, he says to somebody OFF SCREEN;

SWASTIKA FOREHEAD

(GERMAN)

Hey Fritz, you owe me three cigarettes,
now pay up.

SHOSANNA AND FREDRICK

Fredrick still outside the doorway, and Shosanna, still baring
the way.

SHOSANNA

I have to get prepared for the reel
change.

FREDRICK

Let me do it?

SHOSANNA

No.

FREDRICK

Oh please, it's been two years since
i've done a reel change.

SHOSANNA

I said, no.

FREDRICK

(Cute whine)

Come on, it's my premiere.

SHOSANNA

Are you so use to the Nazi's kissing
your ass, you've forgotten what the
word, "No" means? No Fredrick, you
can't come in here, now go away!

No subtitles for Fredrick needed this time, he gets it.

He does a one-armed PILE DRIVE PUSH on the door, knocking both
it OPEN, and Shosanna back into the room.

Fredrick, a different cat then we've seen up till now, enters
the booth, closing the door behind him, and LOCKING it.

The quite startled Shosanna, says to Fredrick;

SHOSANNA

Fredrick, you hurt me.

FREDRICK

Well, it's nice to know you can feel
something. Even if it's just physical
pain.

Fredrick steps forward....

Shosanna steps backwards....

FREDRICK

I'm not a man you say, "Go away"
to. There's over three hundred
dead bodies in Russia, that if
they could, would testify to that.
After what I've done for you, you
disrespect me at your peril.

BACK TO WASHROOM

The Swastika Forehead Soldier, get a light for his cigarette.
He takes a big drag.

SOLDIER'S POV:

He faces the washroom, and down that long throw, he sees Donny emerge from the toilet stall. His tuxedo jacket is off, and draped over his right hand. Sporting the white dress shirt, and black tuxedo vest. He's quite far away, so now he just looks like some guy in a tux, who just finished taking a shit. Donny walks toward us.....

CU SWASTIKA FOREHEAD

seeing him get closer...

SOLDIER POV:

Donny gets closer....

CU SWASTIKA FOREHEAD

seeing him closer still.....

SOLDIER POV:

Donny gets closer....

CU SWASTIKA FOREHEAD

begins to notice....

SOLDIER POV:

Donny getting closer, begins to notice, German soldier notice him....

CU SWASTIKA FOREHEAD

now Donny is close enough for the Soldier to recognize. His face SCREAMS;

SWASTIKA FOREHEAD

The Bear Jew!!!

The Soldier's GUN is out of it's holster, and rising toward Donny's chest...

WHEN...

Donny raises his right arm, with the tuxedo jacket on it, and FIRES a GUN concealed under it.

HITTING Swastika Forehead in the chest...Who finishes raising his GUN, FIRING HITTING Donny in the chest....

The Two Soldier's FIRE INTO each other.... Till there weapons are empty, and the two men lie dead on the floor.

The Nine other NAZI'S in the room, stand shocked at what just happened in front of them.

SHOSANNA AND FREDRICK IN PROJECTION BOOTH

Fredrick hears the gunshots below them, and turns towards the door.

FREDRICK

What the hell was that?

While Fredrick's back is turned, Shosanna takes a GUN out of her pocket, and SHOTS Fredrick THREE TIMES in the back...

...He CRASHES HARD into the door, then FALLING FACE FIRST to the floor...

Shosanna, gun in hand, looks out projection booth window into the audience....

The ON SCREEN BATTLE rages so LOUDLY with GUNFIRE, that her weapon didn't stand a chance of being heard.

Her eyes go from the audience...

....up to the big screen....

....Which holds FREDRICK ZOLLER in a tight handsome CLOSE UP.

The Face on the silver screen, breaks the young girl's heart...

...She looks to his body, lying face down on the floor, blood flowing from the holes she put in his back....

..His body moves a little, and he lets out a painful MOAN...

...DIEING though he is, at this moment, Fredrick is still ALIVE....

Shosanna moves to him....

...She touches him, and he lets out another MOAN...

...She turns his body over on it's back...

...he's holding a LUGER in his hand...

...he FIRES TWICE...

BANG BANG

Two bullets HIT HER POINT BLANK IN THE CHEST...

THROWING HER against the wall, then FALLING FORWARD on her knees to the floor...

...Fredrick, Luger still in hand, takes aim from the floor...

....FIRES...

HITTING the bloody girl on the floor, in the thigh...

...SPINNING her BODY around in agony....

Like he did to the Russian on screen, he picks her apart, one bullet at a time...

....FIRES...

BULLET BLOWS OFF HEEL OF HER FOOT...

Luger drops to floor, Fredrick DIES.

Our young French Jewish heroine, lies on the projection booth floor, in a pool of her own blood, her body RIDDLED with bullets, her nerve endings wracked with pain, CRIPPLED and DIEING...

WHEN...

...the little bell on the 1st projector, starts to ring, informing the projectionist, it's time for The REEL CHANGE.

Dieing or not, if Shosanna intends to get her revenge, she's going to have to lift her ass off the floor, and execute this fucking reel change.

CINEMA AUDITORIUM

The battle on screen continues waging. The audience is riveted.

The FUHRER

watches, completely caught up in the dramatic spectacle. He says to Goebbels in German;

HITLER

Extraordinary Joseph, simply extraordinary. This is your finest film yet.

Goebbels is beyond proud, he smiles to Francesca, who proudly pats his hand.

PROJECTION BOOTH

Shosanna, bloody, crippled, and fucked, with great painful effort, PULLS HERSELF OFF THE FLOOR...

AUDITORIUM

Hirschberg, sitting in his seat, SETS the BOMB on his ankle. Then stands up, and begins scooting past everybody in his rows knees.

PROJECTION BOOTH

like the German heroine in one of Riefenstahl's mountain films, Shosanna CLIMBS UP the 35mm film projector, like it was Piz Palu....

FILM ON SCREEN

Private Zoller FIRING away from his perch. In the top far right corner of The FRAME. WE SEE the 1st REEL CHANGE MARK...

PROJECTION BOOTH

Shosanna hanging on to projector, waiting for 2nd reel change mark, it's a agonizing effort....

BEHIND SCREEN

Marcel, smoking, waiting for his cue....

HIRSCHBERG

get out of his row, and begins walking up the aisle in the middle of the cinema towards the exit.

ON SCREEN

SERGIO LEONE CU FREDRICK, he SCREAMS to Russians below;

MOVIE ZOLLER

Who wants to send a message to Germany?

In the top right of FRAME The 2nd REEL CHANGE MARK POPS ON...

PROJECTION BOOTH

Shosanna TOSSES herself to the floor, as she THROWS THE CHANGE OVER SWITCH on the 2nd Projector...

EX CU PROJECTOR BULB

BLASTING WHITE in our face.

SLOW MOTION

SHOSANNA FALLING....

EX CU 35MM FILM

MOVING....

SHOSANNA

HITS the DUSTY ground HARD, NOT in slow motion...

PROJECTOR BEAM

SHOOTS OUT OF LITTLE PROJECTION BOOTH WINDOW hits screen.

CU SHOSANNA

on floor, eyes close, last breath blown into dusty projection booth floor. Like her family before her, dead from Nazi bullets.

AUDITORIUM

ON THE SILVER SCREEN FREDRICKS EX CU
CUT TO

ON SILVER SCREEN MATCHING SHOSANNA EX CU

CAMERA in the exact same placement, same background (b/w sky),
SLIGHT LOW ANGLE LOOKING UP, so on screen Shosanna is looking
down on the Nazi's, the way Fredrick was looking down on the
Russians. The way this HUGE IMAGE OF SHOSANNA'S GIANT FACE stares
down the auditorium of Nazi's, brings to mind Orwells "1984"
Big Brother.

HITLER and GOEBBELS
React.

HIRSCHBERG

standing in the middle of the aisle, turns towards the screen.
When he see's Shosanna's GIANT FACE, he's gobsmacked.

BEHIND SCREEN

Marcel sitting in the chair, with his cigarette, before the
EVEN MORE GIANT FACE OF SHOSANNA.

SHOSANNAS GIANT FACE ON SCREEN

She stares down the packed house of Nazi's, and says
in FRENCH;

SHOSANNAS GIANT FACE

I have a message for Germany. I'm
interrupting your Nazi propaganda
horse shit, to inform you despicable
German swine, that your all going to
die.

HITLER and GOEBBELS
react.

HIRSCHBERG
react.

MARCEL
smiles.

SHOSANNAS GIANT FACE

And I want you to look deep in the face
of The Jew who's going to do it.

AUDITORIUM AUDIENCE

While the shocked German audience is transfixed to the screen,
behind the heads of most of them...

The BOMB Landa set in Hitlers and Goebbels opera box...

EXPLODES.

BLOWING TO SMITHEREENS, HITLER, FRANCESCA, BOORMAN, and propelling GOEBBELS, still in his theatre seat, across the auditorium, into the opposite wall, and taking out a portion of the ceiling as well.

The crowd reacts...

The explosion causes the huge chandelier from Versailles, to topple from it's jerry-rigged placement, and CRASH on to the audience below...

ON SCREEN THE GIANT FACE OF SHOSANNA finishes her WAR CRY.

SHOSANNAS GIANT FACE

My name is Shosanna Dreyfus, and this is the face of Jewish Vengeance! Marcel, BURN IT DOWN!

BEHIND THE SCREEN

Marcel takes his cigarette, and FLICKS IT into the pile of nitrate film.

ON SCREEN SHOSANNAS GIANT FACE LAUGHS MANIACALLY at the scrambling little Nazi's, running in a panic, as FLAMES LIKE OUT OF A GIANT BLAST FURNACE, BURST THROUGH SHOSANNAS FACE, and CLIMB UP THE WALLS of the cinema.

The AUDIENCE

STAMPEDES towards the exits...

HIRSCHBERG

with bomb set on ankle, is caught in a massive Day of the Locust SWARM OF BODIES...

People frantically pound on locked doors, trapping them to there grizzly fate.

The FLAMES and FIRE spread through thr auditorium....

Hirschberg caught in people crunch, knows this is it.

HIS ANKLE BOMB GOES OFF

right underneath everybody in the room.

The effect this has on the people in the room, is very similar to that of the effect a M-80 blowing up in a ant hill, would have on the ants. The auditorium is a literal red rain of legs, arms, heads, torsos, and asses.

THEN...

DONOWITZ TOILET BOMB

BLOWS UP UNDERNEATH the auditorium.

COLLAPSING THE CINEMA, AND BLOWING OUT THE FRONT OF THE THEATRE.

As MADAM MIMEUX'S CINEMA BURNS...

Theses SUBTITLES APPEAR ON SCREEN as if on a military teletype:

"OPERATION KINO A COMPLETE SUCCESS".

FADE OUT

FADE UP

"HITLER DEAD. GOEBBELS DEAD. BOORMAN DEAD. GERING DEAD. ZOLLER DEAD. MOST OF HIGH COMMAND DEAD"

FADE OUT

FADE IN

"FOUR DAYS LATER, GERMANY SURRENDERS"

FADE OUT

FADE IN

"ONCE UPON A TIME IN NAZI...
OCCUPIED FRANCE".

CUT TO

EXT - WOODS - MORNING

It's a misty early morning, in the woodsy area. The German truck, with Aldo and Uitvich in the back, and Landa and Herrman in the front comes to stop.

LANDA and HERRMAN IN TRUCK CAB
Herrman, behind the wheel, tells Landa in German;

HERRMAN

These are the American lines, sir.

In the back of the truck, sit the two last remaining members of The Basterds, Lt.Aldo Raine, and Prvt.Smithson Uitivich, both with their hands cuffed behind there back.

Landa and Herrman appear at truck rear, says in ENGLISH;

COL.LANDA

Okay Gentlemen, you can climb down.

Aldo and Uitivich climb down from the truck.

Col.Landa indicates for Herrman to remove the handcuffs from the two prisoners.

He does.

COL.LANDA

Herrman, hand them your weapon.

He does.

Col.Landa hands over his LUGER, and his very cool looking SS DAGGER.

COL.LANDA

I am officially surrendering myself over to you, Lt.Raine. We are your prisoners.

LT.ALDO

Thank you very much Colonel. Uitivich, cuff the Colonel's hands behind his back.

COL.LANDA

Is that really necessary?

As Uitivich cuffs the Colonels hands behind his back, Aldo says;

LT.ALDO

I'm a slave to appearances.

Then Aldo takes the Luger, and SHOOTS HERRMAN DEAD.

The bound Col.Landa is appalled.

COL.LANDA

Are you mad? What have you done? I made a deal with your General for that mans life!

LT.ALDO

Yeah, they made that deal, but they don't give a fuck about him, they need you.

COL.LANDA

You'll be shot for this.

LT.ALDO

Naw I don't think so, more like I'll be chewed out. I've been chewed out before. You know, Uitivich and myself, heard that deal you made with the Brass. End the war tonight? I'd make that deal. How bout you Uitivich, you make that deal?

UITIVICH

I'd make that deal.

LT.ALDO

I don't blame ya. Damn good deal. And that pretty little nest ya feathered for yourself. Well, if your willing to barbecue the whole high command, I suppose that's worth certain considerations. Now I don't care about you gettin pensions, merit badges, ticker tape parades, who gives a damn, let's all go home. But I do have one question? When you go to your little place on Nantuckett Island, I image you gonna take off that handsome looking SS uniform of yours, ain't ya?

For the first time in the movie, Col.Landa doesn't respond.

LT.ALDO

That's what I thought. Now that...
...I can't abide. How bout you Uitivich, can you abide it?

UITIVICH

Not one damn bit, sir.

LT.ALDO

I mean if I had my way, you'd wear that goddamn uniform for the rest of your pecker suckin life. But I'm aware that's ain't practical. I mean at some point ya gotta hafta take it off.

He opens Landa SS DAGGER, and holds the BLADE in front of Hans face.

LT.ALDO

So I'm gonna give you a little somethin you can't take off.

CUT TO

CU COL.LANDA

The Dagger has just completed carving a swastika deep into his forehead.

COL.LANDA'S POV:

On the ground, looking up at Aldo, bloody knife in hand, who straddles him. And Uitivich, who's next to him. The two Basterds admire Aldo's handiwork.

Aldo turns to Uitivich, and says;

LT.ALDO

You know somethin Uitivich, I think
this just might be my masterpiece.

They ghoulishly giggle.

CUT TO

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED
BY
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