"INGLOURIOUS BASTERDS"

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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
spashing 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
then 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 either 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 bowl 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 either 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 Dreyfusis had made their way into Spain.

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

PERRIER
Yes.

COL LANDA
Were the LaPadites and the Dreyfusis 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 DREYFUSIS, who have lived lying down underneath the dairy farmers house for the past year. But one couldn't call what The Dreyfusis 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 business. 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 Dreyfusis, 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 an instinct for survival and preservation 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, Colonel, 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 goard 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 Frenchman's 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 an 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 cannot 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 preforming 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
SHOSHANNA, 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 SHOSANNA'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 a 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 RAINIER, 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 gon na 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! Soldiers 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.
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 serge over.

BASTERD PFC.HIRSCHBERG
KICKS Sgt.Rachtman in the back.
PFC. HIRSCHBERG

You! Go!

Sgt. Rachman 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 Bastards sit in a circle, Indian style, with Aldo in the middle.

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

NARRATOR (VO)
Sgt. Werner Rachman 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 spirit 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 Bastards, stands straight before the sitting southern Lieutenant, and salutes his captor.

SGT. RACHTMAN
(ENGLISH)
Sgt. Werner Rachman.

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
How's 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 party's been held, how many's 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 Rhuths 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;

\[ \text{LT. ALDO} \]
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!

\[ \text{SGT. DONOWITZ} \]
he turns to CAMERA, and yells;

\[ \text{SGT. DONOWITZ} \]
Yeah?

\[ \text{LT. ALDO} \]
Got a German here wants to die for
country. Oblige him.

\[ \text{SGT. DONNY DONOWITZ} \]
Bat over his shoulder, smiles.

CUT TO

INT - BARBER SHOP (BOSTIN) - DAY

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

\[ \text{DONNY} \]
...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 
runtime jump at the moon.

\[ \text{HEAD} \]
You know they got a word for what your 
sayin Donny, it's called treason.

\[ \text{DONNY} \]
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. Himmerstein
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. Himmerstein
And just how do intend to do that, Joshua?

He holds up his bat.

Donny
With this.

MRS. Himmerstein
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. Himmerstein
I thought we were having tea together?

Donny picks up his cup, and takes a sip.

MRS. Himmerstein
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. Himmerstein....

Mrs. Himmerstein
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 Butz's, 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 ordeal?

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.

PVT. 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 marquee's 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 re winds.

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
What's 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 REFENSTHAL 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, etc,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 Soldier 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?

Oui.

GERMAN SOLDIER
Oui.

SHOSANNA

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

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 pesterling 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 neither 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 operating?

FREDRICK

Oui.

SHOSANNA

What's it called?
FREDRICK
The Kino Haus.

SHOSANNA
How has it done during 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 forth 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 revel 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 Hitler's 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 then
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.

Bonjour.
FRANCESCA

Bonjour.
SHOSANNA
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 then 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 world's 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? 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 HELSTROM
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 Führer 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, reveals 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
(Referring 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 acceptable?

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 Zoller's 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 HELSTROM
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, accidently, 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 excepts 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 wall, look like grotesque Nazi charcters.

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.

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 FOUR
"OPERATION KINO"

INT - ENGLISH COUNTRY ESTATE - DAY

A young MILITARY ATTACHE, opens the sliding double doors that serve as an 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 Churchill 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 subtextual 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 say .... Louis 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 Gem彼此 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 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 Gerry's 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 diffrence 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. L
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, raised it high...

SHOSANNA
Prepare to die, collaborator fucking!

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 renews...

Shosanna SPLICES her and Marcel's footage into REEL 4 of Fredrick's 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 an old rustic sign out front that reads, "La Louisiane".

A SUBTITLE APPEARS:

"The Village of NADINE, FRANCE"

TWO SHOT LT.HICOX and LT.ALDORaine
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 Utovich. 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 rendez-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 PRIVATE'S.

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 (NATA 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 nationally of the author, has nothing to do with the nationally 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, Hiccox, 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 Bridgit'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 "Tiefland". 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 impertinence!

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?

Yes.

MAJOR HELLSTROM
LT. HICOX
Then you saw me. You remember the skiing torch scene?

MAJOR HELSTROM
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 then he.

The impostors laugh.

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

MAJOR HELSTROM
You should rejoin your friends.

Which the young Sgt is more then 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 HELSTROM
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 HELSTROM
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 cheer.

BACK TO THE REAL GERMAN TABLE
They continue to have a lot of fun playing their game.

BACK TO OFFICERS TABLE

MAJOR HELLSTROM
I must say, that game they're playing
looks like a good bit of fun. I didn't
join them, because you're 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.

Until 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
HELLSTROM
is
KING
KONG
BRIDGET
VON HAMMERSMARK
is
MARCO
POLO
WILHELM
WICKI
is
BULLDOG
DRUMMOND
ARCHIE
HICOX
is
BRIGITTE
HELM
HUGO
STIGLITZ
is
G.W.
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 visit... 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
Hummm. That could be either 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 ourself's 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 gun 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.

Which girl?

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)
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 gunns.

BACK TO LANDA

COL LANDA
But that doesn't 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 Germanic. 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 Führer, aka Adolph Hitler, aka Adolph Shicklegroover, aka The Bohemian Corporal, having dinner with Goebbels, only a few short days ago.

The Führer
(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 team's 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 Marcel's 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 onm-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 forth 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 locking 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, goddamn it!

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 byproduct 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 regained his composure....

COL. LANDA
Forgive me, fraulein. I don't mean
laugh at your misfortune. It's just
... mountain 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, Dominic 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.LANOA
Put your foot in my lap.

BRIDGET
Colonel, you embarrass me.

COL.LANOA
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.LANOA
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.LANOA
(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 LUNGE$ forward, putting his strong mitts around Bridget Von Hammersmark's lily white delicate neck, and with all the violence of a lion in mid-pounce, SQUEEZES with all his MIGHT.

Bridget's 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 their 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?
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? Hirchberg? 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.

Utvich, 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.

Utvich 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 Louisiane).

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 a little 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, let's 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 Rasteros 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 up that phone right there. Inform the cinema, and your plans kupert.

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 Goring,
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, let's discuss the
prospect of ending the war... tonight.

All three have their Chianti filled glasses.

COL. LANDA
So the way I see it, since Hitler's
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 VELOUR CURTAINS part.

Shosanna, throws the lever on the first projector.
The PROJECTOR BULB goes NOT 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 Nantucket 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 Uitvich 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-ISSH SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

      SGT.DONOWITZ
(ITALIA-ISSH)
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, sorrr-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 Marcel's 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 spirit.
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 SHOOTS 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 befor 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 Orwell's "1984"
Big Brother.

HITLER and GOEBBELS
React.

HIRSCHBERG
standing in the middle of the aisle, turns towards the screen.
When he sees' 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.

SHOSANNA'S 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 SHOSANNA'S 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 SHOSANNA'S 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 an 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 Uitvich, 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 Utitivich 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. Utitivich, cuff the Colonel's hands behind his back.

**COL. LANDA**

Is that really necessary?

As Utitivich 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, Utitwich and myself, heard that deal you made with the Brass. End the war tonight? I'd make that deal. How bout you Utitwich, 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 Nantucket 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 Utitwich, 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
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