

INT - LA LOUISIANE (BASEMENT TAVERN) - NIGHT

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

FIVE NAZI'S

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

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

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

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

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

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

WINNETOU

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

The whole table bursts out laughing.

FEMALE SGT/BEETHOVEN

Yes you are!

EDGAR WALLACE

Well, not really.

SGT.POLA NEGRI

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

EDGAR WALLACE

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

WINNETOU

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

BRIDGET/GENGUS

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

WINNETOU

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

He's got it.

The table Laughs.

The TABLE

YES!

WINNETOU

Is my bloodbrother, Old Shatterhand?

The TABLE

Yes!

WINNETOU

Did Karl May write me?

The TABLE

Yes!

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

BRIDGET

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

LT.HICOX

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

BRIDGET

(To Winnetou)

So who are you?

WINNETOU

I am WINNETOU, CHIEF of the APACHES!

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

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

Bridget Von Hammersmark knock backs her champagne.

MATA HARI

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

BRIDGET

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

MATA HARI

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

BRIDGET

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

SGT.POLA NEGRI

Do one for us.

The Table heartily agrees.

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

The Table loves it.

MATA HARI

My turn, I want to try.

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

EDGER WALLACE

I want to try.

He does.

Soon the whole Table is doing dueling Double Takes.

HICOX - WICKI - STIGLITZ

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

THEN...

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

BRIDGET

Gengus Khaun! I would never of gotten that.

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

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

Obviously, they speak GERMAN, SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

LT.HICOX

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

BRIDGET

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

WICKI

We should leave.

BRIDGET

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

LT.HICOX

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

BACK TO THE GERMAN TABLE

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

The Germans all laugh.

BACK TO THE BASTERDS TABLE

BRIDGET

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

LT.HICOX

Why?

BRIDGET

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

Hugo Stiglitz does a SPIT TAKE.

Bridget's eyes bore holes in him.

BACK TO THE REAL GERMANS

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

BACK TO BASTERDS

BRIDGET  
(To Hicox)

You'll be going as Ernst Schuller.  
You'll say your a associate producer  
on Riefenstahl's "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 impertinentness!

Stiglitz, STANDS and YELLS to the other table;

STIGLITZ

I'm making YOU,...

(Pointing at  
Winnetou)

...and YOU,...

(Pointing at  
Edgar Wallace)

...responsible, for him.

(Pointing at  
Sgt.Pola)

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



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

WHEN.....

A GERMAN VOICE rings out;

GERMAN VOICE (OS)

Then might I inquire?

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

MAJOR HELLSTROM

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

Wicki jumps in;

WICKI

Major, this is highly inappr -

MAJOR HELLSTROM

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

(Turning to  
Stiglitz)

or you ether, Lt.Berlin.  
(Looking at  
Hicox)

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

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

Lt.Hicox, calmly explains his origin.

LT.HICOX

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

MAJOR HELLSTROM

The mountain?

LT.HICOX

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

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Yes.

LT.HICOX

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

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Yes I do.

LT.HICOX

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

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

BRIDGET

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

The impostors laugh.

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

MAJOR HELLSTROM

You should rejoin your friends.

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

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

MAJOR HELLSTROM

May I join you?

BRIDGET

By all means, Major.

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

MAJOR HELLSTROM

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

LT.HICOX

Aside from having a drink with the lovely fraulein?

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Well that pleasure requires no explanation.

Chuckle...Chuckle

MAJOR HELLSTROM

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

LT.HICOX

You know every German in France?

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Worth knowing.

LT.HICOX

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

Chuckle...Chuckle.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

(Chuckling as  
he asks)

All levity aside, what are you doing in France?

LT.HICOX

Attending Goebbels film premiere as the frauleins escort.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Your the frauleins escort?

LT.HICOX

Somebody has to carry the lighter.

Chuckle chuckle.

BRIDGET

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

Chuckle chuckle.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

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

BRIDGET

I'll drink to that.

They cheers.

BACK TO THE REAL GERMAN TABLE

They continue to have alot of fun playing their game.

BACK TO OFFICERS TABLE

MAJOR HELLSTROM

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

(Bowing to  
Bridget)

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

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

BRIDGET

Okay, one game.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

wunderbar

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

MAJOR HELLSTROM

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

(He SNAPS his  
fingers)

Eric! More pens.

(Back to players)

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

He demonstrates.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

(CON'T)

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

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

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

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

The Majors Voice comes back on the soundtrack.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

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

The Five players write their names....

Then move their cards to the right....

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

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

MAJ.KING KONG

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

They laugh.

BRIDGET

No.

MAJ.KING KONG

Am I a American?

They laugh - but then Wicki says;

WICKI

Wait a minute, he goes to -

BRIDGET

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

MAJ.KING KONG

So....I visited America, aye?

The Table says; "Yes".

MAJ.KING KONG

Was this vist...fortuitous?

WICKI

Not for you.

MAJ.KING KONG

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

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

MAJ.KING KONG

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

The Table says; "Yes you are".

MAJ.KING KONG

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

"Yes".

MAJ.KING KONG

Did I go against my will?

"Yes".

MAJ.KING KONG

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

"Yes".

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

"Yes".

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

The Table says, "No".

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

He throws the card on the table.

They applaud him.

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

The three counterfeit Nazi's knock back their whiskey.

MAJOR HELLSTROM  
Now, who's next?

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

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

BRIDGET  
Of course not, Major.

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

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

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

MAJOR HELLSTROM

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

(Leaning in)

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

LT.HICOX

Your most gracious, sir.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

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

ERIC

How many glasses?

LT.HICOX

Five glasses.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

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

BRIDGET

Nor I. I'll stay with bubbly.

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

LT.HICOX

Three glasses.

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

Major Hellstrom lifts up his beer stein, and toasts;

MAJOR HELLSTROM

To a thousand year Reich!

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

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

MAJOR HELLSTROM

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



LT.HICOX

Why do you have a Luger pointed at my testicles?

MAJOR HELLSTROM

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

LT.HICOX

Well, Major -

BRIDGET

- Major -

MAJOR HELLSTROM

- Shut up slut.

(To Hicox)

You were saying?

LT.HICOX

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

SGT.STIGLITZ

That makes three of us.

UNDERTABLE

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

SGT.STIGLITZ

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

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

MAJOR HELLSTROM

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

LT.HICOX

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

MAJOR HELLSTROM

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

MAJOR HELLSTROM  
(pointing behind  
him at the table)

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

(referring to  
Stiglitz and Wicki)

You two will have to shoot them.

BRIDGET

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

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Oh Bridget, your concern for German  
troops, gets me

(Pointing at  
his heart)

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

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

LT.HICOX  
(ENGLISH)

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

MAJOR HELLSTROM  
(ENGLISH)

By all means, Cap't.

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

LT.HICOX

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

He downs the stuff.

LT.HICOX  
(To the Nazi  
Major)

I must say, damn good stuff, sir.

He puts the glass down.

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

MAJOR HELLSTROM  
(ENGLISH)  
And what would that be?

LT.HICOX  
Stiglitz.

STIGLITZ  
Say, auf wiedersehen to your balls!

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

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

HELLSTROM  
FIRES into HICOX'S BALLS and KNEE CAPS.

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

HICOX FALLS to the floor....DEAD.

BRIDGET FALLS to the floor..SHOT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The door opens....

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

No one goes through it.

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

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

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

Aldo's Voice YELLS down the hole;

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)  
We're American's ! What are you?

GERMAN SGT  
I'm a German you idiot!

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)  
You speak English pretty good for a  
German!

GERMAN SGT  
I agree! So let's talk!

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)  
Okay, talk!

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

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

GERMAN SGT  
 Wilhelm!

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

WILHELM  
 They attacked us!

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

WILHELM  
 No!

We hear a VOICE OFF SCREEN, yell out;

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

Wilhelm spins in the direction of the voice.

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

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

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

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

Meaning the muzzle.

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

WILHELM  
 Is the girl on your side?

Pause.

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)  
 Which girl?

WILHELM  
Who do you think, Von Hammersmark!

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

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

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)  
Is she okay?

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

We hear The Basterds Curse their luck Off Screen.

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

WILHELM  
What's your name?

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

WILHELM  
Yes.

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

WILLI  
Keep talking!

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)

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

Willi thinks....

Bridget watches Willi think.....

WILLI

Aldo?

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)

I'm here Willi!

WILLI

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

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)

What choice ya got?

WILLI

I could kill the girl!

ALDO'S VOICE(OS)

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

WILLI

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

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

Willi keeps his machine gunn trained on them.

Aldo with his hands up, says;

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

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

ALDO  
Not so fast, Willi, we only have a  
deal, we trust each other. A Mexican  
stand off ain't trust.

WILLI  
You need guns on me for it to be  
a Mexican stand off.

ALDO  
You got guns on us, you decide to  
shoot, we're dead. Up top, they got  
grenades, they drop 'em down here,  
your dead. That's a Mexican stand  
off, and that wasn't the deal.

WILLI  
Just take that fucking traitor, and  
go! See? Now your down here -  
Now you get tricky - !

ALDO  
- No tricks! - Ain't nobody gittin  
tricky, Willi! I swear to god, I'm  
too damn dumb to get tricky. But  
(Meaning  
Hirschberg)  
him and I lived up to the deal. We  
came down without guns. Now it's  
your turn. No trust, no deal.

Willi pointing gunn at them.....thinking....

ALDO  
I know your scarred. I'm scarred,  
he's scarred, we're all scarred.  
So what's it gonna be Willi?  
Ether we got a deal, or you might  
as well just shoot us now.

Willi decides....

He puts the machine gunn down on the bar.



WILLI

Fine. Take that fucking traitor and get her out of my sight.

ALDO

Danka, Willi, danka. okay, Hirschbeg, you grab her shoulder -

WHEN...

From behind Aldo and Hirschberg, Bridget lifts up Major Hellstroms Luger, and EMPTIES the remaining bullets into Sgt. Willi, who FALLS to the floor, DEAD.

Aldo and Hirschberg spin around shocked.

ALDO

You fuckin bitch! I had a deal with that man!

From the floor, the bloody, sweaty, and in excoriating pain (she'll probably lose that leg), German movie star, says to the two American soldier's she's just meeting for the first time;

BRIDGET

He was a enemy soldier, who knew who I was. He couldn't live.

Hirschberg loses control, and KICKS the woman on the floor, hard in the side.

HIRSCHBERG

I ought'a beat your fuckin head in -

ALDO

Stop it. Just pick her up, and get that bitch outta here.

HIRSCHBERG

Aldo, she just -

ALDO

- She's right.

HIRSCHBERG

What?

ALDO

I said, she's right. He was a Nazi soldier. If he lived, he would doomed the mission.

ALDO

(CON'T)

Don't mean I like it, don't mean I  
like her, but she's right. Now as  
Willi said, "take this fuckin  
traitor, and get 'er outta my sight".

EXT - LA LOUISIANE - NIGHT

Hirschberg, carrying Fraulein Von Hammersmark, and Aldo emerge  
from the bowels of the basement.

Bridget points at a fancy black sedan, telling them it's her's.

Aldo, Hirschberg, Bridget, Donowitz, and Utivich pile in, and  
take off.

INT - FRENCH HOUSE IN COUNTRY (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

NOTE: In this entire scene, no French spoken will be SUBTITLED.

A OLD MAN lies asleep under the covers of his blankets, in his  
bed, in his bedroom....

WHEN....

....OFF SCREEN the sound of a DOOR BEING KICKED OPEN....

...The SOUND of what sounds like EIGHT DOGS BARKING....and the  
sound of FEET RUNNING TOWARDS US.....

....his bedroom door, is THROWN OPEN, and Sgt.Donowitz RUSHES  
IN, grabbing the Old Man in his bed, and putting a  
45 Automatic to his head.

SGT.DONOWITZ

(ENGLISH)

Doctor? Doctor?

OLD MAN

(FRENCH)

What? What's happening?

Donny SLAMS the 45. hard against the Old Man's head, shocking,  
scarring, and bringing the old gent to attention.

SGT.DONOWITZ

(ENGLISH)

Doctor? Are you a fucking doctor?

He nods his head, yes.

SGT.DONOWITZ

Andi amo....

Donny YANKS/DRAGS the Old Man out of bed, in his almost comical nightshirt (which makes him cuter, thus the brutality against him hurts more) towards the door....

INT - DOCTORS EXAMINING ROOM - NIGHT

...Into a doctors examining room, built into a French country house, with a examining table, and medical instruments.

However, it's obviously the medical examining room of a veterinarian.

Along the walls are different cages with eight excited BARKING dogs in it.

The Soldiers are putting the shot in the leg, bleeding, and in excruciating pain, Bridget on the examining table.

Donny, still holding on to the Old Man, points in the girls direction...

SGT.DONOWITZ  
(ENGLISH)

She's been shot. Shot. Bang bang...  
(pointing at  
his leg)  
...in leg...understand?

OLD MAN  
(FRENCH)

No no no, I don't speak English.

Donny jams the barrel of his 45. into the thigh of the Old Man.

SGT.DONOWITZ  
(ENGLISH)

BANG BANG - in the leg, understand!

The Old Man nods his head yes.

OLD MAN  
(FRENCH)

But I'm a veterinarian...animals...  
I take care of animals...

Bridget screams from the table...

BRIDGET  
(ENGLISH)

He's a fucking veterinarian you  
imbecile!

SGT.DONOWITZ  
It's still a doctor. If he can get  
a bullet out of a cow, he can get  
a bullet outta you.

LT.ALDO  
Right now, we just need morphine.

Donny yells at the Old Man;

SGT.DONOWITZ  
Morphine! We need morphine!

The Old Man tries to explain in French, that he's not a human  
doctor....

WHEN....

....Donny takes the 45. and SHOOTs one of the DOGS in the  
cages.

Everybody jumps.

Donny SCREAMS at the Old Man;

SGT.DONOWITZ  
MORPHINE!!!

BANG

He SHOOTs another dog....

SGT.DONOWITZ  
MOREPHINE!!!

The Old Man begs him to stop, and goes to get the morphine.

CUT TO

The BODY of Gestapo Major DEITER HELLSTROM dead on the floor.

INT - LA LOUISIANE - NIGHT

We're back in the basement tavern. Colonel Hans Landa stands  
over the corpse. He moves over to the next corpse, a smile  
breaks out on his face.

He says in GERMAN SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

COL.LANDA  
Ahhh Hugo, you've moved up in the  
world I see. Lieutenant. And with  
your record of insubordination.  
Truly remarkable.

A Nazi soldier named HERRMAN, joins the S.S. Officer.

COL.LANDA

And that ones...

(Pointing at  
Wicki)

...name is Weihelm Wicki. He's  
Austrian born jew, who immigrated  
to the United States when things  
began turning sour for the Israelites.  
They are the two German born members of  
The Basterds. They've been known  
to don german uniforms, to ambush squads.

FLASH ON

Three Nazi Soldiers walking towards a company of other German  
Soldiers. The Three Soldiers backs are to us. Dried bloody  
bullet holes cover the backs of the three uniforms.

The SGT of the German company, yells to the trio;

SGT.GERMAN COMPANY

What brings you all the way out here?

The TRIO MOW DOWN the GERMAN COMPANY with their machine guns.

BACK TO LANDA

COL LANDA

But that doesnt look like this.  
This is odd.

Looking down he see's something....

...bending down, he examines fraulein Von Hammersmarks two  
pretty dress shoes lying on the floor.

One shoe is covered in blood.

The other, while blood speckled, is fairly clean.

Picking up the clean shoe, and holding it in his hand.

COL.LANDA

It would appear somebodies missing.  
Somebody fashionable.

A OFF SCREEN SOLDIER'S VOICE cries out;

SOLDIERS VOICE(OS)

Col, this ones still alive!

We follow Hans to the spot on the floor where Sgt.Willi lies.  
He's shot in the chest, but it looks like Max's daddy is still  
alive.

INT - EXAMINING ROOM - NIGHT

Bridget on the examining table, post morphine shot.

The other Basterds in the room watch Aldo interrogate the German lady.

LT.ALDO

Now 'fore we yank that slug outta ya,  
you need to answer a few questions

BRIDGET

Few questions about what?

LT.ALDO

About I got three men dead back there,  
and why don't you try tellin us what  
the fuck happened?

BRIDGET

The British officer blew his German  
act, and a Gestapo Major saw it.

LT.ALDO

'fore we get into who shot John,  
why did you invite my men to a  
rendez-vous in a basement with a bunch  
of Nazis?

BRIDGET

I can see, since you didn't see  
what happened inside, the Nazi's  
being there must look odd.

LT.ALDO

Yeah, we gotta word for that kinda  
odd in English, it's called,  
suspicious.

BRIDGET

Don't let your imagination get the  
better of you, Lieutenant. You met  
the sergeant, Willi. He had a baby  
tonight. His commanding officer gave  
him and his friends the night off to  
celebrate. The Germans being there  
was just a tragic coincidence.

Aldo thinks for a moment...

LT.ALDO

Okay, I'll buy that. He was ether  
there with his men waiting for us,  
or he was there celebrating his  
sons birthday, he wasn't doin both.

LT.ALDO

How did the shootin start?

BRIDGET

The English man, gave himself away.

LT.ALDO

How did he do that?

BRIDGET

He ordered three glasses.

She holds up three fingers, index to pinky.

BRIDGET

We order, three glasses.

She holds up three fingers, thumb to index.

BRIDGET

That's the German three. The other is odd. Germans would, and did notice it.

LT.ALDO

Okay, let's pretend there were no Germans, and everything went exactly the way it was suppose to. What would of been the next step?

BRIDGET

Tuxedos. To get them into the premiere, wearing military uniforms, with all the military there, would of been suicide. But going as members of the German film industry, they wear tuxedos, and blend in with everybody else. I arranged a tailor to fit three tuxedos tonight.

LT.ALDO

How did you intend to get them into the premiere?

BRIDGET

Hand me my purse.

They do. And she opens it, and takes out three tickets to the film premiere.

BRIDGET

Lt.Hicox was going as my escort. The other two were going as a German cameraman and his assistant.

LT.ALDO

Can you still get us in that premiere?

BRIDGET

Can you speak German better than your friends, no. Have I been shot, yes. I don't see me tripping the light fantastique up the red carpet any time soon. Least of all by tomorrow night.

(Pause)

However, there's something you don't know. There's been two recent developments regarding Operation Kino. One, the venue has been changed from The Ritz, to a much smaller venue.

LT.ALDO

Enormous changes at the last minute? That's not very Germatic. Why the hell is Goebbels doing stuff so damn peculiar?

BRIDGET

It probably has something to do with the second development.

LT.ALDO

Which is?

FLASH ON

IN A PRIVATE DINNING ROOM IN GERMANY, The FUHRER, aka Adolph Hitler, aka Adolph Shicklegroover, aka The Bohemian Corporal, having dinner with Goebbels, only a few short days ago.

The FUHRER

(GERMAN)

I've been rethinking my position in regards to your Paris premiere of "Nations Pride". As the weeks have gone on, and the Americans are on the beach, I do find myself thinking more and more about this Private Zoller. This boy has done something tremendous for us. And I'm beginning to think my participation in this event could be meaningful.

BACK TO BRIDGET

BRIDGET

The Fuhrer's attending the premiere.



Donny breaks the teams silence;

SGT.DONOWITZ

What?

LT.ALDO

When the hell did this happen?

BRIDGET

The venue change, two weeks ago.  
The Fuhrer's attendance, four days ago.

LT.ALDO

And how come London don't know nothing about that?

BRIDGET

We need to get something straight, once and for all. Everything London knows, it learned from me. If I don't know, London doesn't know. So now, this is me, informing you, Hitler's coming to Paris.

SGT.DONOWITZ

FUCK A DUCK!

Aldo stands up from the chair, pacing as he takes in this new information.

BRIDGET

What are you thinking?

LT.ALDO

I'm thinking getting a wack at plantin ole Uncle Adolph makes this a horse of a different color.

BRIDGET

What's that suppose to mean?

LT.ALDO

It means, your gettin us in that premiere.

BRIDGET

I'm going to probably end up losing this leg, bye bye acting career, fun while it lasted. How do you expect me to walk up a red carpet?

LT.ALDO

The doggie docs gonna dig that slug  
outta your gam. Then he's gonna wrap  
it up in a cast, and you gotta good  
how I broke my leg mountain climbing  
story. That's German, ain't it?  
Y'all like climbin mountains,  
don'tch?

BRIDGET

I don't. I like smoking, drinking,  
and ordering in restaurants, but I  
see your point.

LT.ALDO

We fill ya up with morphine, till  
it's comin out ya ears. Then just  
limp your little ass up that  
rouge car-pet.

BRIDGET

Splendid. When the Nazi's put me up  
against a wall, it won't hurt  
so much.

(Changing tone)

I know this is a silly question  
before I ask it, but can you  
American's speak any other language  
then English?

HIRSCHBERG

Other then Yiddish?

BRIDGET

Preferably.

Donny referring to Aldo and himself.

SGT.DONOWITZ

We both speak alittle Italian.

BRIDGET

With a atrocious accent, no doubt.  
But that doesn't exactly kill us  
in the crib. Germans don't have a  
good ear for Italian. So you mumble  
Italian, and brazen through it, is  
that the plan?

LT.ALDO

That's about it.

BRIDGET  
That sounds good.

LT.ALDO  
It sounds like shit, but what else  
we gonna do, go home?

BRIDGET  
No, it's good. If you don't blow it,  
with that, I can get you in the  
building.

(Change tone)  
So, who does what?

LT.ALDO  
Well I speak the most Italian, so  
I'll be your escort. Donowitz speaks  
the second most, so he'll be your  
Italian cameraman. And Hirschberg  
third most, so he'll be Donnys  
assistant.

HIRSCHBERG  
I don't speak Italian.

LT.ALDO  
Like I said, third best. Just keep  
your fuckin mouth shut. In fact why  
don't you start practising, right now.

BRIDGET  
(Meaning Utivich)  
What about the little one?

UTIVICH  
Do you mean me?

BRIDGET  
I didn't mean any offence.

UTIVICH  
None taken you German cunt.

LT.ALDO  
Utivich is the chauffeur.

UTIVICH  
I can't drive.

Bridget SCREAMS in frustration;

BRIDGET  
You Americans are fucking useless!

UTIVICH

Gimmie a break, I'm from Manhattan.

LT.ALDO

No worries, son. We got over fourteen hours before the movie tomorrow. More then enough time for you to learn to drive.

UTIVICH

NO no no no, Lieutenant, it's not!

LT.ALDO

Oh yes yes yes yes, Private, it is.  
And yes yes yes yes, you will.

(Changes tone)

Look Utivich, you and I both know, if we went to grade school together, you damn sure ain't copyin off of my test. Well I lern't to drive in four hours on a Tennessee mountain road. And I'm a shit for brains coal miner bootlegger. Hirschberg, you know how to drive, right?

HIRSCHBERG

Yes.

LT.ALDO

Teach 'em.

BRIDGET

But there is a problem. I'm a movie star. This is a movie premiere. I can't show up looking like I was just in a Nazi gun fight. Now I have a dress for the premiere at my hotel. But sometime tomorrow, I have to get my hair done.

All The Basterds, except Donny, burst out laughing.

LT.ALDO

Sister, you must got wunderbar luck.  
Guess who went to beauty school?

The CAMERA WHIP PANS to SGT.DONOWITZ.

Bridget rolls her eyes.

BLACK FRAME

CHAPTER TITLE APPEARS:

CHAPTER FIVE

"REVENGE OF THE GIANT FACE"

FADE OFF

INT - SHOSANNAS AND MARCELS LIVING QUARTERS - NIGHT

We're in Shosannas and Marcells living quarters, above the cinema. We've never been in here before.

A SUBTITLE APPEARS ON SCREEN:

NIGHT OF "NATION'S PRIDE" PREMIERE

She's standing before a full length mirror, in a real attractive Forties style dress for the premiere. She's stunning. This is the first time in her life she's had the opportunity, or the occasion to wear something like this. Since she knows this is the last night of her life, no time like the present.

SOUNDS of the hub-bub of the premiere, not to mention the German brass band that's blaring Third Reich Marches, can be heard coming from below.

Shosanna walks to her apartment window, and looks down at the Germatic miasma below.

SHOSANNAS POV: WE SEE all the pageantry below. Tons of SPECTATORS. Tons of guests dressed in Nazi uniforms, tuxedos, and female finery, walking up the long red carpet (with a big Swastika in the middle, naturally) leading into Shosannas cinema. The German brass band omm-pa-pa-ing away. German Radio and Film crews covering the event for the fatherland back home. And of course, MANY GERMAN SOLDIERS providing security for this joyous Germatic occasion.

Shosanna COUGHS up a lugi, and HOCKS it.

A GERMAN S.S. GENERAL, being interviewed by a RADIO COMMENTATOR, the lugi HITS him right on his bald head.

Shosanna goes back to the full length mirror, places a very fashionable Forties style hat on her head, then lowers the period style black fish net veil over her face. She takes out a small GUN, and puts it in the pocket of her dress., and it's on. She exits the apartment door, to join the premiere. From this point on, there's no turning back, it's all the way baby, all the fucking way!

## INT - CINEMA STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The stairwell in the building that connects the living quarters, with the cinema. She walks down the stairs, goes through a door that puts her next to the projection booth door. She takes out a key and opens it.

## INT - PROJECTION BOOTH - NIGHT

Marcel's prepping the film reels for tonight. The five silver metal film cans that carry one 35mm reel of film each are laid out. The cans for reels one and two are empty. Cans for reel three, our specially marked can for reel four, and can for reel five (which should never see the light of a projector) lie in wait.

Shosanna, looking like a Forties movie star, enters the projection booth.

The scene in FRENCH SUBTITLED in ENGLISH;

MARCEL

Ooh lala, Danielle Darrieux, this is so exciting. Pleased to meet you.

SHOSANNA

Shut up fool.

Marcel lifts up the veil covering her face, and their lips meet.

SHOSANNA

Cheeky black bugger. I have to go down and socialize with these Hun pigs. Let's go over it again?

MARCEL

Reel one is on the first projector. Reel two is on the second. Three and four are ready to go.

SHOSANNA

Okay, the big sniper battle in the film begins around the middle of the third reel. Our film, comes on in the fourth reel, so Somewhere towards the end of the third reel, go down and lock the doors of the auditorium. Then take your place behind the screen, and wait for my CUE, when I give it to you, BURN IT DOWN!

## INT - CINEMA LOBBY - NIGHT

The pageantry of the evening is in full swing, as all the German beautiful people, enter the cinema. They mingle in the swastika covered, greek nude statue peppered lobby. Nazi Military Commanders, High Ranking Party Officials, and German Celebrities (Emil Jannings, Veit Harlin), hob knob and drink Champagne from passing WAITERS who carry glasses on silver trays.

We see Shosanna enter from the area at the top of the big staircase in the lobby that overlooks the lobby parlor entrance. She descends the staircase, and busies herself with theatre stuff.

At the top of the staircase, looking down at the master race in all there finery, is Colonel Hans Landa, dressed in his finest SS Uniform, smoking on his Calabash.

## CAMERA FRAME

directly behind him. On the right side, we see the figure of Col.Landa, from behind, watching the guests entering the cinema. On the left side of frame, is the cinema entrance, from a looking down perspective of the guests entering the building.

THEN....

...A THINK BUBBLE, like in a comic book, appears on the left side of frame, obscuring the cinema entrance. Inside of Landas think bubble, a little scene plays out.

## THINK BUBBLE

Inside a hospital room filled with DOCTORS, NURSES, and a PATIENT in a hospital bed. Then Col.Landa enters the room, and screams at everybody;

COL.LANDA

I want everybody out of this room!

They start to leave.

COL.LANDA

That means now, goddamnit!

They RUSH OUT.

He walks over to the Patient in the hospital bed, It's none other then SGT.WILLI, and yes, he's still alive.

Landa pulls up a chair next to the bed, sits down.

COL.LANDA

Can you speak, Sgt?

SGT.WILLI  
(Weakly)

Yes Colonel.

COL.LANDA  
Tell me everything that happened in  
there?

The THINK BUBBLE DISSOLVES away, reveling the entrance again,  
and as if on perfect cue, in walks Bridget Von Hammersmark,  
dressed lovely, leg in a big white cast. The three basterds in  
their tuxedos, flank her.

CU COL.LANDA  
smiles.

He descends the stairs, towards the four saboteurs....

They speak in GERMAN, SUBTITLED in ENGLISH;

COL.LANDA  
Fraulein Von Hammersmark, what  
has befallen Germany's most elegant  
swan?

BRIDGET  
Colonel Landa, it's been years.  
Dashing as ever I see.

COL.LANDA  
Flattery will get you everywhere,  
fraulein.

They chuckle, and air kiss.

COL.LANDA  
So what's happened to your lovely  
leg, a by product of kicking ass in  
the German cinema, no doubt.

BRIDGET  
Save your flattery, you old dog.  
I know too many of your former  
conquests, to fall into that honey  
pot.

Chuckle...chuckle...

COL.LANDA  
Seriously, what happened?



BRIDGET

Well, I tried my hand, foolishly I might add, at mountain climbing. And this was the result.

COL.LANDA

Mountain climbing? That's how you injured your leg, mountain climbing?

BRIDGET

Believe it or not, yes it is.

A brief moment passes between the two...

THEN...

The Colonel BURSTS OUT with UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER. So uproarious in fact, that it's quite disconcerting to the four saboteurs.

The Colonel begins to regain his composure....

COL.LANDA

Forgive me, fraulein. I don't mean laugh at your misfortune. It's 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, Dominick Decocco.

The German fraulein turns to the three tuxedo wearing Basterds.

BRIDGET

(ITALIAN)

Gentlemen, this is a old friend, Col. Hans Landa of the S.S.

The Basterds know only too well who Landa the Jew Hunter is, but they can't show it.

Aldo sticks out his hand...

LT.ALDO

Boungiorno.

The German takes his hand....

COL.LANDA

Margheriti...?

(ITALIAN)

Am I saying it correctly...?

.....Margheriti?

LT.ALDO

(ITALIAN)

Yes. Correct.

COL.LANDA

(ITALIAN)

Margheriti....Say it for me once please...?

LT.ALDO

Margheriti.

COL.LANDA  
(ITALIAN)  
I'm sorry, again...?

LT.ALDO  
Margheriti.

COL.LANDA  
(ITALIAN)  
Once more....?

LT.ALDO  
Margheriti.

COL.LANDA  
Margheriti.  
(FRENCH)  
It means daisies, I believe.

Turning his gaze to Donny.

COL.LANDA  
(ITALIAN)  
What's your name again?

SGT.DONOWITZ  
Enzo Gorlomi.

COL.LANDA  
(ITALIAN)  
Again....?

SGT.DONOWITZ  
Gorlomi.

COL.LANDA  
(ITALIAN)  
One more time, but let me really  
hear the music in it.

SGT.DONOWITZ  
(HAMMY ITALIAN)  
Gorlomi.

Now to Hirschberg...

COL.LANDA  
(ITALIAN)  
And you?

Then Hirschberg breaks out the best Italian accent of the  
group;

HIRSCHBERG  
Dominick Decocco.

COL.LANDA  
Dominick Decocco?

HIRSCHBERG  
Dominick Decocco.

COL.LANDA  
Bravo....Bravo.

BRIDGET  
(GERMAN)  
Well, my two cameraman friends need  
to find there seats.

Col.Landa stops a WAITER with a tray of champagne glasses.

COL.LANDA  
(GERMAN)  
Not so fast, lets enjoy some champagne.

Everyone gets a glass.

COL.LANDA  
(FRENCH)  
- Oh, Mademoiselle Mimieux, please  
join us, I have some friends I'd  
like you to meet.

Shosanna joins the circle, and is handed a champagne glass.

This is the first moment The Basterds are aware of Shosanna.

COL.LANDA  
(FRENCH)  
May I say Mademoiselle, you look  
divine.

SHOSANNA  
(FRENCH)  
Merci.

COL.LANDA  
(GERMAN)  
This lovely young lady, is Mademoiselle  
Emmanuelle Mimieux, this is her cinema,  
and she is our hostess for the evening.  
(FRENCH)  
And Mademoiselle, this battered, broken,  
and none worse for the wear German  
goddess, is Bridget Von Hammersmark.

BRIDGET  
Bonjour.

SHOSANNA  
Bonjour.

BRIDGET  
(FRENCH)  
I'm afraid my companions don't speak  
any French, there Italian. This is  
Antonino, Enzo, and Dominick.

All three smile goofy spaghetti bender smiles.

COL.LANDA  
(FRENCH)  
Actually fraulein Von Hammersmarks  
Italian associates, need help finding  
there seats. Perhaps Mademoiselle  
Mimieux would be so kind to escort  
them?

SHOSANNA  
(FRENCH)  
It would be my pleasure. Let me see  
your tickets?

Donny hands her two tickets. She indicates for them to follow her.

Donny and Hirschberg both exchange one last look with Aldo,  
then follow the young french girl into the auditorium.

INT - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The cinema auditorium is filling up quickly with grey and black  
uniforms.

Shosanna finds the two counterfeit Italians their seats.

After she points out their seats, she turns to leave...

Hirschberg...

...reaches out and grabs her wrist.

He looks her in the face, and filled with tremendous guilt,  
because if he's successful tonight he's going to blow this  
cute French girl to smithereens, he says;

HIRSCHBERG  
Grazie.

The cute French Girl looks back at the goofy looking Italian boy with slicked back hair, that makes him look kind of Jewish, with tremendous guilt, knowing if she is successful tonight, she's going to burn him alive, and says;

SHOSANNA

Prego.

BACK TO LOBBY

They begin flicking the lights on and off. A GERMAN SOLDIER YELLS in GERMAN in the lobby;

GERMAN SOLDIER

Take your seats! The show is about to begin! Everybody take your seats!

Col.Landa, Lt.Aldo, and Bridget are still together.

COL.LANDA

(GERMAN)

I must call The Fuhrer. He doesn't want to make his entrance untill everybody seated. Come with me Frau Von Hammersmark. The Fuhrer has heard your here, and he wishes to commend you personally.

BRIDGET

(GERMAN)

Me? Why?

COL.LANDA

(GERMAN)

Don't be modest. Everybody is quite taken with your resolve. A accident, like you've just experienced, and yet you still show up to to a important Party event. The Fuhrer was quite adamant in his gratitude. We'll use Mademoiselle Mimieux's office.

(To Aldo

in Italian)

I'm afraid I must rob you of your companion, but only for a moment.

BRIDGET

(ITALIAN)

Yes, apparently The Fuhrer wishes to commend me.

COL.LANDA

(ITALIAN)

Wait here a moment. I promise I won't detain her long.

What are ether of them suppose to do, argue?

Col.Landa goes over to one of the Nazi GAURD/USHER, and whispers in his ear, gesturing toward Aldo. Like he's saying, leave the boy alone, till we come back.....Or is he?

Col.Landa limps Bridget away towards Shosannas office.

As Aldo stands in the lobby, more and more people enter the auditorium, till it's only Aldo and the six Nazi Gaurd/Ushers in the now vacant lobby.

INT - SHOSANNA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Shosanna's cinema manager office. It's small, cluttered, and dominated by a desk.

They both enter.

Col.Landa closes the door behind him, and LOCKS IT.

Bridget notices, but says nothing.

Now the two Germans are alone.

COL.LANDA

Have a seat fraulein.

Pointing at one lone chair in front of the desk.

She lowers herself in the chair.

Instead of moving around to the other side of the desk, opposite her. The SS Colonel pulls another little chair over, and places it in front of the fraulein.

He sits. Their knees almost touching.

The Colonel points to the foot not in the cast.

COL.LANDA

(GERMAN)

Let me see your foot.

BRIDGET

(GERMAN)

I beg your pardon?

Patting his lap.

COL.LANDA  
Put your foot in my lap.

BRIDGET  
Colonel, you embarrass me.

COL.LANDA  
I assure you fraulein, my intention  
is not to flirt.

Patting his lap more with more aggression.

The nervous fraulein, lifts up her strapy dress shoe enclosed  
foot, and places it in the Colonel's lap.

The Colonel, very delicately, unfastens the thin straps that  
hold the frauleins shoe on her foot.....

....He removes the shoe.....

.....Leaving only the frauleins bare foot....

THEN....

He removes from his heavy SS coat pocket, the pretty dress shoe  
the fraulein left behind at La Louisiane....

He slips it on her foot....

....it fits like a glove.

Bridget knows she's BUSTED.

Col.Landa smiles and says in ENGLISH;

COL.LANDA  
What's that American expression...  
"If the shoe fits...you must wear it".

He removes her foot from his lap.

BRIDGET  
(GERMAN)  
What now Colonel?

COL.LANDA  
(GERMAN)  
Do you admit you treachery?

She stares defiant daggers into him.



BRIDGET

(GERMAN)

The only thing I will admit to, is  
resisting you...

(ENGLISH)

Sons-a-bitches..

(GERMAN)

...to my last breath.

COL. LANDA

(GERMAN)

"Resist to your last breath"?

SUDDENLY....

Hans LUNGES forward, putting his strong mitts around Bridget Von Hammersmarks lily white delicate neck, and with all the violence of a Lion in mid-pounce, SQUEEZES with all his MIGHT.

Bridgets face turns tomato RED, as the VEINS in her face BULGE, and her esophagus is CRUSHED in his GRIP.

With a violent YANK, he JERKS her TO THE FLOOR. She TUMBLES out of the chair, Landa never releasing his GRIP around her throat. Now fully on top of her, he BEARS DOWN, SQUEEZING THE VERY LIFE OUT OF HER. Every thing he has, he brings to bear on the elegant ladies neck.

Then, to finally finish her off, he begins BANGING THE BACK OF HER HEAD, HARD AGAINST THE FLOOR...

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

She's dead.

He releases the grip around her throat. His hands are TREMBLING...

He rises.

Strangling the very life out of somebody with your bear hands, is the most violent act a human being can commit.

Also, only humans strangle, the opposable thumbs being quite important part of the endeavor. As Hans Landa stands, the sheer violence he had to call on to accomplish this task, still surges through him. He tries to gain control of the trembling, that is rippling through his body. He takes out a silver SS FLASK (filled with peach schnapps), and knocks back a couple of swigs. He holds his hand out in front of him. The TREMBLING is beginning to subside. He picks up the telephone.

Into the phone in German he says;

COL.LANDA

Inform The Fuhrer the audience has taken there seats, and we're ready to begin.

Step one, in Hans master plan, done.

He then dials another number.....

INT - LOBBY - NIGHT

Aldo in the lobby....

WHEN...

...he's JUMPED by the SIX NAZI USHERS...

He's THROWN ROUGHLY to the ground face first. Like the modern day Secret Service, within seconds, his wrists are handcuffed behind his back, he's searched, they find the BOMB attached to his ankle, it's removed, a BLACK CLOTH BAG is pulled over his head, then he's hoisted up, and RUSHED out of the building.

This happens in mere seconds, and quietly too, no one in the auditorium is none the wiser.....

INT - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

...including Donowitz and Hirschberg, sitting amongst the master race, waiting for showtime.

EXT - CINEMA - NIGHT

The Six Nazi Soldiers, hustle the hooded Aldo, down the red carpet, then into the alley besides the cinema.

Aldo's put up against a wall.

Inside the black hood, he's SCREAMING every insulting thing about Germany, Germans, German food, German shepherd...anything.

COL.LANDA'S VOICE(OS)

Shut up!

The faceless black hood does.

Col.Landa, now standing directly in front of his hooded prisoner, says in ENGLISH;

COL.LANDA

As Stanley said to Livingston;  
Lt.Aldo Raine, I presume?

LT.ALDO

Hans Landa?

COL.LANDA

You've had a nice long run, Aldo.  
Alas, your now in the hands of the  
SS. My hands to be exact. And they've  
been waiting along time, to touch you.

He reaches out with his finger, and lightly touches Aldo's  
face right in the middle of the hood.

Aldo's head VIOLENTLY FLINCHES.

COL.LANDA

Caught ya flinching.

In German, he orders the men put Aldo in the back of a truck.

Aldo, bound, and bagged, is put in the truck. Also in the  
truck is Utivich, wearing a makeshift chauffeurs uniform,  
bound, and bagged like the Lieutenant.

The Truck drives off.

Col.Landa turns around, and SEES FROM A DISTANCE, Hitlers  
motorcade pull up to the cinema. Then the Fuhrer, Goebbels,  
Francesca, and the rest of the entourage, make there way down  
the red carpet into the cinema.

Landa smiles.

EXT TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

We see the truck leaving the city of Paris, under the veil of  
night.

We also seem to be leaving the drama of Operation Kino.

INT - TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

The two hooded prisoners, bounce along in the back of the  
truck.

Utivich, is crying inside his hood.

LT.ALDO

Utivich?

UTIVICH

Is that you Lieutenant?

LT.ALDO

Yep.

UTIVICH

Do you know what happened to Donny?  
Hirschberg? The woman?

LT.ALDO

No I do not.

UTIVICH

Lieutenant, sorry I'm crying.

LT.ALDO

Nothin to be sorry about, son.  
This bag, get to anyone.

UTIVICH

Not exactly John Wayne, am I?

LT.ALDO

John Waynes a pampered movie star.  
He burst into tears, if his cook,  
busts his yoke at breakfast. Just  
try puttin a bag over his head, and  
hear what kinda sounds he makes.

Utivich, giggles through the tears.

LT.ALDO

I just want you to know, son, I was  
real proud of you tonight. Learnin  
how to drive overnight. Driving in  
that Limo line. You was in the hot  
seat, son, and you stood up real good.

Utivich Cries LOUDER.

Aldo takes his foot, finds Utivichs foot, and places his foot  
on top.

The TOUCH has a slight calming effect on Utivich.

In the darkness, Utivich has reclaimed his dignity.

EXT - COUNTRY TAVERN - NIGHT

The truck pulls up to a small tavern outside of Paris (not La  
Louisaiane).

The two hooded prisoners, are walked inside the establishment.

INT - COUNTRY TAVERN - NIGHT

The hooded men are lead into the closed for business, but open  
for something else, rustic tavern.

The Nazi Guards, unlock the handcuff, then sit them down in chairs.

Then, simultaneously, the hoods are YANKED OFF.

The two prisoners, are seated at a table, in what they can now see, is a rustic tavern. On the table is one telephone, one bottle of Chianti, and three glasses. And on the opposite end of the table, sits Colonel Hans Landa.

A NAZI SOLDIER sits posted at a impressive looking two way radio set up in the tavern.

Colonel Lands starts in right away at the two baffled, discombobulated American soldiers.

They will only speak ENGLISH in the scene.

COL.LANDA

Italian? Really?

(BEAT)

What could you have possibly been thinking?

LT.ALDO

Well, I speak alittle Italian -

COL.LANDA

I speak a little Tagalog, but I wouldn't begin to presume I could pass for Filipino. Don't get me wrong, I understand you were in a pickle, what with you losing your Germans. And I have nothing but admiration for improvisation. Still.....Chico Marx is more convincing. If the three of you had shown up to the premiere dressed in womans attire, it would have been more convincing.

Landas eyes go to the Two Nazi Guards behind the prisoners.

COL.LANDA

(GERMAN)

You may leave us. But stay alert outside.

They exit, leaving the Colonel, the Lieutenant, the Private and a German Radio Man in the corner.

COL.LANDA  
So your Aldo the Apache?

LT.ALDO  
So your The Jew Hunter?

COL.LANDA  
Jew Hunter, (pfuit), I'm a detective.  
A damn good detective. Finding  
people is my specialty. So naturally,  
I worked for the Nazi's finding people.  
And yes, some of them were Jews.  
But Jew Hunter? Just the name that stuck.

UTIVICH  
Well you do hafta admit, it is  
catchy.

COL.LANDA  
Do you control the nicknames, your  
enemies bestow on you? Aldo the  
Apache and The Little Man?

UTIVICH  
What do you mean, The Little Man?

COL.LANDA  
The Germans nickname for you.

UTIVICH  
The Germans nickname for me is, The  
Little Man?

COL.LANDA  
Or "The Little One", ether one means you.  
And as if to make my point, I'm  
a little surprised how tall you  
were in real life. I mean, your a  
little fellow. But not circus midget  
little, as your reputation would  
suggest.

LT.ALDO  
Where is my men? Where is Bridget  
Von Hammersmark?

COL.LANDA  
Bridget Von Hammersmark. Oh I'm sure  
she's in whatever, big bubbling  
cesspool in hell, the devil reserves  
for traitors of her ilk.

COL.LANDA  
(CON'T)

Well, lets just say, she got what she deserved. And when you purchase friends like Bridget Von Hammersmark, you get what you pay for. Now as far as your Pisanos, Sgt.Donowitz, and Pt.Hirschberg -

LT.ALDO  
How do you know our names?

COL.LANDA  
Lt.Aldo, if you don't think I wouldn't interrogate every single one of your swastika marked survivors....? We simply aren't operating on the level of mutual respect I assumed. Now, back to the whereabouts of your two Italian saboteurs. At this moment, both Hirschberg, and Donowitz, should be sitting in the very seats we left them in. Seats, 0023 and 0024, if my memory serves. Explosives, still around there ankle, still ready to explode. And your mission, some would call a terrorist plot, as of this moment, is still a go.

The two Basterds don't believe this. It can't be true.

LT.ALDO  
That's a pretty exciting story. What's next, Eliza on the ice?

COL.LANDA  
However, all I have to do, is pick pick up that phone right there. Inform the cinema, and your plans kupet.

LT.ALDO  
IF, their still there, and IF their still alive, and that's one big IF, there ain't no way, you gonna take them boys without settin off them bombs.

COL.LANDA

I have no doubt, and yes, some Germans will die., and yes, it will ruin the evening, and yes, Goebbels will be very very very mad at you for what you've done to his big night. But you won't get Hitler, you won't get Goebbels, you won't get Gering, and you won't get Boorman. And you need all four to end the war.

(Pause)

But if I don't pick up that phone, right there, you may very well get all four. And if you get all four, you end the war...tonight.

The Nazi Colonel lifts up the bottle of Chianti, and fills three glasses. As he pours, he says;

COL.LANDA

So gentlemen, lets discuss the prospect of ending the war..tonight.

All three have their Chianti filled glasses.

COL.LANDA

So the way I see it, since Hitlers death, or possible rescue, rests solely on my reaction...If I do nothing...It's as if I'm causing his death, even more then yourselves. Would you agree?

LT.ALDO

I guess so.

COL.LANDA

How about you Uitivich?

UITIVICH

I guess so too.

COL.LANDA

Good, we more or less, all agree. Gentlemen, I have no intention, of Killing Hitler, and killing Goebbels, and Killing Gerring, and killing Boorman, not to mention winning the war single handedly for the allies, only later, to find myself standing before a Jewish tribunal.



Now they get it.

COL.LANDA

If you want to win the war, tonight,  
We have to make a deal.

LT.ALDO

What kinda deal?

COL.LANDA

The kind you wouldn't have the  
authority to make. However, I'm sure  
this mission of yours, has a  
commanding officer? A General, I'm  
betting. For.....

(Thinking)

....O.S.S. would be my guess.

Aldo's eyebrows reveal that was a good guess.

COL.LANDA

Oooh, that's a bingo. Is that the  
way you say it, That's a bingo?

LT.ALDO

You just say, bingo.

COL.LANDA

Bingo! How fun. But I digress, where  
were we? Oh yes, make a deal. Over  
there is a very capable two way  
radio. And sitting behind it, is a  
more then capable radio operator,  
named Herrman. Get me somebody on  
the other end of that radio with the  
power of the pen, to authorize my  
- Let's call it, the terms of my  
conditional surrender, if that taste  
better going down.

BACK TO THE PREMIERE

Shosanna in the booth, she brings down the lights.

In the packed, excited auditorium, the house lights go down.

CU CURTAIN SWITCH, she flips it.

In the auditorium, the RED VELVET CURTAINS part.

Shosanna, throws the lever on the first projector.

The PROJECTOR BULB goes HOT WHITE, PROJECTING A BEAM....

FILM REELS rotate...

35mm FILM moves through the projectors film gate...

The opening seal of a film by The THIRD REICH flickers on the SCREEN...

Goebbels and Francesca watch...

Hitler watches....

Fredrick watches....

Donowitz and Hirschberg watch....

Shosanna, in the booth, watches through the little window...

The CAMERA PANS OFF of Shosanna, to the clearly marked film can, REEL FOUR. The SURPRISE REEL.

BACK TO LANDA AND THE BASTERDS

Landa, with radio headphones over his ears, and a microphone in his hand, talks to the UNSEEN/UNHEARD American Brass on the other end.

COL.LANDA

....So, when the military history of this night is written, it will be recorded, that I was part of "Operation Kino" from the very beginning, as a double agent. Anything I've done in my guise as a SS Colonel, was sanctioned by The O.S.S., as a necessary evil to establish my cover with The Germans. And it was my placement, of Lt.Raines dynamite in Hitler and Goebbels opera box that assured there demise. By the way, that last part is actually true.

FLASH ON

Landa placing bomb in Goebbels and Francesca's opera box.

BACK TO LANDA

COL.LANDA

I want my full military pension and benefits under my proper rank. I want to receive the congregational medal of honor, for my invaluable assistance in the toppling of the Third Reich.

He looks over and sees Aldo and Uitvich watching the one sided conversation.

COL.LANDA

In fact, I want all the members of "Operation Kino" to receive the congregational medal of honor. Full citizenship for myself - but that goes without saying. And I would like the United States of America to purchase property for me on Nantuckett island, as a reward for all the countless lives I've saved by bringing the tyranny of the National Socialist party to a swifter then imanged end. Do you have all that, sir?

(Pause)

I look forward to seeing you face to face as well, sir.

(Pause)

He's right here.

The Colonel hands the headphones and microphone to Aldo.

LT.ALDO

Yes, sir?

We HEAR the VOICE on the other end of the radio, give Aldo his orders;

RADIO VOICE(OS)

Colonel Landa will put you and Private Uitivich in a truck as prisoners. Then he and his radio operator, will get in the truck, drive to our lines. Upon crossing our lines, Colonel Landa and his man will surrender to you. You will then take over driving of the truck, a bring them straight to me for debriefing. Is that clear, Lieutenant?

LT.ALDO

Yes, sir.

The Conversation is over, he puts the radio down.

The three men look at one another.

Landa picks up his wine.

COL.LANDA

So I suppose the only thing left to do is lift a glass, and toast to Donowitz and Hirschbergs success. You too Herrman, come over here.

The four men, Col.Hans Landa, Lt.Aldo Raine, Pvt.Smithson Uitivich, and Herrman, lift up four glasses of wine.

COL.LANDA

Gentlemen, To history, and it's Witnesses.

CHEERS.

BACK TO THE PREMIERE

WE CUT TO THE B/W FILM ON SCREEN.

Fredrick Zoller, playing himself, is in a ornamental tower in a Russian village, picking off RUSSIAN SOLDIER's below.

A RUSSIAN GENERAL KCHOVLANSKEY

peering at the German Private through binoculars. He lowers the long range glasses, and confers with one of his OFFICERS.

GENERAL KCHOVLANSKEY

(RUSSIAN)

What's the death toll?

OFFICER

(RUSSIAN)

47, so far.

WE HEAR A SHOT.

OFFICER

(RUSSIAN)

48. General, I implore you, we must destroy that tower!

GENERAL KCHOVLANSKEY

(RUSSIAN)

That tower is one of the oldest, and most beautiful structures in Russia. I won't be responsible for turning a thousand years of history into dust!

A BRAVE RUSSIAN SOLDIER, tries to run between two buildings.

Zoller, gets him.

Then proceeds to pick him apart, one single bullet at a time.

## SHOSANNA IN PROJECTION BOOTH

She removes "REEL 4" (The Special Shosanna Reel), and prepares it on the 2nd Projector. Reel 3, on the first Projector, playing now, is halfway through. In a few short minutes, it's going to be show time.

Marcel says to Shosanna in FRENCH, SUBTITLED in ENGLISH;

## MARCEL

It's time. I should go lock the auditorium,  
and take my place behind the screen.

This is the last time they will ever see each other, too much to say. He holds her in his arms and lays a one kiss before I die wet one on her.

## DONOWITZ AND HIRSCHBERG

sit in their seats watching the movie, surrounded by DRESS UNIFORM NAZI'S. They've developed a dopey way of communicating with each other in this hostel environment.

Basically, speaking English like it were gibberish Italian. They say English words, only adding a "I", or a "A", or a "O", to the end of it. And saying it in a exaggerated Italian accent, complete with pantomimes.

Donowitz leans into Hirschberg, and says in a wispier;

They speak in ITALIA-ISH SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

SGT.DONOWITZ  
(ITALIA-ISH)

I-a Go-a Toilet-a, Set-ta Boom-a.  
(I go to the toilet and set the bomb)  
When-a I-a Go-a, you-a Set-ta Boom-a.  
(When I go, you set your bomb)

Hirschberg indicates/pantomimes, he can't set his bomb surrounded by all these Nazi's.

Donowitz, pantomimes crossing his legs, setting bomb on ankle in his seat. Then getting up, and dropping it in the back of the auditorium, in the dark.

Hirschberg doesn't get it.

## HIRSCHBERG

What-a?

(What?)

Donny pantomimes again, more exaggerated, and with less patience.

HIRSCHBERG

Affirm-ato, affirm-ato.  
(Affirmative, affirmative)

SGT.DONOWITZ

They-o Look-o Screen-a, Not-o You-a.  
(They're looking at the screen, not you.)

HIRSCHBERG

Fantastic-o.  
(Fantastic)

SGT.DONOWITZ

After-teri, Set-ta, Five-o Moment-o  
(Pointing to  
watch)

You-a, Pphisst.  
(After you set the bomb, wait five  
minutes, and get out of here)

HIRSCHBERG

What-o?  
(What?)

SGT.DONOWITZ

Confuss-i, confuss-i, confuss-i.  
(Confused, confused, confused.)  
What-a, and-o what-o, same-o?  
(I thought "What-a" ment "What",  
does "What-O" mean "What", as well?)

HIRSCHBERG

Oh-o, sorr-o, I-o ment-a "What-a".  
(Oh, sorry, I ment what.)

SGT.DONOWITZ

After-teri, you-a set-ta boom-a,  
five-o moment-o, you-a, fuck-o Pphisst.  
(After you set the bomb, wait five  
minutes and get the fuck out of here.)

HIRSCHBERG

Affirm-ato, affirm-ato.  
(Affirmative, Affirmative)

SGT.DONOWITZ

Good-a, Luck-a.  
(Good luck.)

Donowitz stands from his seat, and walks out of the dark auditorium, into the lobby. The Nazi Guards/Ushers are gone, the lobby is completely empty. Seeing the STAIRS leading down to the WATER CLOSET/BATHROOM, he descends them to plant the Boom-a, I mean, The Bomb.

#### DESCENDING THE STAIRS

leading to the Water closet. Like a lot of old cinema's, not only was the water closet located under the auditorium, you had to pass through a rather large SMOKING LOUNGE to get to it. In the Smoking Lounge are TEN NAZI ENLISTED MEN, the Guards/Ushers for the event, smoking and indulging in soldiers gossip. They're all in dress uniforms, and all are armed.

Donowitz, in his tuxedo, acts cool, and walks right through them.

They look up, but don't disturb there time off vibe.

Donny enters the big Water Closet. Except for ONE LONE NAZI ENLISTED MAN at the urinal, it would appear as if Donny has the whole wash room to himself.

He enters the privacy of a toilet stall, locks the door.

#### MARCEL IN LOBBY

He descends the stairs leading down from the projection booth, into the empty lobby. He goes to one of the auditorium doors, and peers inside.

WE SEE THE SCREEN AND THE AUDIENCE FROM MARCELS POV: in the back of the room. The audience seems riveted to Fredrick's exploits on screen.

Marcel closes the door, and with a KEY, DEADBOLTS it SHUT.

#### INSIDE THE AUDITORIUM

WE PAN OFF THE SCREEN to Marcel, who locks the two doors on ether side of the screen....due to curtains placed there, no one notices Marcells actions.

Marcel then goes BEHIND THE SCREEN, WE SEE the IMAGE (backward) of Fredricks sniper battle HUGE COVERING ENTIRE SIDE ROOM...A PILE of over 300 nitrate FILM PRINTS, lay like a junk pile , right behind the screen.

Sitting down in a wooden chair facing the screen, and Pile-o-film, he lights up a cigarette, a absolute no-no in a cinema of this era, but tonight, what does it matter?

He smokes, and waits for his cue to....BURN IT DOWN!

## FREDRICK IN OPERA BOX

along side Hitler, Goebbels, Francesca, and BOORMAN. On screen the battle rages. He leans over and whispers something in Goebbels ear, we can't hear. Goebbels makes a very sympathetic face (at least sympathetic for Goebbels), and says in German;

## GOEBBELS

Perfectly understandable, dear boy.  
You go now, and we'll see you after  
the show.

He exits the opera box. And walks to the projection booth door. He raps on the door in a trying to be amusing way.

The door opens, just a little bit, Shosanna not friendly, stares at him.

He, as per usual, is all smiles and charm.

They speak in FRENCH, SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

## FREDRICK

Are you the manager, of this cinema?  
I want my money back. That actor in  
the movie stinks.

He laughs.

She doesn't even smile. She says, in all serious business;

## SHOSANNA

What are you doing here?

## FREDRICK

I came to visit you.

## SHOSANNA

Can't you see how busy I am?

## FREDRICK

Then allow me to lend a assist.

## SHOSANNA

Fredrick it's not funny, you can't  
be here. This is your premiere, you  
need to be out there with them.

As Fredrick prepares to tell his little tale, with all the charm at his command, Shosanna listens, knowing the third reel is just about over, and her big reel change is coming up.



FREDRICK

Normally, you would be right.  
And for all the other films I do,  
I intend to endure evenings like  
tonight, in the proper sprit.  
However the fact remains, this film,  
is based on my military exploits.  
And in this case, my exploits  
consisted of me killing many men.  
Consequently, the part of the film  
that's playing now,....I don't like  
watching this part.

SHOSANNA

Fredrick, I am sorry, but -

FREDRICK

- So, I thought, I'd come up here  
and do what I do best, annoy you.  
And from the look on your face, it  
would appear I haven't lost my touch.

DONNY IN TOILET

Sgt. Donowitz, with BOMB in his lap, sets the timer, six  
minutes from now. He then places the bomb in the back of the  
toilet tank.

CAMERA ON FLOOR OF WATER CLOSET

we see the tile of the floor stretch out before us. We see  
Donny's feet in the closed toilet stall. We HEAR, the OFF  
SCREEN Nazi Enlisted Man, finish his piss. Then HIS SHOES WALK  
THROUGH FRAME....WE FOLLOW THEM TO.....The SINK...WE STAY ON  
The Shoes...as WE HEAR The Soldier WASH HIS HANDS...THEN....  
THE CAMERA RISES UP HIS PANT LEG...Till...WE'RE EYE LEVEL with  
the German Soldier, with a ARMY CAP on his head, who's  
done washing his hands....THEN....The Soldier removes  
his cap, brushes some bangs out of his face, and WE CAN SEE  
THE SWASTIKA HAND CARVED INTO HIS FOREHEAD, UNDENIABLE MARK  
OF THE BASTARDS. He SPLASHES some WATER ON HIS FACE, puts his  
cap back on his head, and joins his comrades in the smoking  
lounge. As he exits FRAME, he says to somebody OFF SCREEN;

SWASTIKA FOREHEAD  
(GERMAN)

Hey Fritz, you owe me three cigarettes,  
now pay up.

SHOSANNA AND FREDRICK

Fredrick still outside the doorway, and Shosanna, still baring  
the way.

SHOSANNA

I have to get prepared for the reel  
change.

FREDRICK

Let me do it?

SHOSANNA

No.

FREDRICK

Oh please, it's been two years since  
i've done a reel change.

SHOSANNA

I said, no.

FREDRICK

(Cute whine)

Come on, it's my premiere.

SHOSANNA

Are you so use to the Nazi's kissing  
your ass, you've forgotten what the  
word, "No" means? No Fredrick, you  
can't come in here, now go away!

No subtitles for Fredrick needed this time, he gets it.

He does a one-armed PILE DRIVE PUSH on the door, knocking both  
it OPEN, and Shosanna back into the room.

Fredrick, a different cat then we've seen up till now, enters  
the booth, closing the door behind him, and LOCKING it.

The quite startled Shosanna, says to Fredrick;

SHOSANNA

Fredrick, you hurt me.

FREDRICK

Well, it's nice to know you can feel  
something. Even if it's just physical  
pain.

Fredrick steps forward....

Shosanna steps backwards....

FREDRICK

I'm not a man you say, "Go away"  
to. There's over three hundred  
dead bodies in Russia, that if  
they could, would testify to that.  
After what I've done for you, you  
disrespect me at your peril.

## BACK TO WASHROOM

The Swastika Forehead Soldier, get a light for his cigarette.  
He takes a big drag.

## SOLDIER'S POV:

He faces the washroom, and down that long throw, he sees Donny emerge from the toilet stall. His tuxedo jacket is off, and draped over his right hand. Sporting the white dress shirt, and black tuxedo vest. He's quite far away, so now he just looks like some guy in a tux, who just finished taking a shit. Donny walks toward us.....

## CU SWASTIKA FOREHEAD

seeing him get closer...

## SOLDIER POV:

Donny gets closer....

## CU SWASTIKA FOREHEAD

seeing him closer still.....

## SOLDIER POV:

Donny gets closer....

## CU SWASTIKA FOREHEAD

begins to notice....

## SOLDIER POV:

Donny getting closer, begins to notice, German soldier notice him....

## CU SWASTIKA FOREHEAD

now Donny is close enough for the Soldier to recognize. His face SCREAMS;

## SWASTIKA FOREHEAD

The Bear Jew!!!

The Soldier's GUN is out of it's holster, and rising toward Donny's chest...

WHEN...

Donny raises his right arm, with the tuxedo jacket on it, and FIRES a GUN concealed under it.

HITTING Swastika Forehead in the chest...Who finishes raising his GUN, FIRING HITTING Donny in the chest....

The Two Soldier's FIRE INTO each other.... Till there weapons are empty, and the two men lie dead on the floor.

The Nine other NAZI'S in the room, stand shocked at what just happened in front of them.

## SHOSANNA AND FREDRICK IN PROJECTION BOOTH

Fredrick hears the gunshots below them, and turns towards the door.

FREDRICK

What the hell was that?

While Fredrick's back is turned, Shosanna takes a GUN out of her pocket, and SHOTS Fredrick THREE TIMES in the back...

...He CRASHES HARD into the door, then FALLING FACE FIRST to the floor...

Shosanna, gun in hand, looks out projection booth window into the audience....

The ON SCREEN BATTLE rages so LOUDLY with GUNFIRE, that her weapon didn't stand a chance of being heard.

Her eyes go from the audience...

....up to the big screen....

....Which holds FREDRICK ZOLLER in a tight handsome CLOSE UP.

The Face on the silver screen, breaks the young girl's heart...

...She looks to his body, lying face down on the floor, blood flowing from the holes she put in his back....

..His body moves a little, and he lets out a painful MOAN...

...DIEING though he is, at this moment, Fredrick is still ALIVE....

Shosanna moves to him....

...She touches him, and he lets out another MOAN...

...She turns his body over on it's back...

...he's holding a LUGER in his hand...

...he FIRES TWICE...

BANG BANG

Two bullets HIT HER POINT BLANK IN THE CHEST...

THROWING HER against the wall, then FALLING FORWARD on her knees to the floor...

...Fredrick, Luger still in hand, takes aim from the floor...

....FIRES...

HITTING the bloody girl on the floor, in the thigh...

...SPINNING her BODY around in agony....

Like he did to the Russian on screen, he picks her apart, one bullet at a time...

....FIRES...

BULLET BLOWS OFF HEEL OF HER FOOT...

Luger drops to floor, Fredrick DIES.

Our young French Jewish heroine, lies on the projection booth floor, in a pool of her own blood, her body RIDDLED with bullets, her nerve endings wracked with pain, CRIPPLED and DIEING...

WHEN...

...the little bell on the 1st projector, starts to ring, informing the projectionist, it's time for The REEL CHANGE.

Dieing or not, if Shosanna intends to get her revenge, she's going to have to lift her ass off the floor, and execute this fucking reel change.

#### CINEMA AUDITORIUM

The battle on screen continues waging. The audience is riveted.

#### The FUHRER

watches, completely caught up in the dramatic spectacle. He says to Goebbels in German;

#### HITLER

Extraordinary Joseph, simply extraordinary. This is your finest film yet.

Goebbels is beyond proud, he smiles to Francesca, who proudly pats his hand.

#### PROJECTION BOOTH

Shosanna, bloody, crippled, and fucked, with great painful effort, PULLS HERSELF OFF THE FLOOR...

#### AUDITORIUM

Hirschberg, sitting in his seat, SETS the BOMB on his ankle. Then stands up, and begins scooting past everybody in his rows knees.

## PROJECTION BOOTH

like the German heroine in one of Riefenstahl's mountain films, Shosanna CLIMBS UP the 35mm film projector, like it was Piz Palu....

## FILM ON SCREEN

Private Zoller FIRING away from his perch. In the top far right corner of The FRAME. WE SEE the 1st REEL CHANGE MARK...

## PROJECTION BOOTH

Shosanna hanging on to projector, waiting for 2nd reel change mark, it's a agonizing effort....

## BEHIND SCREEN

Marcel, smoking, waiting for his cue....

## HIRSCHBERG

get out of his row, and begins walking up the aisle in the middle of the cinema towards the exit.

## ON SCREEN

SERGIO LEONE CU FREDRICK, he SCREAMS to Russians below;

## MOVIE ZOLLER

Who wants to send a message to  
Germany?

In the top right of FRAME The 2nd REEL CHANGE MARK POPS ON...

## PROJECTION BOOTH

Shosanna TOSSES herself to the floor, as she THROWS THE CHANGE OVER SWITCH on the 2nd Projector...

## EX CU PROJECTOR BULB

BLASTING WHITE in our face.

## SLOW MOTION

SHOSANNA FALLING....

## EX CU 35MM FILM

MOVING....

## SHOSANNA

HITS the DUSTY ground HARD, NOT in slow motion...

## PROJECTOR BEAM

SHOOTs OUT OF LITTLE PROJECTION BOOTH WINDOW  
hits screen.

## CU SHOSANNA

on floor, eyes close, last breath blown into dusty projection booth floor. Like her family 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 Orwells "1984" Big Brother.

HITLER and GOEBBELS

React.

HIRSCHBERG

standing in the middle of the aisle, turns towards the screen. When he see's Shosanna's GIANT FACE, he's gobsmailed.

BEHIND SCREEN

Marcel sitting in the chair, with his cigarette, before the EVEN MORE GIANT FACE OF SHOSANNA.

SHOSANNAS GIANT FACE ON SCREEN

She stares down the packed house of Nazi's, and says in FRENCH;

SHOSANNAS GIANT FACE

I have a message for Germany. I'm interrupting your Nazi propaganda horse shit, to inform you despicable German swine, that your all going to die.

HITLER and GOEBBELS

react.

HIRSCHBERG

react.

MARCEL

smiles.

SHOSANNAS GIANT FACE

And I want you to look deep in the face of The Jew who's going to do it.

AUDITORIUM AUDIENCE

While the shocked German audience is transfixed to the screen, behind the heads of most of them...

The BOMB Landa set in Hitlers and Goebbels opera box...

EXPLODES.

BLOWING TO SMITHEREENS, HITLER, FRANCESCA, BOORMAN, and propelling GOEBBELS, still in his theatre seat, across the auditorium, into the opposite wall, and taking out a portion of the ceiling as well.

The crowd reacts...

The explosion causes the huge chandelier from Versailles, to topple from it's jerry-rigged placement, and CRASH on to the audience below...

ON SCREEN THE GIANT FACE OF SHOSANNA finishes her WAR CRY.

SHOSANNAS GIANT FACE

My name is Shosanna Dreyfus, and this is  
the face of Jewish Vengeance! Marcel,  
BURN IT DOWN!

BEHIND THE SCREEN

Marcel takes his cigarette, and FLICKS IT into the pile of nitrate film.

ON SCREEN SHOSANNAS GIANT FACE LAUGHS MANIACALLY at the scrambling little Nazi's, running in a panic, as FLAMES LIKE OUT OF A GIANT BLAST FURNACE, BURST THROUGH SHOSANNAS FACE, and CLIMB UP THE WALLS of the cinema.

The AUDIENCE

STAMPEDES towards the exits...

HIRSCHBERG

with bomb set on ankle, is caught in a massive Day of the Locust SWARM OF BODIES...

People frantically pound on locked doors, trapping them to there grizzly fate.

The FLAMES and FIRE spread through thr auditorium....

Hirschberg caught in people crunch, knows this is it.

HIS ANKLE BOMB GOES OFF

right underneath everybody in the room.

The effect this has on the people in the room, is very similar to that of the effect a M-80 blowing up in a ant hill, would have on the ants. The auditorium is a literal red rain of legs, arms, heads, torsos, and asses.

THEN...

DONOWITZ TOILET BOMB

BLOWS UP UNDERNEATH the auditorium.



COLLAPSING THE CINEMA, AND BLOWING OUT THE FRONT OF THE THEATRE.

As MADAM MIMEUX'S CINEMA BURNS...

Theses SUBTITLES APPEAR ON SCREEN as if on a military teletype:

"OPERATION KINO A COMPLETE SUCCESS".

FADE OUT

FADE UP

"HITLER DEAD. GOEBBELS DEAD. BOORMAN DEAD.  
GERING DEAD. ZOLLER DEAD. MOST OF HIGH COMMAND  
DEAD"

FADE OUT

FADE IN

"FOUR DAYS LATER, GERMANY SURRENDERS"

FADE OUT

FADE IN

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

CUT TO

EXT - WOODS - MORNING

It's a misty early morning, in the woodsy area. The German truck, with Aldo and Uitvich in the back, and Landa and Herrman in the front comes to stop.

LANDA and HERRMAN IN TRUCK CAB  
Herrman, behind the wheel, tells Landa in German;

HERRMAN

These are the American lines, sir.

In the back of the truck, sit the two last remaining members of The Easterds, Lt.Aldo Raine, and Prvt.Smithson Uitivich, both with their hands cuffed behind there back.

Landa and Herrman appear at truck rear, says in ENGLISH;

COL.LANDA

Okay Gentlemen, you can climb down.

Aldo and Uitivich climb down from the truck.

Col.Landa indicates for Herrman to remove the handcuffs from the two prisoners.

He does.

COL.LANDA

Herrman, hand them your weapon.

He does.

Col.Landa hands over his LUGER, and his very cool looking SS DAGGER.

COL.LANDA

I am officially surrendering myself over to you, Lt.Raine. We are your prisoners.

LT.ALDO

Thank you very much Colonel. Uitivich, cuff the Colonel's hands behind his back.

COL.LANDA

Is that really necessary?

As Uitivich cuffs the Colonels hands behind his back, Aldo says;

LT.ALDO

I'm a slave to appearances.

Then Aldo takes the Luger, and SHOTS HERRMAN DEAD.

The bound Col.Landa is appalled.

COL.LANDA

Are you mad? What have you done? I made a deal with your General for that mans life!

LT.ALDO

Yeah, they made that deal, but they don't give a fuck about him, they need you.

COL.LANDA

You'll be shot for this.

LT.ALDO

Naw I don't think so, more like I'll be chewed out. I've been chewed out before. You know, Uitivich and myself, heard that deal you made with the Brass. End the war tonight? I'd make that deal. How bout you Uitivich, you make that deal?

UITIVICH

I'd make that deal.

LT.ALDO

I don't blame ya. Damn good deal. And that pretty little nest ya feathered for yourself. Well, if your willing to barbecue the whole high command, I suppose that's worth certain considerations. Now I don't care about you gettin pensions, merit badges, ticker tape parades, who gives a damn, let's all go home. But I do have one question? When you go to your little place on Nantuckett Island, I image you gonna take off that handsome looking SS uniform of yours, ain't ya?

For the first time in the movie, Col.Landa doesn't respond.

LT.ALDO

That's what I thought. Now that...  
...I can't abide. How bout you Uitivich, can you abide it?

UITIVICH

Not one damn bit, sir.

LT.ALDO

I mean if I had my way, you'd wear that goddamn uniform for the rest of your pecker suckin life. But I'm aware that's ain't practical. I mean at some point ya gotta hafta take it off.

He opens Landa SS DAGGER, and holds the BLADE in front of Hans face.

LT.ALDO

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

CUT TO

CU COL.LANDA

The Dagger has just completed carving a swastika deep into his forehead.

COL.LANDA'S POV:

On the ground, looking up at Aldo, bloody knife in hand, who straddles him. And Uitivich, who's next to him. The two Basterds admire Aldo's handiwork.

Aldo turns to Uitivich, and says;

LT.ALDO

You know somethin Uitivich, I think  
this just might be my masterpiece.

They ghoulishly giggle.

CUT TO

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED  
BY  
QUENTIN TARANTINO