

Inglorious Basterds

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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 overreact.
The Führer 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 THE BASTERDS

BRIDGET
(to Hicox)

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

BACK TO THE 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 THE BASTERDS

Bridget continues to brief Hicox on his identity. We see in the B.G. the German master sergeant stand up from his table and head toward Fräulein von Hammersmark.

BRIDGET
. . . the film's gone through many delays, and Leni's health is deteriorating, so if you have to speak . . .

Hicox, seeing the German master sergeant approach, signals for her to cool it.

SGT. POLA NEGRI
Fräulein von Hammersmark, I was just thinking, could you sign an autograph to my son on his birthday?

BRIDGET
I'd love to, Wilhelm.
(to the table)
This handsome happy sergeant just became a father today.

The pretend officers offer congratulations to the sergeant.

The German master sergeant 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, Fräulein. His
name is Maximilian.

Even the slightly psychotic Stiglitz likes this German sergeant.

STIGLITZ
Wonderful name, Sergeant.

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 cheer.

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 she hands the treasured
item to the young officer.

BRIDGET
Nothing but the best for little Maximilian.

SGT. POLA NEGRI
Thank you, Fräulein, 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 propose 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 sergeant 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, Fräulein von Hammersmark, what brings you
to France?

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

LT. HICOX

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

The table of game-playing soldiers hears this and gets quiet.

LT. HICOX

Might I remind you Sergeant, you're an enlisted man. This is an officers' table. I suggest you stop pestering the fräulein and rejoin your table.

The German master sergeant looks quizzically at the officer.

SGT. POLA NEGRI

Excuse me, Captain, but your accent 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 imposters spring into action.

WICKI

Sergeant! You must be either 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, revealing the unknown German in the room, unseen till now, our old friend from before: MAJOR DIETER HELLSTROM of the GESTAPO. The major stands from the little table he was sitting at.

MAJOR HELLSTROM
Like the young, newly christened father, I to
have an acute ear for accents.
And like him, I too find yours odd.
From where do you hail, Captain?

Wicki jumps in:

WICKI
Major, this is highly inappr-

MAJOR HELLSTROM
-I wasn't speaking to you,
Lieutenant Saltzberg,
(turning to
Stiglitz)
or you either, Lieutenant Berlin.
(looking at
Hicox)
I was speaking to Captain I-don't-know-what.

The Gestapo major is now standing beside Sgt. Pola, before the imposter's table.

Lt. Hicox calmly explains his origin.

LT. HICOX
I was born in the village that rests
in the shadow of Pitz 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 were myself, my father, my sister, and my two brothers. My brother is so handsome, the director, Pabst, gave him a closeup.

As Bridget von Hammersmark places a cigarette in an 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 captain has just said. He does hail from the bottom of Pitz Palu, he was in the film, and his brother is far more handsome than he.

The imposters laugh.

Then . . . so does the Gestapo major. He turns to the sergeant.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

You should rejoin your friends.

Which the young sergeant is more than happy to do. That table begins playing their 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 Major's beer stein.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

So that's the source of your bizarre accent? Extraordinary. So what are you doing here, Captain?

LT. HICOX

Aside from having a drink with the lovely fräulein?

MAJOR HELLSTROM

Well, that pleasure requires no explanation.

Chuckle . . . chuckle

MAJOR HELLSTROM

I mean in country. You're 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, therein 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's film premiere as the fräulein's escort.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

You're the fräulein's 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 a long time. Longer than an 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 GERMANS' TABLE

They continue to have a lot of fun playing their game.

BACK TO THE 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, Captain, 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 the players)

And they must be famous. No Aunt Ingas. 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 Maj. Hellstrom finishes explaining the finer points of the
game, a CAMERA PANS OFF HIM and BEGINS SLOWLY ZOOMING INTO
STIGLITZ. The major's 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 CLOSEUP.

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

The major's 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 left . . .

Everybody sticks their cards on their forehead . . .

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

MAJ. KING KONG

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

They laugh.

BRIDGET

No.

MAJ. KING KONG

Am I an 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 whether you're 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 Nazis knock back their whiskeys.

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, Captain. It's only if the
fräulein considers my presence an
intrusion that I become an intruder.
How about it, Fräulein? Am I intruding?

BRIDGET

Of course not, Major.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

I didn't think so. It's simply the young
captain 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 fräulein adieu.

(leaning in)

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

LT. HICOX

You're 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 holds up three fingers (pinky to middle finger) 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 clink 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 WALTER 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, captain. You're no more German than 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.

UNDER THE TABLE

We see all three guns pointed at the 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.

MAJOR HELLSTROM

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

LT. HICOX

What's going to happen, Major, is you're 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 at the table
behind him)

Too bad about Sgt. Wilhelm and his friends.
If any of you expect to live, you'll have to shoot
them too.

(pause)

Looks like little Max is going to grow up an
orphan. How sad.

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 of your
whore legs, don't you? You can't afford to get
any bullet holes in them. You're 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 don't mind if I go out speaking
the king's?

MAJOR HELLSTROM

(ENGLISH)

By all means, Captain.

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 one
thing left for you to do.

MAJOR HELLSTROM
(ENGLISH)
And what would that be?

LT. HICOX
Stiglitz.

STIGLITZ
Say, "auf Widersehen" 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 KNEECAPS.

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 knows what is happening.

EDGAR WALLACE is 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 THEIR FEET, FIRING WILDLY at each other. MATA HARI is HIT THREE TIMES. WICKI is HIT ONCE.

SGT. POLA NEGRI

comes off the floor with a SUBMACHINE GUN and SPRAYS the whole other side of the room, WIPING OUT WICKI, ERIC, MATA HARI, and THE BARMAID.

The SHOOTING STOPS . . . THE SMOKE caused by the gunfire . . . starts to DISSIPATE . . . The only one in the room left alive is the young German sergeant with the machine gun.

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

The door opens . . .

The German sergeant sends FIFTY BULLETS in the door's 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 sergeant YELLS in ENGLISH to the outside:

GERMAN SERGEANT

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

Aldo's voice YELLS down the hole:

ALDO'S VOICE (OS)

We're Americans! What are you?

GERMAN SERGEANT

I'm a German, you idiot!

ALDO'S VOICE (OS)

You speak English pretty good for a German!

GERMAN SERGEANT

I agree! So let's talk!

ALDO'S VOICE (OS)

Okay, talk!

GERMAN SERGEANT

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 SERGEANT
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 OFFSCREEN 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 sergeant 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.

ALDO'S VOICE (OS)
Which girl?

WILHELM

Who do you think—von Hammersmark!

ALDO'S VOICE (OS)

Yeah, she's ours!

WILHELM

(to Bridget,

LOW, in GERMAN)

I thought so. So you run with the Americans 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 offscreen.

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 let's 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 gun trained on them.

Aldo, with his hands up, says:

ALDO

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

WILLI

We do have a deal. Now get the girl and go.

ALDO

Not so fast, Willi. We only have a deal, we trust each other. A Mexican standoff ain't trust.

WILLI

You need guns on me for it to be a Mexican standoff.

ALDO

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

WILLI

Just take that fuckin' traitor and go! See? Now you're 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 the gun at them . . . thinking . . .

ALDO

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

Willi decides . . .

He puts the machine gun down on the bar.

WILLI

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

ALDO

Danke, Willi, danke. Okay, Hirschberg, you grab
her shoulder—

WHEN . . .

From behind Aldo and Hirschberg, Bridget lifts up Major Hellstrom's
WALTER and EMPTIES the remaining bullets into
Sgt. Willi, who FALLS to the floor, DEAD.

Aldo and Hirschberg spin around, shocked.

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

BRIDGET

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

INT-FRENCH HOUSE IN COUNTRY (BEDROOM)—NIGHT

An 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 TOWARD 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,
scaring, and bringing the old gent to attention.

SGT. DONOWITZ
(ENGLISH)

Doctor? Are you a fucking doctor?

He nods his head, yes.

SGT. DONOWITZ

Andiamo . . .

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) toward the door . . .

INT-DOCTOR'S EXAMINING ROOM-NIGHT

. . . Into a doctor's examining room built into a French country house, with an examining table and medical instruments.

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

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

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

Donny, still holding onto the Old Man, points in the girl's 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
He'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
. . .

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
MORPHINE!

The old man begs him to stop and goes to get the morphine.

CUT TO

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

INT-LA LOUISIANE-NIGHT

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

He says in GERMAN SUBTITLED IN 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 one's . . .

(pointing at
Wicki)

. . . name is Wilhelm Wicki. He's an 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 toward a company of other German soldiers. The three soldiers' back are to us. Dried, bloody bullet holes cover the backs of the three uniforms.

The SERGEANT of the German company yells to the trio:

SGT. GERMAN COMPANY

What brings you all the way out here?

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

BACK TO LANDA

COL. LANDA

But that doesn't look like this.
This is odd.

Looking down he sees something . . .

Bending down, he examines Fräulein von Hammersmark's 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 somebody's missing. Somebody fashionable.

AN OFFSCREEN SOLDIER'S VOICE cries out:

SOLDIERS VOICE (OS)

Colonel, this one's 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 rendezvous in a basement with a bunch of Nazis?

BRIDGET

I can see, since you didn't see what happened inside, the Nazis 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 either there with his men waiting for us, or he was there celebrating his son's 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, middle to pinky.

BRIDGET

He ordered three glasses.

She holds up three fingers, thumb to middle.

BRIDGET

This is 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 supposed to. What would of been the next step?

BRIDGET

Tuxedoes. To get them into the premiere wearing military uniforms, with all the military there, would have been suicide. But going as members of the German film industry, they wear tuxedoes and blend in with everybody else. I arranged a tailor to fit three tuxedoes 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 into 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 fantastic up the red carpet anytime 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 DINING ROOM IN GERMANY, the FUHRER, aka Adolf Hitler, aka Adolf 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 "Nation's 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 Führer'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 Führer'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 supposed to mean?

LT. ALDO

It means you're gettin' us into 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 doc's 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't cha?

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 Nazis 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
Americans speak any other language
than English?

HIRSCHBERG

Other than Yiddish?

BRIDGET

Preferably.

Donny, referring to Aldo and himself:

SGT. DONOWITZ

We both speak a little Italian.

BRIDGET

With an 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.
(changes 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 Donny's 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 practicing right now.

BRIDGET

(meaning Utivich)

What about the little one?

UTIVICH

Do you mean me?

BRIDGET

I didn't mean any offense.

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 than 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, 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 lernt 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 'im.

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 gunfight. 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—SHOSANNA AND MARCEL'S LIVING QUARTERS—NIGHT

We're in Shosanna and Marcel's living quarters above the cinema. We've never been in here before.

A SUBTITLE APPEARS ONSCREEN:

"NIGHT OF 'NATION'S PRIDE' PREMIERE"

Shosanna'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 hubbub 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 Germanic miasma below.

SHOSANNA'S 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 Shosanna's 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 Germanic 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 fishnet 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. Shosanna walks down the stairs and 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 the 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 la la, 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 toward 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 Harlan) hobnob 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 theater stuff.

At the top of the staircase, looking down at the master race in all their finery, is Col. Hans Landa, dressed in his finest S.S. dress uniform.

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 the 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 the frame, obscuring the cinema entrance. Inside Landa's think bubble a little scene plays out.

THINK BUBBLE

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 than SGT. WILLI, and yes, he's still alive.

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

COL. LANDA

Can you speak, Sergeant?

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, toward the four saboteurs . . .

They speak in GERMAN, SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH:

COL. LANDA
Fräulein von Hammersmark, what
has befallen Germany's most elegant swan?

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

COL. LANDA
Flattery will get you everywhere, Fräulein.

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 honeypot.

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, Fräulein. I don't mean to laugh at
your misfortune. It's just
. . . mountain climbing? I'm curious, Fräulein,
what could have ever
compelled you to undertake such a foolhardy
endeavor?

The double meaning is not lost on the German actress.

BRIDGET

Well, I shan't 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 second.

Then Landa laughs it off, taking them off the hook.

COL. LANDA

I'm just teasing you, Fräulein. You know me, I tease rough. So who are your three handsome escorts?

BRIDGET

I'm afraid neither of the three speak a word of German. They're 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 Fräulein turns to the three tuxedo-wearing Basterds.

BRIDGET

(ITALIAN)

Gentlemen, this is an old friend, Colonel 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

Buongiorno.

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
Dominic Decocco.

COL. LANDA
Bravo . . . Bravo.

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

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

COL. LANDA
(GERMAN)
Not so fast. Let's 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. They're Italian. This is Antonio, Enzo, and Dominick.

All three smile goofy, spaghetti-bender smiles.

COL. LANDA
(FRENCH)

Actually, Fräulein von Hammersmark's Italian associates need help finding their seats. Perhaps Mademoiselle Mimieux would be so kind as 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 gray 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 THE LOBBY

They begin flicking the lights on and off. A GERMAN SOLDIER YELLS IN GERMAN:

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 Führer. He doesn't want to make his entrance until everybody is seated. Come with me, Frau von Hammersmark. The Führer has heard you're 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. An accident like you've just experienced, and yet you still show up to an important party event. The Führer 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 Führer wishes to commend me.

COL. LANDA

(ITALIAN)

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

What are either of them supposed to do, argue?

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

Col. Landa limps Bridget away toward Shosanna's office.

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

INT-SHOSANNA'S OFFICE-NIGHT

Shosanna's cinema manager's 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, Fräulein.

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 S.S. Colonel pulls another little chair over and places it in front of the fräulein.

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, Fräulein, my intention
is not to flirt.

Patting his lap more with more aggression.

The nervous fräulein lifts up her strappy dress shoe enclosed foot
and places it in the colonel's lap.

The Colonel very delicately unfastens the thin straps that
hold the fräulein's shoe on her foot . . .

. . . . He removes the shoe . . .

. . . . Leaving only the fräulein's bare foot . . .

THEN . . .

He removes from his heavy S.S. coat pocket the pretty dress shoe
the fräulein 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 your treachery?

She stares defiant daggers into him.

BRIDGET

(GERMAN)

The only think I will admit to is resisting you
. . .

(ENGLISH)

Sons-a-bitches . . .

(GERMAN)

. . . to my last breath.

COL. LANDA

"Resist to your last breath"?

SUDDENLY . . .

Hans LUNGES 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. Everything he has, he brings to bear on the elegant lady's 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 bare hands is the most violent act a human being can commit.

Also, only humans strangle, opposable thumbs being a 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 S.S. 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 Führer the audience has
taken their seats, and we're ready
to begin.

Step one in Hans's 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 and he's searched. They find the BOMB attached to his ankle. It's removed, and 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 among 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 beside 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 Livingstone: Lieutenant Aldo
Raine, I presume?

LT. ALDO

Hans Landa?

COL. LANDA

You've had a nice long run, Aldo.
Alas, you're now in the hands of the S.S. My
hands to be exact. And they've been waiting a
long 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 to 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 chauffeur's uniform,
bound and bagged like the lieutenant.

The truck drives off.

Col. Landa turns around and SEES FROM A DISTANCE Hitler's motorcade
pull up to the cinema. Then the Führer, Goebbels, Francesca, and
the rest of the entourage make their 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 Wayne's a pampered movie star.
He bursts 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 Utivich's foot, and places his foot
on top.

The TOUCH has a slightly 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 led into the closed for business, but open
for something else rustic tavern.

The Nazi guards unlock the handcuffs, 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 Col. Hans Landa.

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

Col. Landa 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 at the premiere dressed in woman's attire, it would have been more convincing.

Landa's 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 you're Aldo the Apache?

LT. ALDO

So you're 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 Nazis 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 German's nickname for you.

UTIVICH

The German's nickname for me is the Little Man?

COL. LANDA

Or the "Little One", either one means you.
And as if to make my point, I'm a
little surprised how tall you
are in real life. I mean, you're a
little fellow. But not circus-midget
little, as your reputation would
suggest.

LT. ALDO

Where are 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 paisanos Sergeant Donowitz and Private 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 their ankles, still ready to explode. And your mission, some would call it 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 up that phone right there, inform the cinema, and your plans kaput.

LT. ALDO

IF they're still there, and IF they're 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 Goering, and you won't get Boormann. 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 than yourselves. Would you agree?

LT. ALDO

I guess so.

COL. LANDA

How about you, Utivich?

UTIVICH

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 Goering, and killing Boormann, 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 than 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 tastes better going down.

BACK TO THE PREMIER

Shosanna is 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 projector's 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 4. 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 an S.S. 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 Lieutenant Raine's dynamite in Hitler and Goebbels's opera box that assured their demise. By the way, that last part is actually true.

FLASH ON

Landa placing bomb in Hitler and Goebbels'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 Congressional Medal of Honor for my invaluable assistance in the toppling of the Third Reich.

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

COL. LANDA

In fact, I want all the members of "Operation Kino" to receive the Congressional 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 than imagined 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 Utivich 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 and 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 Hirschberg's success.
You too, Herrman, come over here.

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

COL. LANDA

Gentlemen, to history, and its witnesses.

CHEERS.

BACK TO THE PREMIERE

WE CUT TO THE B/W FILM ON SCREEN.

Fredrick Zoller, playing himself, is in an ornamental tower in
a Russian village, picking off RUSSIAN SOLDIERS 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.

GEN. 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!

GEN. 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 bullet at a time.

SHOSANNA IN THE PROJECTION BOOTH

She removes "REEL 4" (the Special Shosanna Reel) and prepares it on the second 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 NAZIS. They've developed a dopey way of communicating with each other in this hostile environment.

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

Donowitz leans into Hirschberg and says in a whisper:

They speak in ITALIAN-ISH SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH:

SGT. DONOWITZ
(ITALIAN-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 that he can't set his bomb surrounded by all these Nazis.

Donowitz pantomimes crossing his legs and setting the bomb on his 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

Confussi-i, confuss-i, confuss-i.
(Confused, confused, confused.)
What-a, and-o what-o, same-o?
(I thought "What-a" meant "What."
Does "What-o" mean "What," as well?)

HIRSCHBERG

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

SGT. DONOWITZ

After-teri, you-a set-ta bom-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.)

