

SUMMER OF '46

An original Screenplay by  
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SUMMER OF '46

EXT. STREET - DAY

SUPER: SUMMER 1972

It's just an ordinary street with a dime a dozen little houses. The sort Mr. & Mrs. Everyman live in. There's nothing fancy at all, but it's a nice place to be. Sort of safe and welcoming with a lived in feel - like a favourite old pair of shoes.

A blue Ford Cortina GT turns into this common or garden little street, and draws up smoothly outside a semi-detached house.

A MAN in his early thirties exits. He's dressed in expensive blue jeans and a smart loose fitting shirt. Not exactly a dude type, but a regular sort of guy nevertheless. His eyes are shielded by a pair of shades.

He strolls into the front garden and goes down the side of the house.

A dove coos gently in a high poplar tree. A pair of crows fly by cawing aggressively.

EXT. REAR OF HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The man looks around the rear garden and sees a gentleman pruning roses.

MAN

Hi dad. Happy birthday!

The gentleman turns and waves.

He is fifty-something, dressed in light trousers and a baggy sweater. A pipe is in his mouth but appears to have expired.

It's obvious he once had taken care of himself. His face is bronzed and patches of blonde hair are showing.

Lately, expanded tummy syndrome has taken over.

GENTLEMAN

(slight German accent)

Hello son. Glad you could come.

MAN

Course I'd come on your special day  
and Paula sends her love too.

(a beat)

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)

Here's a bottle of your favourite  
Scotch from us both.

He hands over the bottle wrapped in birthday paper.

The gentleman unwraps the present excitedly.

GENTLEMAN

Thank you so much.

(a beat)

How is your lovely wife by the way?

MAN

Oh she's okay thanks -- just  
looking after the tiddler. Paula's  
going to come and see you soon and  
show him off.

(he points)

Still keeping the roses neat and  
tidy I see.

A world-weary expression comes over the man's face.

GENTLEMAN

The saddest part of my life was  
having your lovely mother, ten  
years older than me who died too  
early. I miss her more with every  
day that passes; so you see I must  
take care of the roses. They were  
her pride and joy. It's to her  
memory that I look after them.

The man puts an arm on his father's shoulders.

MAN

I know. I miss her too, dreadfully.

GENTLEMAN

(brighter now)

How is work in the financial world?  
Still the same old problems I  
suppose.

He retires into his thoughts, then...

GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

Would you like a beer -- there's  
some in the fridge?

MAN

I'd love a beer. Do you want one?

(thoughtfully)

Work's okay, same old, same old.

GENTLEMAN

Why not?

The man exits to get the beers. The gentleman goes back to his pruning.

He returns with two bottled beers and an opener, sets them on a small wooden garden table.

MAN

(calling)

Here's your beer.

The gentleman walks over to the table, pulls a garden chair from underneath and sits. Picks up his beer, releases the metal top and takes a long swig.

GENTLEMAN

Mmm -- that's good.

MAN

How are you managing now on your own? You can always come and stay with us for a while you know if things get on top of you.

GENTLEMAN

Well, I've felt better -- still getting the odd pain or two, but I wouldn't hear of imposing myself on your family. You have your pretty wife and lovely baby to look after. But thank you very much. It was a very kind thought.

MAN

(rubs his chin)

Do you know, every time I come here I get flashbacks about the past and I've been meaning to ask you for a long time about things that happened years ago.

The gentleman looks disturbed.

GENTLEMAN

(snappily)

The past is past -- dead and buried. You should think about the future.

MAN

Yeah -- I know, but I'm still puzzled about the man I used to play football with. I keep getting cloudy memories of him. Wasn't he my real father? I remember he came home from Germany too.

GENTLEMAN

(shrugs)

What else do you want to know? Sometimes the past can be dangerous to hear.

MAN

What do you mean, dangerous?

GENTLEMAN

Well, upsetting I mean.

MAN

I'm willing to risk it, dad.

GENTLEMAN

On your head be it. It's not a pretty story...

The man looks thoughtful as he raise his bottled beer to his lips.

DISSOLVE TO:

BEGIN FLASHBACK

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY**

(NOTE: (DIETER SPEAKS GOOD ENGLISH BUT WITH A PRONOUNCED GERMAN ACCENT THROUGHOUT. GERHARD SPEAKS SOME ENGLISH)

In a large corn field two men are working. DIETER MUELLER, blonde, typical Aryan looks, well-built with a generous friendly face. He's twenty-two and the main man in our story. Also there is GERHARD FRITZEL, twenty.

The pair are stacking corn sheaves.

SUPER: 'SOUTHERN ENGLAND - SEPTEMBER 1946'

The two German prisoner's of war work quietly together. The atmosphere of the countryside, normal now that war is over, is filled with the sound of larks high in the air trilling their pretty song.

In the distance an express train rushes by, shovelling steam and smoke in equal measures into the warm atmosphere, before it CLATTERS over a large bridge, WHISTLING loudly and going out of sight.

A boy, JOHN TIMBERLAKE, five, is 'helping' the men. He's a typical lad. All bright eyes and full of energy.

He'll probably go far but at present still enjoys football and the Dandy comic.

He falls over and hurts himself on the corn stubble and begins to cry.

Dieter runs over, lifts John up. His face is scratched.

DIETER  
(German accent)  
Come on big boy. It's only a  
scrape.

John continues to cry.

JOHN  
(blubbing)  
It hurts.

DIETER  
I'll take you home.

He waves to Gerhard.

DIETER (CONT'D)  
(in German)  
I'm taking him home, he's hurt.

Gerhard waves 'okay'.

**EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY**

John lives in a corporation house in a group of eight. The house is whitewashed and set above the road.

Dieter arrives with John on his shoulder. He gently sets him down and knocks on the door.

After a few moments the door opens and ANGELA TIMBERLAKE, thirty-two, smiles as she recognises Dieter.

Angela is the main fair sex in our story. Thirty-two, she's described later...

A towel sits on her head and she 'almost' wears a loose fitting robe.

ANGELA  
Hello Dieter.

DIETER  
John has hurt his face.

Angela bends down to take care of John.

As she bends over her 'almost' robe reveals more than it should...

Dieter looks on appreciatively.

ANGELA  
Let's have a look, John.

She brushes a tear from his face.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Bit of Germolene'll soon fix that.

She stands.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Thanks for bringing him home  
Dieter. Sorry about this...

She indicates her towel and robe.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
... just having a bath.

DIETER  
It is not a problem.

Angela blushes.

ANGELA  
Yeah, well I don't usually meet  
handsome young men on the doorstep  
dressed like this.

Angela indicates to John to go inside.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
How about a cold drink to thank  
you. Must be very hot working in  
the field in this sun.

DIETER  
That would be good, thank you.

Angela motions for Dieter to follow her.

He enters, shuts the door behind him.

**INT. HALLWAY - SAME**

And walks through in to:

**THE KITCHEN.**

It's a typical kitchen of the period. Mostly hard work with few luxuries, unless a sink, an elderly gas cooker and a couple of shabby cupboards can be called luxurious.

How the hell did they manage in those days?

To one side is a walk-in pantry. Opposite is a basic bathroom.

Angela lifts a bottle of cordial down from a cupboard, pours some into a glass and fills it with cold water.

She hands it to Dieter who swallows it down in one gulp.

DIETER  
(wiping his lips)  
That was good. Thank you.

JOHN  
Are we going back to the field  
Dieter?

DIETER  
Soon.

Dieter looks at Angela. She is strikingly pretty in a country sort of way. Her long blonde hair, (a nice match for Dieter's) encircles a bright young face which is healthily tanned.

Dieter's face shows he is enamoured.

DIETER (CONT'D)  
I hope you don't mind me saying  
this, but you are a lovely woman.

ANGELA  
(blushing)  
Do you think so. Even in my old  
robe and with a towel on my head?

DIETER  
Yes, very much so.

Dieter suddenly looks embarrassed.

DIETER (CONT'D)

I have said too much, I am sorry.

ANGELA

I just hope my husband thinks so when he comes home.

DIETER

Where is he now?

ANGELA

Still in Germany. He's due home in six months.

DIETER

It is stupid. He's in my country wanting to come home, and I'm in his.

ANGELA

You'll be going home soon Dieter.

DIETER

I don't know when.

ANGELA

Haven't they told you?

DIETER

(shrugging his shoulders)

You know the people in charge; they talk and talk but get nowhere.

ANGELA

Well, we've enjoyed having you here, even if you are the enemy.

She laughs. Dieter sees the funny side too and laughs long and loud.

DIETER

Crazy woman!

ANGELA

Crazy man!

DIETER

(thoughtfully)

Like I said; you're beautiful.

Angela moves forward and kisses Dieter on the cheek.

ANGELA

Oh, I shouldn't have done that. I'm sorry.

DIETER

You're sorry. That's the first time a woman has kissed me in more than four years. Don't be sorry, it was a lovely moment.

ANGELA

Maybe there could be more of them Dieter.

Dieter blushes. He becomes aware of John tugging at his arm.

JOHN

Are we going?

Dieter clasps John's hand.

DIETER

I must be going. Gerhard will be wondering what has happened to me.

ANGELA

Please come again. I'm lonely too.

DIETER

Of course.

Dieter reaches forward, kisses Angela on the cheek.

His eyes close, savouring the moment.

DIETER (CONT'D)

The scent of a woman. It's beautiful, just beautiful.

She enjoys the flattery.

ANGELA

Is there a girl waiting for you back home?

DIETER

There was. She was killed in a bombing raid.

ANGELA

Oh Dieter, I'm so sorry. That blasted war.

DIETER  
 (with emphasis)  
 Hitler! Fuck Hitler. In Hell I hope  
 he is.

Dieter realises his mistake with John in earshot

DIETER (CONT'D)  
 I'm very sorry.

ANGELA  
 (soothingly)  
 Well at least he's dead now. I  
 hope.

She puts an arm round him.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
 I forgive you; everyone was sick of  
 the war.

DIETER  
 I was working in a factory helping  
 to make washing machines. Very  
 happy until I was forced in to the  
 army.

Dieter shrugs his shoulders, waves his arms.

ANGELA  
 And now you're stuck here without  
 any home comforts.

DIETER  
 I miss my girl. We were very close.  
 You know, very close. I have a  
 photograph of her.

He retrieves his wallet, fishes a photo from it, hands it to  
 Angela.

INSERT:

B&W PHOTOGRAPH OF PRETTY GIRL - ANGELA HOLDING

BACK TO SCENE

ANGELA  
 She was very beautiful.

She hands the photograph back to Dieter who replaces it in  
 his wallet.

DIETER  
She certainly was.

Angela looks intently at Dieter. He's a very handsome young man; lost in an alien world.

ANGELA  
I can understand why you grieve for her. We all miss our little home comforts.

DIETER  
There's nothing like the touch of a woman. All I have is the men I have to live with. And none of them smell as nice as you.

Angela looks closely at Dieter. He's definitely not from the run-of-the-mill types she's been force-fed by newspapers and the radio.

She turns to John who is watching them both.

ANGELA  
John, do you want to play out?

JOHN  
Can I go back to the field?

ANGELA  
Yes, all right.

John leaves. Angela walks up to Dieter.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
How much do you miss your home comforts?

Angela lets the robe drop to the floor.

Dieter looks on in amazement.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Well, how much?

Angela unbuttons Dieter's rough shirt. She kisses his bare chest.

Dieter pushes her away.

DIETER  
No, this is not right.

ANGELA  
We're both in need Dieter.

DIETER  
Yes, but not like this.

ANGELA  
Then how?

Angela reaches for the belt on Dieters trousers.

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - LATER**

Gerhard is busy stacking sheaves. In the b.g. a figure is approaching.

Gerhard remains busy as the bluff figure of farmer BRETT PARKER arrives.

BRETT  
Where's Dieter?

GERHARD  
He has taken a boy home.

BRETT  
Why?

GERHARD  
He got hurt, here...

Gerhard indicates where on his face.

BRETT  
He shouldn't have gone. Tell Dieter to come to my house when he returns.

GERHARD  
I will.

BRETT  
(gruffly)  
Bugger standing around. Carry on then.

Parker turns and makes off. Gerhard's face shows his contempt for the man and he spits violently.

**INT. JOHN'S HOUSE- ANGELA'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Dieter sits on the edge of the bed pulling on his trousers. Angela sits up in bed, a sheet pulled up to her chin.

ANGELA  
That was lovely.

DIETER  
Good, yes. But wrong.

ANGELA  
Wrong be damned. I don't care. We  
both needed it.

DIETER  
I must go. I'll be in trouble.

Angela puts out an arm and rests it on Dieter's naked back.

ANGELA  
More where that came from.

Dieter pulls on his shirt, bends over and kisses Angela's  
hair.

DIETER  
Thank you, thank you.

He exits the room. Angela smiles.

She closes her eyes, sighs.

JOHN (V.O.)  
(calling)  
Mum, mum.

Angela awakens from her dreamlike state.

ANGELA  
Down in a minute.

**EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - SAME**

Dieter exits still tucking in his shirt. A neighbour, SARAH  
WILLIAMS, sees him.

At any time of the day she's willing to stick her over-sized  
nose into someone else's business. Especially if its juicy!

DIETER  
Hello.

SARAH WILLIAMS  
Been for a bath have we?

DIETER  
No I, I...

She gives him a scornful look.

SARAH WILLIAMS  
You don't have to explain. It's quite obvious you've been getting a double helping of pudding.

DIETER  
Pudding? I do not understand. I must go.

SARAH WILLIAMS  
Back to the Fatherland soon -- I hope.

Dieter rushes off.

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - LATER**

Dieter walks up to Gerhard.

(NOTE: THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE IS IN GERMAN WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES.)

DIETER  
Hello, old friend.

GERHARD  
Where have you been? That Parker has been looking for you.

DIETER  
I have been in bed with a beautiful woman -- I don't care about Parker. I don't care about anything.

GERHARD  
You must go to his house. He said so.

DIETER  
So -- I'll go to his house. When I'm ready.

GERHARD  
You'll be in trouble.

DIETER  
(shrugs)  
Who cares.

END OF SUBTITLES.

**EXT. PARKER'S HOUSE - EVENING**

It's one of those perfect summer evenings - the sun is low, a warm breeze flutters the leaves on trees, and other than bird song all is quiet.

Dieter arrives and knocks on the door.

He shuffles his feet as he waits for it to be opened.

A dog barks and heavy footsteps are heard approaching from within.

A bolt is drawn back and the door opens with a rusty squeal.

BRETT

You took your time. I told Gerhard  
I wanted you to come and see me.  
What took you so long?

DIETER

I knew it couldn't be urgent. We  
just wanted to get plenty done in  
the field before dark.

BRETT

You know you're not supposed to  
leave your place of work. You're  
still a prisoner of war -- remember  
that.

DIETER

How can I forget?

BRETT

Our people don't get treated so  
well in your country.

DIETER

Is that my fault?

BRETT

(calmer now)  
No, it's not. But remember, in  
future you must not leave your  
workplace.

DIETER

I'll remember. Is that all?

BRETT

Yes. I'll bid you a good night.

Brett slams the door shut.

Dieter gives an energetic middle finger salute, walks off.

**INT. POW CAMP - NIGHT**

Bunk beds are lined up against two walls. About thirty men are in the hut.

AD LIB chatter fills the room.

The door opens and Dieter enters to a loud CHEER.

NOTE: THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE IS IN GERMAN WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES

DIETER

What gives my friends?

Dieter flings a leather jacket on his bunk.

A fellow prisoner, FRANZ MUELLER, swaggers up to Dieter like a rooster in a hen house, puts an arm on his shoulder.

FRANZ

We heard about your little fling  
with an English woman.

Dieter looks across the room at Gerhard. Gives him a withering look.

DIETER

Gerhard, you fool. You want to get  
me in more trouble?

FRANZ

I think it could be your little  
floozy getting into trouble.

DIETER

What do you mean?

FRANZ

You know what the English do to  
women who mess with us?

DIETER

I'll take the risk.

FRANZ

Have you thought about her?

Some of the men clap. HERMANN SCHROEDER, struts over to Dieter.

HERMANN

What do you think you're playing at  
-- have you forgotten these people  
are the enemy?

DIETER

The war is over Hermann. We lost,  
in case you've forgotten.

HERMANN

You may think we lost. I do not  
accept defeat.

DIETER

Then you are a fool.

HERMANN

All the same, you should not be  
mixing with them.

DIETER

Lighten up. We'll be going home  
soon.

HERMANN

What's left of home now the  
Americans and British have bombed  
the hell out of it.

DIETER

And what do you think we were  
dropping on British cities -- boxes  
of chocolates?

Dieter walks to his bunk, drops himself on it.

Gerhard slopes over.

GERHARD

I'm sorry Dieter.

DIETER

(forcefully)

You should have kept your mouth  
shut.

Dieter turns his back on Gerhard who walks miserably back to  
his own bunk.

END OF SUBTITLES

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY**

The two young Germans are stacking sheaves. Dieter stops and lights a cigarette.

Gerhard stops too, notices someone coming along the side of the field.

GERHARD  
(in German)  
Someone coming!

Dieter drops his cigarette and stamps it out. He returns to work.

He turns his head and sees a young woman approaching.

DIETER  
It's Angela. The girl I told you about.

GERHARD  
You mean the girl you...

DIETER  
(interrupting sharply)  
Yes.

GERHARD  
She's pretty.

DIETER  
She certainly is.

Angela reaches the boys. Her face is lined with worry.

ANGELA  
Hello.

DIETER  
Hello again. Is something the matter?

ANGELA  
I've had a letter from my husband.  
He'll be home in two weeks.

DIETER  
Two weeks, you said six months.

ANGELA  
That's what I thought.

DIETER  
So now what?

ANGELA  
We'll have to be careful.

DIETER  
I had a run in with your neighbour.

ANGELA  
Not Mrs. Williams?

DIETER  
I don't know her name. She is a big woman. She wants trouble. I can tell.

ANGELA  
That woman is trouble.

DIETER  
We must not do it again.

ANGELA  
Perhaps...

Angela puts a hand up to his mouth.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
... perhaps we could meet up somewhere.

DIETER  
You forget. I am a prisoner of war. I cannot just meet up somewhere. I will get confined to my quarters if I am caught away from my workplace again. If I had been caught bringing John home to you I would have been in trouble.

ANGELA  
Can you get out of your quarters at night?

DIETER  
Not a chance. We are locked in.

Angela reaches forward, grasps Dieter's hand.

ANGELA  
I'm not looking forward to Jim coming home. He's been away three years. He'll be like a stranger.

DIETER  
 Jim's your husband. You must accept  
 him back.

ANGELA  
 I know. But he was a bully. I'm  
 scared that the war will have made  
 him worse.

Dieter looks toward Gerhard who continues to work.

DIETER  
 I'll be back in a few minutes.  
 Cover for me.

Gerhard waves a nondescript 'okay'.

Dieter puts an arm round Angela's waist.

DIETER (CONT'D)  
 Come, I walk you to the edge of the  
 field.

Dieter and Angela walk off. Angela rests her head on Dieter's  
 shoulder.

Gerhard watches them, shakes his head.

GERHARD  
 Dumkopf.

**AT THE EDGE OF THE FIELD.**

A double hedge with a gap in between.

DIETER  
 We go in here.

ANGELA  
 Don't think I like it.

DIETER  
 I'll take care of you.

They squeeze through and into a safe hiding place.

A disturbed magpie flies off chattering loudly.

Dieter pulls Angela close to him, gives her a deep kiss.

ANGELA  
 God -- how I need you Dieter.

DIETER

Me too.

Dieter pushes her loose skirt up. Angela's hungry hands deftly undo Dieter's button flies, they undo his belt.

They kiss deeply again. Dieter's trousers fall to the floor.

ON GERHARD

Gerhard continues working. Suddenly he is startled by the loud voice of Brett Parker.

BRETT

Where is he this time?

GERHARD

He's gone for a.. a.

Gerhard bends over, makes an imitation of crapping.

BRETT

Where?

GERHARD

In the hedge.

BRETT

You'd better be telling me the truth.

GERHARD

I am.

BRETT

Well, we'll see.

Brett marches off.

Gerhard crosses himself.

### **IN THE HEDGE**

Angela and Dieter are getting steamy.

Brett approaches.

BRETT

Dieter!

The lovers look anxiously at each other.

DIETER

Just coming Mr. Parker.

Parker stamps his feet in annoyance.

Dieter emerges, doing up his pants.

DIETER (CONT'D)  
Sorry, just a call of nature.

BRETT  
I see you've about finished here.  
You'll be moving on soon.

DIETER  
Moving on?

BRETT  
To another farm.

DIETER  
Where?

BRETT  
I have no idea.

DIETER  
I don't want to.

BRETT  
What you want is no concern of  
mine.

Parker walks off. Dieter watches him, his mouth open.

He walks back to the hedge, calls Angela.

DIETER  
He's gone. He says we're moving  
away soon.

ANGELA (O.S.)  
Yes I heard him. That's bad news,  
Dieter. Now I'd better get going  
before he comes back.

DIETER  
To hell with him. Where'd we get  
to?

Dieter goes back inside the hedge.

**INT. POW CAMP - NIGHT**

NOTE: THE FOLLOWING SCENE IS IN GERMAN WITH ENGLISH  
SUBTITLES.

A group of about thirty men are in the hut. Some are playing cards. A small group has a dart board. Others are just sitting or lying on their bunks.

Dieter and Gerhard sit together. They both look very miserable.

DIETER

I can't believe we've got to move away.

GERHARD

It's bad news. But perhaps we are going home.

DIETER

Perhaps. I hope not.

GERHARD

I miss my family.

Franz walks over.

FRANZ

Why the long faces my friends. Is she saying no to you now?

Franz laughs out loud.

DIETER

We've been told we're moving on soon.

FRANZ

Oh, that's too bad. Perhaps there'll be a young woman in your next place.

DIETER

It's not funny Franz.

FRANZ

You'll just have to keep it in your pants, Dieter, like the rest of us.

Franz walks off, laughing to himself.

DIETER

Perhaps we shouldn't have worked so quickly in the field.

GERHARD

It would still have been finished  
sometime. We can't stay here  
forever.

DIETER

You're right of course. But then  
you always are, damn you.

Gerhard gives Dieter a mock punch on the arm.

GERHARD

Come on big boy, play you at cards.

DIETER

Will you help me later my friend?

GERHARD

If I can. What is it?

DIETER

I'm not sure right now.

Gerhard rises from his bunk walks to a small empty table,  
picks up a pack of cards.

Dieter follows him.

END OF SUBTITLES

LATER.

Dieter is lying on his back on his bunk, his hands clasped  
behind his head.

The hut is quiet, save for the occasional grunt or snore.

Dieter's face has a determined look.

DIETER (CONT'D)

(softly to himself)  
We'll see.

He turns over.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. REAR OF JOHN'S HOUSE - THAT NIGHT**

Dieter moves stealthily round the back of the house.

Everywhere is in total darkness, except for a sliver of moon.

Bats flit eerily around. An owl hoots.

He looks up to the bedroom window, then picks up a handful of dirt and throws it at the glass.

He winces at the loud tinkling noise it makes.

Dieter moves from foot to foot in frustration.

DIETER  
(softly to himself)  
Come on, come on.

He throws another handful of dirt.

This time a curtain is drawn back. A window opens.

The naked upper torso of a MAN, JIM, appears.

JIM  
Who's there?

ANGELA(V.O)  
What's happening?

JIM  
Somebody's throwing stuff at the window.

ANGELA(V.O)  
It's probably a bird.

JIM  
What in the dark. Maybe it's a bat.

The window is shut with a bang.

Dieter moves away from the house at speed.

**EXT. OUTSIDE POW CAMP - LATER**

Dieter is on the outside going hand over hand feeling for the gap in the wire fence.

At last he finds a small hole and squeezes through.

He maneuvers his way back to his block and tries the door.

The door is locked so Dieter inches his way along the barrack hut.

Suddenly the sound of voices, AD LIB chatter and laughing, causes him to freeze.

Three British soldiers walk close by and disappear round the corner of a neighbouring barrack hut.

The voices disappear and Dieter resumes his journey along the wall.

He stops close to a window and bangs on it with a coin. After a few moments a face, Gerhard's, appears.

Dieter motions to Gerhard to open the window.

The window opens with a SQUEAL.

DIETER  
Help me in.

GERHARD  
Dumkopf!

DIETER  
Granted!

GERHARD  
You haven't been long. Give me your hand.

Dieter grasps Gerhard's hand, climbs up the wooden wall and falls into the hut.

**INT. BARRACKS - SAME**

There is general AD LIB of voices.

20 NOTE: THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE IS IN GERMAN WITH ENGLISH 20  
SUBTITLES.

DIETER  
Sorry, sorry.

HERMANN  
You will be you fool. You'll get us all into trouble with your childish behaviour.

Dieter smiles at Herman.

HERMANN (CONT'D)  
Always the friendly one, eh?

FRANZ  
Presumably you've been in that English woman's bed again?

DIETER

I'm sorry to disappoint you. I have not. Her husband has come home.

FRANZ

In that case perhaps we can all get some peace and go back to bed.

Dieter walks to his bunk. Gerhard follows him.

GERHARD

Has he really come home?

DIETER

Oh yes. He's home.

Dieter lies back on his bunk, a grouchy look on his face.

21 END OF SUBTITLES.

21

**INT. BREAKFAST TABLE - JOHN'S HOUSE - MORNING**

Jim and John are sitting round the table. Angela arrives with plates of bacon and eggs for them.

ANGELA

Come on, eat up. John finish your egg, it's good for you.

JOHN

(whiny voice)

Do I have to eat the yellow bit, mum?

ANGELA

Yes, you do.

JIM

Do as your mum tells you. And stop blubbering boy.

ANGELA

No need to talk to him like that Jim -- for God's sake he's not seen you for three years.

JIM

Well!

John fiddles around with his egg. Looks to see if anyone is watching - slides his egg off the plate on to the floor.

JOHN

Ooh, sorry.

His face is a picture of sneaky innocence.

JIM

You little bugger, you did it on purpose.

John's expression is one of victory.

Jim slaps his face. John begins to whimper.

JOHN

I hate you -- why did you have to come back. Dieter wouldn't have done that.

JIM

Who the hell is Dieter?

ANGELA

John's right, you are a bully. This isn't the bloody army. He's your son, not someone in a barrack room.

JIM

He's a bloody cissy, that's what he is.

Jim gets up from the table.

JIM (CONT'D)

I'll ask you again -- who's this Dieter?

ANGELA

Someone with more manners than you Jim.

Jim stands threateningly over Angela.

JIM

You looking for a slap an' all?

He raises a hand as if to smack her face.

Angela automatically flinches.

ANGELA

(defiantly)  
Don't you dare.

Jim drops his hand.

JIM  
 I'm sorry, wouldn't have done it.  
 (a beat)  
 So who's this Dieter?

ANGELA  
 A man John helps in the field over  
 there.

She points.

JIM  
 (to John)  
 Well sod off, if you're finished  
 here.

John gives Jim a funny look, gets down from the table and runs from the room.

ANGELA  
 You might have three stipes on your  
 uniform -- that's no excuse for the  
 way you're acting here. We need to  
 talk -- get some things sorted out.

JIM  
 What things?

ANGELA  
 (stubbornly)  
 Things.

She wears a determined look.

**EXT. FRONT OF JOHN'S HOUSE - LATER**

JIM has piercing blue eyes, a muscular build from all the bully beef he's been fed in the army and hands as big as shovels.

After the drudgeries of war he is slowly adapting back to peace-time.

He kicks a ball about on the front lawn with John.

JOHN  
 Sorry about earlier, dad. Glad  
 you're home now.

JIM  
 I'm pleased to be home, son. I've  
 missed our little games.

Sarah Williams leaves her house, sees Jim and his son.

SARAH WILLIAMS

Hello Jim. Didn't realise you were home.

JIM

Yeah, last night. Nice to be back.

SARAH WILLIAMS

Bet Angela's pleased too. She must have missed you these last few years.

JIM

Certainly missed her. Not much fun without your woman.

SARAH WILLIAMS

Go on. I'll bet you messed with some fancy German ladies.

JIM

That's almost a hanging offence. But I'll tell you, you get desperate for things. You know?

Jim laughs.

JIM (CONT'D)

I even dreamt about you the other night. Right old malarkey. Woke up in a cold sweat and had to think about what to plant in my garden.

SARAH WILLIAMS

Your garden?

JIM

(laughs, mockingly)  
Yeah.

SARAH WILLIAMS

And what were you doing in it?

JIM

What else is there? A man'ud go mad without something to think about -- look forward to.

Jim feels John tugging at his sleeve.

JOHN

Dad, can I go across the fields and help Dieter?

JIM  
Tell me who Dieter is again?

JOHN  
He's a German man who works on  
Parker's farm.

JIM  
All right -- just for an hour,  
mind.

John races off.

SARAH WILLIAMS  
Yeah, there's a few Germans round  
here.

JIM  
Great isn't it? I'm working to help  
their country and they're busying  
themselves in ours. Bloody stupid!

SARAH WILLIAMS  
Some of them get friendly with the  
women here too.

Jim walks up to Sarah. Looks her deep in the eyes.

JIM  
What are you saying, Sarah?

SARAH WILLIAMS  
I've said enough.

JIM  
Are you saying Angela's been  
messing with them?

SARAH WILLIAMS  
Like I told you, I've said enough.  
Must get going into town for some  
shopping.

Sarah walks off. Jim watches her. A steely look in his eyes.

He turns and enters the house.

**INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME**

Jim breezes in to the kitchen. Angela is busying herself  
sorting washing into piles.

He walks up to her, grabs a wrist and pulls her close to him.

JIM

So what do you know about this  
-- Dieter?

ANGELA

Just that he's a German boy John  
helps in the fields.

JIM

Are you sure you're not helping him  
too?

ANGELA

Helping him?

He tightens his grip on Angela's wrist. She winces.

JIM

Don't play dim with me Angela. That  
old crone next door almost gave me  
the name of the woman who's been  
giving the Hun some favours.

ANGELA

All I did was give him a cold drink  
when he brought John home after  
he'd hurt himself. Let go of my  
wrist please, you're hurting me.

JIM

I fancy a little favour too. Leave  
the washing, come upstairs.

ANGELA

It's all right for you. I've still  
got my work to do.

JIM

Christ! I've been away three years  
and you haven't got time for a  
little hanky-panky.

ANGELA

Do you want some clean clothes?

JIM

Right now I need something other  
than clean clothes.

ANGELA

We only did it last night You'll  
have to wait till we go to bed.

A knock at the door disturbs the moment. Angela goes to answer it. Oh God forbid, it's Dieter!

**INT. FRONT DOOR - SAME**

DIETER  
Hello, just wondered if John wanted  
to come and ride on the tractor  
we've got now.

ANGELA  
(embarrassed)  
He's -- he's gone to join you,  
Dieter. You must have passed him.

Jim pushes in, a crazed look on his face.

JIM  
Are you the bastard who's been  
tupping my wife?

Jim spews out the words with such force that Dieter smells beer on his breath.

He wrinkles his nose in disgust.

DIETER  
No, no, I just wanted to see John.

Jim puts a meaty hand round Dieter's neck.

JIM  
I'm going to teach you a lesson you  
won't forget, you bloody Nazi. I've  
spent five years of my life  
fighting maggots like you.

DIETER  
Don't call me a Nazi.

JIM  
I'll call you what I like, ya  
fucking weasel.

Jim, the Neanderthal man, slams Dieter in the face. It sends him reeling and he falls flat on his back in the front garden.

**EXT. FRONT GARDEN - SAME**

He rises quickly and head butts Jim which temporarily leaves him winded.

Dieter wags a finger at him.

DIETER  
Don't you dare call me a Nazi  
again, you brute.

Dieter's nose is bleeding.

Jim goes to Dieter again. Lams him in his left eye. Dieter bends over and rubs it.

Angela has been watching the proceedings with alarm.

ANGELA  
Stop it Jim, stop it or I'll go to  
the call box and ring for the  
police.

Jim turns on her.

JIM  
What? You'd grass your own husband  
when all he's doin' is looking  
after his own property.

ANGELA  
I'm your wife not your bloody  
property, you ignorant swine.

Jim turns on her.

JIM  
You're more mine than his aren't  
yer?

ANGELA  
These last two days have proved one  
thing. You can't live like a normal  
human being. Is that what the  
army's done for you?

Jim grabs her waist tightly

JIM  
You'll do as I say from now on.

ANGELA  
(to herself)  
We'll see.

Jim let's go of her waist.

JIM  
Sod it, I'm going to the pub.

Jim slams the door as he exits.

ANGELA  
 (softly to herself)  
 Why did you have to come home?

Dieter slips away quietly, still nursing his bruised eye.

**INT. VILLAGE PUB - EARLY EVENING**

It's a typical village pub. Low ceilings, beams and walls blackened by several hundred years of smoking.

Around thirty, mostly men, are drinking. The atmosphere punctuated by AD LIB laughter and loud voices.

Two old men are playing darts with the occasional CHEER from their mates.

Jim is surrounded by friends. In his hand a half-full pint glass containing a dark coloured beer.

A man, JOE THOMSON, walks up close to Jim, almost pokes his nose in his face.

JOE  
 Glad to be back, Jim?

JIM  
 I missed this.

Jim holds his glass aloft.

JOE  
 Is that all?

JIM  
 No I did miss a bit of the other.

JOE  
 Can I get you another drink?

JIM  
 No, I'm in the chair. What ya having?

JOE  
 Just the usual Jim.

JIM  
 What's the usual?

JOE  
Pint of light and mild.

Jim walks to the bar, orders the drink.

Joe turns to FRED SMITH.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Poor bugger -- doesn't know his  
wife's been playing away.

FRED SMITH  
We oughta tell him.

JOE  
Do ya want to start World War  
three?

FRED SMITH  
He oughta know.

Jim returns with the beer for Joe. Sees the glum faces.

JIM  
What's up?

FRED SMITH  
Oh, nothing Jim.

Joe gives Fred a meaningful look.

Jim sits down, raises his drink to his lips, notices Fred and  
Joe exchanging meaningful glances.

JIM  
Okay, so what ya got to tell me? I  
know you're hiding something.

FRED SMITH  
I don't want to be the one to tell.

JIM  
Not something to do with old mother  
Marshall is it. Look ya might as  
well tell me. I know half the tale  
already.

JOE  
We didn't want to say anything --  
you just bein' home and all.

JIM  
So -- you might as well tell me all  
you know.

JOE

We just heard that your missus has been -- you know -- with that German worker on Parker's farm.

JIM

No, I wasn't certain, but I sure as hell am now.

Jim slams his glass down, beer spurts out. He bundles out of the pub.

**EXT. COUNTRY LANE - STILL EARLY EVENING**

As Jim gets near home he stops. Looks around him, takes a cigarette from a crumpled packet, lights it with a match. Takes a long drag then exhales deeply.

He's mad as hell from the expression on his face.

After a couple more drags on his cigarette he throws it down, stamps on it and marches off.

**EXT. FRONT OF JOHN'S HOUSE - SAME**

Jim marches up to the front door. Takes a key from a trouser pocket and goes inside.

**INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - SAME**

Jim stands and listens. No sound is heard.

JIM

ANGELA! ANGELA!

There's no reply.

He dashes into the kitchen, then comes back red faced and sweating profusely.

He looks left and right then exits the house.

**EXT. FRONT OF JOHN'S HOUSE - SAME**

Jim smashes a fist into his palm.

JIM

Where the hell...?

He runs across his front garden to

**OUTSIDE SARAH'S HOUSE**

And bangs on her door.

The door is opened a few inches by a small child, BRIAN.

BRIAN  
Mum's not in.

JIM  
I'm looking for Mrs. Timberlake.

BRIAN  
She took our dog for a walk, 'cross  
the field.

He points.

JIM  
Is John with her?

BRIAN  
No, he's with me.

Jim turns on his heel and marches off.

**EXT. FIELD - LATER**

Jim gets to the edge of the field and looks around. In the distance he hears a dog BARKING.

He makes his way toward the noise.

**FURTHER IN THE FIELD**

Angela walks toward Dieter and Gerhard.

Dieter spots her and waves.

DIETER  
Hello.

ANGELA  
Hello boys. I've brought my little  
friend to see you.

The dog walks up to the boys and makes a fuss.

Dieter stops patting the dog and points to her cheek.

DIETER  
Who's done that?

Angela has a bright strawberry mark.

ANGELA  
Oh, I walked into a door -- that's all.

DIETER  
He did it, didn't he.

ANGELA  
No, I told you, walked into a door.

DIETER  
That man should be locked up. Sorry Angela.

He notices a large figure striding across the field

DIETER (CONT'D)  
Man is coming.

He looks at Gerhard.

DIETER (CONT'D)  
Is it Parker?

GERHARD  
No -- it's too big for him.

Angela turns.

ANGELA  
Christ -- it's Jim.

DIETER  
You are doing nothing wrong.

ANGELA  
You know he's very jealous.

DIETER  
Just tell him dog ran away.

Jim approaches.

JIM  
So you can't leave your Nazi fancy boy alone, eh?

ANGELA  
No need for that talk, Jim.

JIM  
Just answer me.

ANGELA

I will, when you speak proper to me.

JIM

I'll be bugged if I let you talk to me like that. You're coming home now.

He makes a lunge for Angela's left arm but misjudges, loses his balance and falls heavily to the ground.

Angela, Dieter and Gerhard snigger.

Jim gets up smartly, his face a mask of fury.

JIM (CONT'D)

Get home you whore.

Angela slaps his face.

Jim reacts violently. He grabs Angela's waist then swings her round and throws her to the ground.

Standing over her, his face puce. He slaps her with a meaty hand. Angela begins to cry.

DIETER

Leave her alone you animal.

JIM

(furious)

Oh, you're a real beauty and no mistake. What in Christ's name gives you the right to tell me how to treat my wife? It's time you were shipped back to your own country.

DIETER

I was wrong -- you're worse than an animal.

Jim flashes a murderous look

JIM

(tapping his nose)

Keep this out Nazi boy.

DIETER

I told you before, don't you dare call me a Nazi.

JIM  
 Deutschland kaput.  
 (points at Dieter)  
 You're kaput.

Dieter takes a swing at Jim. Slams into his jaw and sends him off balance.

He gets up quickly and makes for Dieter.

Gerhard gets between them.

GERHARD  
 (in German with subtitles)  
 Leave him be. He's right - you are  
 an animal.

Gerhard speaks with such compulsion that a gob of spit lands on Jim's face.

Jim pushes him forcibly so that he falls backwards.

ANGELA  
 (screaming)  
 Stop it! Jim leave it -- NOW!!

JIM  
 Shut it, you slut.

He spits in her direction, then spies a pitchfork which Gerhard uses in his job.

He picks it up and charges towards Dieter who a beats a hasty retreat towards the railway.

**EXT. ON THE RAILWAY - SAME**

Jim follows, but as Dieter goes through a gate he slams it shut in his face which throws him off guard.

Dieter reaches the rail track and runs along the track bed.

Angela is some distance behind Jim who is also on the ballast.

JIM  
 I'll make holes in you, you  
 bastard.

He waves the pitchfork menacingly.

ON DIETER

He puffs and pants, his face strawberry red.

ON DIETER and JIM

Jim is super fit from his recent army days and is gaining on Dieter.

Dieter slips on the loose surface, falls onto his back. Jim stands over him, the pitchfork held at a dangerous angle.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Time for you to meet the Fuhrer,  
I'm thinking.

Angela screams at Jim.

ANGELA  
NO, NO.

Dieter sees his chance as Jim turns to face Angela.

He kicks Jim's legs with all his might causing him to fall over.

The pitchfork falls out of his hands. Dieter picks it up.

DIETER  
Now who has the upper hand?

He waves the pitchfork over Jim.

Jim gets up, wrestles the pitchfork away.

Dieter runs.

DIETER (CONT'D)  
Sheis. (Shit)

Sees Jim almost on top of him. Jim throws the pitchfork down, dives for Dieter's legs.

Jim slams Dieter in the face and they both tumble down the embankment, over, and over, and over -- raising clouds of dust as they roll.

At the bottom they slump in a heap, Jim on top of Dieter.

He gets up quickly, pulling Dieter toward him by his shirt collar.

JIM  
(panting)  
I'm going to kill you!

DIETER  
I'm not finished yet, mein freund.

He pulls an arm back, and seizing the moment lets it fly back into Jim's soft underbelly.

Jim's eyes bulge with the pain as he struggles for breath.

Dieter scrambles up the embankment where he collapses on the ballast.

His mouth opens and closes, but no sound comes out.

His left cheek is bright red and badly bruised.

He is puffed out. Jim gets menacingly close as he claws his way up the bank.

At the top he retrieves the pitchfork and holds it at a threatening angle.

JIM

I'll spear you like a bale of hay.

He waves the pitchfork.

DIETER

No, no. It's not worth it Jim.  
You'll be in prison if you do.

JIM

It'll be worth a stretch to get rid  
of a scheming bastard like you.

ANGELA

(shouting)  
Jim, put the pitchfork down. Let's  
talk about this.

JIM

Are you mental? He's going to get  
what he deserves.

In the b.g. a plume of smoke betrays a fast train making its way to London.

Suddenly the train appears, thundering closer towards them, but not yet seen by Dieter and Jim.

**INT. ON THE ENGINE FOOTPLATE - SAME**

The DRIVER spots the two men and blows the WHISTLE.

DRIVER

(to fireman)  
Two blokes on the track.

He points through the inspection window.

DRIVER (CONT'D)  
The silly buggers. Better get ready  
for an emergency stop.

His right hand hovers over the brake lever.

**EXT. ON THE RAILWAY TRACK - SAME**

The two men are seemingly unaware of the fast moving train.

The train WHISTLE shrieks again.

Dieter, out of breath, has reached a large bridge with five arches which crosses a valley. A river runs deep and menacing beneath.

Dieter runs into a safe area on the bridge normally reserved for railway workers.

Jim catches up and holds the pitchfork in the air.

JIM  
Now, you bastard -- you're gonna  
pay.

DIETER  
No Jim. This isn't the way. If you  
kill me you'll end up in prison and  
never see John growing up.

Jim looks thoughtful for a moment. It looks as if he's considering Dieter's suggestion.

Angela looks on, willing him to call off the fight.

ANGELA  
Jim, I love you. Put the pitchfork  
down and come home with me -- now.

JIM  
I will -- when this is sorted out.

ANGELA  
(screaming)  
No, this isn't the way to solve  
anything.

JIM  
It is when this Hun general has  
fought his last battle.

The train is almost on them and the sound of steel GRATING on steel as the wheels fight for grip is deafening.

Jim is in the middle of the track the express train is on.

He suddenly hears the SQUEALING brakes and grinding steel.

In his haste to get away he stumbles on the loose ballast and furiously rushes bent over and unable to stop heads toward the safe area.

Dieter moves away knowing that Jim cannot stop his headlong flight.

His bulk and height are against him as the steel safety rods buckle then break away from the wall.

With an animal-like scream he PLUMMETS forward and drops eighty feet, the pitchfork beside him.

Dieter and Angela look over the bridge in horror. They see Jim hit the river bank with a sickening THUD before splashing into the deep water.

Dieter and Angela freeze for a moment to take in what they just witnessed.

Then Dieter is galvanised into action and makes for the embankment leading to the river.

Angela follows, slipping and sliding on the loose earth.

**EXT. AT THE RIVERBANK - SAME**

Dieter arrives out of breath and scans the water for signs of life.

Angela reaches the riverbank in a cloud of dust.

ANGELA  
Can you see him Dieter?

DIETER  
I'm going in.

He strips off his work shirt, drops his trousers revealing a pair of striped underpants.

He jumps in and dips under the water.

As he dives, Jim's body rises to the surface, dead as a doornail.

The pitchfork rises menacingly a few feet away.

His face is blooded and arms, broken by the impact, rise and fall with the movement of the river.

Angela screams and puts a hand to her mouth.

Dieters head bobs above the surface, sees Jim and swims towards him.

Angela is crying uncontrollably.

Dieter gets to the riverbank with Jim in tow.

He scrambles out and tries to pull him to dry land.

DIETER (CONT'D)  
Help me, please.

ANGELA  
I can't, I can't.

DIETER  
Well I can't do it by myself. I  
must fetch Gerhard.

ANGELA  
Don't leave me with...

Angela sits on the grass and starts to sob. Dieter sits with her and puts an arm over her shoulders.

DIETER  
It is all my fault. I should never  
have started to love you.

ANGELA  
No Dieter, don't blame yourself, I  
was at fault too. I fell in love  
with you from the start.

Dieter turns her tear-stained face to his and kisses her gently.

They sit quietly together trying individually to take in the tragic scene.

DIETER  
I can't believe what's happened.

ANGELA  
Me neither.

They sit quietly together for a moment.

DIETER  
I must go, fetch Gerhard. He can  
help me move Jim from the water.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

Dieter cradles Angela's head on his naked shoulder. As he gets up to leave he sees two men and a policeman approaching. When they get closer he notices Parker and Gerhard are with the cop.

The policeman goes to Dieter.

POLICEMAN  
Are you Dieter Muller?

DIETER  
Yes.

POLICEMAN  
Then I'm arresting you on suspicion  
of causing the death of Jim  
Timberlake. You do not have to say  
anything but anything you say may  
be written down and given in  
evidence.

ANGELA  
(protesting)  
He didn't murder my husband. Jim  
fell to his death trying to stab  
Dieter with a pitchfork. He fell  
from up there.  
(a beat)  
And there's the pitchfork he was  
carrying.

She points to the pitchfork, still floating and the safe area on the bridge.

POLICEMAN  
(sharply)  
And what's your name?

ANGELA  
Angela Timberlake.

POLICEMAN  
Well in spite of what you said I'm  
taking this man to the station for  
further questioning.  
(MORE)

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

It's a good job the train driver reported people trespassing on the railway when he made an unscheduled stop at the next station down the line. He'll be called as a witness. Apparently saw it all.

ANGELA

Well if he saw what happened he'll be able to clear Dieter.

POLICEMAN

We'll see.

Brett has been watching the proceedings with a smirk on his well-fed face.

BRETT PARKER

(to Dieter)

You bloody fool. Said you'd get yourself into trouble not staying at your job.

DIETER

All I did wrong was comfort Angela while her husband was away.

BRETT PARKER

Yes, and we all know what comforts you were giving her.

Angela stands in front of Parker, hands on hips, her eyes blazing.

ANGELA

How dare you. You're nothing but a bloody hypocrite. It's all around the village about you and Mrs. Langley.

BRETT PARKER

(flustered)

That's slander. Fancy committing slander in front of a policeman.

ANGELA

(determined)

It wasn't slander, I was telling the truth.

POLICEMAN

Just calm down all of you. We'll sort things out at the station.

**INT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

Dieter is seated at a bare wooden table in a soulless interview room.

He faces a DETECTIVE in plain clothes.

DETECTIVE

I have all your personal details.  
Held at the POW camp in Marshwood.  
Previously of good character, tell  
me in your own words what happened  
on the day of August fifteen last.

DIETER

I was confronted in the field where  
I was working by Jim Timberlake. He  
accused me of having relations with  
his wife.

DETECTIVE

(sharply)  
Were you?

DIETER

Well -- yes we had got together,  
but only because we were very  
lonely.

DETECTIVE

Lonely! You were living in a hut  
with many others of your own kind.

DIETER

You can be lonely with a million  
people around you -- if you don't  
fit in.

DETECTIVE

So the deceased did have a  
legitimate reason for accusing you?

DIETER

(uneasy)  
Yes -- I suppose so. But that  
didn't give him the right to try  
and kill me.

Dieter shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

DETECTIVE

What happened next?

DIETER  
He threatened me with a pitchfork;  
I ran away.

DETECTIVE  
(sarcastically)  
A German running away -- what next?

DIETER  
When you're being threatened by  
angry man with a dangerous weapon,  
what else can you do.

DETECTIVE  
(changing tactic)  
Where did you learn to speak such  
good English?

DIETER  
I studied at a college in Frankfurt  
-- why?

DETECTIVE  
No matter.

The detective gets up to leave the room.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)  
The engine driver has been in and  
made a statement. Just sit there  
for a while.

Dieter is left alone to contemplate his future.

He fidgets uncomfortably in his chair.

Gazes around the bare room, studies the bars on the small  
window.

LATER

The detective returns.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)  
So tell me what happened when you  
got to the bridge.

DIETER  
I was in a cutout -- a safe place  
to be if a train is coming, and one  
was. Jim heard me shouting and  
turned and saw the train.  
(MORE)

DIETER (CONT'D)

He was in a big hurry to get away  
as he was in the middle of the  
track the train was on.

The detective checks Dieter's evidence against a sheaf of  
papers.

Dieter coughs.

DIETER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

DETECTIVE

Go on.

DIETER

Jim turned and saw the train  
approaching fast. He stumbled on  
the loose gravel and shot forward  
towards me. I moved out the way and  
he crashed into the steel rods;  
they just gave way, he fell  
through. That's all.

DETECTIVE

That's all! He fell to his death.  
Don't you feel a bit responsible  
for that?

DIETER

I did not cause his death. The bars  
must have been weak; that's all I  
can say.

DETECTIVE

What I can tell you, is that your  
account matches that of the train  
driver. However, the authorities  
have decided that because you've  
been involved in this tragic  
incident you are to be sent back to  
Germany very soon.

DIETER

(panicking)

No, no -- that will not work. All  
my family, mother, father and  
brother were killed in the war.

DETECTIVE

I'm very sorry, son.

DIETER

Even my girl friend was killed when a bomb hit the factory where she worked. I have nothing to go back to.

DETECTIVE

(sternly)

You can't make the rules up to suit yourself.

DIETER

(pleading)

I have more here now. Please let me stay.

DETECTIVE

Does that involve Mrs. Timberlake?

DIETER

That is up to her. But she may need comfort especially as Jim has to be buried.

The detective throws his hands in the air, looking for inspiration.

DETECTIVE

In the first place, speak to your senior officer at the camp. See if he can negotiate with our authorities. I don't know what the procedure is.

DIETER

Will I be going back to the camp soon?

DETECTIVE

I am satisfied that you didn't have anything to do with Jim's death. It'll be recorded as an accident. You are free to go now.

DIETER

I am free to leave the police station?

DETECTIVE

(laughing)

Yes you are.

A relieved Dieter gets up from his hard chair.

DIETER  
Thank you very much.

**INT. POW CAMP - OFFICERS QUARTERS - DAY**

(NOTE: THE FOLLOWING SCENE IS IN GERMAN WITH ENGLISH  
SUBTITLES)

A German officer sits at a desk writing on a pad. A knock at  
the door causes him to look up.

OFFICER  
Come in.

Dieter enters and salutes.

OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Ah, Mueller.

He motions for him to sit.

OFFICER (CONT'D)  
I have been expecting you.

Dieter wriggles nervously.

DIETER  
Sir, I have a request. I want to  
stay in England as I have no family  
in Germany now.

OFFICER  
I don't know if that's possible  
Dieter. There was trouble between  
you and the man who was killed, was  
there not?

DIETER  
Sir, I have been completely cleared  
by the policeman in charge. The  
train engineer came forward as a  
witness.

OFFICER  
But what would you do for work and  
living quarters if you were allowed  
to stay. Things might be very  
difficult for you here. English  
people are not too keen on us  
Germans.

DIETER

I believe I could make a go of it sir. There are plenty of jobs on farms I understand, and I'd get a room.

OFFICER

All I can do is make some enquiries of the British authorities. That is all -- I'll keep you informed.

DIETER

Thank you sir.

Dieter salutes and exits the room.

END OF SUBTITLES

**EXT. VILLAGE STREET - DAY**

Angela is on her way to the village post office. She spots a friend, MARY BROWN, 27.

She waves and calls.

ANGELA

Mary, hello Mary.

MARY BROWN

I don't wish to talk to you, goodbye.

ANGELA

What's the matter?

MARY BROWN

As if you didn't know. I just think what you did to poor Jim should make you ashamed.

ANGELA

And you know all about it, I suppose?

MARY BROWN

What's to know? Jim's dead because of you messing around with that stinking Jerry.

Angela walks on, her face the colour of raspberries.

ANGELA

If that's how you want it.

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Angela enters the old-fashioned post office to the ringing of a door activated bell. It's a dark and dingy place with boxes stacked on boxes, mouldy cheese on a mucky plate and a tiny area reserved for the postal business.

A bent old woman with straggly grey hair hobbles into this scene from a door in the living area. This is MISS STAPLETON, the postmistress.

She recognises Angela with an unfriendly stare.

MISS STAPLETON

Yes?

ANGELA

Hello, Miss Stapleton, how are you today. Is the arthritis any better?

MISS STAPLETON

(curtly)

I'm fine. What did you want?

ANGELA

Just a stamp, please.

The postmistress sticks a bony hand into her stamp book and tears off a stamp, hands it over. Angela puts three copper coins down.

MISS STAPLETON

Is that all?

ANGELA

Is something bothering you?

MISS STAPLETON

I don't think you're going to be welcome in the village. Jim was a good man -- didn't deserve what he got.

ANGELA

That's my business.

MISS STAPLETON

Yes -- a dirty business.

ANGELA

I don't expect to see you at the funeral then.

Angela turns and exits the shop.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

We're at Jim's funeral.

The lovely thirteenth century church has seen many hatches, matches and dispatches.

Happy times and sad times, it's seen them all and taken it in its stride.

Today is particularly poignant for Angela and son John. They've come to say goodbye to a husband and dad.

The vicar, an elderly man, with a passing resemblance to Alec Guinness addresses the congregation of three.

Yes, Sarah Williams is there, whether out of spite or nosiness - no one knows.

VICAR

We are gathered here to say goodbye to Jim. He served his country well during the war and after, but met his end in a tragic accident here in his own vill...

The vicar is interrupted by the church door opening.

Dieter enters nervously and walks forward to Angela and John.

His boots clatter on the ancient stone tiles.

He bows to the cross and takes a pew behind Angela.

She turns, but gives him a weary tear-stained glance.

ANGELA

(whispering)  
Dieter, why?

DIETER

(low voice)  
It's my duty.

ANGELA

(whispering)  
Thank you.

VICAR

As I was saying, Jim met his end in his own village and will be sorely missed. Let us pray.

**EXT. CHURCHYARD - LATER**

Angela, John and Dieter are at the grave. Sarah Williams arrives and throws a handful of dirt on the coffin.

She turns to Dieter.

SARAH WILLIAMS

I don't know how you dare come here today. The sooner you're sent back to your own kind the better.

She snorts in anger and leaves the church yard.

DIETER

She's got a point.

ANGELA

She's nothing but a trouble making old hag.

Dieter places an arm round Angela's shoulders and kisses her tenderly on the cheek.

DIETER

Promise me you'll be all right.

ANGELA

I'll manage.

She wipes a tear from the corner of her left eye and leaves Dieter to stare into space.

John weeps silently as he observes his first funeral.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Come on John.

John squeezes Dieter's arm then runs to join his mum.

**EXT. SHOPPING STREET - DAY**

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER

Angela and John exit a grocery store. She is carrying a brown paper bag.

ANGELA

We can catch the twenty-two if we hurry.

JOHN

Can't we stay a bit longer mum? I'd like to have a look in the toy shop.

ANGELA

I can't afford to buy you anything.

JOHN

I know; just wanted a look, that's all.

ANGELA

Tell you what, I'll buy you a comic.

She checks her purse.

JOHN

Can I have the Dandy?

As they turn the corner away from the shop a man bumps into them. Angela recognises him immediately.

ANGELA

Dieter!

DIETER

Angela!

ANGELA

Fancy seeing you here.

DIETER

I live near here now. So how are you and John?

ANGELA

Things are a bit tough with just the widows army pension. But we're managing -- just. What about you?

DIETER

I was moved to another camp and was going to be sent home soon. But the senior officer arranged with the British authorities that I can stay in England.

ANGELA

But don't you want to go back to Germany to be with your own kind.

DIETER

Don't you remember? I have no family now so there's nothing to go back for. Can we go to a cafe and talk, I'll pay?

**INT. CAFE - DAY**

It's a typical cafe of the immediate post-war period; cheap furniture and decor, cheap crockery and cakes that look as if they endured the war - just.

At a small table the three are enjoying a drink of tea, or in John's case post-war type watery orange juice.

Dieter stirs his tea endlessly. Angela puts her hand on his and stops him.

ANGELA

So tell me all your news, Dieter.

DIETER

I have a job now. I work for a Dutchman, Van Huyt who came to England when the war started. He grows cucumbers and lettuces.

(proudly)

I'm an expert on cucumbers.

He laughs.

ANGELA

(smiling)

You were always good with a cucumber, Dieter.

The double-entendre is lost on him.

DIETER

I have a house now, only a small one with a nice garden. Belongs to Van Huyt. And you?

ANGELA

We manage from day to day. Who'd want an old widow like me?

DIETER

Any man would be proud to call you his wife. You are still very beautiful.

Angela blushes.

ANGELA

Thank you, that was very nice. What about you, Dieter?

Dieter misjudges Angela's words again.

DIETER

Yes me too. I would be very proud.

ANGELA

No, I meant are you seeing anyone else?

DIETER

Not many girls would want to be with a German these days.

ANGELA

(a beat)  
One might.

DIETER

Come with me to see my little house. John can play in the garden.

ANGELA

How far is it?

DIETER

Just a short bus ride. I pay.

Dieter fishes in a trouser pocket, finds a shiny sixpence and hands it to John.

JOHN

Oh, thanks Dieter. Look mum, now I can buy the Dandy and the Beano!

ANGELA

You mustn't spoil him Dieter.

DIETER

It was nothing.

**EXT. COTTAGE - DAY**

Dieter proudly points to his home. It's a small cottage type place with a pretty garden in front. A low hedge bounds the property and a small gate encloses it.

We've seen the street already. It's warm and friendly.

As Dieter shows Angela his home, a NEIGHBOUR calls out.

NEIGHBOUR  
Now Dieter, what you bin' up to?

DIETER  
Hello, Fred, not a lot.

NEIGHBOUR  
(pointing to Angela)  
New girl friend?

DIETER  
My ONLY girl friend.

NEIGHBOUR  
(laughing)  
Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

Dieter waves a 'mind your own business' type of rejoinder.

Turns back to Angela. Points to house.

DIETER  
What do you think?

Angela takes a moment to reply.

ANGELA  
(a beat)  
I like it a lot.

DIETER  
Lets go in.

Dieter opens the gate and they all enter. John is excited and runs down the side of the property.

ANGELA  
(calling)  
Don't get up to mischief, John

JOHN  
(shouting back)  
I won't.

Dieter inserts a large key into the front door lock. The door swings open with an old-fashioned squeal.

Dieter waves Angela to enter. As she does, Dieter puts an arm round her and pulls her to him.

He looks deeply into her eyes.

DIETER

Angela, I love you very much. I would be so happy to marry you and have you and John live here with me.

ANGELA

I... I don't know, Dieter. Maybe it's too soon after -- you know. And don't forget I'm ten years older than you.

DIETER

If you were fifty years older it wouldn't matter. You are all I dream about, all I want is to live with you.

ANGELA

God, that was lovely. And they say Germans aren't romantic.

She giggles.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(changing the subject)

Shall we have a look at the house.

**INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

It's a small narrow, dark little space about six feet by five. Stairs lead to the bedrooms. a door at the end leads to the living room.

Dieter shows the way in to a sparsely furnished

**LIVING ROOM**

A fireplace, chair and small table are the sum total of home comforts.

Oh, and a moth-eaten carpet that must have been down since before the first war.

Angela takes it all in quickly.

ANGELA

We'd need more furniture.

A smile crosses Dieter's face.

DIETER

What are you saying Angela?

ANGELA

If John and me were to move in,  
we'd need more furniture. I'm not  
saying we're going to.

DIETER

Please think again, mein leibe.

ANGELA

What's mein leibe?

DIETER

It just means my love.

Angela cuddles up to Dieter.

ANGELA

I suppose it would be a fresh  
start. I'm being cold shouldered by  
the villagers. One man spat at me.  
Fancy, someone I went to school  
with acting like that.

Angela looks close to tears.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

And that's not all. John's being  
bullied at school. Some boys have  
ganged up on him and said he's a  
Nazi lover.

DIETER

That's awful. I'm not a Nazi, I  
hated the Nazi's. I was just an  
ordinary person working in a  
factory making washing machines.  
But I got drafted. I hate  
everything the evil swines stood  
for.

Now Dieter is emotional.

ANGELA

I know you're not one of those  
terrible people. You're kind and  
gentle -- and thoughtful.

She turns away.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

It was me who started it all,  
Dieter. You said it was wrong, but  
I wouldn't listen.

DIETER

And if you had -- I would have been back in Germany all alone. I would never have known how lovely a person you are.

Angela puts her arms around him.

ANGELA

(brighter now)

I am stupid! We wouldn't need to buy any more furniture -- I have a house full. We can use that.

DIETER

Wouldn't that have bad memories for you?

ANGELA

Sod the memories. It's the future that matters now.

DIETER

Are you saying what I hope you are?

ANGELA

What would you like me to say?

DIETER

That you'll marry me, Angela. Make me the happiest, luckiest person in the world. With my wages and your widow's pension we'd manage. It'd be tough to start but I'd work till I drop for you and John.

Dieter's eyes fill up.

DIETER (CONT'D)

Please say yes.

ANGELA

(cheekily)

Oh, I don't know. You might be a cruel wife beater, or a child hater. I'll have to have a good think about it.

DIETER

(hurt)

I am none of those things. How could you even consider it?

ANGELA  
 Of course you're not Dieter  
 darling.  
 (a pause)  
 Yes, I'll marry you.

The poignant moment is interrupted by a knock at the front door.

DIETER  
 Gott in Himmel!

Dieter goes to open the door.

**INT. HALLWAY - SAME**

John is there.

Dieter motions for him to go in the living room. John removes his school cap and walks in to

**THE LIVING ROOM**

ANGELA  
 What have you been up to.

JOHN  
 I found a hedgehog at the bottom of  
 Dieter's garden. I've been playing  
 with it. Got all these scratches  
 too.

He displays his hands showing red scratches.

ANGELA  
 Well go and wash all that dirt off,  
 you'll get a disease.

JOHN  
 What's a disease?

ANGELA  
 Makes you poorly. Now go and wash,  
 then come back here. I've got  
 something important to tell you.

John goes to the kitchen with Dieter. The sound of rushing water is heard with occasional cries of pain.

Angela is making a mental note of what needs doing in the house.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
 (to herself)  
 Needs new wallpaper, needs new  
 carpet, a sofa and two more chairs.

John comes running back.

JOHN  
 What then?

ANGELA  
 Show me your hands first.

John displays nice clean hands.

Angela takes a deep breath.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
 Right, how would you like to see  
 Dieter every day? How would you  
 like to live here?

JOHN  
 (shouting, excited)  
 Yeah!

ANGELA  
 Dieter's going to be your new dad  
 and my husband.

JOHN  
 As long as he plays footie with me  
 -- and I can play with that  
 hedgehog.

DIETER  
 I promise -- as long as you let me  
 beat you at football sometimes.

JOHN  
 (thoughtfully)  
 Okay.

Dieter encircles Angela in his arms. They cross fingers and  
 then kiss deeply

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 Oh, smoochy.

He watches with interest, then giggles loudly.

Angela motions to John to join them.

FREEZE ON THREE HUGGING. OVERLAY HAPPY LAUGHTER.

END FLASHBACK - BACK TO PRESENT DAY

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. GARDEN - DAY**

The gentleman (DIETER) finishes his third bottle of beer, places it down with the others, smacks his lips and turns to the man (JOHN).

DIETER

Told you it wouldn't be pretty.

JOHN

Phew, some story. At least it solves one mystery; now I know where my real father went. Sad end for him though.

DIETER

I hope I haven't destroyed our friendship, John. I've tried to make up for my big mistake.

JOHN

I know you have, dad -- or perhaps I should now call you Dieter.

DIETER

(stiffly)

I prefer to be called dad.

JOHN

You gave mum a very nice peaceful life. You were so well matched. I don't remember you ever falling out. I can't be angry at you for that.

DIETER

We had over thirty years together -- and never a cross word. She always looked lovely, even first thing in the morning without any make-up. You know they say that for every man there's the perfect woman. Who ever THEY are. But your mother was that woman. We never went to bed with anger on our lips. It was a perfect marriage.

Dieter's eyes fill with tears.

JOHN

I know and I'm grateful. You also did your best for me. I wouldn't be where I am now if it wasn't for you.

DIETER

I tried my best for both of you, but I really loved her so much. I am struggling to face each day without her.

He begins to sob uncontrollably.

John rushes to his side, puts an arm round him.

Dieter holds his chest.

DIETER (CONT'D)

I have such a crippling pain here.

He indicates the middle of his chest.

DIETER (CONT'D)

It is -- strangling me, I...

He shows where it hurts.

DIETER (CONT'D)

...I -- am having -- trouble breathing.

JOHN

I'm so sorry, dad. It's my fault for asking about the past. As you said, the past is past, and best left that way.

Dieter stops sobbing, coughs loudly then goes very quiet, his eyes are closed.

He does not answer John; instead he falls forward face first onto the grass.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Dad, Oh my God.

He turns him over. Dieter has seemingly suffered a massive fatal heart attack.

John's eyes fill with tears.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(tearfully)

Rest in peace, dad. Now you'll be  
with mum forever. You've been the  
best dad I could ever have wished  
for.

John lays him gently back on the grass.

Takes out his mobile phone, punches in numbers.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END