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 into 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.

NOTE: THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE IS IN GERMAN WITH ENGLISH 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.

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.

(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 buggered 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 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.

    IDIETER
    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)
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.
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

(curly)

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 blushed.
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.
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