OVER A BLACK SCREEN:

April 1945 -- The Allied Armies strike at the heart of Germany. In four weeks the Third Reich will be no more...

EXT. FARMER’S FIELD - PREDAWN

Thick morning fog blankets all. A faint glow in the East. It’s quiet save for the DISTANT RUMBLE of artillery.

Super title: Somewhere in Nazi Germany...

A Spanish Arabian STALLION emerges from the fog. A wasp waisted German Army LIEUTENANT erect in its saddle. His disciplined horse elegantly picks its way over the furrowed soil. A dark hulk looms in the mist -- Horse and rider approach...

IT'S A BURNED OUT TANK -- An American Sherman. Still smoldering. Steel armor ripped open like tin foil.

The Lieutenant moves on. Encounters another charred tank. Its entire turret blown off. A small fire still burns inside. Around it are the blackened twisted shapes of burnt shrunken men.

He moves on. Another hulk emerges from the mist -- This tank looks like a scrap heap -- Sandbags, railroad ties, sloppy steel plate, cases of wine, rations and ammunition. Battered, scarred and seemingly abandoned.

The Lieutenant guides his horse in a slow circle around the armored vehicle. He HEARS a faint CLINK -- And draws his Luger from its shiny black holster -- THEN:

An AMERICAN SOLDIER hiding BEHIND THE TURRET leaps on him...

Tearing the German from his horse. The two men CRASH to the ground. The American stabs the Lieutenant in the face -- THWICK-THWICK-THWICK! Fast, violent, shocking...

The American then carefully slides the knife blade behind the German's eye -- Piercing his brainpan with a CRACK. The German convulses for a moment. And dies...

The American retrieves his knife. Wipes it clean on the German's uniform and scans the area with burning primal eyes.

This is DON "WARDADDY" COLLIER. Late twenties he looks middle aged. A light beard and hollow cheeks. Years of combat have ground him into something hard and sharp.

With the mechanical clumsiness of exhaustion, Wardaddy cuts the mapcase from the German's belt. Then rips the large Knight’s Cross medal from the dead man's neck.

Wardaddy stands to his full impressive height in his oil blackened overalls. He crosses to the horse. He grabs the beautiful animal's bridal and looks at it for a moment...

(CONTINUED)
Eye to eye. Connecting with the animal. With incredible gentleness he rubs its muzzle. And kisses it...

Then he pulls his knife -- The horse jerks back, but Wardaddy holds it firm. He knows horses...

THWICK! -- He cuts off the bridle, slips the bit from its mouth. He unbuckles the saddle and drops it to the soil. Wardaddy looking at the horse. Then it heads back the way it came -- Now without rider and tack...

Wardaddy climbs aboard his tank -- *Her name is "FURY* -- It's painted on her cannon...

INT. FURY - PREDAWN


And the BOW -- The front of the tank where the driver and a machine gunner sit. *The sound of piss hitting tin*...

**BOYD "BIBLE" SWAN** is draped casually across the cannon breech. A pastor's kid from Des Moines, he's serious, calm, centered. *You'd never guess he's killed a thousand men.* He finishes urinating into an ammo can.

**TRINI "GORDO" GARCIA** sits in the driver's seat sipping wine from a bottle. A Mexican butcher from Chicago. He's been drunk since 1942. He once went into combat sober -- And vowed never to do it again.

Next to Gordo, the transmission housing between them, is the body of RED. A blood soaked jacket pulled over his head. *His blood spattered inside the tank.*

**GRADY "COON-ASS" TRAVIS**, a good-old-boy from Arkansas, is wedged into the battery compartment fixing a short. He's cunning, viscous and World Wise.

Wardaddy drops down into the Commander's hatch.

**COON-ASS**

Get that fucker?

**WARDADDY**

I knocked him off.

Gordo offers Red a drink, pushes the bottle into his shoulder. Whispers to him...

**BIBLE**

Gordo. Stop. Leave him rest.

**WARDADDY**

He's dead. Or did you forget? Drunk damn fool.
Gordo shoots them a dirty look. Keeps whispering to his dead friend. Wardaddy watches Coon-Ass work.

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
Goddammit. Ain't you done?

COON-ASS
Keep ridin' me.

WARDADDY
I'm not riding you. If I was, you'd know it. More where he came from.

Wardaddy tosses Bible the Knight’s Cross -- Bible hangs it in the turret -- Where more German combat decorations hang like Christmas ornaments.

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
You get some canned bacon for this?

He tosses Gordo the dead Officer’s Luger. He inspects it.

GORDO
For this? Yeah. A case or two.

Wardaddy lights a cigarette. Then scratches another notch in his knife with his GI can opener. It's tense -- They are behind German lines and acutely aware of the danger they're in. But danger becomes routine. After years of it...

Coon-Ass smirks -- KNOWING he'll get a rise...

COON-ASS
How come you didn't shoot that horse? You love shooting horses so much.

Wardaddy darkens with outrage -- He works his way over to Coon-Ass and begins kicking the Hell out of him.

COON-ASS (CONT’D)
Stop it! What's that for?

WARDADDY
You know what it's for.

COON-ASS
Why you always whoopin' on me?

WARDADDY
Because you're an animal. A dog. All you understand is the fist and boot.

COON-ASS
Bull-sheet. I understand me the pussy and the gun. Killin' and fuckin'.

WARDADDY
In that order?
COON-ASS
Maybe. Timing's important. I like me warm pussy. Pipin’ hot.

GORDO
You still talking? Can we get out of here? Everyone shut up.

WARDADDY
You shut up. You're a goddamn bottle of wine. Stink like wine. Think like wine. Alcohol never solved nothing.

GORDO

WARDADDY
Wanna talk Mexican? Find another tank. A Mexican tank. This is an American tank. We talk American.

GORDO
Who put a nickel in you? You talk Kraut. You can talk German and I can't talk Spanish?

WARDADDY
I use my German as a tool of war.

Coon-Ass grabs his crotch...

COON-ASS
Here's my tool of war.

Bible realizes this isn't about horses or Spanish. It's about Red -- The man with his head blown off in the Bow Gunner's seat. Bible hands Wardaddy some coffee he warmed on a Coleman stove.

WARDADDY
Thanks, Boyd.

BIBLE
Stop ragging on everyone. You didn't kill Red. The German's did.

WARDADDY
That's true. But I sure didn't keep him alive.

BIBLE
His number came up. That's all. We've been lucky. Until now. Settle down.

Wardaddy adds sugar to his coffee. Stirs it with a greasy callused finger. He opens the German's mapcase -- Discovers several maps...

WARDADDY
Thank heavens. We got a map.

(CONTINUED)
Wardaddy studies a German map...

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
We’re here. Battalion Area’s to the South. This hardball road here’ll get us back. Sound good?

COON-ASS
You got the stripes, Daddy. You figure it out.

WARDADDY
I got more, boy. Need more?

Wardaddy pokes his head out of the commander's hatch and listens carefully to the coming dawn. His finely tuned instincts kick in. Wardaddy drops back inside -- Pulls the hatch shut with a CLANK...

THEN:

The sound of ROARING LOCOMOTIVES -- An Artillery barrage is on the way...

BOOM–BOOM–KABOOM! -- Shells explode around the tank. Rocking it. For the moment the men are safe in their steel cocoon.

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
Coon-Ass? Anytime, sweetheart.

Coon-Ass turns a last bolt then extricates himself from the batteries.

COON-ASS
'Kay. Crank her up, Gordo. Whip this bitch like your donkey back in Old Mexico.

GORDO
I'll whip your Alabama ass with my donkey cock.

Gordo pushes the starter button. Expectant faces. The engine RUMBLES but doesn't catch...

MORE EXPLODING SHELLS -- Incredibly loud. Shrapnel PINGS off the hull. They endure it with their trademark stoicism. They’ve been through it before -- But a direct hit can kill them...

WARDADDY
Choke’er up. She's cold.

Gordo opens the choke. Tries again. The engine rumbling. Doesn't start. Worried faces.

GORDO
There’s condensation on the plugs.

WARDADDY
Plugs’re good. Don't flood it.

(CONTINUED)
GORDO
Drunk or not I can start a damn tank.

VROOM! -- The engine ROARS to life. They are relieved. Low key and businesslike, they don their headsets -- It's now unbelievably loud in the tank. Coon-Ass joins Wardaddy and Bible in the turret basket.

WARDADDY
Move out!

Gordo double-clutches and shifts into first. The tank lurches. Bible presses his eye to the gunsight...

Wardaddy rotates the turret with his THUMBSWITCH, looking outside through a PERISCOPE...

BEHIND GORDO -- We see the turret basket rotating, the legs of Wardaddy, Bible and Coon-Ass standing inside -- It's an impressive sight...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)
Forward! Pick it up! Forward!

The tank RATTLES, CLANKS and SHUDDERS. Ammo cases, weapons, C-rations vibrate. We are in the belly of the beast...

KABOOM-BOOM-BOOM! -- Shells explode dangerously close. The tank shudders. Gordo clutches, shifts into second. Stomps the gas. The tank builds speed. Wardaddy SEES the road...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)
Driver! Left. Left. Left.

ON GORDO -- Turning the tank with the two big steering levers. He whips it onto the road, upshifts into third gear. The tank builds speed -- Moving surprisingly fast.

Gordo can sure drive a tank. Eyes riveted to his periscope. Gas, oil, blood and piss sloshing over his boots. Red's body in the seat next to him.

Leaving the CRASHING artillery behind...

EXT. FARMER'S FIELD - PREDAWN

Out of immediate danger, Wardaddy opens his hatch and takes his normal position -- Exposed from the chest up in the commander's hatch. He grips a captured German assault rifle, grimly scanning for threats with his cold hard eyes.

The Fury has escaped. Her crew is neither grateful or relieved. There is work to do. The war is not over...

EXT. BATTALION AREA - DAY

A farmer's field has been overrun by a traveling circus of death -- An American Armored Battalion. A couple thousand men. A couple hundred vehicles.

(CONTINUED)
The TIRED MEN load TIRED VEHICLES for another day on the attack. Months of spearheading into Germany have taken their toll.

A BOOMING ARTILLERY BATTERY pumps rounds into German targets miles away. The BLACK DRIVERS of the Redball Express Trucks unload heaps of supplies from their trucks. MECHANICS, CLERKS, COOKS and MPs move with purpose. INFANTRYMEN clean weapons. A CHAPLAIN gives last rights outside the surgery tent as MEDICS line up more litters of WOUNDED MEN.

A hundred GERMAN PRISONERS sit listlessly behind barbed wire. A BULLDOZER plows a heap of dead Germans into a pit.

A ROW OF FIFTEEN SHERMAN TANKS -- Their busy CREWS ready them for another day's push into Germany. The tankers stop working and stare in amazement...

HERE COMES FURY -- Driving up fast, it deftly spins and parks perfectly alongside the newer, cleaner tanks. SERGEANT DAVIS, commander of the Lucy Sue shakes his head.

SGT. DAVIS
Thought you were dead, Collier.

WARDADDY
The Devil watches over his own.

Wardaddy jumps down. A pair of MEDICS approach the tank with a litter. Wardaddy and Gordo haul Red's corpse out of the tank and lay him onto the litter.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)
Take care of him. He was a good man.

The Medic SEES the top of Red's head is gone.

MEDIC
You said you had wounded. We're not graves registration.

WARDADDY
Take good care of him. Or I'll take good care of you.

Wardaddy pats his assault rifle with menace. The Medics trade looks and depart with the body. Gordo crawls under the tank and passes out in the mud.

LIEUTENANT PARKER approaches Wardaddy. Young and fresh, he has just a month with the outfit. He's intimidated by Wardaddy, this tough tanker hard tempered by war's hammer.

LT. PARKER
Sergeant I was afraid you were dead. I'm awful sorry about T-5 Conley.

WARDADDY
It's Red. We call him Red.

(CONTINUED)
LT. PARKER
Sure. Where's the rest of Third Platoon?

WARDADDY
We're it.

LT. PARKER
What happened out there?

WARDADDY
Another goddamned green Lieutenant happened.

LT. PARKER
What do I tell the Captain?

WARDADDY
Tell him we drove straight into a strongpoint. Two Tiger tanks were dug in like pillboxes. I got 'em both. After they got everyone else.

LT. PARKER
We're moving again. Headquarters section's already folding. You're in my platoon now. We're assigned to check out a town while main unit bypasses.

WARDADDY
A goddamned flank guard mission?

Wardaddy nods at the Fury. Looking even more ragged in the daylight.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)
Lieutenant, I gotta short in the master switch box. Steering linkage is rattling. Engine's losing compression. Oil's in the radiator. Bogies need rubber. There's a 75 gouge on the turret that'll take twenty pounds of welding rod to fill in. She's a mess. So's my crew.

LT. PARKER
Make ready to depart the company area on my order.

WARDADDY
Yessir. Fuck my life.

The young officer spins on his heels and walks off. Wardaddy looks at Bible and Coon-Ass, staring at him from atop the tank. Just crushed. Beaten, exhausted. Spent.

COON-ASS
Parker's a douchebag. We working for that Yankee fool now?

WARDADDY
Don't you worry about him. You work for me. Restock ammo and rations.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
Wake up Gordo. Have him top off the water and gas. Do what you can about the mechanical issues.

Wardaddy walking away...

WARDADDY
Where you going?

WARDADDY
The latrine to take a shit. I ain't shit in a week.

NORMAN ELLISON a shiny new Private with a dufflebag intercepts Wardaddy.

NORMAN
Sergeant Collier?

WARDADDY
Maybe. What the fuck are you?

NORMAN
Private Ellison. I was told to report to you. I'm your new Assistant Driver.

WARDADDY
Lookit you. Crisp and green like a new dollar bill. Puppy breath and all.

Wardaddy lights a smoke. An outgoing volley from the nearby Artillery Company makes Norman flinch.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)
Don't worry about outgoing. Incoming mail's the issue. Nazis can drop an 88 shell in your hip pocket from two miles out.

Wardaddy directs him to the Fury...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)
That's home. Do what you're told. And don't get too close to no one.

Wardaddy walks off. Norman approaches the tank. Bible and Coon-Ass scrutinize the newcomer. Gordo slides out from under the hull, bathed in mud. The three feral tankers eye Norman. Gordo grabs Norman's dufflebag and searches it. Norman afraid to stop him.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)
Which way's the front?

Bible gestures in a wide circle...

BIBLE
All around us. Kid, this is Germany. We're surrounded by Krauts.

(CONTINUED)
Norman SEES a **YOUNG TANKER** running in circles holding an M1 rifle above his head. Yelling this:

**YOUNG TANKER**
I'm a shithead! I'm a shithead! I'm a shithead! I'm a shithead!

**NORMAN**
What's that about?

**BIBLE**
He was cleaning a machine gun and didn't unload it. Nearly killed a sergeant. Lucky he didn't get stomped into the mud.

Norman swallows hard. Looks around. Gordo angrily looks up from Norman's dufflebag.

**GORDO**
Where's your cigarettes?

**NORMAN**
I don't smoke.

**GORDO**
Well then you're a bastard.

Gordo tosses Norman's dufflebag in the mud. Norman looks stricken.

**BIBLE**
You go to tank school?

**NORMAN**
I've never seen inside a tank. I'm a clerk typist. I was going to Fifth Corps HQ. They pulled me off the truck and sent me here. It's gotta be a mistake.

**COON-ASS**
Ain't a mistake. Army does what it does.

**BIBLE**
Kid, you from Missouri?

Norman shakes his head: "no."

**GORDO**
Chicago?

Norman shakes his head: "no."

**COON-ASS**
Arkansas?

**NORMAN**
No, I'm from--

**COON-ASS**
--No one gives damn where you're from.

(CONTINUED)
Gordo offers him his canteen. Norman politely takes a swig. Spits it out.

NORMAN
It tastes like hornet stings.

GORDO
You don't drink?

NORMAN
Nuh-uh. Especially that.

Gordo snatches back his canteen.

GORDO
I hate you.

BIBLE
You a praying man?

NORMAN
I go to church.

BIBLE
Do you subscribe? Are you saved?

NORMAN
I'm baptized.

BIBLE
That's not what I'm asking. And you know it. Wait until you see it.

NORMAN
See what?

BIBLE
What a man can do to another man.

GORDO
Reverend-pastor-deacon Swan here was in a preacher factory when he got drafted.

BIBLE
It's called divinity college.

COON-ASS
Praise sweet Jesus. Thank you for the war dear sweet, sweet Jesus. Thank you for all the goddamned Nazi's to kill.

BIBLE
Norman. These two are wicked men. Albeit amusing. You better grab hold of Jesus. He's the one thing that won't rattle you loose.

NORMAN
...sure...

Coon-Ass pulls open the Bow Gunner's hatch.

(CONTINUED)
COON-ASS

Here boy. Here's your seat. Get a bucket of hot water from the kitchen and get it clean. Amish clean.

Norman's face drops when he peers inside...

INT. FURY - DAY

Minutes later. Norman kneels awkwardly over the transmission as he scrubs off blood with a rag. He pauses to stare at the big belt fed machine gun -- Also spattered with blood. He cleans it gently. As if afraid of waking a dangerous animal.

Norman removes blood spattered pin-up girls. And a photo of Red's Wife -- The tough cattle ranching woman who has no idea her man is dead. He reaches for a photo of Red in cowboy regalia astride a horse -- And freezes...

WHAT HE SEES -- Blonde hair, an ear, a single blue eye. Half of Red's face.

EXT. BATTALION AREA - BETWEEN TWO TRUCKS - DAY


EXT. BATTALION AREA - ASSEMBLY POSITION - DAY

Love Company's tanks are being readied for combat. Gas tanks are filled. Equipment is oiled and cleaned. Ammo loaded. Busy green monkeys scrambling over big green turtles.

Coon-Ass and Bible load ammo into the turret. Wardaddy and Gordo tighten track links with wrenches.

ON THE FURY: Norman scrambles out of the tank and tumbles over the side. Landing on his hands and knees, he vomits his ham and eggs into the mud...

Coughing and sputtering he looks up in time to see a 6x6 truck roll by, filled with a heap of corpses. German and American. Legs and arms sticking out. It looks like they are waving "Hi" to the young soldier...


BIBLE

Get back in there. It's not going to clean itself.

Norman stands, brushes off the mud. About to climb back in the tank, he pauses and stares with his mouth agape...

(CONTINUED)
Wardaddy and the TC’s of Love Company are gathered together out of earshot of their men.

BINKOWSKI
How’d Mike go? Was it quick? Or he burn up?

WARDADDY
I don’t know, Pete. It was pretty rugged. I think they all went quick.

DAVIS
They’re not supposed to have no more Tigers.

WARDADDY
Well they did.

BINKOWSKI
So five go out. And one comes back? Sometimes it don’t feel like we’re winning.

DAVIS
It’s the river. We crossed real light and we’re paying.

PETE
Stop talking about yesterday’s fight. We get ready for today’s?

Wardaddy looks at Peterson.

WARDADDY

Two TIRED GI’S escort an SS SERGEANT. His hands tied behind his back with bailing wire.
His head is SWOLLEN like a watermelon. Puffy slits for eyes, blood slicked hair. He's taken a serious beating.

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
Why you bringing him through here? Why ain't he sleepin’?

TIRED GI
G-two wants a prisoner to question.

WARDADDY
I'll question him.
(in fluent German)
What’s your favorite color? You like chicken or beef? You a good dancer? You like fat girls?

His crew sense it's about to escalate and intervene. Get in a shoving match with the GI and his 3 buddies. Bible and Coon-Ass pull Wardaddy away...

TIRED GI
Back off! He's my responsibility!

WARDADDY
We ain't here to ask them questions.

BINKOWSKI, SGT. DAVIS and SGT. PETERSON, all rough men who can kick ass in a barfight, join Wardaddy. The GI’s look ready to open fire...

COON-ASS
It's a goddamned Kraut. Forget it. Git on. Get.

The four GI's escape with the prisoner...

TIRED GI
I have to tell them what you did.

Norman watching this. Shocked. Wardaddy gets in Norman's face.

WARDADDY
He's an SS. They're real assholes. I kill every SS I can. You'd seen what I seen you would too.

(CONTINUED)
COON-ASS
Fuck every last one. They started it.
We're finishing it.

BIBLE
Heinies don't know they're beat. Our
Generals smell blood.

COON-ASS
Ain't nothin' stopping the spear from
sliding into the enemy's belly.

Wardaddy stares at Norman, fired up now.

WARDADDY
We're the spearhead. Done much killing?

Norman shakes his head: no.

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
You will.

The Lieutenant Parker returns from the Company Command
Post...

LT. PARKER
First Platoon TC's! See me now.

SGT. BINKOWSKI
We see you, sir. There you are.

Nobody moves. So Parker joins Wardaddy and the three Love
Platoon TANK COMMANDERS -- SGT. BINKOWSKI, SGT. DAVIS and
SGT. PETERSON.

LT. PARKER
Here's the big picture. Main Unit's
punching East. We're going North on a
flank guard mission. We'll tie up with
Baker Company from the 41st. Sergeant
Collier is with us now. He'll be acting
Platoon Sergeant.

SGT. PETERSON
That's fine with me. Glad to have you,
Don.

WARDADDY
Sir, saying you get picked off? Mind
showing me on the overlay where we're
going?

LT. PARKER
Sure, Collier. Kansas point Dog. After
that we're working for Captain Waggoner.
Any questions?

SGT. BINKOWSKI
You started shaving?

Lt. Parker disregards the dig...

(CONTINUED)
LT. PARKER
First Platoon!  Mount up and move out!

Nobody moves.

Until Wardaddy shakes a smoke from his pack -- Peterson lights it for him. Then Wardaddy gives the nod. The five tank commanders cross to their waiting tanks. Wardaddy makes the “crank it up” hand sign as he heads to the Fury. Gordo slides in the driver’s hatch and starts her engine...

The other four tanks start up -- Their ENGINES ROAR. The 25 men of 1st Platoon take their fighting positions inside the steel beasts. Wardaddy mounts the Fury. Norman too. One man confident and seasoned. The other clumsy and hesitant.

CAMERA FINDS -- A CORPORAL arguing with Sgt. Davis...

CORPORAL
I can't go out! I can't do it! And you can't make me!

Sgt. Davis punches the man. And shoves him into the Bow Gunner's hatch. It's like stuffing a cat in a bathtub.

WARDADDY
Battle fatigue case. Good man. He's got his limit. We got ours.

COON-ASS
Ought'a be psycho'ed to the rear.

The Corporal extends his hand from the hatch, just his hand. He's holding a live GRENADE!

BOOM! -- It blows the Corporal's hand clean off, shreds his forearm. Sgt. Davis is livid...

SGT. DAVIS
Bless your heart. You done went and did it. Get on, boy. Go suck your mama's titty milk. Get on out of here you yellow fuck.

The Corporal climbs out of the hatch, slides down the front of the tank and trudges towards an ambulance clutching his shattered arm. Norman saw everything. He looks at Wardaddy, amazed and confused. Who just shrugs and locks and loads his big .50 Cal machine gun.

WARDADDY
Guess he didn't want to go. Driver! Move out!

The Fury falls in behind Lt. Parker's tank. Then Sgt. Davis' tank. Then Peterson and Binkowski's tanks.

The 5 tanks of 1ST PLATOON move out in a column. Each tank running over the dead SS Sergeant -- Flatten him into the mud. No sentimentality here. It's just business.
EXT. BATTALION AREA - PERIMETER - DAY

The Five Sherman Tanks are on the road heading East. They pass the OUTPOST TANK -- Marking the scrimmage line between the American Army and the Nazis.

OUTPOST SENTRY
Go fuck yourself Wardaddy! You owe me forty bucks!

Wardaddy waves goodbye. The tank column passes a field where dozens of foxholes are filled with INFANTRYMEN. At the sound of a WHISTLE a hundred ragged green men emerge from the earth like spawning locusts and shuffle toward waiting trucks.

ON NORMAN -- Sitting in the Bow Gunner seat, his hatch open. The ass of the Lieutenant's Tank spewing exhaust and dust in his face. The Lieutenant keeps glancing back at Gordo, sitting in the Driver's hatch. Gordo takes quick sips from a wine bottle between the young officer's disapproving glances.

GORDO
We get hit, we're gonna burn out. And we're gonna burn out fast. Our tanks are shit boxes. German guns punch through them like butter. See this...

He points at a hatch in the floor under his feet.

GORDO (CONT'D)
We get hit. I'm gone. Right through here. I ain't waiting for you. I ain't helping you. Got that?

NORMAN
Okay. Thank you.

Norman looks up at Wardaddy in the Commander's hatch. He looks like he was born like that -- An iron centaur, half man half tank. Wardaddy speaks to him through the intercom...

WARDADDY
Kid, you hear me, you plugged in?

Norman fumbles with the intercom switch, replies:

NORMAN
I hear you, Sergeant.

WARDADDY
Don't fire that bow gun until I tell you. Got that? Don't want you plastering our guys.

NORMAN
Okay, Sarge.

Gordo kills off his bottle of wine, throws it at the back of the Lieutenant's tank, shattering it.

(CONTINUED)
GORDO
Kid, you play cards? Blackjack? Spades?

NORMAN
No. I don’t play cards.

GORDO
You motherfucker.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY
Farmer's fields on either side. The tank column passes an OLD FARMER riding a hay wagon pulled by two old horses. Columns of black smoke rise in the distance. Wardaddy spreads his map on the turret. Marks their destination. Coon-Ass opens his hatch, next to Wardaddy's.

WARDADDY
What a chicken shit job. A goddamned side mission while main unit leapfrogs us. We need any support we're fucked.

COON-ASS
Ain't this fucking war over yet?

WARDADDY
We're two hundred miles from Berlin. Get there just over a week.

COON-ASS
I'm in no hurry to get murdered in Berlin. Kids pouring bushels of grenades in our hatches. Wine bottles full'a gasoline. No thank you, ma'am.

WARDADDY
I don't want it to end.

COON-ASS
I'm ready to ship home. Work at the hog farm, marry me a little thing to make me pies and babies.

WARDADDY
I never planned on surviving this thing.

COON-ASS
A pretty little mama with a mess of cousins. Eat their pies too.

WARDADDY
I'll keep losing at poker until I get my head shot off. Die owing every dripping dick in the battalion a stack of money.

COON-ASS
Hurry up. You're running out of war.

WARDADDY
Don't I know it.

(CONTINUED)
COON-ASS
You just wanna keep killing people. You need it like you need breathing. Can't do it back home. Not for long at least.

WARDADDY
This tank's home.

COON-ASS
Shit, Don. Supposin' I get it first, you gotta promise to bury me face down.

WARDADDY
So you find your way to Hell quicker?

COON-ASS
So the whole damn world can kiss my ass.

VROOM! -- A P51 Mustang flies over. So low they can count the rivets on the wings. It quickly vanishes over the horizon.

ON NORMAN -- Watching with fascination. He SEES another P51 fast approaching...

VROOM! -- It passes directly overhead...

OMITTED
EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

The five tanks turn onto a paved road. It is crowded with REFUGEES -- A long ragged column of German civilians fleeing the bombings and marauding Russians to the East. There's a 19th Century carriage being pushed by women. A car is pulled by horses. OLD MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN, once proud faces now dirty and scared.

ON WARDADDY -- Warily eyeing the flood of refugees. Bible and Coon-Ass outside the turret with him...

WARDADDY
Okay. Kid, cast an eyeball on 'em. There might be a wolf hiding in the sheep. Anyone makes a move you cut them right in half. Do what you need to do. If people are in the way, that's their problem. You copy?

NORMAN
I copy.

Norman struggles with the machine gun. Hesitant. Gordo reaches over and cocks it for him -- KERCHACK!

GORDO
Gun's ready. Just pull the trigger. Every five rounds is a tracer. So you can see what you're hitting. Remember, short bursts. That way you'll harvest more meat per bullet.

Norman just sees a tired mass of people. Pathetic and harmless. To them he is their conqueror, not a scared boy.
The Refugees move aside for the tanks. Among them are a dozen SOLDIERS -- Schoolboy draftees -- With no appetite for a fight. They toss aside their weapons and raise white handkerchiefs. Wardaddy, from his position high in the turret, towers over them, aims his assault rifle at them...

WARDADDY
(German)

Lieutenant Parker is 50 feet ahead in his tank, he handsignals for Wardaddy to speed up. The tanks speed past the line of refugees. Tanks don't like people near them.

EXT. FURY (MOVING) - DAY
Norman is grateful he didn't have to shoot anyone. They pass a pretty girl on a bicycle. She smiles at Norman.

GORDO
There you go, boy. She'll let you fuck her for a chocolate bar.

NORMAN
That's not true.

GORDO
That's not true? Okay. It's not true.

COON-ASS
It's true. You can liberate her ass for a D-ration bar. Or some smokes. Don't give her a whole pack. Four will do it.

BIBLE
Ignore them. Don't disappoint Christ. Don't let them lead you astray.

WARDADDY
We can kill 'em but we can't fuck 'em. Right? Cuz it's in the bible.

BIBLE
I'm done trying to convert you heathens. Mind if I continue invading Germany?

WARDADDY
You think Jesus loves Hitler?
I would assume so. And if Hitler accepted Jesus in his heart and got baptized, he'd be saved. Won't save him from man's justice.

What about your regular issue Nazi line trooper? He going to heaven?

You've been asking these same dumb questions for three years. You know where I stand.

Please save me. Sing me a hymn. Sing me "The Old Rugged Cross." Sing it, boy.

Coon-Ass tickles Bible. For all their back and forth, they're closer than brothers.

Stop, fool. I'll shoot you.

Knock off the horseplay.

Boyd, you think Hitler would fuck one of us for a chocolate bar?

I hope so. I'd give it to him good. Slide this cannon right up his backside and punch out a Supercharge. Send the sonofabitch straight to Hell.

That's awful Christian of you.

The 5 tanks steadily approach their objective. Telegraph poles line the road. From those poles hang four young boys, about 10 or 11 -- Big signs around their necks...

The men in the Fury stare at the dead children. Wardaddy is face to face with them. He's up so high.

What do the signs say?

Wardaddy paraphrases the German scrawls on the signs...

"I'm a coward and refused to fight for the German people."

(sadly)

Kids. They're just kids.
Then the body of a HOUSEWIFE...

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
"I helped traitors to Germany"

Norman gasps, looking at the bodies. Stunned by the senseless cruelty.

GORDO
They did that shit in France and Belgium. Now they're doing it to their own people. Let 'em rip themselves to pieces.

The tank column continues...

OMITTED

EXT. TREE LINED ROAD - DAY

Norman yawns, tired....

THEN:

MOVEMENT in the ditch alongside Lt. Parker's tank -- An 11 Y.O. HITLER YOUTH aims a Panzerfaust anti-tank rocket at the Lieutenant's tank -- He's a scared child, fear on his face, trembling...

Norman can't believe what he's seeing -- He hesitates...

FWOOSH! -- The Hitler Youth fires the rocket. It slams square into the side of Lt. Parker's tank...

KABOOM! -- A perfect hit on the ammunition storage. The result is instant and catastrophic as a jet of molten steel ignites the cannon ammunition. The tank rolls to a stop.

A column of intense flame erupts from the commander's hatch like a giant blow torch. Lt. Parker is immolated like a human candle...

WARDADDY aims his assault rifle at the Hitler Youth...

BRDDDDT! -- Drops him with a burst. Two more HITLER YOUTHS decide they are done playing soldier and take off running...

BRDDDDT!-BRDDDDT! -- Wardaddy smokes the little fuckers too...

Lt. Parker crawls out of the turret -- Both legs missing, he rolls off the back of his tank onto the road. He pulls the .45 from his shoulder holster...

BAM! -- And shoots himself in the head...

ON NORMAN -- Horrified. This happened right in front of him.


(CONTINUED)
Wardaddy is out of the turret, stepping down past Norman. Coon-Ass covers him with the big .50 Cal machine gun...

Wardaddy approaches the burning tank. AMMUNITION begins to EXPLODE. The A-DRIVER thrashing, desperate...

BRDDDDTT! -- Wardaddy finishes him off. Then he crosses to the Hitler Youth in the ditch -- He's still alive. Wardaddy kicks him...

WARDADDY
(German)
You happy now you little shit? You
should be in school drinking milk. You
didn't have to fight us you idiot.

Wardaddy aims his pistol -- BAM! -- Ends the boy's short lived war. He returns to the Fury. Eyes locked on Norman's.

Norman is scared of Wardaddy. As he should be.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)
You cocksucker. Why didn't you shoot
that shithead when you had the chance?

NORMAN
It happened so fast. He was just a kid.

Wardaddy gestures at Lt. Parker's burning tank...

WARDADDY
See what a kid can do? That's your fault. Next fucking German with a weapon
you see, rake the dogshit out of him.
I don't care if it's a baby with a
butterknife in one hand and mama's left titty in the other. You chop him up.

Wardaddy walks away to confer with the other tankers. Leaving Norman destroyed, guilt wracked. Gordo looks at him, SEES he's falling apart.

GORDO
Okay. Look. That stupid kid did that.
Not you. I froze up before too. That's why I like driving. You gotta kill Krauts? It's them or us. Can you do it?

NORMAN
...I can do it...

GORDO
Okay. Then do it. This makes it easier.

He offers Norman a bottle of wine. Norman declines. Wardaddy shouts up to Sgt. Davis' tank.

WARDADDY
Alright, Roy. Guess I'm it. I'll lead the column. Let's get where we're going.

(CONTINUED)
Wardaddy climbs into the Fury's turret. Double checks his map. Into his mic:

WARDADDY
Move out, Driver.

Gordo puts the tank in gear and leads the column forward.

INFANTRYMEN dig foxholes. Eat chow. Clean weapons. Play cards. There are several HALF-TRACKS and TRUCKS.

A MORTAR CREW fires rounds at distant German positions. Two huge columns of thick black smoke rise from just over the next hill. The four tanks approach. SERGEANT MILES, a young tough Infantry leader, flags them down...

WARDADDY
Gordo, stop 'er here.
(to the Sergeant)
Baker Company?

SERGEANT MILES
Yessir.

WARDADDY
I'm not a sir.

SERGEANT MILES
Me neither. Where's your boss?

WARDADDY
Dead.

SERGEANT MILES
Who's in charge'a this column?

WARDADDY
I am.

SERGEANT MILES
I'm talking to the right man. Park it. Old Man's waiting over there.

Sergeant Miles leads Wardaddy to a COMMAND HALF-TRACK full of radios. A couple RADIOMEN monitor the CHATTER.

SERGEANT MILES
Sir, tankers are here.

CAPTAIN WAGGONER has an SS OFFICER by the collar -- Punching him with big callused hands. Here's an officer Wardaddy can respect. A rugged, solid, confident veteran.

(CONTINUED)
CAPTAIN WAGGONER
How many tanks you got?
WARDADDY
Four.

CAPTAIN WAGGONER
I asked for ten. Here's the deal - I got a platoon pinned in a sugar beet field by machine guns. I sent my tracks in and they got knocked out. The Boche has a 75 dug in and I need you to destroy it. They're not old men and kids. It's a regular Wehrmacht outfit. Help me kill them. Then we'll push into town and kill the rest of the bastards. Main unit has Time on Target and aviation priority. So we're on our own. I know who you are and I know you know what you're doing. Let's get it done.

Wardaddy likes this guy. He taps the Captain's map.

WARDADDY
Seeing as they're covering this road. Mind if I come in this way? Hit their flanks and roll 'em up.

CAPTAIN WAGGONER
Do what you see fit. Just paste them hard. They murdered some good boys today. Why don't they just quit?

WARDADDY
Would you?

Point taken. Wardaddy walks away...

EXT. FARM BUILDINGS - DAY

Minutes later. MEDICS tend to four wounded GIs. Two dead GIs are laid across the hood of a Jeep. Nearby a couple GUNNERS in HALF-TRACKS fire bursts from their .50 cals into the distant German positions.

Wardaddy's four tanks are in a row. The tank crews prepare them for combat. Weapons and ammo are double checked. Track links are tightened. Norman helps Gordo top off the gas tanks with the help of a BLACK TRUCK DRIVER.

GORDO
This is it. We're gonna see some action.

NORMAN
I'm scared shitless.

GORDO
You'll be so fucking busy you won't have time to be scared.

(CONTINUED)
TRUCK DRIVER
A hero's just as scared as a coward. One quits. One don't.

GORDO
Don't give him no hero bullshit. It's a job. Everybody does their job, you win the game. Like a football team.

TRUCK DRIVER
And the fellow that charges into danger to save his buddies? What is he?

GORDO
A moron.

NORMAN
How's it feel to kill a man? Is it hard?

TRUCK DRIVER
Ever killed a hog? Butchered a hog? It's just like that. Screaming and all.

GORDO
How would you know? Get in a knife fight in the whorehouse shitter back home?

TRUCK DRIVER
They put me on the line in the Bulge. They don't want us killing the white man. Until it's their necks. I killed me a whole bunch. Krauts got real hot when they saw who was doing it. It was just like killing hogs.

NORMAN
I'm from the city. I've only seen a cat get hit by an ice wagon.

GORDO
I'm from the city too. Chicago. And I seen lots of animals die. Papa worked in a slaughterhouse cutting up steers with an electric saw. Came up from Mexico to work there. Papa would cut off a piece of meat, swipe some kidneys or a tongue and sneak 'em home. We ate beef every day. I started me there when I was fourteen. On the kill line. Hitting beef cows, old dairy cows, sometimes horses, between the eyes with a twelve pound sledgehammer. Right here. (taps his forehead)
I'd be head to toe in blood, brains and snot. Whackin' beefs all day until I couldn't move my arms.

NORMAN
I helped in my dad's stationary store. At the register. We sold sundries. Nothing that bled or screamed.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

GORDO
Too bad. It's something. The kill line teaches you something.

NORMAN
That it's better to be the man with the hammer?

GORDO
That's right.

INT. FURY - DAY

Coon-Ass and Wardaddy are alone in the turret. Coon-Ass is crying. His nerves are getting the best of him.

COON-ASS
Don, I can't do it. I can't take any more. I don't want to die. I feel like I'm going to slide right out of my skin every time a goddamn shell goes off. I can't do this. I don't got the nerve.

WARDADDY
You can do it. You get worked up. Before an action. That's all.

COON-ASS
This ain't that. This is something different.

WARDADDY
No it's your regular bullshit. You get the jitters. You bitch some and then you're fine. Grady, it's your way.

COON-ASS
Lookit the odds. We got four years of close calls. All the original boys are gone. Dead or mangled. We're it. Me, you and the Mexican. Out of how many? Some guys have been replaced four or five times. Replacement shows up one day. He's dead the next. Why not us?

WARDADDY
Shut-up. Shut your mouth. Don't you spook that kid any more than he's already spooked. We need him.

COON-ASS
Remember that boy from Texas who was running and got hit by a shell? Listen to me. Don. Listen to me.

WARDADDY
I remember.

(CONTINUED)
COON-ASS
And his tank got hit by a Tiger and he bailed out and was running and a cannon shell hit him square in the back and he disappeared but his head flew straight up and landed in a tree. You remember that?

WARDADDY
I said I remember.

COON-ASS
Every night I dream his head's in a tree singing to me. Soft and sweet like my mama's songs when I was a baby. If I close my eyes right now, I'll see him.

WARDADDY
Red's got us all a little sad right now, Grady. Look at my eyes, I'm talking. We gotta help this outfit. Then you can get shit-yer-pants drunk and fuck some girls or something. How's that sound?

COON-ASS
You gonna drink with me?

WARDADDY
You know I won't do that. I'm the foulest meanest damn drunk you can imagine. I'd stab you in the face and lick the blade clean.

COON-ASS
Fine. I'll drink that nice Cognac we found and roll around with some Nazi split-tails. I'm an ass man you know. Wish I had a stick of butter.

Wardaddy smiles. Coon-Ass is ready to fight.

EXT. FARM BUILDINGS - DAY

Wardaddy does a final walk around of his four tanks. He sees both man and machine are ready for battle. He turns to the two waiting INFANTRY SQUADS -- About 20 men.

WARDADDY
Let's kill us some German's. Mount up.

The tired dogfaces climb aboard the tanks. Wardaddy climbs aboard the Fury. Plugs in his helmet.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)
Start 'em up and move out.

The tanks start their engines and pull out. Each tank has at least five soldiers riding on top.
The four tanks move in a column. Shielded from the enemy by a small low hill. Fury leads the way -- Sergeant Miles standing behind the turret, mans the .50 Cal.

WARDADDY
You know what's waiting for us?

Sergeant Miles chews on a huge wad of tobacco cheek as he thinks. He spits brown juice down the side of the tank.

SERGEANT MILES
Yeah, I know.

Wardaddy smiles at the cocky bastard.

WARDADDY
(into radio)
All tanks this is Wardaddy. Form a shallow right echelon on me. When we hit the flat ground spread out to a hundred yard interval. On my signal we'll drop the doughs and roll up that 75. Everyone copy?

SGT. DAVIS
Love One-Three copies. Wilco.

SGT. PETERSON
One-Four. Roger all.

SGT. BINKOWSKI
This is Five. We got you Daddy.

The column accelerates.

Wardaddy grinds his teeth in anticipation. The column is now coming around the low hill...

WARDADDY
All tanks halt!

The tanks stop. To Sergeant Miles...

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
Get 'em off.

SERGEANT MILES
You heard the man! Everyone off!

Soldiers spill off the tanks and take a knee. Close to the front line they stay low and wary.

WARDADDY
Button up!

Hatches clanking shut down the line of tanks...

(CONTINUED)
ON NORMAN -- Closing his hatch, locking himself into the steel beast.

Now only the TANK COMMANDERS are exposed. Wardaddy looks back at them. And sees they are ready. He pulls his worn leather gloves on tighter and takes a deep breath...

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
All tanks! Move out! Fast right! Fast right! Let's go!

The four tank column begins to roll again.

EXT. BEET FIELD - DAY
The tanks churn up dirt as they punch their way into the field. The Soldiers run to catch up, climbing up the embankment.

The Fury and the other three tanks settle in a line, four abreast. They head towards low hedges lining a dirt road...

The Soldiers walk behind the tanks. Staying behind their protective bulk...

ON WARDADDY -- Grim faced in the turret. Sgt. Miles on the fifty. Not a German in sight.

INT. FURY (MOVING) - DAY
Norman stares through his periscope. Chest heaving with each nervous breath. Gordo casually takes a hit of wine. With all of the concern of a construction worker on a bulldozer.

EXT. BEET FIELD - DAY
The tanks and men near the three BURNING HALF-TRACKS -- The source of the black smoke we saw earlier -- Jagged holes in their armored sides. Surrounded by charred men and smoking equipment...

Around them is a PLATOON OF AMERICAN INFANTRY, laying in shallow trenches they scraped into the dirt. They are pinned down by German machine guns. Several are wounded or dead.

Where are the Germans? You can cut the tension with a knife.

As the tanks move past, the pinned men join their brothers walking behind the Shermans -- THEN:

BRDDDDDDDDDT! -- A GERMAN MACHINE GUN whips a long burst at the Fury. It sounds like an evil chainsaw. Sandbags, cases of ammo and Jerrycans of water are torn to shreds.

WARDADDY
Goddammit! Bible hit that machine gun position! Eight hundred! Fire!
KABOOM! -- The main gun fires -- The cannon round crashes into the well camouflaged machine gun position...

BOOM! -- The high explosive round detonates...

INT. FURY (MOVING) - DAY

Coon-Ass jams a fresh round into the breech -- KERCHACK! In his lap and loose at his feet are more big rounds...

COON-ASS

Clear!

BIBLE fires the instant he hears that -- KABOOM! -- The cannon slams back in recoil, ejecting the spent shell. Coon-Ass rams another shell into the breech, punching it in with his fist -- KERCHACK! -- The breech block slams shut...

COON-ASS (CONT’D)

Clear!

KABOOM! -- The gun fires. Recoils and ejects. Coon-Ass reloads. This veteran crew works like a Swiss watch.

EXT. BEET FIELD - DAY

BOOM! -- The last round nails the gun -- Cartwheeling a GERMAN SOLDIER through the air like a ragdoll...

WARDADDY

Okay! Cease fire. That target’s destroyed. All tanks: start squirting that treeline.

The tanks fire their MACHINE GUNS -- Streams of TRACERS from the four tanks probe at the line of pine trees at the end of the field -- At any hiding place for German men and armor. This is called recon by fire...

INT. FURY (MOVING) - DAY

NORMAN PERISCOPE POV -- Tracers rip into the treeline through his periscope. It’s a dreamy, hypnotizing fireworks display.

NORMAN

Do I shoot too?

GORDO

Yes. Start shooting.

NORMAN

What do I shoot at?

GORDO

Anywhere Nazis might hide.

Norman pulls the trigger. The machine gun jackhammers violently.

(CONTINUED)
Adding to the deafening noise of the developing battle. Once over the initial shock of firing the weapon, he smiles, empowered, and hoses every tree and bush in sight.

GORDO (CONT'D)
Don't sit on the trigger! You'll burn out the barrel!

ON BIBLE -- His face pressed against his gunsight. He fires bursts from the coaxial machine gun using the foot switch.

BIBLE'S GUNSiGHT POV -- His tracers rake the distant ditches and bushes.

EXT. BEET FIELD - DAY

Atop the Fury, Sgt. Miles pours .50 cal rounds into the trees. Wardaddy scans for movement with his binoculars.

SGT. BINKOWSKI
One-Five for Wardaddy. I see a bunch'a Krauts fifty yards to my right.

WARDADDY
That's our troops. Do not shoot them.

SGT. BINKOWSKI
Yeah. Okay I copy.

Wardaddy SEES 1-5 veering off the wrong way.

WARDADDY
Wardaddy for One-Five. Where are you going? Head North.

SGT. BINKOWSKI
I'm heading North.

WARDADDY
Dammit, Binkowski. No you are not. Turn left! Turn left! Head for that line of pine trees.

SGT. BINKOWSKI
One-Five copies. Wilco.

Wardaddy SEES another of his tanks about to run over American Soldiers.

WARDADDY
Love One-Three! Fox Romeo! Pull your right brake! You got troops right in front of you! Get your head out of your ass!

Love 1-3 swerves at the last second, just avoiding crushing several men. Wardaddy is already looking for the next problem to solve. It's like herding cats...
INT. FURY (MOVING) - DAY

The tank is now a loud, smoky reverberating metal chamber of engine noise and gunfire. Norman is getting the hang of it. Firing the weapon into haystacks. Trees. Anywhere a German may be hiding. Empty shells raining on his boots...

CLACK! -- He runs out of ammunition. He grabs a fresh box. Reloads the hot gun. SNAPS the cover shut. Keeps firing...

EXT. BEET FIELD - DAY

CRACK!-WOOSH! -- A hidden German cannon fires a high velocity round that rips right past Wardaddy's head. It's a tank killer and a grave danger...

WARDADDY
Fuck! Where's that gun! Who sees it? Who sees the gun shooting us?

SGT. PETERSON
One-Four for Wardaddy. It's ours. I think that's a howitzer from the company area.

WARDADDY
Bullshit! It's not ours. It's a Kraut high velocity gun. I can hear it whistling. Where the fuck is it?!

CRACK-WHOOSH!-KTANG! -- The hidden German cannon fires again, hitting Love One-Four. Fortunately the round glances off and careens into the sky...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)
Believe me now?!

SGT. PETERSON
Anti-tank! Right front! Right front! Nine hundred!

Love 1-4 fires its main gun at the hidden German cannon...

KABOOM! -- VREEEEE! -- The tank round falls short, hits the ground and ricochets sharply. All four tanks begin to fire at the cannon's position...

KABOOM-KABOOM-KABOOM! -- Round after round detonates in quick succession -- Splintering their trunks. Heavy machine gun rounds from four tanks shredding the earth...

KAWOOMP! -- Success! The cannon position detonates with a greasy black explosion -- THEN...

CRACK-WHOOSH! -- A second 75mm Anti-tank gun opens fire!

KTANG! -- Love 1-4 is hit again -- The German cannon round makes a massive burst of sparks and ricochets away...

(CONTINUED)
SGT. PETERSON (CONT’D)
I'm hit! Pulling back!

WARDADDY
There's another gun! Who sees it?

Love 1-4 backs up, the packs tied to its side are on fire.

INT. FURY (MOVING) – DAY
Norman fires his machinegun into the right of the treeline...

NORMAN'S PERISCOPE POV -- His stream of tracers suddenly splashes upward -- Deflecting off the hidden German cannon's ARMOR PLATE...

NORMAN
There's something there! At, uh, three O'clock.

EXT. BEET FIELD – DAY
Wardaddy SEES the stream of deflected tracer fire...

WARDADDY
Got him! Anti-tank! Left front! One two hundred. HE. Superquick. Gordo, head right at him. Gunner! Traverse left! Steady... On it! Fire!

KABOOM! -- The Fury's main gun fires -- BOOM! -- The shell crashes into the second cannon position, igniting its stock of ammo...

KAWUMP! -- A massive secondary explosion rips through the trees, obliterating the 75mm tank gun...

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
Target destroyed! Okay, One-Four you're too damn close to me. Maintain your interval. All tanks, move forward. Let's go. Let's clean it up.

The four tanks straighten up their line and drive for the German positions. They near twenty foxholes along the treeline, cowering GERMAN SOLDIERS inside...

INT. FURY (MOVING) – DAY
Norman loading a fresh belt of ammo...

GORDO’S PERISCOPE POV -- A GERMAN SOLDIER stands up and aims a Panzerfaust at the Fury...

GORDO
Get him! Kill him!
Norman finishes loading the belt. COCKS the gun. Looks through his periscope...

**NORMAN'S PERISCOPE POV -- BRDDDDDDT! --** Bible shreds the German Soldier with the coaxial machine gun...

Beating Norman to the punch. Gordo glares at Norman...

**GORDO (CONT'D)**
Do your job. Do what you're here for. Do it now.

**NORMAN**
I was loading the gun.

Norman grits his teeth and begins firing. Moving the gun from side to side. Utterly lacking in finesse...

**EXT. BEET FIELD - GERMAN FOXHOLES - DAY**

The tanks and Soldiers approach the foxholes. Two Germans jump up, wave white handkerchiefs in surrender. They're shot down by an enraged GERMAN SERGEANT...

**DEAD AHEAD WARDADDY SEES** -- Three GERMANS reloading their dug-in MG42 machine gun...

**WARDADDY**
Machine gun, twelve O'clock. Gordo! Run them bastards over!

Gordo guns the engine. The Fury lurches forward. The three German's try to flee from their foxhole. One makes it out, only to be shot down by a Foot Soldier.

The other two are crushed beneath Fury's tracks...

The four tanks stop -- Firing their machine guns into the foxholes. Chewing apart the huddled GERMAN SOLDIERS. Wardaddy tosses a grenade into a foxhole -- BOOM!

**WARDADDY (CONT'D)**
All tanks. Let's hold here.
(to Sgt. Miles)
Get your boys in the fight.

Sgt. Miles leaps off the Fury. Shouts commands, waves his men forward. They move out between the tanks, marching in a line, firing into the foxholes...

**INT. FURY (MOVING) - DAY**

Gordo turns to Norman...

**GORDO**
Squirt them Krauts there. On yer left. See 'em?

(CONTINUED)
NORMAN'S PERISCOPE POV -- There is a cluster of dead German Soldiers, cut down when they tried to run for it.

NORMAN
The dead bodies? They're already dead.

GORDO
You a doctor? How you know they're dead?
Hit 'em. So they can't jump up and shoot us in the ass.

Norman looking at Gordo. He just can't do it. Gordo shakes his head in frustration. And turns the tank toward the bodies and runs them over.

Norman begins to cry. Not simply a tear down the cheek but a roar of anguish, good honest pain...

NORMAN
I can't be here. I can't be here.

WARDADDY
Turn your goddamn intercom off if you're gonna ball like that!

EXT. BEET FIELD - GERMAN FOXHOLES - DAY

Wardaddy gets on the big .50 Cal machine gun...

RAT-AT-AT-AT-AT-AT-AT-AT! -- He fires into the foxholes, chewing up dirt, men and equipment.

The Baker Company Soldiers move between the foxholes, finishing off the Germans -- Bayonetting, machine gunning, hacking with shovels.

SERGEANT MILES
First Platoon get this trash policed up!
Second Platoon pass through and dig in along that ditch. I want an outpost on that hill.

Gordo unplugs and opens his hatch. Coon-Ass and Bible join Wardaddy in the turret to watch the clean-up.

The firing slackens. And stops. Just the occasional burst from a machine gun. Gordo, Coon-Ass and Bible climb off the Fury. Other tankers emerge from their steel wombs. Wardaddy sees the packs on Love 1-4 are smoldering.

WARDADDY
One-Four. You better take care of that fire.

The TANKERS of Love 1-4 douse their burning packs with fire extinguishers. Then cut them off.

Wardaddy looks behind them and SEES the pinned Platoon from Baker Company rise to their feet like ghosts. These are the men the tanks have just rescued. There is no celebration.
No back slapping. They know that only more hard fighting awaits them.

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
Love One-Six for Baker Six. We cleared out the machine guns and the anti-tank. You’re fine to roll up your vehicles.

CAPTAIN WAGGONER (V.O.)
Baker Six copies. We’re gonna catch up and then we’ll push into town.

WARDADDY
Love One-Six copies.

The Soldiers search the dead. Taking watches and rings. Anything of value. 2nd Platoon (the soldiers that Wardaddy just rescued) stand and move forward to establish a new defensive line. Some don’t get up. MEDICS search for injured among the dead.

POW! -- A Soldier finishes off a wounded German -- The German's body is missing from the waist down.

Wardaddy slips inside the Fury...

INT. FURY - DAY

Wardaddy pulls off his gloves. Rubs his forehead. Drained. Combat shakes him up more than he would ever let anyone know. He SEES Norman still in his seat. Shoulders hunched. Broken. Wardaddy grabs the turret slew grip. Turns the turret to bring him nearly face to face with Norman.

WARDADDY
I had the best Assistant Driver in the entire Ninth Army in that seat. Now I got you. I promised my crew a long time ago I’d keep them alive. You’re getting in the way of that. It ain’t like the newsreels up front.

NORMAN
I'm sorry. Okay? I'm trained to type 60 words a minute, not machine gun dead bodies. I'm trying my best. Maybe you've never been scared, but I'm so damn scared I can't breathe. I got three hours in a tank. Three. How many do you got?

Backtalk!? From this peachfuzzy teenager? Wardaddy is incredulous. He could really hurt this kid. Instead he climbs out of the Fury.

EXT. BEET FIELD - GERMAN FOXHOLES - DAY

A feral, dirt-shiny redneck, SGT. DILLARD, hauls a middle-aged GERMAN CORPORAL out of a foxhole.

(CONTINUED)
SERGEANT DILLARD
Hey lookit here we got a live one. Get the fuck outta there.

The man is terrified. The last German alive -- He's surrounded by a dozen pissed off American troops. Eyes burning with fever and exhaustion from Dark unshaven faces. Dillard grabs the collar of the AMERICAN RAINCOAT the German wears. A cardinal sin...

SERGEANT DILLARD (CONT'D)
Where'd you get that coat, boy?

Sergeant Miles makes a throat cutting motion. Sgt. Dillard about to shoot the German Corporal...

Norman opens his hatch. Wardaddy gets a dark idea...

WARDADDY
Hang on.

Wardaddy turns to Norman. Makes the "come here" gesture with his finger.

Norman exits the Fury. Wardaddy grabs him by the neck and frogmarches him over to the German Corporal. Who has pictures of his wife and kids in his hand...

GERMAN CORPORAL
Meine kinder! Meine frau!

WARDADDY
Halt die Fresse!

Wardaddy slaps the pictures from the man's hands. He pulls the .45 from his shoulder holster and hands it to Norman. Wardaddy spins the prisoner and kicks him to the dirt. Norman looking at the big pistol.

Bible, Gordo and Coon-Ass join the circle of soldiers to watch.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)
You're no goddamned good to me if you can't kill Krauts. Put a big fat hole in his back.

There is simply no way Norman can shoot this sobbing father in the back. He looks at Wardaddy with defiance...

NORMAN
No. I'm not doing it.

WARDADDY
Why the hell not?

NORMAN
It's not right.

He hands the pistol back. Wardaddy looks like he's going to hit Norman with it. Instead he holsters it. And walks away.

(CONTINUED)
Then Wardaddy pauses -- Thinks to himself: "Fuck this, I'm winning this round." He strides back to Norman, shoves him to his knees and holds his revolver to Norman's head.

WARDADDY
We ain't here for right and wrong. We're here to kill these people.

More Soldiers gather to watch -- This is getting interesting. Wardaddy cocks the hammer...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)
You or him. Your pick. You or him.

NORMAN
Do it. Kill me.

Norman has called his bluff. Enraged, Wardaddy forces the gun into Norman's hand -- Then wrestles the pistol against the German Corporal's back. Who is falling apart sobbing...

GERMAN CORPORAL
Nicht shiessen! Bitte! Nicht shiessen!

Wardaddy crams Norman's finger into the trigger guard and mashes it against the trigger...


A HUGE DIRTY SOLDIER steps in and rolls the dead German Corporal over -- He takes his watch and wedding ring. Bible walks over to Norman. He helps the kid up.

BIBLE
C'mon.

EXT. BEET FIELD - GERMAN FOXHOLES - DAY

At the Fury. Minutes later. Coon-Ass hands Norman a hot cup of coffee. Norman accepts it gratefully. Gordo and Bible are with him. Wardaddy by himself smoking a cigarette. Maybe feeling a little guilty.

NORMAN
That was a shit show. Was that supposed to make a man out of me? My conscience is clean. I'm keeping it that way.

The Fury crew trades looks. They've all been there. Gordo puts a brotherly arm around Norman.

GORDO
Don's crazy as a shithouse rat. But he's solid. We've been together since before Africa. I won't fight with nobody else.
NORMAN
He's the biggest asshole I ever met, and
I've met a couple.

BIBLE
Ain't no crew stayed together like we
have. And it's cause of him. Look, you
did alright. You spotted that 75 when no
one else did.

A kind word -- Norman needed it. The crew is starting to
accept him.

COON-ASS
First time we got shot at in North Africa
Don shit his drawers. Stunk the tank up
real good.

Norman looks at Wardaddy. Unable to imagine him ever afraid.

EXT. ROAD INTO TOWN - DAY
Wardaddy's four tanks lead the men and vehicles of Baker
Company to their next objective. Infantry Soldiers ride on
the tanks, ten or more on each. They are followed by several
HALF-TRACKS.

Norman's hatch is open. He looks across at Gordo -- Who
gives him a reassuring nod.

UP IN THE SKY -- Flying at 30,000 feet is a massive formation
of nearly a 1000 B-17 bombers! -- A white band of contrails
covers the sky. The formation is several miles long. An
astounding vision. Around the bomber formation are the
corkscrewing contrails of fighters engaged in dogfights.

Norman watching this entranced. The other tankers and
soldiers are enthralled by the spectacle. Wardaddy watches
the bombers with admiration...

WARDADDY
There you go, boys. Keep pounding them.

There is a bright flash and a bomber falls out of the sky.

The tankers and soldiers watch the distant bomber spin slowly
towards the ground like a giant falling maple seed.

The column of men and machines continues up the road. They
pass two mangled German Army Horse-drawn Wagons. Shattered
by fighter plane rockets, a twisted tangle of dead German
Soldiers and horses. An OLD WOMAN is hacking off hunks of
horseflesh. She glares at the Americans with pure hate.

GORDO
There you go, kid. She'd sure as shit
fuck you for a chocolate bar.
Norman looking at Gordo. Scandalized by that. Then he cracks a smile at the sheer absurdity -- **Norman is starting to become a frontline soldier...**

**EXT. OUTSIDE A GERMAN TOWN - DAY**

The column has halted. The four tanks are spread out abreast. The Infantry Soldiers have dismounted from the tanks and take shelter behind them.

Wardaddy scans the town with German binoculars. His jaw muscles ripple as he grinds his teeth.

**WHAT HE SEES** -- A typical small North German village. Houses and shops clustered around a plaza. A single building is on fire. He gets on the company net...

WARDADDY

Baker Six from Love One-Six. I don't see white sheets. And nobody's out. I think they wanna fight. Over.

CAPTAIN WAGGONER (V.O.)

Baker Six copies. Higher wants this place secured by fifteen hundred German O'clock. Go ahead and get in there. Mortar section's standing by. They're all we got so don't get in trouble.

WARDADDY


Wardaddy grabs the mic for the platoon net.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

All tanks. Listen up, we're going in. Move out. And let's button up until we know what's in there. Love One-Three, take the right, outside that line of buildings. One Four, you take the left. I'll take point on the wedge. Binkowski, you're on me. Stay twenty yards off my ass.

The four tanks move toward the town. Love 1-3 and Love 1-4 leave the road and split off around either side of the village. The tanks move slow -- So the Platoon Soldiers on foot can keep up...

**EXT. GERMAN TOWN - OUTER BUILDINGS - DAY**

Fury leads the way. Binkowski's tank follows. Sgt. Miles, Sgt. Dillard and the Baker Company Soldiers flow around the tanks. Entering doors. Clearing each structure. They approach the burning building, a wall of smoke in their path, they vanish into the smoke...
The two tanks and their Soldier escorts emerge from the smoke into the heart of the sleepy rural village. Nobody is in sight. Except for a bent Old Man in a doorway.

WARDADDY
(German)
Grandpa. Where are the German soldiers?

The Old Man points at a Hotel down the road...

POW! -- A single rifle shot hits the Old Man, dropping him instantly. Wardaddy grabs the handles of his .50 Cal and lets it rips on the Hotel building...


WARDADDY (CONT’D)
Bible, follow my burst. Throw a round of HE into that open second story window.

BIBLE
On the way--

KABOOM! -- The cannon fires, the round impacts the building.

BOOM! -- The round EXPLODES dropping most of the second story facade -- Exposing 6 GERMAN SOLDIERS, stunned by the blast.

POW-POW-POW-POW-POW! -- The Platoon Soldiers crouched behind the Fury eagerly light them up with their rifles...

INT. FURY (MOVING) - DAY

Norman's face is pressed against his periscope...

NORMAN'S PERISCOPE POV -- A GERMAN SOLDIER runs right in front of the tank. Without thinking Norman opens fire...

BRDDDDDDDDDT! -- Dropping the German to the street. His rifle CLATTERS across the cobblestones...

Norman realizes what he did. He leans back and takes a deep breath. Gordo pats his shoulder.

GORDO
That's all it is. Keep going.

WARDADDY
Good one, kid. Keep stacking 'em up.

Norman wipes the sweat from his brow. Settles in behind the periscope. Hunting for more targets...
EXT. GERMAN TOWN - DAY

Platoon Soldiers take cover in doorways. Staying close to walls. They kick in doors and methodically clear each building. The Fury and Love 1-5 slowly advance. Wardaddy is two stories high in his turret...

ON HIS LEFT -- A GERMAN SOLDIER in a second story window aims a submachine gun at him...

Wardaddy -- Almost face to face with the German -- Grabs his assault rifle and aims...

BRDDDDDT! -- Killing the soldier...

Wardaddy scans the upper stories around him for more threats.

BRDDDDDDDT! -- A German heavy machine gun opens up. It is cleverly dug into a cellar in the base of a building. Its chainsaw roar echoes off the buildings. Its deadly tracers rake the street...

Two Platoon Soldiers are hit and drop -- The machine gun is too close to the Fury for the tank to get a good shot...

WARDADDY
Binkowski, see that Kraut stinger in the cellar there? Mind giving him what for?

SGT. BINKOWSKI
Sure, Daddy. I'll slap him around. You better button up.

Wardaddy gets inside the turret. Closes his hatch.

INT. FURY (MOVING) - DAY

Wardaddy watches through his periscope...

KAPOW! -- 1-5 fires a High Explosive shell right next to Fury...

BOOM! -- The shell blasts a hole in the building's exterior wall. Silencing the machine gun. Falling brickwork lands on the Fury...

EXT. GERMAN TOWN - DAY

Wardaddy opens his hatch, bricks cover the tank. A German Soldier staggers out of the exposed building. Bleeding from the ears and disoriented...

Wardaddy pulls his .45 and takes careful aim -- POP! -- Drops him with one shot -- Then out of nowhere:

BOOM-KTANG! -- A German anti-tank shell glances off the turret with a SHOWER OF SPARKS and smashes into the building...

(PENDING)
Wardaddy is stunned by the close call. Wiping his eyes, choking on brick dust...

**NEW ANGLE** -- A small German antitank gun is hidden inside a tailor shop. The crew frantically reloading...

WARDADDY

Antitank! Left! Fox Love! Phosphorous!
Five zero! Fire when ready!

**INT. FURY (MOVING) – DAY**

We see the amazing skill of an experienced tank crew. Coon-Ass unloads the High Explosive shell in the breech and shoves in a SMOKE ROUND -- Bible traverses the turret on the target. Gordo works the steering levers bringing the thick armor of the tank's front to face the enemy gun...

Norman joins in -- Firing a long burst into the Tailor shop. His tracer rounds bouncing off the guns armor shield...

**EXT. GERMAN TOWN – DAY**

The Fury and her turret spin quickly -- Lining up on the tailor shop...

KABOOM-POW! -- The white phosphorous shell detonates inside. Explodes with a white burst of noxious smoke -- Spraying burning phosphorous particles everywhere...

The four man GUN CREW flees into the street. Trailing white smoke -- Phosphorous burning deep into their flesh...

BRDDDDDDDDDT! -- Norman mows them all down. All four men. Ending their misery.

CLOSE ON NORMAN'S PERISCOPE -- We can see his eyes through the glass prism...

**INT. FURY (MOVING) – DAY**

Norman gawks through the periscope at their smoking corpses. It sinks in what he has done. He doesn't like it.

WARDADDY

Gunner, put an HE in there. Smash that gun.

KABOOM-BOOM! -- The Fury fires a High Explosive shell into the Tailor Shop. Not taking any chances. The Fury continues forward. Its steel tracks CLANKING on the cobblestones of the tiny farming village. Love 1-5 follows close behind FIRING BURSTS OF TRACERS into upper story windows...

The Platoon Soldiers filter through the buildings behind them. Checking for enemy soldiers. Small teams of soldiers leapfrogging up the street. All business. Unhurried and cautious.
The Fury and Love 1-5 enter the square and spread out. Each covering their respective sides. A door opens...

Wardaddy swings his .50 Cal on an older man waving a white pillowcase -- He's the town BURGERMEISTER. White sheets suddenly appear from several windows. The Burgermeister cautiously approaches the Fury.

BURGERMEISTER
(in German)
Please. Stop shooting. The remaining soldiers wish to surrender. I am trying to save my village. The people have suffered so much.

WARDADDY
(in German)
Thank your buddy Hitler for that. Where are the German soldiers? How many are there and what weapons do they have?

BURGERMEISTER
(in German)
They are in the bank. There are thirty. They are not soldiers. They are children. The SS made them fight.

He points at a DEAD TEENAGER hanging from a lamppost with another of those damn signs -- "I am a coward..."

WARDADDY
(in German)
You tell them to come out with their hands high and empty.
(into radio)
All tanks, hold your fire until I say so. I got the mayor here and I think they're surrendering. Binkowski load an HE and get ready to put it in that bank if these people want to test us.

Wardaddy nods for the Burgermeister to go ahead. He crosses to the bank, under dozens of watchful American weapons. Wardaddy scanning the area for threats. It's tense...

The Burgermeister shouts for the soldiers to come out...

AT THE BANK -- The front doors open. A line of dejected kids emerges in eclectic uniforms, BOYS and GIRLS. Their hands held high, faces scared...

The Platoon Soldiers surge forward and search them. Among them is an SS OFFICER, his arm in a sling. Wardaddy points him out to the Burgermeister...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)
(in German)
Is he the man who has been hanging the children?

(CONTINUED)
The Burgermeister looks nervous -- The SS Officer is glaring right at him. Nevertheless the Burgermeister nods: Yes.

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
Hey! Shoot that guy. Yeah, him. The SS cocksucker with the busted wing.

Without hesitation a young SKINNY SOLDIER pulls the SS Officer from the line, aims his Tommy gun at him and...

BRDDDDDT! -- Stitches the hardened Nazi from crotch to throat. The Burgermeister gives Wardaddy a grateful nod.

EXT. GERMAN TOWN - CENTRAL SQUARE - DAY

LATER -- The Company vehicles have joined the tanks. With the day's work over for them, Baker Company's SOLDIERS swarm over the town, searching houses, collecting weapons.

SOLDIERS stack the dead Germans. MEDICS treat the wounded. A SOLDIER drags a mattress down the street. Another sits in a big stuffed chair on the sidewalk smoking a cigar.

SERGEANT MILES
Dig in! We're gonna be here a while!

Bible scoops helmet-fulls of empty machine gun brass out of the turret. Gordo sleeps under the tank. Coon-Ass boils water in his helmet over a fire made of broken chairlegs.

Norman stands outside the Fury trying to comprehend what he has seen. Wardaddy approaches him. Offers his hand. Norman shakes. Wary of this volatile veteran.

WARDADDY
It wasn't nothing right?

NORMAN
Come again, Sergeant?

WARDADDY
Rubbing out them Heinies. You splashed 'em real good. Wasn't nothing right?

Norman looks at Wardaddy -- Realizes he NEEDS Norman to agree with him -- To agree it's nothing to kill people. As if Norman can give Wardaddy absolution for all the men he's killed. Norman lies and tell him what he wants to hear.

NORMAN
Sure, Sergeant. It wasn't nothing. In fact, I kind'a liked it.

Norman is a bad liar. Wardaddy thinks for a moment. Then...

WARDADDY
I want you to see something.

Wardaddy leads Norman down the street -- To the front door of the local NAZI PARTY HEADQUARTERS.
INT. GERMAN TOWN - NAZI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Wardaddy pushes the door open. He and Norman gaze upon a shocking sight...

WHAT THEY SEE -- There are several dead men and women. The men wear Nazi Party uniforms, middle-aged fat bureaucrats. The women wear party dresses. Presumably their wives. Empty booze bottles everywhere. Several of the men hold pistols.

WARDADDY
They knew we were coming. So they got drunk as Lords and shot themselves at sun up.

A beat as Norman stares at this mad tableau...

NORMAN
Why are you showing me this?

WARDADDY
You know why.

Wardaddy walks away. Norman follows.

EXT. GERMAN TOWN - CENTRAL SQUARE - DAY

Wardaddy and Norman head down the street. Two GIs pass them clutching wine bottles -- Both wear top hats and sunglasses.

WARDADDY
Keep doing what I say. You do that and you'll get through this thing.

CRASH! -- SOLDIERS searching a building heave a dresser out the window. It bursts open on the cobblestone street.

Wardaddy SEES a face in the window on the upper floor of a nearby apartment building. He quickly heads for it...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)
C'mon.

NORMAN
What'd you see?

WARDADDY
Krauts.

Wardaddy grabs Norman's greasegun -- Cocks it and hands it back. He takes the safety off his assault rifle and boots the front door...

INT. GERMAN TOWN - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Wardaddy quickly charges up the stairs...

Norman follows. They reach an apartment door on the top story.

(CONTINUED)
Wardaddy POUNDS it with the stock of his assault rifle. A WOMAN opens the door -- Her name is IRMA -- The fear on her face is plain as day.

WARDADDY (German)
Who's in here?

IRMA (German)
Just me.

WARDADDY
Bullshit.

Wardaddy forces his way inside...

INT. GERMAN TOWN - WOMAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

It has surprisingly modern furniture and decor. Wardaddy quickly searches the place. Norman follows him around like a puppy. Wardaddy checks closets. Cupboards. Anywhere a human being can hide. He enters a bedroom and looks under the bed -- SOMEONE is hiding underneath...

WARDADDY (German)
Get out of there. Right now. Hurry up.

Norman watches a gorgeous young lady slide out from under the bed. This is EMMA -- She's 18 -- Norman's age. Wardaddy helps her up. Norman is transfixed by her.

Wardaddy drags Emma from the bedroom by her wrist. Wardaddy turns to Norman...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)
Close the door and lock it.

Norman freezes -- Things are going to a bad place...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)
Lock the fucking door!

Norman complies. Slowly closing and locking the front door. Irma is just sick with fear.

IRMA (German)
Please, leave her alone.

WARDADDY (German)
You said nobody was in here. You could have gotten her killed.

IRMA (German)
She's my cousin. I'm sorry. Please. I was afraid of--

(CONTINUED)
WARDADDY
(German)
--I know what you were afraid of.

Wardaddy pushes Emma onto the couch. Then sits down in a chair. He takes off his helmet. Leans his rifle against the wall. Suddenly looking very tired. He looks at Irma.

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
(German)
Get me some hot water. For shaving.
(to Norman)
Sit the fuck down. Put the gun away.
You make me nervous.

Norman stiffly sits on the couch with Emma. It's awkward. Like a bad blind date.

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
(German)
What's your name young lady?

EMMA

WARDADDY
(German)
Emma, you know how to cook?

The girl nods: yes. Wardaddy reaches in his musette bag. Digs out a soap dish. He opens it and carefully unwraps four eggs -- Precious rare eggs.

Then he takes out a can of coffee. And a can of bacon. He offers the rare treasures to Emma. Her eyes light up and she joyfully accepts them. As a bonus Wardaddy gives her two packs of smokes. She happily joins Irma in the kitchen.

Norman relaxes. Wardaddy isn't here to rape and kill them. Norman takes off his helmet. And takes off his jacket.

INT. GERMAN TOWN - WOMAN'S APARTMENT - DAY (LATER)

In the Kitchen -- Irma savoring an American cigarette as she cooks bacon and eggs. She sips from her cup of fresh coffee. The first in years.

Norman is asleep on the couch. Wardaddy stands before a pot of steaming hot water. He has peeled off his jacket, overalls and shirt -- Hideous burn scars cover his back.

Emma crosses to Norman and gently wakes him, offers him a steaming cup of coffee. Norman smiles at her. He likes her. She smiles back. She likes him. She sits next to him. Thigh to thigh.

Norman SEES Wardaddy's burns and REACTS -- Embarrassed by them, Wardaddy puts his shirt back on.

(CONTINUED)
Emma holds Norman's hand. Then tries to pull him off the couch. Norman realizes where this is going. And blushes. He shakes his head: no.

*Wardaddy slides a fresh blade in his safety razor...*

**WARDADDY**

She's a good clean girl. You don't take her in that bedroom, I will.

Emma intuits what Wardaddy said and clings to Norman's arm.

Norman looks at Wardaddy. At the girl. *Wardaddy doesn't really want her* -- But Norman doesn't know that. Norman makes his decision. He leads Emma into the bedroom. She shuts the door behind them.

Wardaddy smiles. Like a proud big brother. He works up good lather with his shaving brush...

**NEW ANGLE** -- Irma steps out of the kitchen, arms crossed, with a disapproving look.

**WARDADDY (CONT'D)** *(German)*

They're young. And they're alive.

He carefully scrapes off the dirt and whiskers with the sharp razor. Irma stands there smoking, watching him shave. It's nice having a man in the house.

**IRMA** *(German)*

You speak good German.

**WARDADDY** *(German)*

I know.

He's not interested in her. She was hoping he was. She returns to the kitchen.

**EXT. GERMAN TOWN - CENTRAL SQUARE - DAY**

Coon-Ass has been waiting impatiently outside the Fury. Finally Gordo exits the tank turret, buttoning his trousers with a satisfied look.

**GORDO**

Batter up.

Coon-Ass climbs into the tank. Bible looks on disapprovingly.

**BIBLE**

I hope you get scabies.

(CONTINUED)
COON-ASS
Burnt motor oil kills the little fuckers right off. I'll save a slice for you. You need to get your dick wet, sky pilot.

Gordo grabs a wine bottle. Takes a swig.

GORDO
Where's Wardaddy? Daddy! Where you hiding? Don't leave your family on the street! Daddy!?

Bible nods at the Apartment Building.

INT. GERMAN TOWN - WOMAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

IN THE BEDROOM -- Norman has Emma's hand in his, he's reading her palm...

NORMAN
This is the ring of Solomon. You help people. And understand them. It's really rare. See mine? I got it too.

He shows her his hand. Then continues her reading...

NORMAN (CONT'D)
This is your heart line. You're going to have one great love in your life. My grandma taught me how to do this. People came from all over to see her. Okay, this is your life line...

Norman pauses. Looks at her. It's not good news...

She sees the change in him. Decides to lighten the mood. Emma peels top off. Norman's eyes lock on her breasts. She's proud of them, as she should be. With the ice broken, Norman makes his move and kisses her. She takes his pants off. He's shy. She likes that.

EMMA
(German)
Don't be afraid. I'm not going to hurt you.

NORMAN
I don't know what you're saying.

Emma shushes him with a finger. She rolls him on his back and mounts him.

INT. FURY - DAY

MINUTES LATER -- Coon-Ass is screwing the very plump TOWN WHORE. Pig fucking is a better description. Pure mindless carnality. How did she fit in the tank?
INT. GERMAN TOWN - WOMAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Irma singing in German as she works in the kitchen. Norman exits the bedroom. Looking flushed and content. Wardaddy, now cleaned up, is a different man. Norman sits on the couch. Gathering his thoughts.

WARDADDY
You don't need to say nothing.

They sit there in silence. Wardaddy sipping his coffee. Emma exits the bedroom. Glowing. She joins Irma in the kitchen who quietly scolds her.

BANGING at the door. Wardaddy nods for Norman to get it. The women peer around the corner, frightened...

Norman opens the door -- It's Coon-Ass, Gordo and Bible. The three men enter. Take off their helmets. Set down their weapons. Coon-Ass and Gordo are drunk.

COON-ASS
Boy, it's time for you to act the man. We got you fixed up good. A special gal's down there waiting for you.

WARDADDY
You're too late.

Emma brings the new arrivals glasses of beer. Coon-Ass drools over the beautiful young woman. She returns quickly to the kitchen.

COON-ASS
Bless your heart, boy. You took that pretty thing for a roll?

Norman won't answer him. And that's answer enough.

COON-ASS (CONT'D)
We're a team, right? Eat, shit, kill, fuck together. Right?

GORDO
That's right. Pass the plate, Norman. Make a donation to the cause.

WARDADDY
Y'all touch her and I'm kicking your teeth down your throats.

Coon-Ass smiles. Rubs Wardaddy's smooth face.

COON-ASS
You're so pretty, can I fuck you?

WARDADDY
Have at it. There's a jar of grease in the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)
COON-ASS
Sissy bastard.

Coon-Ass regards a photograph on the wall. A young man in Army uniform. He takes it down, dismayed...

COON-ASS (CONT’D)
Who's the goddamn Nazi?

Coon-Ass charges into the kitchen with it -- Indignantly waves the picture at Irma...

COON-ASS (CONT’D)
Who's the fucking Nazi, lady?

IRMA
(German)
My husband. He died in Russia.

Wardaddy appears behind Coon-Ass and takes the photo from him. He gently hands it to Irma.

WARDADDY
(German)
I'm sorry for your loss.

Norman is touched by this respectful side of Wardaddy. Coon-Ass sits down. Pulls a bottle from his jacket and takes a swig. Coon-Ass hands it to Norman. And stares at him with angry bloodshot eyes...

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
You best take a bite.

Norman hesitates, then takes a swig. Wincers from the burn.

NORMAN
Sure that's not gasoline?

COON-ASS
Pure white lightning. Some of the Georgia boys cooked it up.

Suddenly there's a WOMAN'S SCREAM followed by a GUNSHOT from outside. Emma and Irma trade scared looks.

Norman gets up and looks out the window...

WHAT NORMAN SEES -- A DRUNK SOLDIER exits the bank with an arm load of Reichsmarks and tosses them in the air.

WARDADDY
Get back from that window. Before those drunk ass fools kill the hell out of you.

Norman carefully backs away...
Norman, Wardaddy, Coon-Ass and Bible sit at the table eating bacon and eggs. Emma toasts thin slices of black bread. Irma pours the men little glasses of Schnapps. She sets a glass in front of Wardaddy. He pushes it way with his finger.

WARDADDY  
(German)  
No, thank you.

GORDO  
You like horses?

NORMAN  
I told you, I'm a city kid.

GORDO  
Don likes horses. Right, Don?

WARDADDY  
I'm eating. We're eating.

GORDO  
In France we hit the beach right after D-Day and fought through all those fucking hedgerows. We finally broke out into open country. And bypassed all these Kraut divisions. We linked up with the Canadians and British and trapped an entire Kraut Army pulling back to Germany. We fucked them up. With planes and artillery. Dead Krauts and horses and busted up tanks and cars for miles. Miles. Your eyes see it but your head can't make no sense of it. We go in there. And for three whole days we shot wounded horses. All day long. Sun up to sundown. Putting down horses. Hot summer days. Ain't smelled nothing like it. The sound of it. Those fucking horses screaming. Black clouds of flies buzzing. Like being in a giant bee hive.

Norman's eyes bug. He's lost his appetite.

WARDADDY  
That's really a fine story. Pleasant meal time talk. Thank you.

COON-ASS  
It's what happened. And what happened happened. And what's gonna happen is gonna happen. And playing house with a couple bitch Krauts won't change much, will it?

WARDADDY  
Shut the fuck up.

(CONTINUED)
COON-ASS

The seventh seal's broken, buddy. You can't put the shit back in the horse.

Wardaddy pulls his .45 and SLAMS it on the table. Coon-Ass backs down. A painfully tense silence follows. Wardaddy's fork scrapes against his plate as he shovels eggs and bacon into his mouth. Finally he looks at Norman. Smiles warmly.

WARDADDY
Your mama a good cook?

NORMAN
She's a really good cook.

WARDADDY
How's her fried chicken?

NORMAN
She doesn't fry chicken. She roasts it with stuffing. Or makes chicken and dumplings. That's my favorite. She bakes too. Pies and cakes and--

--A KNOCK at the door. Norman gets up and answers. It's the COMPANY MESSENGER.

COMPANY MESSENGER
Where's Love One-Six?

WARDADDY
Right here.

COMPANY MESSENGER
Old Man wants you.

WARDADDY
How come?

COMPANY MESSENGER
You got a mission.

The men look at each other. Their short respite is over. Wardaddy finishes his coffee. Pushes his chair back and stands. His men stand too.

WARDADDY
(German)
If you'll excuse us, please.
(to the guys)  Let's go.

He crosses, grabs his helmet and weapon.

IRMA
(German)
Where are you going?

(CONTINUED)
WARDADDY
(German)
To take the next town. And the next one.
And the next one. Until you people quit.

IRMA
(German)
What's going to happen to us?

WARDADDY
(German)
I don't know.

Irma nods stoically. Hands folded in front of her. Lips pursed. Norman grabs his greasegun. Slips on his helmet. It's hateful to leave. Just hateful. Emma runs to him and holds on to him for dear life. Coon-Ass grabs the boy by the scruff and drags him away...

COON-ASS
There's a lot more of them.

To the Company Messenger, on his way out -- RE: the women...

WARDADDY
Make sure none of the boys give them a hard time.

EXT. GERMAN TOWN - COMPANY COMMAND POST - DAY

Captain Waggoner goes over a map with Wardaddy.

CAPTAIN WAGGONER
Grasshopper spotted a troop concentration moving west. Higher wants your armor guarding these crossroads in Ohio Queen on the overlay.

WARDADDY
How many troops he see?

CAPTAIN WAGGONER
Enough to spook the Colonel. Road march to the crossroads and secure them. Don't stop for anything. Take my gas if you need it.

Wardaddy looks at the map, makes some notes in a notebook.

WARDADDY
Alright, sir. I'm on the way.

Suddenly there is the loud WHISTLING of incoming German Artillery -- Wardaddy, the Captain, the RADIOMEN and COMPANY CLERKS hit the deck...


GORDO
What?

COON-ASS
I was ticked off we were leaving. Don't seem so bad now. German's can flatten this town for all I care.

Blinding smoke washes around the tank obscuring everything. Norman flattens himself against the cobblestones...

MOMENTS LATER: The men slide out from under the Fury...

WHAT THEY SEE -- Though brief, the shelling has transformed the little village. Buildings burn. Others have collapsed. The APARTMENT BUILDING is heavily damaged.

A SOLDIER crawls along the street crying for his mama, his legs are missing, just two stumps trailing blood.

Norman runs to the apartment building -- It is now a smoking rubble pile. He stops in his tracks and looks up...

WHAT NORMAN SEES -- Irma's shattered body hanging from a splintered mass of wood floorboards...

Next Norman SEES Emma is crushed and mixed into the rubble. She's gasping her last breath...

Norman shakes off the blow and starts to dig out Emma, desperate, frantic -- Coon-Ass grabs him and drags him away.

COON-ASS
You think you're Jesus Christ? You gonna raise her up? She's done. She is done.

Norman starts throwing punches. Coon-Ass lets him vent, easily blocking them.

COON-ASS (CONT'D)
There you go. Get mad. Get mad.

NORMAN
What the fuck is wrong with you!? What the fuck is wrong with everyone? Nobody cares about anything. What the fuck is happening?

(CONTINUED)
Bored with being punched, Coon-Ass throws Norman to the ground. Kicks him in the ass.

COON-ASS
It's called war. Quit your cussin' and fightin' and get your spindly ass in that tank, boy.

ON WARDADDY -- Perched atop the Fury watching all this. He makes the "crank it" gesture and tank engines ROAR to life...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY
Open flat farm country. The tank column -- The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse -- moves fast. Wardaddy keys the intercom.

WARDADDY
Norman. Get up here.

Norman looks at Wardaddy. Who waves for him to join him. Norman carefully climbs out of his hatch. And picks his way across the moving tank. Wardaddy pats the big .50 Cal machine gun.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)
Why don't you sit up here for a bit and run this baby.

Norman grabs the spade grips and stands behind the turret. His face is angry stone. Wardaddy seems relaxed. Almost enjoying the beautiful country. He looks at Norman.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)
I know how you feel.

NORMAN
You have no idea how I feel.

WARDADDY
Today... Look, what happened back there. Is every day. It's every day.

NORMAN
Today's the worst day of life.

WARDADDY
Like I said, that's every day. If you think it can't get worse, it can. And it will. I started this war killing Germans in Africa. Then France. Then Belgium. Now I'm killing Germans in Germany.

(MORE)
It will end. Soon too. But before it
does a lot more people gotta die.

Wardaddy points out a massive column of black smoke in the
distance. The herald of destruction on an unbelievable
level. It is the death of a city...

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
See that? That’s a whole city on fire.
I bet that’s where those bombers were
heading. The dying ain’t done. The
killing ain’t done.

Norman tries to understand the enormity of what he is
witnessing. He can’t. They ride in silence for a beat.

THEN:

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
My mother was born near here. I think
right there in that city burning to the
ground. I got no problem killing my kin.

NORMAN
How’d you get all burnt up?

WARDADDY
My back?

NORMAN
Germans did it? That why you hate them
so much?

WARDADDY
No. I did it. Before the war. Before
the Army. I had a beautiful girl I was
gonna marry. Rose. She made me feel
like a fucking king. Pretty like one of
those old paintings. She was good. A
good person. She had a good heart.

Wardaddy looks at Norman. Not sure if he should continue.
He does...

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
I drank then. I’d get asshole drunk and
Rose hated it. There was a dance in
town. With a band from Wichita. I had
her old man’s truck. My little brother
came with us. He was sixteen. And
looked just like you. With the same “I’m
smarter than everyone else around me”
expression you got. And he was. Book
smart and people smart. A good kid.
Well I drank two bottles of nickel whisky
and got in a punch-up at the dance with
this big Indian. K.O.ed him with a
bottle.

NORMAN
I’m not your bartender and I’m not your
pastor. You don’t need to tell me this.

(CONTINUED)
WARDADDY
And I ain't your friend. You're listening 'cause you gotta hear it. The sheriff got called so I shoved Rose and my brother in the truck and drove off like my hair was on fire. Yep, like a real shithead. Pedal to the mat. Hit an ice patch and flipped it. I got thrown and ended up under it. The engine right on my back, cooked me like Sunday's beef roast. Rose and my brother got their necks broken. Whole county hated me for it. I got the chain gang. I laid roadbeds. Worked cotton. Mule teams. War started and the Judge told me to die for my country. Best advice I ever got.

Norman looks out on the German countryside. Then at Wardaddy. Despite his age, Norman has a strong, quiet wisdom.

NORMAN
Does it matter now? Does it matter here?

WARDADDY
Does to me.

NORMAN
You killed them.

WARDADDY
I know what I did.

NORMAN
You're already dead.

WARDADDY
I don't disagree.
(then)
Been with these fine gentlemen since nineteen forty two. And they don't know none of this. Not a word of it. Keep it that way.

Norman will keep his secret.

NORMAN
I was born in the caul.

WARDADDY
Where's that?

NORMAN
A caul. A birth shroud around my head. So I see things. Sometimes I know things are going to happen. And people tell me things. Since I was little. Bad things. Confessions. I'm used to it. Don't worry, you'll get your wish. When I said you were already dead it didn't mean anything but what it means. You're going in the ground soon.

(CONTINUED)
Wardaddy likes hearing that. He looks at Norman.

WARDADDY
You're a strange one, Norman.
(then)
My brother's name was Norman.

Norman REACTS -- Not to Wardaddy -- But to the terribly thin corpses filling the ditches on either side of the road. They wear the infamous striped pajamas of the camp system. They were shot after collapsing during a forced march.

NORMAN
Why are they so thin?

WARDADDY
They're from the concentration camps. They starve 'em to death there.

NORMAN
Are they criminals?

WARDADDY
No. They're just people. Regular people. Germans are marching them around to keep them from us. Rather have them dead than free.

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

The tanks head for the crossroads. Norman is back in the front right hatch.

ON LOVE 1-5 -- The last in the tank column--

THWACK-KABOOM! -- Is suddenly hit by a high velocity gun...

Its turret is blown into the air -- The tank instantly burns, a maelstrom of gasoline, explosives and gun propellant...

WARDADDY
Fuck! Where the fuck did that come from? Driver! Reverse! (into radio)
All tanks, back up! Get behind the rise on the right. Everyone button up.

The three remaining tanks quickly reverse and spread out. Wardaddy scanning with binoculars. Looking very worried.

BIBLE
What the fuck was it?

(CONTINUED)
WARDADDY
That was an 88. It's a goddamned tank.

FSSSSS-WHAM! -- A glowing high-velocity shell hits the ground and ricochets in front of the Fury.

SGT. DAVIS
Tank! Three O'clock! Eight hundred yards!

Wardaddy whips his binoculars to 3 O'clock...

WHAT HE SEES -- A German TIGER TANK emerges from a camouflage blind in a hay field. Tigers are the deadliest tanks of the war. Wardaddy's three Shermans are hopelessly outgunned, worse, a Tiger's armor is nearly impervious to their cannons.

WARDADDY
I see it. It's a goddamned Tiger. Bible, get an eyeball on him and send it.

BIBLE
I got him! On the way!

KABOOM! -- The Fury fires. Its glowing shell strikes the front of the distant Tiger and ricochets off harmlessly.

SGT. DAVIS
Let's get the fuck out of here.

WARDADDY
Unless he drowns himself in a shit filled ditch, it's up to us to kill him. C'mon, hit that sonofabitch!

KABOOM-KABOOM-KABOOM! -- All three tanks open fire on the Tiger...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)
All tanks! Fast right turn! Right at him. Let's bumrush this cocksucker. Turn on your gyros! Shoot and scoot!

The three tanks stop backing up -- They quickly turn towards the Tiger and accelerate right at him! Firing their cannons as fast as they can...

Three little Davids versus one big Goliath -- The Tiger aims at Love 1-4, the middle tank...

KABOOM! -- The 88 cannon shell misses the Sherman -- But hits Sgt. Peterson -- Taking his head right off...

KABOOM-KABOOM-KABOOM! -- The Sherman's keep firing. Quickly closing the distance to the massive German tank...

INT. FURY (MOVING) - DAY

Tense faces. Bible focuses on the target. Coon-Ass stands by with a fresh shell -- Bible fires...
KABOOM—KERCHANG—CLANK! -- Coon-Ass loads the cannon...

COON-ASS

Clear--

KABOOM--KERCHANG--CLANK! -- They keep pumping rounds into the massive German tank...

ON NORMAN -- Staring at the Tiger through his periscope. He opens fire...

BRDDDDDDDT! -- His .30 Cal spits empty brass as it jackhammers slugs at the armored enemy monster...

NORMAN'S PERISCOPE POV -- His tracer rounds splash harmlessly against the German tank.

EXT. HAY FIELD - DAY

KAPOW! -- The Tiger again fires at the middle tank...

THWACK! -- Its shell strikes the turret and goes right through. The fatally wounded Sherman rolls to a stop, gushing yellow smoke. The DRIVER and A-DRIVER bail out...

The Tiger opens fire with its machine gun -- Splattering the two poor tankers...

WARDADDY
Fucking Animals! Load a white phosphorous. Blind the bastard!

INT. FURY (MOVING) - DAY

Coon-Ass loads a phosphorous shell...

COON-ASS

Clear!

Bible, ever cool under fire, takes careful aim and toes the firing pedal -- KABOOM!

EXT. HAY FIELD - DAY

--POW! -- The white phosphorous shell bursts with a large cloud of dense white smoke. Burning clumps of phosphorous cover the Tiger...

The Fury and Sgt. Davis' tank are damn close to the powerful Tiger. They are now passing down its right side...

WARDADDY
Here we go. Shoot at the back third, under the track. AP. Fire when ready.

BIBLE
I know where to hit him.

(Continued)
WARDADDY
So shoot the sumbitch!

The monster's turret is turning towards Sgt. Davis' tank. Pure menace -- It fires!

WARDADDY (CONT'D)
He's lining up on Roy.

Bible is pure focus. He fires...

KABOOM! -- KTANG! -- The shot was high, it merely glances off the Tiger.

KABOOM! -- The Tiger fires. It's shell plows through Davis' tank...

With a shattering explosion, the turret of Love 1-5 is lifted up and drops back down. Sgt. Davis and his crew are no more.

ON WARDADDY -- Time slows as Wardaddy watches YET another tank die. He surveys the battlefield of burning tanks. He and his crew now face the Tiger alone...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)
...Roy's gone...

THE MONSTER'S HUGE CANNON NOW SWINGS TOWARD THE FURY...

It is do or die time...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)
Driver. Make a tight right turn! Get behind him, right on his ass -- Gunner, start pumping solid shot in his flanks!

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. FURY (MOVING) - DAY

Bible traverses the turret. It feels like it's taking forever to aim the main gun at the Tiger...

Gordo double clutches and puts the Fury in 3rd gear. He stomps the gas pedal, white knuckling the steering levers.

KABOOM! -- Bible fires. Missing the tank...

GORDO'S PERISCOPE POV -- The Tiger is looming damn close. Its turret traversing to line up a shot on the Fury...

BOOM! -- The Tiger fires...

KTANG! -- It's a glancing strike against the side of the Fury causes a burst of SPARKS inside. The noise and shock of the impact stun Gordo and Norman...

(CONTINUED)
HYDRAULIC OIL sprays everywhere...

There is a SMOKING WHITE HOT DENT where the round struck the hull. The Fury fills with smoke. Norman is bleeding from his scalp...

NORMAN
I'm hit! I'm hit!

Gordo ignores the chaos, keeps driving at the Tiger...

WARDADDY
Gordo! Any damage?

GORDO
Dunno. She's still drivin'.

Bible works the power traverse grip -- Something's wrong...

THE TURRET STOPS TURNING! -- The shell damaged its mechanism.

BIBLE
I lost power traverse!

He switches to the MANUAL TRAVERSE WHEEL -- Turning it frantically. The Fury's turret now turning slower -- This is very bad...

KABOOM! -- Bible fires again...

BIBLE'S GUNSLIGHT POV -- The Armor Piercing shell bounces harmlessly off the Tiger's turret...

EXT. HAYFIELD - DAY

It's a close range tank duel -- The two tanks are now just yards apart. Smoke from the burning Sherman's washes over the battle-locked armored vehicles...

WARDADDY
That's it! Gordo, drive in a circle around him. We can move faster than he can swing his gun.

ON THE TIGER -- As its turret tries to catch up to the Fury. The smaller, more agile American tank easily drives in a circle around the Tiger...

But the threatening maw of the Tiger's cannon is starting to catch up...

INT. FURY (MOVING) - DAY

Bible swinging the turret -- Cranking the wheel as fast as he can. Sweat pours off his face as he hunts for the soft spot in the Tiger's armor...

WARDADDY
Hit him in the ass! There!

(CONTINUED)
KABOOM! -- Bible fires. The round just misses, plows into the ground...

BIBLE
It's not that easy. We're moving too fast!

Norman is scared shitless as he watches all this unfold through his periscope. He trades a worried, desperate look with Gordo.

EXT. HAYFIELD - DAY

Wardaddy, only his head exposed, watches the Tiger. Instead of just driving in a straight line -- The Tiger now turns toward the Fury -- Its big cannon swinging faster...

The Tiger is maneuvering to line up a shot and broadside the American tank. Smart bastards...

With his tank damaged, Wardaddy knows he better make a move or they are all going to die...

WARDADDY
Gordo, when I say back up, you back up! Bible stand by! I'll call the shot!

Wardaddy waiting for just the moment -- For the two moving tanks to align a certain way...

The Tiger cannon is nearly in position to fire!

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
Gordo! Now! Reverse! Reverse!

The Fury jolts to a stop -- The same time as:

KABOOM! -- The Tiger fires...

The cannon round rips the sandbags off the front of the Fury, missing anything vital. The Fury is backing up...

The Tiger realizes what is afoot -- It starts turning in the other direction to protect its vulnerable engine compartment, its huge tracks chewing up the earth...

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
Bible! Steady. Steady. Steady...

Wardaddy waiting for just the right moment. Excruciating tension as the two steel beasts dance around each other...

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
Now!

KABOOM! -- The Fury's cannon fires into the Tiger's ass...

The round rips through the engine and fuel tanks. There is fireball of burning gasoline...

(CONTINUED)
WARDADDY (CONT’D)
Again!

INT. FURY (MOVING) - DAY
Coon-Ass feeds a fresh shell into the cannon breech...

COON-ASS
Clear!

Bible stomps the foot pedal...

EXT. HAYFIELD - DAY
KABOOM! -- The Fury fires -- KTANG! -- Its round pierces the Tiger's gas tank. Black smoke erupts from its engine deck...

WARDADDY
Hit 'em again! In the sweet spot.

KABOOM! -- KTANG! Another money shot into the Tiger's engine compartment...

The big tank grinds to a stop. Awash in flame and smoke.

Bible breaths a sigh of relief. Wipes his face with a rag.

BIBLE
Tank destroyed.

The five TIGER CREWMEN abandon their tank -- In their sinister black uniforms...

GORDO
Crew's bailing.

Wardaddy shoulders his assault rifle -- About to light up the running German tankers when...

BRDDDDDDDDDDDDT! -- All five Tiger Crewmen are shot to pieces...

INT. FURY (MOVING) - DAY
Norman did the shooting. He reloads his machine gun...

GORDO
That's it, kid. Fuck those Krauts.

Norman cocks his machine gun -- KERCHACK! He's becoming a real motherfucker.

Coon-Ass numbly refills the ready rack with ammo. Wardaddy drops inside the turret. Squeezes Bible’s shoulder...

WARDADDY
Good shooting, Boyd.

(CONTINUED)
BIBLE
I'm the instrument. Not the hand. God didn't call us today.

COON-ASS
Why not? There a big 'ol pair a dice He's throwin'? Everyone but us came up snake eyes?

BIBLE
(softly)
You know I don't know that.

Wardaddy realizes the radios are trashed...

WARDADDY
Radio's are eighty-sixed. We're on our lonesome until Baker Company shows up.

Gordo wipes the grit from his face with a sleeve.

GORDO
I quit. Fuck the Army. You can put me in the stockade. Take away my name and birthday. Find another driver.

Coon-Ass lights a smoke with shaking hands.

COON-ASS
Quit? Quit?! Boy, we get a dollar thirty five a day plus free chow and smokes. A goddamn paid European vacation. Best job I had.

Coon-Ass wasn't trying to be funny. He's shaken to his core. Wardaddy lets them vent. He passes Gordo a bottle of brandy. Gordo takes it and downs a long swig.

Wardaddy SEES Norman sitting there quietly. Covered with hydraulic oil and blood. Staring into space.

WARDADDY
Having a good time, kid?

Norman looks at Wardaddy and shakes his head thinking "What the fuck is wrong with these people." Wardaddy smiles. He knows Norman will be okay.

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
We're still open for business. Let's head to the crossroads and keep 'em out of Kraut hands like we've been told.

COON-ASS
With one busted-ass tank? In case you ain't noticed, we're it. Platoon's gone. The entire platoon.

WARDADDY
Are they? I'm sorry, I didn't notice.
BIBLE
Don, you can be a real callous bastard sometimes.

WARDADDY
We got a job to do. We can sit here and bitch about it. Or we can go down to those crossroads and bitch about it there. I don't see a hell of a lot of difference, do you?

COON-ASS
That's real inspiring. Shit, now I wanna storm the gates of Hell and snatch Satan off his throne by his balls.

Norman turns to Wardaddy and deadpans:

NORMAN
That's not really true. He just said it to be an asshole.

Norman just took the sarcasm to another level. The veteran tankers stare at Norman -- He is becoming one of them...

EXT. CROSSROADS - DUSK
The sun is setting. The Fury moves up the road approaching the rural tree lined intersection with an OLD SAWMILL. Not a soul in sight.

Wardaddy scans the terrain with his binoculars. He's looking for a good spot to park the Fury for the night. The tank is moving through the intersection...

BOOM! -- The Fury runs over a mine -- The explosion lifts the tank and drops it. The broken left track falls off the drive wheel...

INT. FURY (MOVING) - DUSK
It was a damn hard whack -- Dust and smoke fill the interior. Rations and ammunition spills from its racks. SPARKING electrical shorts.

COON-ASS
Fuck! Another Tiger!

WARDADDY
Calm down. It's a mine. We hit a mine is all.

Gordo shakes it off. The engine stalled. He restarts it. Puts it in gear. Lets up the clutch. The tank starts turning in a circle.

GORDO
We threw a track!
Wardaddy aiming his .50 Cal at the nearby Sawmill. Coon-Ass exits the turret. Examines the broken track and the smoking crater the mine made.

**COON-ASS**
She's broke as fuck. Busted a shock too.

**WARDADDY**
You fix it?

**COON-ASS**
Yeah. Why not?

**WARDADDY**
Norman! Get out here!

Norman exits his hatch -- He's afraid to jump down to the road...

**NORMAN**
What about mines?

**WARDADDY**
They're for vehicles. You ain't heavy enough to set one off. Go with Coon-Ass and check out that building. I'm covering you. Go on.

Norman looks at Coon-Ass, who shrugs. They approach the Sawmill...

**INT. CROSSROADS - SAWMILL - DUSK**

*WHAM!* -- Coon-Ass kicks the door. Enters with Norman.

There is dried blood everywhere. Bandages. Medical supplies. Cut off bloody uniforms and boots. Amputated limbs. Flesh. Organs. And a half-dozen DEAD GERMAN SOLDIERS who succumbed to battle wounds. This was a temporary field hospital.

**COON-ASS**
At least there ain't no live Krauts to worry about.

It is beyond creepy in here...

**NORMAN**
Can we go now?
EXT. CROSSROADS - DUSK

Coon-Ass and Norman return to the Fury. Gordo and Bible use a track breaking tool to remove the damaged track links.

WARDADDY
Anything?

COON-ASS
Naw, nothing.

WARDADDY
Kid, head up by those trees. You got outpost guard.

Norman nods and heads up the road.

EXT. ROAD SENTRY POSITION - DUSK

Norman sits in the roadside ditch. He checks his greasegun. It's loaded. He sets it in his lap.

He adds drink powder to his canteen. Shakes it. He opens a can of crackers with his little GI can opener. He chews the hard crackers and washes them down with his canteen.

He yawns widely. He's physically and emotionally drained from his first day as a US Army tanker.

After being in a tank he feels so alone and exposed out here. He HEARS something. Scared, he raises his ugly black weapon.

It's just an OWL in the trees. Norman relaxes. He can't keep his eyes open. His head falls toward his chest. His heavy eyelids close. And he falls asleep...

EXT. ROAD SENTRY POSITION - DUSK

LATER -- Norman startles awake. Gasping for breath. Dreaming he was shot. He checks himself for holes. And relaxes -- It was just a dream...

He berates himself for falling asleep. He gets on his knees. To a less comfortable position.

Then he freezes. And his eyes grow wide.

WHAT NORMAN SEES -- Moving toward him along the dark road is a long column of silhouettes...

GERMAN SOLDIERS -- Marching toward him. A lot of them. More than he's ever seen. There are several hundred. And there's something about the way they move. These aren't shuffling demoralized conscripts. These are healthy, well equipped combat troops -- And they are heading his way...

Norman thinks for a moment. He has to warn the others...

He gets low and slowly backs down the ditch...
Gordo, Coon-Ass and Bible work on repairing the track. Wardaddy sits in the turret, a deadly alert sentry with his big machine gun. He can't see the approaching men.

Here comes Norman at a full run across the field...

WARDADDY
Why good evening, Norman. Why aren't you at your post?

NORMAN
They're coming.

WARDADDY
Who's coming?

NORMAN
The Germans.

WARDADDY
How many?

NORMAN
More than I can count.

Wardaddy climbs down from the turret.

WARDADDY
How many? More than a hundred? *

NORMAN *
At least that. There's three or four hundred. They have vehicles too. *

WARDADDY *
Any tanks? *

NORMAN *
No. Trucks. *

COON-ASS *
Maybe it's some bums looking to surrender. *

NORMAN *
They were marching and singing. Like they want to fight. *

Then it drifts in on the wind. The distant thud of hobnailed boots. Hints of phrases of their marching song. Wardaddy pricks his ears. By God he can smell them. The hairs on his neck stand up...

WARDADDY *
That's a goddamned SS battalion. *

Wardaddy's mind is racing -- They face hopeless odds. *
Let's get out of here. They'll never see us in the dark. Let 'em pass through.

We ain't run before. Why we gonna run now? We're fighting it out. We'll hold this damn crossroad.

His men look at him like he's insane. This is unlike anything they have ever done.

You wanna set here in a busted tank and hold off an SS battalion?

No I don't want to. But it's what we're doing. We got a mission so mount up. Take your fighting positions.

Wardaddy climbs aboard the Fury. Steps into the turret. No one is following -- He is asking too much...

Wardaddy SEES he's doing this alone. His jaw tenses. It's okay with him. He double checks his .50 Cal.

Go on. Get outta here.

Norman looks at the other guys. Then at Wardaddy. He crosses to the Fury and stands by it, looking at the others with crossed arms.

With that show of bravery, Gordo, Coon-Ass and Bible have no choice but to follow suit. The three men approach the Fury. No one has any illusions -- This somber, sober choice means their deaths.

Wardaddy smiles. As much of a smile as he can muster. Then he's all business...

We're gonna play dead, like we've done before. Let 'em march right up. Then open up with all we got and splatter the assholes all over the road. (to Coon-Ass) Grab us one of them dead Krauts.

We gonna have a pig roast?

Something like that.

Coon-Ass rushes off toward the Sawmill...

Wardaddy grabs his knife and cuts several packs and dufflebags off the tank. He hands Norman a gas can...
WARDADDY (CONT’D)

Give'em a good soaking.

Norman pours the gas on them. Gordo grabs extra boxes of ammo from the storage racks and shoves them into the tank.

Bible is in the turret singing a hymn. He resets the fuzes on the cannon shells for close-in work. He wipes the main gun breech down. Cleans his optics. Oils the machine gun.

Here comes Coon-Ass dragging a body...

WARDADDY (CONT’D)

Hurry up with that sack'a shit.

Wardaddy jumps down to help. He tosses the body on the front of the tank. Pulls off his jacket and puts it on the body.

WARDADDY (CONT’D)

Toss me that helmet.

Norman tosses him an American helmet. Wardaddy straps it on the corpse's head. He grabs the gascan from Norman. Splashes the body with it. Wardaddy lights a smoke with a match. Then tosses the match on the body -- FWOOMP!

Wardaddy lights another match and tosses it on the packs in the road -- FWOOMP! Satisfied, he surveys his work.

WARDADDY (CONT’D)

Now they ain't gonna see nothing but a shot-out tank with a blown track. Get in. Button up.

The men slip into the Fury and close the hatches. It looks like a bigger shit pile than when we first saw it, bathed in the firelight of the burning packs and the German corpse. Debris scattered around it, a broken track...
INT. FURY - DUSK

Norman lines up boxes of ammunition for his machine gun. He wipes the gun with a rag. Gordo loads his submachine-gun. Stacks up extra magazines. He opens a case of grenades and removes their safety clips -- Pausing to swig from his bottle of brandy. Coon-Ass organizes the main gun rounds.
We got four rounds of cannister. Four Willy Petes. Twenty three Supercharges and Thirty three solid shots.

Alright. Load cannister. Have the other three in your lap.

What's cannister?

 turns this cannon into a big fucking shotgun.

Wardaddy pulls out a bottle French Cognac. He opens it. Stares at it like it's the very gates of Hell. Bible is mortified Wardaddy is considering drinking it...

What are you doing?

Might as well get a little tight. Won't be around for the hangover.

Don. No.

Let the man have a taste.

Wardaddy pours the booze in his mouth, it splashes down his cheeks. Norman watching him -- If he didn't know they weren't going to live through this he does now...

God that's better than good. Like warm honey dripping on my heart.

He offers Bible the bottle. Bible takes it. He meditates on the demon liquor a beat. Then:

I know you hate me preaching, but what we're doing is a righteous act. There's a bible verse I think about sometimes. Then I heard the voice of the Lord saying, "Whom shall I send? And who will go for us?" And I said, "Here am I. Send me."

That resonated. Bible sees it on the faces of the men.

Book of Isaiah. Chapter Six.

Bible is floored Wardaddy knew that...
Yeah, Don. That's exactly right.

Bible drinks from the bottle. Then hands it to Coon-Ass. Who takes a long pull. He passes it to Gordo. He takes a swig and passes to Norman. Norman finishes the bottle.

Damn son, you're a fighting, fucking, drinking machine.

Machine. That's it. That's your war name. I christen thee "Machine".

"Machine" -- Norman likes the nickname. He smiles. This now makes him a full fledged member of the Fury's crew.

Bible looking through his periscope -- REACTS...

They're coming.

The mood instantly switches to one of wary fear. The men take their places behind their weapons. Wardaddy watches the enemy draw closer through his periscope.

...nobody does nothing until I say...

WARDADDY'S PERISCOPE POV -- The column of SS TROOPERS is close. Helmets, boots, weapons clearly visible. They look surprisingly modern in their camouflage uniforms.

Norman SEES the SS Troopers marching closer. It's agonizing to wait and do nothing. His finger ready on the trigger of his machine gun...

The fast marching SS Troopers quickly approach the Fury. Looking like nothing more than a disabled tank. An SS LIEUTENANT barks crisp orders...

Reinhold, take your men and clear those structures. Hoehner, ensure the enemy tank is unoccupied.

Ten SS TROOPERS split off to investigate the Sawmill. Ten more rush ahead of the march column to investigate the Fury. They approach the tank. Unconcerned.

Searching the various crates for rations and cigarettes like kids on Christmas morning. Two Troopers climb aboard the tank...
INT. FURY - DUSK

The crew listens to the movement around the tank. The SCRAPING of metal hobnailed boots against the tank's hull.

*It is hateful to do nothing.* Bible's foot hovers above the firing button on the turret floor. Eyes glued to his periscope.

Wardaddy waiting. Watching. A grenade in each hand. Coon-Ass sweating bullets. Wondering why Wardaddy doesn't give the order to shoot.

Norman's face pressed against his scope. He licks his lips. His mouth is bone dry.

NORMAN'S PERISCOPE POV -- He SEES a TROOPER reaching for his hatch...

Norman aims his greasegun up at his hatch. Norman is scared shitless...

**His hatch opens revealing an astonished SS Trooper...**

Norman squeezes the trigger of his greasegun...

BRDDDDDDDT! -- Blowing the Trooper off the tank...

SS LIEUTENANT

*Alarm!*

WARDADDY

*Hit 'em!*

*Everything happens at once...*

The Troopers in the road dive for cover...

Bible stomps the foot switch...

KABOOM! -- The main gun fires...

Norman pulls the hatch shut -- CLANG! -- And opens up with the machine gun...

Wardaddy pulls the pins of his grenades. He opens the "pistol door" on the side of the turret. Drops the grenades outside. Slams the door shut...

EXT. FURY - DUSK

Utter chaos -- Cannon rounds tear into the column of men and EXPLODE -- SS Troopers tumble like bowling pins...

BRDDDDDDT! -- Tracers from Fury's two .30 Cal machine guns slice into SS Troopers as they scramble for cover. Mowing them down...

BOOM-BOOM! -- Wardaddy's grenades explode. Blowing the two SS Troopers off the top of the tank...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

KABOOM! -- The main gun fires again. More Troopers are killed...

Several Troopers run into the Sawmill for shelter...

SS OFFICERS and NCOs bark orders trying to create order from the madness...

An SS MORTAR CREW sets up their mortar...

INT. FURY - DUSK

BRDDDDDDDT! -- Norman jackhammers long bursts into running SS Troops. Bible fires the coax machine gun in long bursts...

The tank filling with smoke from the firing weapons. Norman reloads his machine gun. Wardaddy watching the Troopers scatter and run...

WARDADDY
Keep squirting that coax! Traverse right! Steady... On! Fire!

KABOOM! -- Bible fires. The gun spits out the smoking brass shell. Coon-Ass shoves a fresh shell into the breech...

COON-ASS
Clear!

BOOM! -- Wardaddy watching where it hits...

WARDADDY
Up fifteen! Right fifteen!

Bible makes adjustments to the gun's hand wheels...

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
Bow Gunner! Squirt those assholes running for the house.

KABOOM! -- The gun fires. Norman shifts his fire...

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
Okay! Loader. Four rounds of Willy Pete up. Bible put 'em in that building. Burn the fucking thing to the ground, it's full'a Krauts!

Wardaddy's periscope spins 360-degrees as he turns to continually check the rear of the tank. Bible works the hand wheel and aims at the sawmill...

BIBLE
On the way!

KABOOM! -- He fires the Willy Pete shell...
EXT. CROSSROADS - SAWMILL - DUSK

BOOM! -- The White Phosphorous shell hits the roof and explodes with a spectacular burst of burning white hot streamers -- It's like the 4th of July...

The tracers, the explosions, the fires. The SS Troopers returning fire. What wildly beautiful chaos...

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! -- The Fury pumps three more phosphorous shells into the building -- The Sawmill starts to burn. Bathing the area with a warm orange glow...

Burning SS Troopers run out of the Sawmill...

BRDDDDDDDT! -- They're cut down by the tank's machine guns.

The fire backlights the SS Troopers making them easier for the Fury to spot...

INT. FURY - NIGHT

The Fury is filled with acrid blinding smoke from the spent gunpowder. Wardaddy watching the destruction...

WARDADDY
It's a fucking turkey shoot.

He takes a swig from a fresh bottle and lights a cigarette, his face shiny with sweat, his eyes burning with madness.

EXT. CROSSROADS - NIGHT

The SS Mortar crew fires up an ILLUMINATION FLARE. It turns night into day. SS Sergeant launch SIGNAL FLARES and blow WHISTLES. SS squads maneuver into position and throw SMOKE GRENADES. The battlefield is taking on a surreal cast..

INT. FURY - NIGHT

The Coaxial machine is glowing RED HOT. So is Norman's machine gun...

Suddenly Norman's gun "RUNS AWAY" -- Cooking off rounds by itself, zipping through a fresh ammo belt...

NORMAN
My gun's going crazy!

Gordo twists the belt, stopping the runaway weapon...

GORDO
It's over heating! Don't let it burn up.

Gordo puts on an asbestos glove and changes the red hot barrel with a fresh one. Norman reloads and keeps firing...

KABOOM! -- Bible steadily firing the main gun...

(CONTINUED)
WARDADDY’S PERISCOPE POV -- He SEES a cluster of SS Troops hiding in a ditch -- They shoot at the Fury -- THWACK! -- A bullet strikes his periscope shattering it...

Wardaddy yanks out the broken periscope. Slaps a new one in its place. And continues his observation...

WARDADDY
Traverse right. Steady. Steady. Right there. Hit 'em!

KABOOM! -- Bible fires...

WARDADDY’S PERISCOPE POV -- BOOM! -- The shell explodes in the ditch launching several in the air...

Then the coax machine gun jams -- Red hot, hopelessly overheated. Wardaddy puts on asbestos gloves and wrestles it from its mount. He opens the turret's Pistol Door and tosses the red hot machine gun outside...

He grabs a fresh machine gun pilfered from another tank. Locks it into place. Reloads it.

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
Slow it down. Don’t burn up the guns.

BRDDDDDDDDT! -- The new coax gun starts firing. The floor of the turret is covered with spent brass.

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
Okay! Okay! No targets! Cease fire! If you don’t see 'em, don’t shoot 'em. Can’t spare the ammo on guesswork.

All firing stops. A sudden deafening silence. Wardaddy turning his periscope looking for SS Troopers.

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
We can be damn sure they're working their way behind us. Anyone see anything?

BIBLE
No. Nothing.

NORMAN
Me neither.

Wardaddy fires a flare out the hatch...

EXT. CROSSROADS – NIGHT

Forty spectral SS Troopers running toward the Fury are caught in the flare light -- They hit the deck. Disappearing into the dancing shadows.

CAMERA FINDS -- An SS TROOPER aiming a Panzerfaust...
D100 INT. CROSSROADS - FURY - NIGHT D100

Gordo SEES him!

GORDO
Nine O'clock! Bazooka!

WARDADDY’S PERISCOPE POV -- He whips the scope around and sees an SS Trooper aiming an anti-tank rocket at the tank!

WARDADDY
Traverse right! Traverse right!
Cocksucker's got a panzerfaust!

Bible turning the hand wheel as fast as he can. The turret steadily moving -- Sweat pours off his face...

The SS Trooper fires -- FWOOSH! -- The anti-tank rocket HISES right past Wardaddy's periscope, just missing the turret.

NORMAN’S PERISCOPE POV -- Norman sees a couple of running shadows...

BRDDDDDT! -- He cuts them down. He's in the zone. Hunting for targets and hitting them...

The turret lines up on the trees alongside the road...

KABOOM-KABOOM-KABOOM! -- Bible fires three cannon rounds into the darkness...

It's quiet again. Wardaddy looking for targets. He wipes the stinging sweat from his eyes with his sleeve. Then...

FWOOSH-BOOM! -- An anti-tank rocket explodes against the turret with a burst of red sparks...

A jet of molten steel plasma penetrates -- Passing right through Coon-Ass and into the recoil tube of the cannon...

The crew is stunned by the impact. Coon-Ass absorbed the brunt of the blast -- A smoking baseball size hole burned through his torso. He's dead.

The recoil tube of the cannon leaks hydraulic fluid. There is a small fire...

Wardaddy grabs the extinguisher and puts out the fire. The tank is filled with smoke and the stench of charred flesh. Bible embraces his dead comrade...

BIBLE
Oh, Grady. Oh dear God. Please dear God have mercy on this man's soul.

WARDADDY
He's gone. We gotta fight.

Bible will. He's furious. He mounts his seat -- Then he realizes the main gun is damaged. Oil everywhere...

(CONTINUED)
BIBLE
Recoil assembly's shot. We can't fire the 75.

WARDADDY

Bible reloads the coaxial machine gun.

BIBLE
Two boxes left. We need ammo.

They listen to the bullets hitting the tank -- It sounds like rain on tin...

Wardaddy scans the area with the periscope. Doing a complete circle...

WARDADDY'S PERISCOPE POV -- He sees muzzle flashes all around them. In the firelight of the burning sawmill, shadows dance and twist. It's like being stalked by an army of black cats.

Bible SEES them too and opens fire...

BRDDDDDDDDDT-BRDDDDDDDDDDT! -- He fires several long bursts to keep the Germans' heads down...

BIBLE (CONT'D)
I'm almost out!

NORMAN
Me too! I got two boxes left!

WARDADDY
Gordo, gimme one.

Gordo passes up a 250 round ammo box. Wardaddy opens it, gets the belt ready for Bible. Then Wardaddy grabs several smoke grenades...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)
We got ammo outside. I'm gonna drop some smokes. Gordo, you pop your hatch and lay down some cover fire. Bible and Machine, rip off what you got left.

Wardaddy throws open his hatch -- Pulls the smoke grenade pins, tosses them in a ring around the tank...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)
Okay. I'm going! Hit it!

Wardaddy climbs up out of his hatch...

EXT. CROSSROADS - FURY - NIGHT

The smoke grenades gush torrents of dense yellow smoke.

Gordo opens his hatch -- Fires his Tommy-gun at anywhere he thinks a German is hiding...

(CONTINUED)
Next to him, the muzzle of Norman's machine gun spits fire lead and tracers into the night...

Wardaddy scrambles over the turning turret. To the rack of .30 Cal ammo boxes.

Gordo firing and reloading his Tommy gun...

BRDDDDT! -- Bible fires the last of his ammo. He climbs up through Wardaddy's hatch and grabs the grips of the big .50 heavy machine gun and lets it rip...

RAT-AT-AT-AT-AT-AT-AT! -- He's chopping down a row of trees where a cluster of SS Troopers fires at the Fury...

It is a scene of inexpressibly wicked beauty -- The hot orange light of the blazing building. Bright white and pink tracers slash the air. Bullets spark against tank steel. Dead and dying SS Troops in a haze of psychedelic yellow smoke. Running shadows. The sharp bright FLASHES of German hand grenades. And the noise! GUNFIRE, SCREAMING, SHOUTING.

At the center of it all -- Wardaddy pulls several boxes of ammo from the turret's external racks and pitches them into the open hatch...

He HEARS A SCREAM -- A FANATICAL SS TROOPER emerges from the wall of yellow smoke -- Charging and firing his MP40 machine gun...

Wardaddy pulls the .45 from his shoulder holster...

THWICK! -- Wardaddy is hit in the arm. Wardaddy aims, fires back...

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM! -- Dropping the SS bastard. Wardaddy grabs Bible's shoulder -- Banging away with the .50 Cal -- Shouts in his ear...

WARDADDY

Get in! Get inside!

Bible dives through the hatch. With bullets hitting all around, Wardaddy climbs inside the Fury.

Gordo empties his magazine -- BRDDDDT! -- Drops inside the tank. CLANGING the hatch shut behind him.

The yellow smoke is clearing -- Several SS TROOPERS run PAST CAMERA...

INT. CROSSROADS - FURY - NIGHT

Bible reloads the coax gun. Wardaddy passes boxes of ammo to Gordo as Norman loads a fresh belt into his gun. Wardaddy back at his periscope looking for targets.

WARDADDY

We got eight boxes of ammo. Four per gun. Make it last.

(PARTIAL TEXT)
BIBLE
You're hit.

Wardaddy looks at his arm and shrugs...

WARDADDY
So are you.

That's when Bible realizes blood is running down his neck. His scalp got nicked with a bullet.

Gordo pulls the pin out of a grenade. Quickly opens his hatch and tosses it outside...

Norman concentrates on his periscope, walking his tracers onto the darting shadows outside -- Gordo sees something...

GORDO
Ten O'clock. Thirty yards. Squirt those guys.

Norman fires off a long burst. The last of the belt. He cracks open another box and reloads.

GORDO (CONT'D)
Hurry up. I think they wanna kill us.

NORMAN
I think you're right. How long can we keep this up?

GORDO
Not long.

Wardaddy HEARS hobnail boots on top of the tank -- He pulls his .45 and opens his hatch...

An SS TROOPER is right there! -- He kicks Wardaddy's gun hand, the .45 drops to the turret basket floor. Wardaddy reaches up and grabs the Trooper's legs, pulls him down into the tank. Wardaddy pulls his knife...

The German soldier headbutts Wardaddy with his helmet splitting his nose. Wardaddy is not thwarted. He stabs the man in his chest. Bible freaking out.

BIBLE
Oh dear God!

WARDADDY
Gimme a hand.

Wardaddy and Bible hoist the dying German and shove him out of the tank through Wardaddy's hatch.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)
They're getting cocky.

Wardaddy is in pain. Blood soaking his sleeve.

(CONTINUED)
BIBLE
You're no good leaking oil everywhere.

WARDADDY
So patch me up. Gordo, get up here and work the thirty.

Gordo slips into the turret. Reloads the .30 Cal and starts shooting targets.

ON NORMAN -- Still shooting. Empty brass is up to his ankles.

Bible cuts open Wardaddy's sleeve. Pours sulfa powder on the gunshot wound and bandages it. As Bible tends his wound...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)
If a man loves the world, the love of the Father ain't in him. For all in the world, lust of the flesh, lust of the eyes, the pride of life, is not of the Father. But of the world.

BIBLE
The world and its desires pass away. But he who does God's will lives forever.

Off Bible's quizzical look...

WARDADDY
I once had a long spell with nothing but the good book and my conscience.

With his arm patched up, Wardaddy recovers his .45 Pistol. Bible turns to Gordo.

BIBLE
I got it.

Gordo has a worried look...

GORDO
Brother it's the last belt.

Bible replaces Gordo at the gunner's position. Wardaddy is mulling their options. Bible turning the turret. Firing the coax with its footswitch.

ON NORMAN -- As the last few rounds feed through his gun...

NORMAN
I'm out! I need another can.

BRDDDDTT!-CLICK! -- That's when Bible runs dry...

BIBLE
She's done.

WARDADDY
That's it then. There ain't more.

(CONTINUED)
Worried looks are traded...

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
Don’t shit your panties. We still got hand weapons and the fifty.

Wardaddy opens his hatch and climbs out...

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
Pass me a can of fifty.

Bible hands up a box of ammo...

EXT. CROSSROADS – FURY – NIGHT

Wardaddy reloads the .50 Cal. He squints into the shadows. SEES a MAN RUNNING and fires...

RAT-AT-AT-AT-AT! -- The man bursts like a water balloon.

Bible opens the Gunner’s hatch and joins Wardaddy with his Tommy gun. Then Gordo and Norman open their hatches, submachine guns ready...

It’s deathly quiet. Just the crackling of the burning sawmill. The moaning of the wounded Germans...

NORMAN
...where are they?...

GORDO
Everywhere.

A GERMAN MACHINE GUN OPENS FIRE! -- The big kind that sounds like an evil chainsaw...

It sprays bullets all over the Fury -- Gordo pulls the pin on a grenade, cocks his arm to throw it...

THWACK! -- Gordo is hit through the chest and drops the grenade inside the tank...

NORMAN
Grenade!

Wardaddy swings the big .50 on the German MG...

RAT-AT-AT-AT-AT-AT! -- His tracers find the source of the German tracers. The German MG fire stops...

INT. CROSSROADS – FURY – NIGHT

Gordo is fatally wounded and bleeding out -- He fumbles for the HISSING grenade...

Norman stares at him from across the transmission. He’s fucked -- The grenade will kill them both!

(CONTINUED)
Gordo smiles at Norman -- Then with his dying strength he holds the grenade tight to his chest...

WHOOMPF! -- Gordo's body absorbs the blast, saving Norman.

ON NORMAN -- He's just sick. Terrified and horrified -- And wildly grateful of Gordo's final act.

The crew is down to three men. And a couple hundred SS Troopers still lurk outside in the dark...

WARDADDY
Norman! Keep shooting, son!

Norman grits his teeth. Loads a fresh mag in his Greasegun...

EXT. CROSSROADS - FURY - FURY

Norman pops up and fires a long burst into the ditch alongside the tank...

Bible's Tommy gun jams -- He fights to clear the malfunction. No dice. He tosses away the weapon...

He jumps down from the tank and grabs a German assault rifle. He pulls magazines from the pouches of dead troopers...

A supposedly dead SS TROOPER jumps to his feet and rushes him! -- Bible grabs the assault rifle by the barrel and swings with all his might...

CRACK! -- He catches the SS Trooper in the face with the buttstock -- Teeth go flying. Bible flips the gun around and squeezes the trigger...

BRRDDDT! -- Finishing the job. Bible scrambles back to the Fury.

Several German smoke grenades are tossed at the Fury. They gush dense white smoke -- Smoke washes over the tank -- Wardaddy, Norman, Bible can't see a thing...

WARDADDY
Get ready. They're gonna make a move.

Wardaddy pulls a pin on a grenade. His instincts tell him where to throw it...

BOOM! -- The grenade explodes -- Followed by the SCREAMING of the soldiers it maimed...

SS VOICE
(German)
You motherfuckers! We're going to skin you alive!

(CONTINUED)
WARDADDY
(German)
Your mother's in here. She can't talk now. Her mouth's full.

SS VOICE
(German)
I'll cut off your fingertips and make you eat them!

WARDADDY
(German)
Shut up and send me more pigs to kill!

Suddenly dozens of German weapons open up simultaneously!

It is an unbelievable volume of fire. Wardaddy fires back blindly into the smoke...

RAT-AT-AT-AT-AT-AT-AT-AT-AT! -- He runs out of ammo...

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
Bible! Ammo!

Bible drops into the turret and grabs a box of ammo off the rack. He climbs up and hands it to Wardaddy...

THWACK! -- Bible is hit in the head and instantly killed. He clatters back into the tank. Now it's just Norman and Wardaddy...

ON NORMAN -- Helplessly cowering for his life as bullets ricochet all around him...

THWACK-THWACK! -- Wardaddy is hit twice...

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
Button up!

Wardaddy drops inside the tank and closes the hatch. Norman closes his hatch...

INT. CROSSROADS - FURY - NIGHT

The bullets striking the tank sound like gravel hitting sheet metal. Wardaddy holds Bible. He has a massive head wound. Wardaddy is devastated. He gently wipes the blood from Bible's face.

WARDADDY
I'm sorry, Boyd. I did my best.

Norman watching this -- The SS Troopers are going to finish them off at any moment. Norman SEES Wardaddy is bleeding heavily from his gunshot wounds...

NORMAN
You're wounded.

Wardaddy notices his two new bullet holes for the first time.
WARDADDY
Sure am.

NORMAN
Sergeant Collier?

WARDADDY
My name's Don.

NORMAN
Sorry. Don?

WARDADDY
Yeah kid?

NORMAN
I'm scared.

WARDADDY
I'm scared too.

Wardaddy lights a cigarette. Finds his bottle of Cognac and takes a belt. Offers Norman the bottle, it's covered with blood. Norman wipes the bottle. He takes a sip.

Wardaddy is fading fast. Norman will soon be alone...

NORMAN
I want to surrender.

WARDADDY
Please don't. They'll hurt you real bad. And kill you real bad.

Wardaddy takes a drag on his cigarette. The hatch above him is opening. With casual ease, Wardaddy pulls his .45 -- Aims up at the hatch...

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM! -- He empties the pistol and the hatch drops shut. He ejects the mag. Moving slow from blood loss. The gun slick in his hands. He pats his pockets looking for a fresh mag...

The hatch opens -- THREE GRENADES ARE DROPPED INSIDE!

Smoking, HISSING, deadly. Wardaddy looks at Norman who is frozen with fear...

WARDADDY (CONT’D)
Go.

Norman snaps into action. He dives into the driver's seat, pushing Gordo's body aside -- He opens the EMERGENCY ESCAPE HATCH and dives through...

EXT. CROSSROADS - UNDERNEATH THE FURY - NIGHT

Norman is under the tank. Without a weapon!

(CONTINUED)
BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! – The grenades explode inside the tank. With that Norman knows Wardaddy is no more. Norman is all alone. **Around him he hears angry cursing GERMAN VOICES...**

Norman crawls into the crater made by the land mine that broke the track. He makes himself as small as possible, pulls dirt in over himself. Burying himself...

EXT. CROSSROADS – NIGHT

SS Troopers everywhere. Their medics attend to their wounded. They swarm over the Fury. Open her hatches. Aim their weapons inside and...

**BRDDDT-BRDDDDT! – Make sure all the occupants are dead.**

EXT. CROSSROADS – UNDERNEATH THE FURY – NIGHT

A **YOUNG TROOPER** looks beneath the tank with a flashlight. Norman, nearly entirely buried, follows the path of the light beam with his one exposed eye...

The light plays across the undercarriage. Norman's **HEARTBEAT** feels excruciating loud. Blood pounding in his ears. **AN SS OFFICER SHOUTS...**

**SS OFFICER**

(German)

Let's go! We're behind schedule! Move it! Hurry up! Let's move!

The Young Trooper turns off the light. He stands and walks away. Iron bootheels crunching the road...

Norman thanks his higher power. He may just survive this thing. **Then the boots stop. And return...**

Norman tries to be one with the roadbed.

The Trooper lays down -- CLICK -- Shines the light directly in Norman's face. **He's been discovered...**

**ON THE YOUNG TROOPER** -- Now we see his face. He's a kid, younger than Norman. A boy in uniform. He looks Norman in the eye.

Norman slowly lifts his hands in surrender. His oil and blood soaked fingers emerging from the dirt and dust.

The Young Trooper smiles weakly -- "I won't hurt you". Then turns off the light and walks away...

Norman sags with anxious relief.

Shrill WHISTLES. **SHOUTING** as the Sergeants get their squads on the march again. Jackboots CRUNCH the road as the SS formation continues down the road.
The SS Troops are marching away in the distance. On a pointless and doomed mission against the overwhelming Allied Armies steamrolling across Germany...

Now it's quiet. Dead quiet. Norman, buried in his hole, finally succumbs to exhaustion. His eyes close. He passes out curled up in his womb of dirt.

Distant ROOSTERS CROW. The escape hatch slowly opens. It's Norman -- He slips inside the Fury. He forces his way past Gordo's body. Then covers Gordo with a jacket. He moves on to Coon-Ass and covers him. Then Bible, he gently crosses his arms over his chest.

There's Wardaddy. Sitting there. The grenades have made a mess of him. Norman takes off his jacket and covers him up. He pauses. Gently picks up Wardaddy's big calloused hand. He looks at his palm. Traces the lines a moment. As if to confirm something he already knew. Then sets it down.

Norman finds Wardaddy's knife on the floor of the turret basket. He picks up the knife and runs his thumb along all the notches. **Norman HEARS something...**

Movement outside the tank ... And VOICES!

He freezes. Unsure what to do. **This kid is traumatized, he's in no condition to fight Nazis...**

Alone and scared. Norman sits there trembling, holding Wardaddy's knife for protection...

The hatch opens -- It's a SOLDIER...

**An American Soldier** -- One we recognize -- Sergeant Miles from Baker Company -- He looks at Norman with war weary eyes. Wipes his nose on his sleeve and shouts to his buddies...

   SERGEANT MILES
   One's alive!

The Fury is shot to hell, burnt and scarred. Baker Company soldiers are gathered around her. Norman is pulled out of the hatch and laid onto a stretcher. Two MEDICS carry Norman to a waiting Half-Track.

   MEDIC
   You're a hero. You know that?

Norman doesn't know what that means. Or really care. It is clear from the churning angst in his eyes he will never, ever be the same.
INT. AMBULANCE (MOVING) - DAY

Norman is helped into the back of the ambulance. It drives away. CAMERA holding Norman in CU as the Fury recedes in BG, seen through the open back doors...

EXT. CROSSROADS - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

CLOSE ON THE FURY -- Then we slowly rise up. Until we look straight down on the crossroads and see the true scope of the fight, of the carnage...

Laid out in a ring around the tank for fifty yards are a couple hundred dead SS Troopers...

--THE END--