

War Without Sounds
by
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Based on the life of Robert Capa

WGA Registered

WAR WITHOUT SOUND - EXCERPT

INT. BOAT -1942

ANDRE sits down amidst a group of men writing 'last letters' to their families. He pulls a pen out of his pocket, grabs a piece of paper off the table and writes his letter, folds it up and puts it in his breast pocket. He catches the eye of a young soldier, JAROWSKI, who has been looking Andre over.

JAROWSKI

Hey pal, what unit you with?

ANDRE

E. Workin' for Life magazine.

JAROWSKI

You bull shittin' me? (to a buddy)
Did you hear that, Stan! This guy here says he's with Life Magazine!
(Continuing to Andre) Well, keep your head down, pal! I want you to get my name right when you go back to New York!

Andre obligingly takes out his pencil and note pad.

ANDRE

What's your name, kid?

JAROWSKI

Jarowski. Private David Jarowski.
That's spelt J-A-R-O-W-S-K-I. From Gary, Indiana.

Andre writes it down.

ANDRE

I'll be sure to get it right.

The young soldier has a huge grin from ear to ear. Andre opens up his suitcase and hands Jarowski a photo of Gerda.

ANDRE

My... wife, Gerda. Keep it.

Jarowski looks bewildered, but puts it in his breast pocket.

SCENE THIRTEEN

It is 3 a.m. The mess boys in the ship dining room are wearing immaculate white jackets and serve hot cakes, sausages, eggs, and coffee with unusual zest and politeness.

Everyone is too preoccupied to eat, so most is left on the plates.

EXT. BOAT DECK - NIGHT

The soldiers and Andre are all assembled on the open deck. The invasion boats are swinging on the cranes, ready to be lowered. Waiting for the first ray of light, everyone stands in perfect silence. The sun begins to rise. A LIEUTENANT is standing by the railing.

LIEUTENANT

Easy Company, disembark! Over the side, boys!

Andre begins to climb down the rope ladders and stumbles into the boat with the rest of the men. As if on slow moving elevators, they descend onto the sea, which is rough - they are soaked before the boat pushes away from the mothership.

INVASION BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Andre is in the boat along with some of the soldiers. He is feeling sea sick from the intense bobbing of the boat. Several soldiers start puking. It is now light enough to start taking pictures. Andre brings his first camera out of its waterproof oilskin and begins to take pictures.

THE WHOLE SCENE FREEZES IN BLACK AND WHITE.

The SOUND of loud explosions are heard. Andre tries to stand up to get a better view over the heads of the men in front of him. The sound of another explosion and a Geyser of water dumps what seems like gallons into the boat. Andre is soaked.

He tries to close the flaps of his pockets and secure his camera equipment but to no avail. Everything is wet. He takes out the note pad and looks at the name of the young soldier smudging away.

The SOUND of MACHINE GUN FIRE can be heard. Bullets zip around them. The men in the boat look fearful. SUDDENLY the boat comes to a grinding halt, it's flat bottom has hit the earth of France.

COXSWAIN

Sand bar! Everyone gets out here!

Everyone looks at him in disbelief.

CAPTAIN

Aw for fuck sake! Takes us in all the way!

COXSWAIN

No go, Captain! You get off here!
Ramp is going down! Otherwise, I'm
fucked!

The coxswain lowers the steel covered boat front, and there between the grotesque designs of steel obstacles sticking out of the water is a thin line of land covered with smoke. Andre watches in a mixture of horror and gusto. The geysers of water begin to come more frequently. The ramp is completely down. To everyone's horror they are several hundreds of yards away from the actual beach. The Captain is hollering at the top of his lungs.

CAPTAIN

Coxswain, take us in further!

Andre looks to the Coxswain who is slumped over his wheel. A hole through the back of his neck is gushing blood.

CAPTAIN

Everyone gets off here! GO, GO,
GO!

The first few men who step off the ramp fall into the water chest high, with rifles ready to shoot. A SHORT SOLDIER steps off and goes in over his head. He doesn't come back up. As the men get off Andre moves forward. Ahead of him he catches his first glimpse of OMAHA BEACH. This is a surreal picture of a lovely resort beach dotted with TANKS and OBSTACLES. EXPLOSIONS erupt sporadically creating CLOUDS of smoke and sand. Andre pauses on the gangplank, lifts his camera and takes a picture.

THE WHOLE SCENE FREEZES IN BLACK AND WHITE.

The Captain kicks Andre in the rear, into the water. He barely keeps his head above water. He struggles forward. As he gets closer to the beach, BULLETS slam into the water around him. He struggles to get to cover fast. FINALLY he gets into waist deep water. Sticking up out of the water a few feet away is a huge steel obstacle. Andre runs for cover behind it. A SCARED SOLDIER is already cowering behind it, reacting each time he hears the machine gun fire. He looks at Andre.

SCARED SOLDIER

Are you an officer?!

ANDRE

Hell no!

SCARED SOLDIER
What should I do, sir?

Andre is confused. He looks around. He can see another soldier hiding behind an obstacle several yards to his right. He too is waist deep in water. Andre takes the picture.

FREEZE IN BLACK AND WHITE.

The soldier next to Andre takes the waterproofing off of his rifle. He shoots without aim which seems to give him courage. He runs out from behind the obstacle. Andre takes the picture.

FREEZE IN BLACK AND WHITE.

More machine gun BULLETS pelt Andre's obstacle and ricochet away. Andre ducks down, looks back to sea and sees a boat in flames and sinking with SOLDIERS scrambling to get out. He holds his camera up and takes the picture.

FREEZE IN BLACK AND WHITE.

Andre gets up and moves toward another obstacle closer to the beach. He trips and falls into the water. Struggling to get back up, he grabs onto something floating near him. He looks down and sees that he is hanging onto the BODY of the Captain from his boat, who is floating face up without his helmet, several holes in his chest pouring blood. The look of fear is etched in his face.

Andre jumps away from the body and struggles to another obstacle. He is exhausted. Realizing that he has come to the end of his roll, he begins to rewind. As he looks over his shoulder towards the beach, IN SLOW MOTION, he sees BODIES piling up. FLAMES from explosions erupt on the beach. He sees a small RESORT HOME in flames. For a brief moment, he sees it as the home of the old woman who took him in off the beach, when he first read of Gerda's death.

Through the LIVING ROOM WINDOW he can see himself with the old woman drinking tea together. A BULLET ricochets in front of him. He flinches. Andre finishes rewinding. He takes out the roll of film and puts it into his pocket and tries to reload another. After a few moments he is successful. He gets up and begins to crawl on his belly to another obstacle. SUDDENLY he is nose to nose with Jarowski.

JAROWSKI
Life magazine - you know what I
see?

ANDRE

Not much besides my head.

JAROWSKI

I see my ma on the front porch,
waiving my insurance policy.

The tide rolls in and begins to push them up towards the barbed wire, where the German guns are enjoying open season.

Jarowski gets up and runs toward another obstacle. Andre does not look up. He takes the shot as Jarowski is hit. Andre runs to him. He's dead. Andre sees something has fallen out of Jarowski's breast pocket. The light glints on it. It is a COMPASS with the glass face cracked, next to the PHOTO of Gerda. He picks them up and stuffs them into his pocket, running for cover behind an obstacle.

His roll of film is done. He takes out the finished roll, and pulls out another one. His hands are wet and shaking. He fumbles with the film and ruins the new roll.

His hands are sticky from the ruined roll. He drops the roll in the sand and his entire body begins to shake violently. He looks at his sticky hands.

ANDRE

Gotta wash my hands.

He does not think or decide. He just stands up and runs towards the boats. He ducks from the machine gun fire and steps into the sea between two bodies. A wave slaps his face. He holds the camera high above his head.

ANDRE

Just gonna wash my hands.