



Film Script

by Mark He based on the book by John Boyne
Miramax Films, 2008

Move!
Move it!
Move!
Move!
Now!
It's me home.
- Bye, Bruno!
- Bye, Bruno!
- Hello, sweetheart.
- Mum, what's going on?
- We're celebrating.
- Celebrating?
Your father's been given a promotion.
- That means a better job.
- I know what promotion is.
So we're having a little party to celebrate.
He's still going to be a soldier though, isn't he?
Yes, my lamb.
Yes, just a more important one now.
There's some even more exciting news, but I think Dad wanted to tell you about that himself.
- Moving? Where to?
- To the countryside.
That's miles away.
What about Karl and Leon and Martin?
Sweetheart, I know it's hard, but we're all having to say goodbye to our friends for the time being.
Anyway, we'll make new ones where we're going. Won't we?
Of course you are.
You'll make lots of new friends.
Bruno, you can have your friends
around in the morning before we go.
Think of it as an adventure, like in one of your books.
But this is the best house ever.
Well, you never know. The house we're going to might be even better.
Dad says it's got a garden.
Look, the thing is, Bruno, the thing about being a soldier, is that life is not so much about choice,
it's more about duty, so if your country needs you to go somewhere, you go.
Now, of course, going somewhere else is much easier when you know that your family are so
delighted to go with you.
Bruno! You're getting bigger every time I see you.
It's only been a week, Nathalie.
Well, perhaps it's me that's getting smaller.
So, you two,
well, what do you think of all this?
Moving out of Berlin?
Well, Mummy and Daddy say it's a good thing, so I suppose it must be.
Children, be angels, will you?

Pass some food around.

Heil Hitler!

Congratulations.

- Doesn't he look wonderful?

- Absolutely.

I'm so proud of you, my boy.

Oh, dear. I sometimes wonder if this is all down to me, making you those costumes for your little plays when you were tiny.

- You used to adore all that dressing up.

- Nathalie...

Does it still make you feel special, Ralf dear?

The uniform and what it stands for?

Mother, it's a party.

Let's not spoil things.

Me, spoil things?

You should be careful.

Airing your views so publicly could land you in trouble.

You know that.

So, how long are we losing you for, my boy?

- Until the war is won, I would think.

- Well, not so long then.

Bruno!

All right, Bruno. Time to say goodbye.

- Bye-bye.

- Bye-bye!

"Time has come for me to sleep

Lord, I thank Thee for Thy keep

"Watch this night well over me

And teach me, Lord, to trust in Thee

"Care for children, sick and poor

Grant them, Lord, Thy blessing more

"And this I pray in Jesus' name

Care for my family just the same"

Amen.

Children, look. Look! Our new home.

I have some business to take care of.

I'll see you shortly.

Well, what do we think?

Come on. It's lovely.

You two choose your rooms.

I'll have Maria come and help you unpack.

What do you think of it, Maria?

The new house.

It's not for me to say.

But it won't feel like home until we make it feel like home, will it?

Is he already up?

Who was that?

One of your father's soldiers, I suppose.

- He looked very serious.
- Well, they are, aren't they?
- Why are we whispering?
- I don't know.
- And play with who?
- The children over on the farm.
Farm? I didn't see a farm.
And that one, too.
You can only see it from my room.
And there are some children there?
- Yes, quite a few.
- That's good.
- So, I'll be able to play with them.
- I don't see why not.
I'll wait a little bit, just to see what they're like,
- because they look a bit strange.
- The children do?
- Well, and the farmers.
- What sort of strange?
I'm sorry.
Vegetables.
There.
Bruno, have you unpacked everything?
Because I think you should go back upstairs and finish off.
Thank you, ma'am.
Bruno.
- I told you they were strange.
- Who?
The farmers. They wear pyjamas.
Bruno, I was just coming to look for you.
Well, thank you for that.
That was extremely useful.
- I'll be over to see you later.
- Of course, Herr Kommandant.
Come in.
Sit down, sit down.
Well, what do you think?
Oh, dear.
I want to go home.
You are home, Bruno.
Home is where the family is.
Isn't that right?
Bruno, you have to at least give the place a chance.
I promise you, it won't be long before you...
Why do the farmers wear pyjamas?
I can see them from my window.
The thing is, Bruno, those people...
Well, you see, they're not really people at all.

Bruno, who told you it was a farm?

- Was it Maria?

- No.

It is a farm, isn't it?

Yes.

Is it to do with your new job?

All you need to know about my work here, Bruno, is that it's very important to our country and to you.

We're working very hard to make this world a better place for you to grow up in.

But you're not a farmer.

You're a soldier.

Bruno, can you come and help me finish sorting out in the kitchen?

I can still play with them, though?

The children.

I don't think so, Bruno. No.

Like you say, they're a bit strange.

A bit...

Well, they're different.

Don't worry, my darling.

We'll find you some new friends, but they won't be the ones from the farm.

Ralf, you promised.

- You said it was miles away.

- It is.

How was I to know he could see it from the bedroom window?

There was one of them in our kitchen.

- Master Bruno, how are you today?

- Fed up.

You said the same thing every day for two whole weeks.

- It's true.

- Well, you should be out playing.

- Playing with who?

- I don't know. Gretel?

- Well, you can make your own fun.

- That's what I'm trying to do.

One thing's for sure, sitting around being miserable won't make things any happier.

- Bruno, what are you doing?

- Exploring!

No! No, not in the back.

I told you, it's out of bounds.

- Explore at the front.

- But I've explored it all.

- Well, find something else to do.

- Like what?

Come back in now, and we'll think of something.

So, children,

what are you doing today?

- Same as yesterday.

- And what was that?

- Same as the day before.
- Except you went exploring.
- I like exploring.
- Where did you go?
I wanted to look in the back garden, but Mum wouldn't let me.
The back garden?
Well, God forbid.
I expect you'll be missing those friends of yours.
I even miss school.
Well, I never thought I'd hear you say that.
Anyway, you won't be missing it for long.
- Really?
- I've arranged a tutor for you both.
A Herr Liszt will be visiting twice a week.
So we're not going to school?
School's coming here?
On an old bicycle, I gather.
It's a bird without the...
Good morning, little man.
And how are you this morning?
- Can I ask you a favour?
- Well, you can ask.
Are there any spare tyres around?
An old one from one of the trucks or something?
Well, the only spare tyre
I've seen around here belongs to Lieutenant Meinberg.
- Well, is he using it?
- Yes, he's very attached to it.
Stop it. He doesn't understand.
He's only eight.
You're only 12, so stop pretending you're any older.
What do you want a tyre for, anyway?
- I want to make a swing.
- A swing?
That does sound exciting.
You!
Here, now.
Move!
Take this boy to the outhouse in the back garden.
There are some tyres in there.
He will select one.
You will carry it where he asks.
Do you understand?
Well, little man,
what are you waiting for?
How about this one?
Where's my mum?
She's out.

- When is she back?
- Soon, I expect.
But don't worry.
- But I might bleed to death.
- No, you won't.
- Will I need to go to hospital?
- No. It's only a small cut.
Come on. It's not that bad.
There, all better.
- What's your name?
- Pavel.
Now, you've got to sit still for a few minutes before you start walking around on that again.
Will you tell my mum what happened?
I think she's going to see it for herself.
She'll probably take me to a doctor.
I don't think so.
- It could be worse than it looks.
- It isn't.
How would you know?
You're not a doctor.
- Yes, I am.
- No, you're not.
You peel potatoes.
I practised as a doctor.
Before I...
Before I came here.
You couldn't have been much good then, if you had to practise.
Now, what are you going to be when you grow up?
I know. An explorer.
How do you know that?
Is it nice on the farm?
Bruno. Bruno, what happened to you?
I made a swing,
but I fell off it and cut my knee.
But Pavel here, he carried me in and put a bandage on it.
- Go to your room.
- But Pavel says I...
Don't argue. Go to your room.
Thank you.
It's not fair, you having this view.
Well, I'm not swapping.
I think school's here.
No, I mean more recent history.
- Are you interested in current affairs?
- Yes, very.
So, you'll be aware of the situation in which our great nation presently finds itself.
Yes. I read newspapers whenever I can and one of Father's men keeps me up to date on everything that's happening.

Good. And you, Bruno.

Have you been reading newspapers?

- Have you been reading anything?

- Books.

Good. What sort of books?

Adventure books, mainly.

You know, knights in shining armour, exploring strange lands and stuff, and silly princesses always getting in the way.

Well, this is why I'm here to help.

You're how old now, Bruno? Eight?

Time to get your head out of those fiction books and start learning about fact.

Time, I think, to turn your mind to the real world, and I believe this would be the perfect start.

Die, die!

Die, die.

Hello.

I'm exploring.

- What are you doing?

- We're... We're building a new hut.

Have you got lots of friends over there?

A few. But we fight a lot.

That's why I like being out here. I can be on my own.

- I'm Bruno.

- Shmuel.

- Sorry?

- I'm Shmuel.

That's your name? Never heard of anyone called that before.

I've never heard of anyone called Bruno.

But Shmuel. No one's called Shmuel.

I live in the house, back there.

- Have you got any food on you?

- No.

Are you hungry?

How old are you?

- Eight.

- Me, too!

It's not fair, me being stuck over here on my own, while you're over there, playing with friends all day.

- Playing?

- Well, that number.

- Isn't it a part of a game or something?

- It's just my number.

Everyone gets given a different number.

Right. Then what happens?

- I have to go back now!

- Really?

Yeah.

It was nice to meet you, Shmuel.

And you, Bruno.

Bye.
Mum, I can't find my football.
Well, it'll be in one of your cupboards, sweet.
It isn't. I've looked.
Can I have a piece of chocolate?
A piece. Yes.
Bruno?
- Have you looked in the cellar?
- The cellar?
For your football.
Damn.
- Gretel, I've just seen all your...
- All my what?
All your dolls, down in the cellar.
Dolls are for little girls.
It's not right to play with silly toys while people are away risking their lives for the Fatherland.
- "My people's density is my density."
- Destiny.
"Its struggles and its sorrows, its joys and its miseries are mine.
"I must work and create for the resurrection of my Fatherland.
"The history of my people is great and glorious."
And it's 12:00.
- I'm sorry?
- Isn't that when we finish?
The termination of the lesson is for the tutor to decide, Bruno, not the pupil.
Now, will you please continue.
Bruno, there you are.
I'm just going into town for an hour.
Do you want to come?
You be careful on that thing.
Thank you.
Can I ask you something?
Why do you people wear pyjamas all day?
- They're not pyjamas.
- Well, those.
We have to.
They took all our other clothes away.
- Who did?
- The soldiers.
The soldiers? Why?
I don't like soldiers. Do you?
I do, quite. My dad's a soldier, but not the sort that takes people's clothes away for no reason.
What sort, then?
Well, he's the important sort.
He's in charge of making everything better for everyone.
- So is your dad a farmer?
- No, he's a watchmaker.
Or was. Most of the time now, he just mends boots.

It's funny how grown-ups can't make their minds up about what they want to do.
It's like Pavel.
Do you know him? Lives over there.
He used to be a doctor, but gave it all up to peel potatoes.
Can I ask you another question?
What do you burn in those chimneys?
I saw them going the other day.
Is it just lots of hay and stuff?
I don't know.
We're not allowed over there.
Mama says it's old clothes.
Well, whatever it is, it smells horrid.
I wish you'd remembered the chocolate.
Yes, I'm sorry.
I know! Perhaps you can come and have supper with us sometime.
I can't, can I? Because of this.
But that's to stop the animals getting out, isn't it?
Animals?
No, it's to stop people getting out.
Are you not allowed out?
- Why? What have you done?
- I'm a Jew.
I think I should go now.
- Will you be here tomorrow?
- I'll try.
- Goodbye, then!
- Bye.
Little present, sweetheart.
Thank you, Mummy.
- Have you seen Bruno?
- Outside on his swing, I think.
Yes, Thursday's perfect.
I'll have a car come to collect you both.
Are Grandma and Grandpa coming?
Hey, did you smell that horrible smell the other day?
- Coming from the chimneys.
- What sort of ill?
The day I fell off the swing.
- Did you smell it, Mum?
- Father.
Mum.
Let me speak to her.
Yes, she is. I can hear her.
Yes. We look forward to it. Goodbye.
- Is Grandma not coming?
- No.
She's poorly, apparently, but Grandpa's coming.
- Did you smell it, Dad?

- What?
That horrid smell from the chimneys.
What is it?
I think they just burn rubbish there sometimes.
- Look.
- What?
- Hey!
- Gretel.
Hey, that's not fair!
- Gretel.
- What?
It's only a game.
Ralf, this tutor you brought in, does he usually teach children as young as Gretel and Bruno?
I believe so. Why?
Well, do we know what he's teaching them?
Gretel seems to have become so...
They're being taught what all children are being taught at the moment.
They mustn't get left behind.
Come on.
Let's get to bed.
"The Jew slandered us and incited our enemies.
"The Jew corrupted us through bad books.
"He mocked our literature and our music.
"Everywhere, his influence was destructive,
"the eventual result of which was our nation's collapse,
- "and then..."
- Yes, Bruno.
I don't understand.
A nation's collapse is all down to this one man?
The Jew here means the entire Jewish race.
If it had been just one man,
I'm sure something would've been done about him.
There is such a thing as a nice Jew, though, isn't there?
I think, Bruno, if you ever found a nice Jew, you would be the best explorer in the world.
Continue, Gretel.
"The aim of the Jew is to become the ruler of humanity.
"The Jew is not creative, but destructive.
"He is the enemy of culture.
"Thousands of Germans have been made poor by the Jew."
Master Bruno.
What are you doing? You've just had your lunch, haven't you?
I was going for a walk, and I thought I might get peckish.
But don't make a mess of your satchel.
Bring it here.
- I'll wrap it properly for you.
- No. It's none of your business.
Bruno, what is it?
What are you doing with your satchel?

Herr Liszt gave us some books.
I'm going out on the swing to read.
- Let me see.
- What?
- The books.
- No.
Bruno, I just want to see
what books Herr Liszt has given you.
- I told a lie.
- What?
I've just got adventure books.
Go on. Off you go, then.
Now, Maria, there's two extra for supper tonight.
The Kommandant's father will be here, and I believe
Lieutenant Kotler is joining us.
Here.
What's the matter?
- Don't throw it back.
- What? Why not?
- It's dangerous.
- Dangerous?
It's just a ball. Come on.
Do you not like playing?
- Just not ball games?
- Not here.
- Tell me how the number game works.
- I told you, it's not a game.
We just all have numbers.
Shmuel!
Bruno! What are you doing?
My ball went over.
I was just getting it back.
They smell even worse when they burn, don't they?
What?
But, surely you...
Elsa, I was sworn to secrecy.
- From your own wife.
- Yes.
I took an oath upon my life.
Do you understand?
Elsa, you believe in this, too.
- You want this country to be strong...
- No, Ralf, no! No, not that!
How can you...
- Because I'm a soldier.
- How can you...
- Soldiers fight wars.
- That isn't war!

It's a part of it! It's a vital part of it!

The Fatherland we all desire, all of us, you included, cannot be achieved without work such as this!

- Elsa. Elsa.

- Get away from me! Get away from me!

Grandpa's here.

- I don't believe this.

- Grandpa's here.

We'll be through in a moment.

Who told you about this?

How's Grandma?

She's a bit under the weather,

I'm afraid.

It's a shame, she was so much
looking forward to seeing you.

- Perhaps next time, if she feels up to it.

- Absolutely.

You know, Ralf, your mother really is sick.

She's been talking about this visit for weeks.

Maybe that's what's made her sick.

So, your father tells me that you've got a tutor.

Yes. He's nice.

But he won't let us read any adventure books.

All we do is boring, old history.

Let me tell you something, young man.

If it wasn't for history, we wouldn't all be sitting around this table.

The work your father is doing here, history in the making.

When I was your age, history was my favourite subject by miles, which obviously didn't please my father.

Why not?

Well, he was a professor of literature at the university.

Really, does he still teach?

- I don't really know.

- You don't know?

We're not in touch, my father and I.

He left the country some time ago.

Really, when?

About four years ago,

Herr Kommandant.

But surely he can't be very old.

What is he, still in his 40s, late 40s?

Where did he go?

Lieutenant Kotler, your father, the professor of literature, where did he go?

I believe it was Switzerland,

Herr Kommandant.

How strange that he should choose to leave the Fatherland at the very moment it needed him most.

Just when we're all required to play our part in the national revival.

More wine!

What reason did he give?

Was he tubercular?
Did he go there to take the air?
I'm afraid I really don't know,
Herr Kommandant.
You'd have to ask him.
Well, that would be rather difficult, wouldn't it?
With him being in Switzerland.
Come on!
What's the matter with you tonight?
Yes, perhaps that was it.
Perhaps he was ill.
Unless, of course, he had disagreements.
- I mean, with government policy.
- One hears of such men.
Disturbed, most of them, or just plain cowards.
- Even so, all of them traitors.
- Absolutely right.
Presumably, if that was the case with your father, you will have informed your superiors,
as is your duty.
Lieutenant Kotler!
You cretin Jew! Filth!
Ralf!
Jew!
- But Dad just sat there.
- What did you expect him to do?
The Jew deserved it.
Can I ask you something about the farm?
Bruno, you don't still think it's a farm, do you?
It's a camp. What's called a work camp.
For Jews, obviously.
Just Jews?
Because they're the best workers?
They're not in there because they're good, silly.
They're no good at anything.
They're in there because they're evil.
- They're the enemy.
- The enemy?
- But I thought we were fighting...
- They're evil, Bruno.
Evil, dangerous vermin.
They're the reason we lost the Great War.
Haven't you been listening to anything
Herr Liszt has been telling us?
No. Not really.
Dad's not horrible, is he?
He's a good man.
- Of course, he is.
- But he's in charge of a horrible place.

It's only horrible for them, Bruno.
We should be proud of Dad, now more than ever before.
He's making the country great again.
Like you say, they're a bit strange.
A bit...
Well, they're different.
They're the enemy, Bruno.
Evil, dangerous vermin.
Well, you see, they're not really people at all.
What are you doing here?
They wanted someone with tiny fingers to clean all these.
We're not supposed to be friends, you and me.
We're meant to be enemies.
Did you know that?
Do you want some?
- What's your dad like?
- What's he like?
Is he a good man?
You've never thought he wasn't?
And you're proud of him?
Aren't you proud of yours?
Is it really horrible in the camp?
How dare you talk to people in the house.
How dare you!
Are you eating?
Have you been stealing food?
- Answer me!
- No, sir. He gave it to me.
He's my friend.
What?
Little man, do you know this Jew?
Do you know this Jew?
No, I just walked in, and he was helping himself.
I've never seen him before in my life.
You, finish cleaning the glasses.
When I come back, we'll have a little chat about what happens to rats who steal.
Come away.
New arrivals here are happy to discover that life in the camp is not all work.
And that there's ample opportunity for leisure also.
At the end of their day at the ironmongery or the build or boot factory, the workers can enjoy
the many forms of pastime that the camp has to offer.
Organised sport is very popular.
Those that don't play
certainly enjoy watching.
At the end of the working day, the centrally located caf is the ideal place for friends and families to
join together for a hearty and nutritious meal.
The children, in particular, enjoy the pastries and cakes on offer.

In the evenings, the occasional music concerts, either by visiting orchestras or, indeed, by talented musicians from within the camp itself, are always well attended.

Other recreations include reading in the library, pottery, cookery, art and horticulture for adult and child alike.

Almost any activity one could wish for is available within the camp.

Splendid.

- Bravo. Excellent.

- Thank you.

Goodbye, little man.

Shmuel! Shmuel!

I don't understand.

I saw a film about the camp, and it looked so nice.

I don't know why I did it.

Gretel and everyone were saying all these things, and that soldier's so scary.

Been coming here for days, but you were never here.

I thought maybe we weren't friends any more.

Shmuel, I'm really sorry for what I did.

We are still friends, aren't we?

Where's Kurt these days?

I haven't seen him for ages.

- Who's Kurt?

- Lieutenant Kotler.

He's been moved to the front.

It was felt that his youth and enthusiasm would be put to better use there.

Herr Kommandant, telephone.

In actual fact, Gretel, he was sent there because he failed to inform the authorities of his father's lack of loyalty to the Party.

Which was his duty, I might add.

- Which was his bad luck.

- Bad luck?

Well, bad luck that it was his father who was disloyal, and not his mother.

One presumably doesn't have to report one's mother.

- What?

- When will Pavel be back?

- Mum?

- Never, stupid.

It's Father. They've been bombed.

Grandmother's dead.

"...the victory which You have obtained for us

"and for all who sleep in Him,

"keep us who are still in the body in everlasting fellowship

"with all that wait for Thee on earth,

"and with all that are around Thee in heaven,

"in union with Him who is the resurrection

"and the life, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost,

"ever one God, world without end.

Amen."

He can't have that on there.

She wouldn't have wanted it.

He does.

"Almighty God, who by the death of..."

Have you ever been to a funeral?

My grandma and grandpa both died just after we got here, but there weren't any funerals.

That one there to there.

They both died at the same time?

What of?

I don't know.

Papa said they must have caught something on the way here.

They had to go to a hospital as soon as we arrived.

We didn't see them again.

This is fun.

Wish we could do something a bit more exciting, though.

- That one there to there.

- This one?

- This one?

- No, that one.

- This one to here?

- No, there!

- To here?

- No.

- Here?

- No.

- I don't want you to go away again.

- No. Neither do I.

You can't behave like this!

- You're questioning my behaviour?

- It can't continue!

I know.

I can't stand this any more, Ralf.

I can't stay here and be a part of this.

Don't you think there will be questions?

- Questions?

- Well, now, what does it say about my ability to carry out my work if I cannot control my own family?

- Work? Is that what you call it?

- Pull yourself together, woman.

Right. Just ignore it. Ignore it.

Ignore the fact that the man I married is a monster!

Even your own mother couldn't love you.

Are you happy here?

Yes. Very.

And you, Gretel?

Well, I was, but I do miss home.

I miss my friends.

Yes, I'm sure. And you, too, Bruno.

You must miss those friends of yours.

No. Not any more, really.

I suppose the real question is, if the opportunity arose, would you prefer to live somewhere else?

- Back home?

- No. Not Berlin. Not yet.

Somewhere safe, say Aunt Lottie's in Heidelberg, for example.

All of us? You as well?

No. That won't be possible just yet,

I'm afraid.

I must stay and complete my work here.

See, at the moment, your mother is finding it...

She just feels right now you need to spend some time elsewhere.

Would you like that?

I'm afraid, Bruno, in life, we often have to do things we don't want to do. The important thing is your mother does not feel that this is an appropriate place for you to be spending your childhood, and the more I think about it, the more I realise she's very probably right.

- But, Dad...

- No!

It's time for you to move away.

Is everything all right?

We can't find Papa.

He went on a different work duty with some of the men, and they haven't come back.

I've got some bad news, too.

I'm going away.

How long for this time?

That's why it's bad. It's forever, I think.

Mum says this is no place for children, which is just stupid.

- When do you go?

- Tomorrow. After lunch.

So, I won't ever see you again?

Yes, you will. You can come on holiday to Berlin if you like, when everybody's getting on with each other again.

I wish I could've helped you find your dad.

I really want to make up for letting you down like I did.

That would have done it, wouldn't it?

Helping you find your dad?

Would've been great.

Like a secret mission.

- I could dig under.

- What? With that?

- No, but I could bring something.

- You don't want to come over here.

Look.

- I could come through to your side.

- What's the point in that?

- Your dad's not going to be over here, is he?

But I'd stick out though, wouldn't I, if I came through?

I don't look like you.

You could look like me, though.

If you dressed like me and shaved your hair off.
I'm not shaving my hair off.
- You could cover it with a cap.
- My pyjamas are a different colour.
I could bring some.
There's a hut full of them, thousands of them.
Would you do it, though?
- I want to do it.
- Would you dare do it, though?
- I want to help you find your dad.
- I've got to go.
Tomorrow, then?
I'll bring an extra-big sandwich.
And don't forget the pyjamas!
Bruno?
Mum, can I go and play on the swing?
- Bruno...
- It's my last chance.
All right. Go on then.
- I thought you weren't coming!
- I'm sorry. It wasn't easy to get away.
I'm not meant to be out here today.
You forgot the pyjamas!
- Did you bring the sandwich?
- Would I let you down?
Shmuel.
Here.
How do I look?
Right. Let's get going.
Bruno?
That's enough.
Let's go and find your dad.
Come on!
Master Bruno?
Shmuel.
- Can we go to the caf or something?
- Caf?
- Maybe I should go home.
- What about Papa?
Yeah.
We'll check our hut first.
Bruno?
Come on.
Papa?
Up! Up! Get up!
- What's happening?
- I don't know.
We go on marches sometimes.

Move! Up, up!
Move, move!
Bruno!
He must still be
outside somewhere, ma'am.
Bruno!
Bruno?
- Move!
- Quickly!
Get up!
Get up. You must!
Move them out!
...which means that our weekly capabilities would be almost tripled, so, therefore,
by the end of the summer...
- Ralf.
- Elsa, I'm in a meeting.
Bruno's missing.
Come on!
Wait here!
Come on!
Move! Move!
Join the queue!
Come on, you!
Bruno!
Move it!
Go on.
Bruno!
It's all right. I think we're just waiting in here until the rain stops.
Clothes off!
Where are we going?
No, it's just a shower.
A shower?
Open the gates! Open the gates!
Move!
Bruno!

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