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I 'm All Right Jack

By Frank Harvey

Sir John!

- Sir John!

- What is it?

The war, Sir John. It's over.

Over! Yes!

At last.

Just listen to them out there.

Yes. That's another one

we've come through, Ens.

That's right, Sir John.

They can't finish us off, can they?

- Ens!

- Yes, sir?

Close that window, will you?

It's become damn chilly in here.

Yes, Sir John.

'Look hard...

'For this is the last

we shall see of Sir John,

'a Justice of the Peace,

'Chairman of the

Wroughton Unionist Association,

'Vice President

of his local British Legion,

'Honorary Chairman

of the Regional Board

'for the Adjustment

of Distressed Gentlewomen

'and sleeping partner

in that vast financial complex,

'the City and Threadneedle Trust.

'Yes, there goes Sir John,

'a solid block in the edifice

of what seemed

'to be an ordered and stable society.

'There he goes,

'on his way out.

'For with victory

'came a new age.

'And with that new age a new spirit.'

I'm all right, Jack, I'm OK

That is the message for today

So count up your loilly,

feather your nest

Let someone else worry, boy,
I couldn't care less
If you scratch my back,
I'll do the same for you, Jack
That's the message for today
Yeah, the workers and the bosses,
a sweet duet
Share the gains or the losses,
you bet
Well, everybody's comrades now
Like Cain and Abel,
we're all brothers, and how!
If there's any fiddle,
get in, in the middle
Snatch your whack, Jack,
while you may
Well, we all pull together,
but not too fast
Got to help the other fellow
make the job last
We trust one another,
just like Big Brother
Blow you, Jack, I'm all right
Hey! We're going to make it in history
It's the bravest new world
that you ever did see
Knock the time-and-a-half off,
watch out for the bull
Be first for the carve-up,
be nobody's fool
They talk about Utopia,
don't let 'em soft-soap yer!
Just grab your whack, brother,
hold on tight
Blow you, Jack!
I'm all right
'Britain in the early fifties.
'A nation facing
the challenge of survival.
'In a competitive world,
'after a war in which her wealth
and manpower had been stripped
'to the very bone.
'The story of one man's response

to this challenge
'is also the story of a nation.
'This is the story of one man.
Times have changed, Father.
In industry nowadays
they're crying out for people like me.
In my days, the university man
went into one of the learned professions,
if he had any brains. If he hadn't,
it was either the Church or the army.
I tried the army, Father.
- Did you?
- Yes, of course you did.
I say. Mr Windrush.
I'm terribly sorry, Mr Windrush,
but one of our balls
is just near the table.
Could we have it, please?
Yes. That's all right, yes.
Stanley, get it for her, will you?
Please, don't throw it.
I'm a frightfully bad catch.
It's the major's fault.
He's got such a terribly strong service.-
- Thanks most awfully.
- All right.
Heavens, Father... is that
a sample of the local talent?
Talent?
That's our Miss Forsdyke.
Not a natural blonde, of course.
- Thirty-love.
- No...
Well, I suppose you're used to living here,
but I know I should find it most unnerving.
Nonsense, Stanley!
It's simply a question of attitude.
Here we're down to fundamentals.
I wouldn't disagree with that, Father.
Dignity and privacy, Stanley,
only exist nowadays in a place like this.
Not on the tennis courts, Father.
- You staying to lunch?
- Erm... no, I don't think I will.

I've got to be at the University
Appointments Board this afternoon.
I still don't understand
why anybody brought up as a gentleman
should choose to go into industry.
Well, of course,
I shall be an executive.
- Decided where you're going to live?
- That rather depends.
I'm staying with Aunt Dolly
at the moment.
Aunt Dolly?
Why, your Uncle Bertie's mother.
Is she still alive?
- Well, she was this morning.
- Really?
Yoo-hoo, Mr Windrush.
We've quite worn the major out,
Mr Windrush.
Do you think we could tempt
your son to join us for a game?
No, I'm afraid not.
Terribly sorry!
Father, I really must be going. I'll, erm...
I'll let you know how I get on
at the interview.
There's no doubt about it.
Industry today offers a young man
tremendous opportunities,
provided he has three things:
confidence,
intelligence, and enthusiasm.
Now, what particular industry
had you in mind?
Well, I was thinking of
something not too heavy, sir.
Not too heavy?
Well, not, for example a thumping
great business like iron and steel.
I see. Light industry, eh?
And preferably near London
with early closing.
With what?
Well, I thought perhaps

one afternoon a week.
You do expect to work, I suppose?
Good Lord, yes, sir.
I'm not afraid of hard work.
Given the opportunity,
I'm confident I shall get to the top.
Well, I hope you're right.
Well, I'll arrange
some appointments for you
and send you a list of people
you can go and see.
- I hope you have some luck.
- Thank you very much, sir.
Windrush! Don't forget...
Intelligence, enthusiasm,
and an air of confidence.
Above all, an air of confidence.
I won't, sir.
'Industry! With tremendous
opportunities for the young man.
'Industry, spurred
by the march of science
'in all directions,
'was working at high pressure
'to supply those vital needs
'for which the people
had hungered for so long.'
Detto doubles the bubbles
Detto halves all your troubles
D-E-T-T-O
That's Detto, better for you
Detto!
And we need chaps like you
with a higher education
to enable us, once we've trained you,
to hold our place as one of the great
detergent-producing nations of the world.
Now, before I take you
and show you around the factory,
are there any questions
you'd like to ask me?
You also make Frisko, which costs less.
What's the difference
between that and Detto, sir?

Basically none.

It's a question of packaging.

Detto, as you see,

has the larger carton,

but they contain identical quantities.

Detto is aimed at the young housewife.

It might interest you to know, sir,

that I have a great aunt

who tried Frisko once,

and she came out

in an appalling rash.

Is that so?

It may interest you to know

that my babies' napkins

have always been washed in Frisko

and that no child has shown

a sign of a spot since birth.

Of course,

my aunt's rash was on her arm.

Next question?

What is the manufacturing cost, sir?

Now, that's a very good question.

I'm glad you asked that.

The actual cost of the contents

of these two packets

does not exceed

three tenths of a penny.

The retail price...

eleven pence...

ten pence ha'penny!

Now, what does that indicate?

A whacking great profit.

To market a commodity

it is necessary to exploit.

And that costs money.

Currently we are giving away

a set of electroplated teaspoons

with every four packets

of Detto purchased.

Excuse me, sir...

but has the firm considered

the alternative?

What alternative?

It just occurred to me, sir.

SeII the teaspoons
and give away the Detto.
TeII me,
what is your name?
Windrush, sir.
Windrush!
WeII, Mr Windrush,
with your approach
I see not onIy no future for you,
but no future for us.
You'd better go, Mr Windrush.
You are not the detergent type.
Num-Yum's the best, bar none
So of course we say "Num-Yum"
Num-Yum is scrumptious
and it's so nutritious
Num-Yum
Num-Yum is fruit and fun
Num-Yum's the best, bar none
Because it's soft and miIky
and deIicious! Num-Yum!
This is Mr Windrush, Hooper.
He's come to see us about
an executive trainee appointment.
Now, take him round.
Show him the whoIe process.
I'II come back Iater.
Thank you very much, sir.
- Morning.
- Morning.
Here, try one.
- That's very kind of you, sir.
- Not at aII.
Thank you very much.
- Do you Iike it?
- Mm...?
It's our new summer formuIa.
Fascinating. What's in it?
- What's in it?
Come on, I'II show you.
And now, then, this is the first stage
of the mixing process.
You see, each pipe up there
gives the intermittent one-minute

discharge of the basic ingredients
into a rotating barrel inside here.
Go on, eat it up.
That's right. You see,
the timing of the flow
determines the quantities,
as per formula.
Now then, every four minutes,
a pressure-operated relief valve
discharges the mixture out of here
into this duct
on its way to the next stage.
There she goes.
Come on, taste it.
Go on, it's quite cool.
- Good?
- Mm...
OK, all right, follow me.
Now, here we have
the cooling and blowing tunnel.
You see, airjets cool the mixture
to the required consistency,
simultaneously blowing it up...
Now, then, you taste this.
Haven't you finished it yet?
You are a slowcoach. Come on!
That's all right, have the lot.
Go on, swallow it down.
You see, it's all mellow, isn't it?
Yes, all right, come on, over here.
Here the mixture has solidified...
Not here, Miss Hackney!
Please, dear!
Here, try a bit.
Now...
Now, this machine,
as you see, stamps out
a two-and-a-half-ounce uncoated block.
Here, tuck in.
Each machine
cuts 48,000 blocks a day...
You're not eating.
Go on, enjoy yourself.
...at the rate of

approximately 2,000 an hour.
Now, from here, we go down here.
And, this is the enrobing chamber,
where the blocks are coated with icing,
of course, and decorated.
This is my favourite machine.
I say...
Is there anything wrong, old man?
My hat!
Pretty overwhelming, isn't it?
Come on, round the other side.
And here we have the coated blocks -
soft, milky, delicious.
All ready for stamping
with a walnut and a cherry.
Now all that remains is to wrap 'em,
pack 'em, despatch 'em.
There we are.
Seen everything, my boy?
Course, it isn't easy to digest,
all in one go, you know.
- 'He's turned out to be...'
- Look I...
'...some adolescent, stupid moron...'
'Are you sure he was at Oxford?'
I can only say I'm sorry.
'I ought to tell you that he created
a damned bad impression upon my staff...'
Look, I can't do more
than apologise now, can I?
'...all I know...'
'...like that. Well, for God's sake,
don't get me a maniac...'
Well, I'm sorry. I'm extremely sorry,
but goodbye!
It's that fellow Windrush again.
Take this letter,
Miss Harvey, would you?
Dear Windrush,
your appointment
yesterday with Mr Bartlett,
Managing Director
of the British Corset Company,
brackets,

Foundation of the Nation,
Close brackets, Limited,
was the eleventh granted you
in the past ten days.
'In view of the singular lack of
appreciation you have encountered,
'I am led seriously to doubt
whether you and industry are compatible.
'Yours faithfully...'

Your Uncle Bertram and a gentleman
have called to see you, Master Stanley.
They're having tea with your Aunt Dolly
in the drawing room.

Thank you, Spencer.

Here's your tea, my pretties.

Here is Stanley.

- Hello, Aunt Dolly.

- Hello, darling.

- Hello, young fellow.

- Hello, Uncle.

I don't think

you know Mr De Vere Cox.

Yes, he does, Lady Dorothy.

We was comrades-in-arms together
during the last war.

Coxie! Good graciousness me!

What on earth are you doing here?

He's a business friend of your uncle's.

Matter of fact, we've come
to do you a bit of good, Stan.

Really?

May I give you

another cup of tea, Mr Cox?

Thank you, milady.

Mother tells me

you want to go into industry.

That's right, Uncle.

They're crying out for people,

but... oh, well,

it doesn't seem very easy to get in.

M...

Well, Stanley, I happen to be a director
of quite an important engineering firm.

Missiles.

How would you like to join us?
That'd be wonderful, Uncle.
Well, of course it would, Stanley.
And this is the right time, too.
Your uncle's firm is just about
to land a big arms contract.
Actually, it was Coxie's idea
that I should take you on.
Thank you very much, Coxie.
Well... what would I have to do?
Well, I expect you'll just supervise, dear.
After all, you were at Oxford.
The first thing to do is to apply
to the local labour exchange.
- Labour exchange?
- That's right!
I... I did suggest
to your Uncle Bertie, Stanley,
that you might, perhaps
go in on the other side.
What other side?
B-become a worker.
- A worker.
- Unskilled, of course.
Does Mr Cox seriously suggest, Bertie,
that Stanley should throw in his lot
with the working classes?
I'm perfectly serious.
Tell me, Stanley,
on the management side,
what sort of money
would you hope to start with?
About...
eight pounds a week.
Well, there you are, Lady Dorothy.
I mean, if you were an unskilled worker,
you union would see
you never got as little as that.
What's more, as a proper worker,
Stanley, you're important.
Politicians need your vote,
so they fall over themselves
trying to make you happy.
Can you imagine our Stanley here,

aII muscIes and sweat?
No, no, no, no, no, dear Iady!
You've got hoId of
the wrong end of the conception.
These days, it's the management
who does aII the, er...
perspiring.
I mean, you take
an up-to-date firm Iike MissiIes.
Your UncIe Bertie's given himseIf uIcers
trying to make them more efficient
and teII the men
it means a bigger wage packet.
And you'II be the one
who gets it, StanIey.
I must say, it does sound attractive,
Aunt DoIIy.
I couIdn't bear the thought of you
having to join one of those horrid unions.
WeII, I don't suppose one has to.
- I so hate vioIence.
- Nonsense, Mother!
That sort of thing
doesn't happen nowadays.
WeII, StanIey, what about it, eh?
WeII, UncIe...
wouId I be abIe to work my way up?
Of course. In time.
AII right.
I'II have a go.
Very sensible.
Mind you,
don't mention to anyone at the works
that your unCIe's
on the board of directors.
It, er... couId disturb the industriaI peace.
'The gates had opened
on a brand new age,
'and through them marched the peopIe.
'The bIues of bygone days had faded
into a prospect pink and bright
'as they marched happiIy to their work.
'Beckoned by opportunity,
'the British worker responded with

a new sense of the dignity of labour.

'To match his age-old traditions
'of brotherhood and comradeship.'

- Here you are, Knowles.

- Ay.

Here you are, Knowles.

A nice little two-shilling double for today.

- From Bertie in the machine shop.

- Ta, mate.

Did you do the one

I give you Friday, Charlie?

Get out. I did the horse you give me on
Thursday and it's still running.

Knowles! Knowles!

Watch it, here comes Crawley!

Knowles, come here.

This new man here, Knowles.

I'm putting him on the trucks with you.

- Give him the low-down, will you?

- Right, Mr Crawley.

Come on, you men. Start work!

Come on!

Come on, get cracking. Come on.

That's a nice, er... smooth bit of stuff,
ain't it, squire?

- Got your overalls?

- I'm afraid I haven't.

Ooh, you'd better buy some quick,
otherwise you'll have the major after you.

- Major?

- Yeah, Old Itchy, the personnel manager.

What you might call everybody's auntie.

That's all right

for the brass at Head Office.

They don't actually have to deal
with the workers.

As personnel officer, that's my job.

God help me!

And I can tell you,
they're an absolute shower.

A positive shower!

But my instructions, Major Hitchcock,
are to carry out a time and motion study

- in every department.

- Whose bright idea was that?

Mr TracepurceI, I suppose.

He engaged me.

- Thank you.

- But sureIy the men must know that I...

Know!

Get this into your head.

They know nothing other than what's
in their pay packet at the end of the week.

We've got chaps here who can break out
into a muck sweat mereIy by standing stiII.

One thing they can't stand
is being stopwatched.

But the soIe purpose
of a time and motion study
is to enabIe the men to work efficientIy,
weII within their naturaI capacity.

Capacity!

My dear feIIow, the onIy capacity
naturaI to these stinkers
is the capacity to dodge the coIumn.

Sorry, oId chap!

Letting off steam Iike that.

Had rather a punishing night, Iast night.

Did a spot of time and motion study
of my own.

Redhead. Rather athIetic.

- Quite!

- WeII, not to worry, oId boy!

I shaII just have to think of a way
for you do your stuff
without these rotters cottoning on.

It won't be easy, though.

The Iast time and motion feIIow we had
tried to pass himseIf off
as one of the workers.

They rumbIed him right away.

Poor chap's stiII in hospitaI.

Up...

down.

- Dead simpIe.

- I must say.

It looks a joIIy efficient IittIe job.

It must be great fun driving it.

Yes, well, all you've got to worry
about is to remember
to plug in here at nights,
when you knock off work,
so the batteries are fully charged
when you come in in the morning.
Terrific. It's so simple.
The man hours saved
must be colossal.
Yes. Well, we're on
a fixed-bonus system,
so there's no need
to go flogging your guts out.
I dare say, but after all,
one of these trucks must be able
to do the work of a dozen men.
Not half, really, don't you know?
You're, er... dead keen,
ain't you, squire?
Could you just
run over the thing once again? I...
Dai, we've got another one.
Go on, go and tell 'em.
Good idea, Charlie.
...so when he started shooting off
about efficiency
and doing the work of ten men,
Brother Carter suggested
that I should report the matter formally
to the shop steward.
Very commendable, lad.
On a point of order, Brother Chair,
if he is one of them
time and motion blokes,
we'll have to move quick otherwise he'll
stopwatch the men on the job
and we'll find ourselves with tighter
schedules for the same rate of pay.
Exactly, brother. Exactly. But we have to
play this thing rather careful.
On the one hand, we must be fair
to the man concerned,
yet on the other hand, we don't wish to
raise issues with the management

which will reverberate back
to our detriment.

Hear, hear!

This lot's got to be shifted to despatch.
We'll start this end.

If you don't mind,

I'll start on my own, down here.

- Watch it!

- 'Ere, what's your game?

Frightfully sorry!

- Sorry. Sorry. Sorry...

- 'Ere, who's gonna sort this lot out?

- You berk!

- Are you potty or something?

- Right, play 21 .

- Same here.

Good lord, man,

what the hell do you think you're doing?

- Shut that bleeding door!

- Go on! Get off out of it, will you?

I do beg your pardon.

I'm new here.

- I should bloody well think you are.

- Now, you bring those things back here,
and you get back up the other end.

That's where you ought to be.

You berk!

I don't know, they're taking on some
proper charities nowadays, aren't they?

Right, here we go again.

- What are you doing?

- Three!

I say...

The most extraordinary thing.

I moved some crates down there,
and there were some chaps
playing cards.

- They were absolutely furious.

- No, well, I told you to start this end.

But who are they?

They are what is called redundant.

The management

wanted to sack 'em,

but the works committee said

if they did,
we'd all come out on strike.
So, they're kept on as checkers.
Ha! But don't expect them
to check anything.
Now, come on, get weaving
and only one at a time, mind you.
- That's him, Mr Kite.
- You!
You!
What do you think you're doing?
Frightfully sorry.
Afraid I haven't quite got this thing
buttoned up yet.
What's your name?
Windrush!
Me and my colleagues
are the works committee.
How do you do?
Would you mind
producing your union card?
I'm afraid I can't.-
Well, you see,
I happen to be staying with an aunt
who has rather strong feelings
about unions.
She's not the only one
with strong feelings, mate.
- It's not compulsory, is it?
- No, it's not compulsory,
only you've got to join, see?
Well, if it's not compulsory
that's all right, I'll join.
Have you ever done
this sort of job before?
I'm afraid I haven't.
What brought you here, then?
Well, it all started
when I was recommended
to take up industrial management.
Industrial management!
All right, mate, off you get.
- Ah, call a stoppage of the truck drivers.
- Right.

Brother Carter,
take charge of his truck.
Don't you do nothing
tiII your case has been gone into.
Come on, get off it!
Creep!
My dear feIIow,
we're Iiving in the weIfare state.
I caII it the fareweII state.
The soIdier's fareweII.
Sorry, Major. Just heard there's trouble
on the way. The shop stewards.
Damn it! There you are, Waters,
what did I teII you?
They're on to you aIready.
These feIIows couId smeII out a time
and motion man in a Iitter of poIecats.
Henry, take Waters outside
and camouflage him. Come on.
- Is he in?
- Good morning, Mr Kite.
WeII, he's very busy, but I know
he's aIways pIeased to see you.
WiII you come this way?
The works committee
to see you, Major.
Come in, take a pew.
Cigarette?
After due deIiberation,
Major Hitchcock,
the works committee
has had to caII a stoppage
in response to our members' wishes.
WeII, what preciseIy is the trouble?
The members feeI that the agreement
negotiated with respect to
time and motion study
- is being contravened.
- That's impossibIe!
You know me. I wouIdn't do anything
behind the backs of the unions.
Then, perhaps, Major Hitchcock,
you can expIain
the presence of this new man.

New man?

But he hasn't started yet.

Hasn't started yet?

Then what's he doing
on a f-f-f-forklift truck?

- Who?

- Windrush.

Wind... That name rings a bell.

Get his particulars.

Let's be perfectly frank

with each other, Major.

This man is not a genuine worker.

He's admitted as much.

And in permitting him to drive
one of them trucks,

I would say the management
is wilfully chiropodising
the safety of its employees.

What is more, Major,

he does not hold a union card.

- Here you are, Major.

- Thank you.

But you're absolutely right.

It's that damned labour exchange again.

Henry, this man

must be sacked immediately.

Well now, do you see

what we're up against?

Nowadays they send us anybody.

Just anybody.

I must say, I'm really grateful to you chaps
for drawing this matter to my attention.

I mean, after all, it is up to the unions
to help us keep out the incompetents.

Er... If you do not mind, Major,

we would all like to withdraw and consult.

- By all means, go ahead.

- Thank you.

That was a near one.

I thought they were onto Waters.

What a shower.

I'd better get on to Crawley
and tell him to pay this man off.

Yes, and at the same time,

give him a rocket
for employing the twerp
in the first place.

Come in!

My colleagues here have instructed me
to put to you one question, Major.
Certainly, go ahead, my dear fellow.
Is it, or is it not your intention
to sack this man?

Sack him, of course.

I am obliged to point out, Major,
that if you sack this man,
the company is in breach
of its agreement with the union.

But surely,

he's not a union member.

Correct, but, that is merely technical.

But didn't you say

that he was incompetent
and couldn't do his job properly?

We do not and cannot accept the principle
that incompetence justifies dismissal.

That is victimisation.

- That's right.

- Hear, hear!

Well, we... we seem to have been
at cross purposes.

I was under the impression that it was
you chaps who objected to this fellow.

That was before we was
in full possession of the facts.

Well, in that case
everything's absolutely splendid,
and the fellow can stay on.

Well, I think we can
all congratulate ourselves
on a most productive morning's work.

We haven't had
a stoppage like this for ages.

Not since the week before last.

I'm terribly sorry about it.

Ooh, you don't want to be sorry, squire.

It makes a nice little break, don't it?

- What's up now?

- Dinner time. Come on, cock.
Blimey. All go today, innit?
Our chairman,
as you know, is indisposed,
but he has asked me to say
how much Missiles value
the placing with us
of this important arms contract.
Satisfaction that is strengthened
by the knowledge
that in supplying your country
with arms,
Missiles are making their own special
contribution to the peace of the world.
Hear, hear!
On a personal note,
I would like to pay tribute
to his Excellency, Mr Mohammed here,
whose charm as a diplomat is
well matched by his personal integrity.
Hear! Hear!
The success of these negotiations
is entirely due to him.
- Thank you, Mr Mohammed.
- Thank you.
You flatter me, Mr Tracepurcell.
I am no diplomat,
I'm a simple businessman.
My dear sir, no.
We're both simple businessmen.
Excuse me, sir.
There's a rather urgent call.
Will you excuse me.
A rather urgent call.
- Of course.
- Thank you.
- Did you enjoy your lunch?
- Very much, thank you!
Good!
Yes, the deal's just been signed.
Now, listen very carefully, Cox.
Leak the story to the papers
right away.
By tomorrow, our shares

wiII have trebled in value
and we'll start selling them off.
By the end of the week, we should
have made a very nice tax-free killing.
And then we can go ahead
with the rest of the plan.
Huh?
You don't have to worry about that.
Stanley's nicely lined up.
He started work this morning.
In... Incidentally...
I've been studying His Excellency
Mr Mohammed rather closely.
I think he should prove cooperative.
Yes, of course,
the trouble in the world today is
that everybody
is out grabbing for himself.
But in Britain it's so different.
You play the game.
Nice to hear you say that,
Mr Mohammed.
It's a matter
of mutual confidence, really.
And after all, every man
working for Missiles knows
that we're all in the same game together.
That essentially
we're all out for the same thing.
Of course, you see, it's entirely different
in the Soviet Union.
There they are all working
for the same thing.
It is...
It is a classless society.
Here, you've got to watch 'em.
That is why the workers
have to stand solid.
Yes, yes, they struck me
as being pretty solid.
I must say it's very heartening
having you intellectuals
coming into the working-class
movement like this.

One has to do something.
True, brother, true.
I see from your particulars
you was at college in Oxford.
Yes, I was.
- Yes, I was up there meseIf.
- ReaIIy?
Yes, I was
at the BaIIioI Summer SchooI, 1946.
Very good toast and preserves
they give you at teatime,
- as you probabIy know.
- No, I didn't know, actuaIIy.
- WeII, there's your form, brother.
- Why, thank you.
Pop in on your way home
and pay your dues at the branch.
Got far to go, have you?
Erm... Ooh, no,
it takes me about fifty minutes.
I was wondering whether I ought to
try and find rooms nearer the works.
WeII, I might be abIe to heIp you there.
- Mrs Kite takes in occasionaIIy.
Oh, weII,
that's very kind of you, but...
No, no, no.
As a matter of fact, I'd weIcome it.
I enjoy a bit of serious company
and good conversation.
- Pop round and have a Iook at the rooms.
- WeII, erm...
Thank you very much, Mr Kite, but, um...
WeII, perhaps I couId Iet you know.
Ooh...
Er, Dad, teII Mum I'II be in Iate tonight,
wiII you?
Very weII, Cynthia.
You on overtime, are you?
Don't be daft.
Going up West... dancing.
My daughter Cynthia.
Works here, spindIe poIishing.
ReaIIy?

Quite a job.
Erm... that room
you were talking about just now...
You sure it wouldn't be any trouble?
No, no, Stanley, not a bit of it.
Well, erm... perhaps I could pop round
and have a look at it.
Erm... say tomorrow night?
Tomorrow night.
Yes, capital, capital.
- Tomorrow night, then.
- Good!
Of course,
that's imperialism for you.
I mean, you call the coloured chap inferior
and what have you got?
Cheap labour.
That's how the bosses make their profits
while half the world's starving.
For goodness' sake!
Stop being such a' old misery!
Here! Eat this!
It's just that I don't like to see our class
behaving like the Gadarene swine.
Here, you watch your language, Fred Kite,
if you don't mind...
In front of Mr Windrush.
That girl with that gramophone again.
She'll never stop it.
...she's my chick, boy
Stand right back, I'm doing fine
I'm all right, Jack, she's all mine
I'm all right, Jack, I'm doing fine
I've got a sweet doll
and she's mine, all mine
All you fellows keep out,
you'd better stay away
She's my baby now
and that's the way she'll stay...
Yes, here's another good one
to start off.
"Collective Childhood
and Factory Manhood".
Sounds fun.

Yes. Very descriptive.

It's all about how they run factories
in a workers' state.

However, I won't spoil it for you.

Have you ever been to Russia, Mr Kite?

No, not yet. The one place

I'd like to go to, though.

All them cornfields

and ballet in the evening.

I wish I knew as much about it
as you do.

Er... you haven't read
any of Lenin's work, have you?

Erm... no, I'm afraid I haven't.

That will open your eyes for you.

Is he still on about Russia?

I'll tell you straight: that's all
we ever get to hear in this house.

- Have another cup of tea, Mr Windrush.

- Er... no, I won't, thank you very much.

- No!

- Perhaps you'd care to imbibe.

Mother. Where's that

Australian burgundy we had?

- Where is it? It's in the...

- No, really.

- Are you sure?

- Absolutely certain.

Cynthia, this is Mr Windrush.

You know, the gentleman

that's going to take the room.

Yes, we have met already.-

- Good evening.

- There's some tea for you.

No, I can't stop.

I'm off now.

Well, where are you going this evening,
for goodness' sake, then?

- Movies.

- Well, I've got my car outside.

- Perhaps I could give you a lift.

- Well...

That would be kind,

wouldn't it, Cynthia?

Yes. Ta.

Here, you don't want to go yet,
Stanley, do you?

Erm, well, I don't, but I really
ought to be getting along now, Mr Kite.

- Bye, Mum!

- Bye-bye, dear. Don't be late.

- Dad...

- Well, goodbye. Thank you very much.

No, don't worry, Mrs Kite.

We'll see ourselves out.

What a lovely young fellow, eh?

Ain't he well mannered.

And potentially very intelligent.

Yes.

I don't know anything about that.

You know, Mother,

it's a pity Cynthia don't read a bit.

That girl's not properly developed.

Not properly developed?

Whatever on earth are you talking about?

Intellectually, I mean.

Oh, well, she's young.

She wants a bit of fun.

Yes, and she makes sure she gets it.

You know, I was thinking,

him living here

might make

a very good friend for Cynthia.

After all, he is a gentleman.

You can trust his sort.

Please explain.

Well, Mr Mohammed,

I'm afraid there's a distinct possibility

that missiles will be unable

to fulfil your contract.

But you're joking. The peace

of the Middle East depends on it.

No, I'm not joking.

Cox, perhaps

you would explain to Mr Mohammed.

Well, there's an engineering concern

that I happen to own.

I own the shares

and Bertie owns the tax losses...
only they're not in his name, of course.
Well, erm...
we don't happen to be very busy
just at the moment.
That is unfortunate, but the contract
is already with Missies.
Yes, but, then, supposing Bertie's right
and they can't deliver?
You want a rush job.
Well, that's where
my little company comes in.
Only, of course, it's going to cost
your government a bit more.
About 100,000 pounds more.
Well, that's a nice little sum
to divide between three.
Eeny,
meeny,
miny.
I see!
Between simple businessmen,
Mr Mohammed, even peace is divisible.
But why should you have trouble
at Missies?
A new worker
we've just taken on...
Shocking troublemaker,
Mr Mohammed.
Never knows when to stop.
Stan...
Mm-hm...
Do you mind me asking you something?
Of course not.
Cross your heart?
Cross my heart.
Are them your own teeth?
Are they what?
Are them your own teeth?
Well, of course they are.
I thought they were somehow.
Only you keep them so nice and white,
it just crossed my mind
they might be dentures.

Stan!

Mm-hm...

I'm so glad you're coming to live with us.

Num-Yum is fruit and fun

Num-Yum's the best bar none

Because it's soft

and milky and delicious

Num-Yum!

Come on, squire.

What's the trouble?

The damned thing won't go.

You've done it now.

You forgot to plug in, didn't you?

I saw that last night.

And when Charlie saw it, he said...

he said, "There's a bloke who'll have
a flat battery in the morning," he said.

Well, if he saw the plug was out,
why the devil didn't he put it in?

Demarcation, Stan.

Demarcation?

What the blazes is demarcation?

Not his job. He mustn't go doing work
that belongs to other people, must he?

I thought we workers
were all solid together.

Squire, you need educating.

He's in a different union.

He's in the Amalgamated.

We're in the General.

Well, what's the point
in having two unions?

Blimey, when was you born?

How would we go on for wage claims?

The Amalgamated gets a rise,
so the General puts in for one.

If the General gets it, then
the Amalgamated starts all over again.

So it goes on, you see, like leapfrog.

Otherwise we wouldn't none of us
get a rise, would we?

I see...

I hate to mention

a horrible thing like work.

Would you two mind
getting your trucks out on the job?
Put it back and plug it in.
Get a spare.
Here's the box you had
put in the recreation room, sir.
All right, Henry. Leave it there.
Ooh... Very good.
The dirty beast!
Major! I'm sorry,
but I really cannot go on like this.
- Yes?
- Your idea that I should keep out of sight
and time these men through binoculars
is quite impossible.
Waters, listen to this.
This is very good.
"Re that prize bloodhound
with binoculars which watches us,
"we suggest you don't let him
come sniffing round the workshops
"or he might lose his testimonials.
"Signed, Four Dog Lovers."
I don't find that particularly amusing.
I say, you ought to see
some of the others. Sheer porno.
Still, I suppose if it weren't for this box
they'd be writing all over the walls.
Hello. Hitchcock, Personnel.
Hello, sir.
Well, of course.
Yes, yes. Good show.
Henry, come in here!
What...?
Leave that to me, sir.
I'll lay that on.
Goodbye, sir.
Blast!
Henry. Bit of a flap on.
The deputy chairman's bringing down
that bunch of darkies
we're doing this contract for.
Got to lay on the usual things.
You know, speeches in the canteen

after lunch,
clean towels,
little bit of soap in the toilet.
Well, go on, mush!
- By the way, he wants to see you.
- Who? Me?
Yes, you must report to him
directly he arrives.
Right...
I had you sent down here
to do a job, Waters,
and you're simply not doing it.
But nobody will cooperate, sir,
least of all Major Hitchcock.
Now listen to me, Waters.
If you want cooperation,
get hold of that new man, Windrush.
He's on the trucks.
He's young, keen, intelligent...
and he hasn't been corrupted. Yet.
Well, sir, I could start timing
the mechanical handling if you'd like that.
Good. Well, after lunch,
get down to Despatch.
I've told Crawley
to have him working there.
But what about
the works committee?
Well, as you know, Waters,
I'm addressing the workmen at lunchtime
and what I have to say is bound
to provoke a works committee meeting.
My guess is they'll be out of the way.
- Very well, sir. Thank you very much, sir.
- Get on with it.
Very nice, Bertram. Very nice indeed.
Young, keen, and intelligent. Blimey!
You'd better hop it now. I don't want
the other directors to see you here.
Right. Look, in that speech of yours,
give 'em plenty of the old
"working your fingers to the bone" stuff.
And don't forget all that bunk
about export or die.

Export or die
is no empty phrase.
If we cannot sell the things we produce,
we cannot buy the things we need.
The result will be starvation.
I wonder if there's anyone here
who can put his hand on his heart
and truly say,
"I am doing my best."
The greatness of this...
Turn it down, Charlie boy.
There's enough wind inside.
...honesty. Hard work
and a sense of duty.
An ideal which many, I'm afraid,
have rather lost sight of.
To ensure this country's healthy
trading intercourse with foreign markets,
we must sell at the right price.
What's he on about, Stan?
Commercial intercourse
with foreigners.
...any notion of slackness,
demands greater efficiency
and everyone doing an honest day's work
for a fair day's pay, for a change.
It means that we must be ready
to work with our neighbours,
irrespective of whether
they share our beliefs
or whether they belong to another union,
or to another race.
For the success of the firm
is the success of us all.
Thank you, ladies and gentlemen.
And now get back
and buckle down to your jobs.
A very excellent speech, Mr Tracey.
It's so nice for me to see
British democracy in action.
Well, thank you, my dear fellow.
Really good speech, I must say.
Creep!
Well, Hitchcock, I think my speech

shouId have quite an effect, eh?

I shouId be most surprised

if it didn't, sir.

- Afternoon!

- Afternoon!

- Are you in charge here?

- No, you want the despatch chargehand.

He shouId be back soon.

He's a shop steward and they've got

a works committee meeting on.

Ah... Handy IittIe machine

you've got here.

Yes, they're jollIy good, aren't they?

I know you'II think me an awful fool,

but I'm a new boy around here.

ReaIIy?

I haven't been here long myself.

Yes?

What are you doing exactIy?

WeII, I'm shifting these generators

from the stores to here for loading up.

You must find this machine

saves you a lot of sweat.

It certainIy does.

Pity it can't take more than one crate

at a time.

- But it can.

- Oh! ReaIIy?

Yes.

- WouId you Iike me to show you?

- I wouId indeed.

Righty-oh.

Now you stay here.

Mind your legs,

the back swings round a bit.

That's the idea.

- There we are!

- My goodness, that was quick.

Not reaIIy. I couId go

much faster than that if I wanted to.

- But not with two, sureIy?

- More than two. Three. Four, if you Iike.

- That's impossibIe.

- All right, I'II show you.

I say... Are you sure I'm not keeping you from your work?

No, no, no!

Wouldn't I like to get you into trouble, or anything.

- Especially as you're new here.
- Not at all. I'm learning a lot.

Good!

Right! Watch this!

Don't want to get you into trouble.

Brothers, it means trouble. You all heard what was said in his speech.

- We did, Brother Chair.
- We, did Fred.

I have no hesitation in categorically delineating it as being barefaced provocative of the workers.

Hear, hear!

On a point of order, Brother Chair, I would say we was left with no option.

Exactly, brother.

Up to now we've been bending over backwards trying to be helpful to the management, but the cooperation's been all one-sided. You're right.

They f-f-f-f-fight us on every issue.

Correct. Now, if I am to ascertain the sense of this meeting, from now on no concessions.

Every man in this factory's got quite enough on his plate as it is without having any more piled on.

There we are. Dead easy.

Spendid! Absolutely first rate.

I shall want them put into effect immediately.

Certainly, sir.

Actually, nobody told me the shop stewards

- had agreed to the re-timings of the job.
- They haven't.

Well, sir, with all due respect,

these figures are absolutely worthless.

- Why?

- Why? Waters knows as well as I do that you must actually time a man on the job.

A man was timed.

A man was? How? Who?

Quite an inexperienced operator.

- I'm surprised to hear that.

- New man, sir. Name's Windrush.

Windrush? Windrush.

Look, sir, I...

I don't want to be a Jeremiah, but most of these figures are absolute science fiction, sir.

There's no fiction about those figures, Major.

In point of fact, Windrush's rate of work is much higher.

Yes, but he's a new man.

He hasn't got used to the natural rhythm of the other workers.

What you call their natural rhythm of work is neither natural, rhythmic or anything very much to do with work.

I agree.

Absolutely, sir.

Right, take 'em away and get on with it.

This is just the sort of thing I had in mind when I decided to have you down here.

- Keep it up!

- Thank you, sir. I'll do my best.

Before long we'll really have things moving in this place.

Er...

- Slice of cake?

- What? Turn you stone deaf.

Last week I was skint, then I had three cross doubles, and all of them came up.

No...

Turn it up!

The boys will get the impression you're creeping.

Sorry!

Here you are, squire,
a nice cup of gnats'.

- Here...

- No, go on, have this one on me.

Otherwise we'll have old Kitey chasing
you for the rent at the weekend.

There you are, look. ToId you.

He's come to collect.

FaII in, the Church Lads' Brigade.

Come on.

Thank you, brother.

Right, brothers, are we aII gathered?

My purpose in convening you
is to lay before you certain facts.

A few minutes ago,

I was handed this paper
by a representative of the management.

It purports to contain certain timings
made by the management,

which directly affect the rates
for the job that you are doing.

Now, this is the first time that this has
been mooted to the works committee,

And everything about it constitutes
quite definitely, quite definitely...

a definite breach of the existing
agreements

that exist between

management and unions.

- A diabolical liberty.

- Hear, hear!

How could they have retimed the job
without any one of us knowing?

Correct, brother.

And that brings me to a point
that has led us to take a particularly
grave view of the matter in hand.

My information is that
one of our members did, in fact,
cooperate with the management.

Brother Windrush. I am obliged
to put to you an open question.

Did you or did you not, in fact,

collaborate with the management?
Me? Collaborate? What do you mean?
Was you on loadings
yesterday afternoon?

Yes.

Brother Jackson, you're in charge
of loadings. Where was you?
Between the hours referred to
I was at a shop stewards' meeting.
So, you were there alone, brother.
Yes, I was.

Except for the other chap.

The other chap!

I think you ought to know, brothers,
that this so-called other chap
was, in point of fact,
the new time and motion man.

- That's torn it.

- That's handy.

What, old Soapy?

Brother Windrush, perhaps you'd care
to make a statement about that.

I'm terribly sorry,
but he didn't tell me that.

He just said that he was new here.

You must be dead stupid.

Of course he wasn't going to tell you.

It was just that he was
so interested in the truck.

Well, all he's interested in
is more work for less money.

But I wasn't working particularly hard,
and I got the job done in half the time.

Well, at that rate,
you'd only need half the drivers.

You want your head seen to.

It's all right for you, matey,
but we need the money.

So do I.

In fact, I could do with a bit more.

Huh. You're going the right bleeding way
about getting it. No mistake.

- You s-s-s-silly c-c-c-c-clot.

- Hear, hear!

You can say that again.
Order, brothers, order.
Windrush, your case will come up tonight
before the branch for consideration.
Well, I would like to make it clear
that I was not working hard.
Just quicker!
Looking at those schedules here, I'd say
you was working like a ruddy black.
'Ere... that's it.
You all heard what was said in the speech
about working with coloured labour.
The next thing you know,
we'll have the blacks here
doing our jobs like they do
on the buses in Birmingham.
- Dirty rotten trick!
- Typical!
What are you going to do, Kitey?
Call the drivers out?
Call the drivers out? I tell you, brothers,
everybody's coming out.
Hear, hear!
Hey, you!
You're in the loading bay, aren't you?
- Has that fellow Windrush gone yet?
- Try the car park.
He's got one of them bubble cars.
Is your name...?
Good lord, it is.
Of course I know you.
That's right,
I served under you in the army.
- How are you, sir?
- I might have known it.
You were damn bolshie in the army, and
now you're trying the same thing here.
But sir, what do you mean?
What do I mean?
Don't come the innocent
with me, Windrush.
You haven't been here more than five
minutes, and the whole place is on strike.
- But sir...

- You're a positive shower.
A stinker of the first order.
I'm frightfuIIy sorry, sir,
but I'm going to have to leave.
Ow!

- Here, come on. We're on strike.
- Who said so?
- OId Kitey has just passed a motion.
- Since when, man?
HaIf an hour ago. Come on!
Here, come on, pack it in. There's no
point us working for nothing, is there?
WeII, here's to the soIIidarity
of the workers.
Long may they remain united.
I think we can be pretty sure
that the workers won't give in.
The onIy thing is that my feIIow directors
may not approve of the stand I've taken.
And if they do not?
Then I might have to withdraw
the scheduIes,
and the strike wouId coIIapse.
But it must not coIIapse.
I have to have time to get permission
to transfer the contract
to my friend Mr Cox here.
WeII, how long wouId you Iike,
Mr Mohammed?
Four or five days. A Ieast.
I daresay I couId manage that.
Do you know, Bertie, I...
I think perhaps we ought to caII
the newspapers in on this.
I can't heIp feeIing there's a nice,
warm, human story here somewhere.
You haven't finished.
Come on, StanIey,
you can't stop eating just because
you're not working, you know?

- My dear boy!
- I say, Mr Kite's quite Iate, isn't he?
Soppy branch meetings.
Jaw, jaw, jaw.

I don't know
what they find to talk about.
They're talking about me, I think!
Considering my case.
Daft Iot!
There he is now.
Come on, Dad!
Tea's waiting.
Stanley and Cynthia's
practically finished theirs.
Good evening, Mother.
Good evening, Mr Kite.
Communication addressed to you
from the branch committee.
- Good evening, Cynthia.
- Dad...
"Disassociation"? What's that?
You have been sent to Coventry.
You mean... nobody will talk to me
for a month?
That is correct, yes.
Does that mean that you're not even
allowed to talk to me, Mr Kite?
Only to inform you of the nature
of the branch committee's decision,
democratically arrived at.
Demo... but I wasn't there, Mr Kite!
Utterly unnecessary.
We was in full possession of all the facts.
So, you've all come out again, eh?
Really good job
the wives don't go out on strike.
- You washed your hands?
- They're clean enough, Mother.
Yes, well, I hope they are.
Here, who can that be?
- Yes?
- Good evening. Is this Mr Kite's house?
- Yes.
- We're from the press.
From the press.
Would you wait one moment, please?
Dad!
Dad!-

- It's the newspapers.
- What?
- There's a crowd of reporters outside.
- That'll be about the strike.

No doubt they want a statement from me.

I wouldn't go getting myself
in the newspapers if I were you.

Don't be silly, Mother.

When you're in the public eye,
you must expect that sort of thing.

Let them in.

I must ask all those present to retire
while I hold a press conference.

Press conference? Huh? Who do you
think you are? Diana Dors?

- Will you come in, please?

- Good evening.

- Good evening.

- Good evening, friends.

- Good evening.

- Please be seated.

- Mr Kite?

- That is correct, friend, yes.

I think I know

what you've all come about,

so if you'd care to

take the seats available,

I'm quite prepared to get down

to the facts of the case.

Now, the situation as I see it is this:

- It has always been the union's...

- Mr Kite...

Could we interrupt you

just for a moment?

Certainly, friend. Certainly.

We understand

you have a Mr Windrush lodging with you.

That is so, yes.

Could we see him,

do you think, Mr Kite?

See him?

Well, I do not know.

Is he in?

Yes, he's in...

but it may not be convenient.
Would you mind asking him?
Mother!
Mr Kite, this strike at Missiles.
I believe you're chief shop steward,
aren't you?
I am... for my sins.
Then it was you
who brought the men out?
Technically that might appear so.
However, a motion was put and passed
democratically, and if I might...
How many strikes have you called
in the last year, Mr Kite?
Now, now. I do not regard that question
as being relevant to the immediate issues.
Are you a member
of any political party, Mr Kite?
Friend, my politics are a matter
between my conscience
and the ballot box.
Well, are you a Conservative, then?
Look here, friend,
the interests of the working classes
are historically and diametrically opposed
to those vested interests
which I lay behind the party
you have mentioned.
What is more, and again...
Do you mind if we ask you
some questions, Mr Windrush?
No, not at all. Of course.
This strike at Missiles, Mr Windrush.
We're told you started it.
- Yes, I'm afraid I did.
- By working too hard.
Well, I wouldn't say that.
But you did work a lot harder
than the others?
Well... not harder, really.
Perhaps a bit quicker.
What are your mates
going to say about this?
I'm not quite sure, really.

You see,
they're not allowed to speak to me.
- Why not?
- Well, I've been sent to Coventry.
Sent to Coventry for working hard?
I suppose so.
I'm not quite sure, really.
These mates of yours.
How do you feel about them?
They're first-class chaps.
No hard feelings?
Good Lord, no.
But don't you want to get back to work?
Yes, I do, I...
- I need the money.
- But the union's stopping you?
Yes, well...
It's not really as simple
as all that, really.
You see,
there's the negotiated agreement,
and then there's also the question
of the black men.
Black men?
How do they come into it?
Well, I must admit
I don't really understand that myself.
But I'm sure Mr Kite
could explain it for you.
Would it be fair to say, Mr Windrush,
that your whole object is
to help get this big export order completed
- as quickly as possible?
- Absolutely.
I think we all realise that if we can't
export, we shall die of starvation.
And I mean,
we must produce the goods
- at the right price, mustn't we?
- Do forgive me, Mr Windrush,
but I'm most anxious to get
the human angle on this sort of problem.
Are you the only person living here
with Mr and Mrs Kite?

Yes, that's right. I mean,
apart from their daughter Cynthia.

- And what does she do?

- She's at the factory, too.

ReaIIy? Mm...

Then you must be seeing
quite a lot of each other?

Yes, weII... It's reaIIy getting
awfuIIy late, now and I...

Mr Kite hasn't had his supper yet.

- Thank you very much.

- Before we go, Mr Windrush,
couId we have a picture of you
with Mrs Kite and her daughter?

Just over here, Mr Windrush.

Next to Mrs Kite!

You don't want to photograph me!

What do you want to
photograph me for?

Give us a chance

to get my apron off, then.

Let's make it a IittIe more friendIy.

Put your arms round them,

Mr Windrush.

That's it.

Now, Miss Kite,

if you'II just look up at Mr Windrush and...
smiIe.

Thank you.

"- SaIute StanIey Windrush.

- Why?

"Because this man did in one hour
what his workmates did in severaI.

"What did his union do?

"They sent him to Coventry.

"Was he working too hard?

"No! He was working more
efficiency... efficientIy.

"What a reward!

Does he forgive them?

"Yes, he does.

" 'They are first class chaps,' he says.

"Here is an example to us aII.

"The management must back this man."

There. Lord Beaverbrook wrote that.
I should never have allowed him
to be interviewed.
They was bound to use him
as a tool to whitewash the bosses.
This is a stunt of the management's.
Look at this, Mum.
"The Sketch" says...
if Stan was working in Russia
he'd be made a hero of the Soviet Union.
Ooh, you've come out lovely
in this one, Cyn.
I must say,
they do look nice together, Dad.
Look at Stan in this one.
He looks just like
Frankie Sinatra. Innit marvelous!
Beats me how you can sit there
reading that muck!
I don't know about muck.
You have sent him into Coventry,
haven't you?
I notice they don't say,
"Salute Fred Kite."
Your press conference
didn't do you much good, did it?
Don't be rude to your father now.
- Well, I'd better be off.
- Thought you said you wasn't working?
I can't stay here arguing.
I've got a lot to do.
Report to the executives,
check up on the pickets.
From what I can see, the only time
you ever joyfully well do any work's
when you're on strike.
- There he is!
- Ah...
Mind your backs, please.
Any further developments, Mr Kite?
Care to make a statement?
Any news?
I have only one thing to say
to you lot.

This strike is going to be
one hundred per cent solid.
Apart from that, I have no comment.
Excuse me.
Stand back, please. Stand back.
Keep a look-out
for Master Stanley's car, Truscott.
I imagine the house
must be somewhere near here.
Very good, Your Ladyship.
Would you mind coming out this side,
madam?
Yes, I think I'd better.
Thank you.
Whatever is going on here?
Good morning.
Is my nephew at home?
- Nephew?
- Mr Windrush.
Who? Stan?
Yes, er... Stanley.
Mum, it's Stan's auntie.
Auntie?
- Will you come in, then, please?
- Thank you.
I've told Stanley you're here.
- He's just dressing.
- Thank you.
Cynthia, you go and get dressed, too,
for goodness' sake.
Ooh.. All right, Mum.
- See you later.
- Yes, er... yes.
I'm ever so sorry.
It's all my fault. I told Stan
he could have a lie-in this morning.
- Seeing he wasn't working.
- I see.
Do please sit down, won't you?
I'll make you a cup of tea.
No, I won't have any tea, thank you.
It's not a bit of trouble.
The kettle's on for Stanley anyway.
You're very kind, but no, thank you.

I must say, we do love
having your nephew here.
Yes, he's a nice boy.
Yes.
He's so considerate and so polite.
I'm very glad to hear that.
Nowadays, manners
do seem to have changed, don't they?
You're telling me.
It's not only manners changed.
Sometimes I think
the whole world's changed.
- It has indeed.
- That's what I say.
I was saying to Mrs Kite the other day,
I say, it's all very well your saying,
'Change this, change that'...
Wotcha gonna be left with?
- Perhaps I will sit down.
- Yes, of course. That's the ticket.
That's right.
- You make yourself comfortable.
- Thank you.
And I'm going to make you
a nice cup of tea.
Thank you very much.
Young Stanley's side of the family haven't
got two ha'pennies to rub together.
Still, I suppose
she looks after them all right?
She looks after her money.
That's about all she looks after.
Mind you, I dare say young Stanley will
come in for a bit when she goes upstairs.
I know Stanley
now calls himself a worker,
but I'm most anxious
that he shouldn't be disloyal.
Definitely.
How do you like your tea?
Strong. And no sugar, please.
After all, family ties count for something.
No one's entitled to forget
the principles of his upbringing.

Quite.

You see... it's quite unthinkable
that a gentleman should go on strike.
I mean, officers don't mutiny, do they?
No, they don't.

I see what you mean.

Thank you.

Well, that's what I've come to tell Stanley.

No, go on!

Don't know what that lot
suddenly turned up for.

They won't see nothing.

This strike's solid.

Why don't you tell them
to... ph-ph-...

photograph something worthwhile?

Hello, what's he come here for?

You shouldn't be up here, Stanley,
you're in Coventry.

Anyway, you don't want
this lot picking on you again, do you?

Well, of course I don't.

But the fact is, Mr Kite,
I've decided to go back to work.

You've what?

Well, it may be difficult for you
to understand this, but...

well, it's a simple matter
of loyalty, really.

I should think

it is a simple matter of loyalty!

You see, I can't let my family down.

I mean, Uncle expects it of me.

Uncle? What's your uncle
got to do with it?

Well, actually he's Mr Tracepurcell.

Though he did ask me
not to tell you.

I should bloody well think he did.

Well, of course I might have known.

Huh! Blind! I've been blind.

I might have known.

An agent provocator,
that's what you are.

- No, no, Mr Kite.
- You whited sepulchre, you!
Talked your way into the union,
wormed your way into my house,
and all the time you was a...
you was a fifth column in our midst.
I didn't mean to upset you
like this, Mr Kite.
Do you mind
if I drive on into the factory?
- No, you don't!
- Come on.
Fascists!
All right, go on in, if you're going.
You filthy traitor, Windrush.
Judas!
...and everything else.
Blackleg.
Nice thing...
And me chief shop steward.
Made me a laughing stock.
It's not right.
I'm easy enough, but...
but there are limits.
Ooh... home at last!
My feet are killing me.
Don't know
why they can't run more buses.
What a journey.
Eddie sends her love to you.
- Yes, dear, that's right.
- Put them down there for the moment.
Have you got that present
for Stanley there, Mum?
Here it is, dear.
Stan not had his supper yet?
- No.
- Why? Isn't he in?
No. I put the kettle on for you, Mother.
- Mum, shall I put it on his plate?
- Yes, dear, all right.
When will Stanley be back?
- He is back.
- What do you mean, "He is back"?

He's back where he belongs.
'Ere, just a moment.
What exactly do you mean by that?
- He's packed up and gone.
- Gone where?
I had no choice, Mother.
You see, he's a blackleg.
You threw him out?
Don't cry like that, darling.
Don't upset yourself, Cynthia.
You see what you've done, don't you?
What am I going to do
with these suspenders?
I could tell you.
It's so unfair.
He's got no thought for others.
Now he's ruined my whole life.
I hope you're satisfied, Fred Kite.
Look, Mother.
It was democratically arrived at.
I mean, I am chairman
of the works committee...
Yes, you're chairman
of the works committee, all right.
Don't we all know it.
Sick to death of you
and your works committee.
Union this, union that,
and your blasted Soviet Union.
- There is a strike on, Mother.
- You're telling me there's a strike on.
I'll tell you something else.
The strike's spread.
To this house, from now on.
Cynthia, get our bags packed.
We're going back to Auntie Edie's.
Two can play at this game, you know.
You wanted a strike,
you've got one.
Perhaps when you feel like
going back to work, I will.
And here's something else
I'm going to tell you.
Here's another strike

that's 100% solid.

'This is the BBC Home Service.

'Here is the 9am news for today,

Thursday, March 10th.'

The Transberberite Embassy

has announced

that its government has cancelled

its one and three quarter million pound

contract with Missiles Ltd.

in view of the strike there,

now in its fifth day.

Their spokesman

Mr Mohammed revealed

that the contract had been re-allocated

to another British firm,

'Union Jack Foundries Ltd. of Clapton.

'The Managing Director of Union Jack,

Mr Sidney De Vere Cox,

'said last night,

"'Missiles have my sympathy

in their present troubles,

"'but I naturally rejoice

"'that this valuable export order

will not be lost to the Old Country."'

How far is it, Mr Cox?

We'll be there in 20 minutes.

What a damn fine morning, Mr Cox.

Couldn't be better, old man.

It's in the bag.

To quote your English proverb,

we seem to have the bird by the bush

in the hand.

Well, here we are.

- 'Ere! Where do you think you're going?

- On strike, guv!

On strike?

What are you on strike for?

In sympathy with Missiles.

Sympathy? What about

a bit of sympathy for me?

- Excuse me, Mr Cox...

- Shut up!

'Industrial crisis

provides a challenge to a free society.

'But at such a time
the nation remains calm.
'Calm because it knows
it can be certain of leadership.
'Leadership that is bold, tolerant,
yet decisive.'
I see great principles at stake here.
As Minister of Labour,
you can be sure that I shall act.
You can also be sure
that I shall not interfere,
that is with those great principles
which I deem to be at stake.
The Trade Union Congress
has deliberated,
and on behalf of my colleagues
I can say that we are not prepared
either to endorse the strike officially
nor to condemn it.
All unions being autonomous
are free to make their own decisions.
For the time being, the General Council
calls upon employers
to exercise restraint
and to avoid provocation.
'But behind
the official pronouncements,
'other vital forces are at work.
'The traditional respect of the British
for the individual,
'allied to a rare genius for compromise
and the unorthodox approach.'
Why don't we just buy him off?
No, De Vere. It's too risky.
What's he like,
this fellow Kite?
Absolute shocker.
Sort of chap that sleeps in his vest.
Looks very much
as if we shall have to climb down.
Do you think the time's ripe, sir?
They're hardly feeling the pinch yet.
Well, I bloody am.
My men are out too, you know.

Next thing I'll lose the contract.
That's true, Hitchcock.
The nation's interests must come first.
Look, all you've got to do
is to go back to the old schedules
and sack this berk Windrush.
No, no, Cox. We can't sack him.
Not just like that, I mean.
Not while he has the press behind him.
All right, then.
But will somebody please go and find out
just what this geezer Kite will settle for.
Hitchcock, you'll have to go
and see Kite.
- Huh! Oh...
Hello, Kite.
I thought for a moment
you might be out on a spree.
And what might you want?
I hope I haven't called
at an inconvenient time.
You might have.
Mr Kite, I wonder
if I could have a word with you.
I daresay you could. Yes.
What a charming little place
you have here.
How's the lady wife and daughter?
- They're away on a bit of a holiday.
- Really?
I suppose they're finding it difficult
to get back, with the strike on.
I daresay they are.
Mr Kite, I really came round to see
if I could help you settle this strike.
- Help?
- Of course!
My dear fellow, you know me.
I'm on your side in this.
If they'd listened to me in the first place,
there wouldn't have been a strike.
- Yes, well, I never wanted it.
- Exactly.
The directors behaved

I like absolute shockers...
Looking pretty damn silly now, eh?
Typical! Typical!
The point is, from now on
they're more likely to listen to what I say.
I see.
Er... perhaps you'd care
to sit down, Major.
Thank you.
Do you imbibe?
- What a perfectly splendid idea.
- Good.
Well, to kick off,
supposing I could get them
to consider dropping these new timings?
No, no. Sorry, Major,
it wouldn't work.
They would have to admit
that these timings was unworkable.
Mind you, to be helpful,
I would agree to the job being retimed.
Only properly under the supervision
of the works committee.
I see.
That's very reasonable.
- Cheers.
- Cheers.
You appreciate of course
that Windrush would have to go.
Of course he will.
Now, you agree
to get the men back to work,
and I guarantee to sack Windrush
the moment all this blows over.
No, no, no, Major, it wouldn't work.
None of my members would come back
with him still working there.
That is a snag, isn't it?
- Perhaps you'd like a refill, Major?
- Huh?
If you're twisting my arm...
Thank you.
Windrush is the real problem.
How do we get rid of the shower

and avoid a public stink?
You know, I shall never be able
to answer all these, Aunt Dolly.
Of course not, dear.
You'll have to put an acknowledgement
in the personal column of the "Times"
Good Lord, Spencer,
what have you got there this time?
Another present for you,
Master Stanley, just arrived.
Don't bring any more of them in here,
Spencer.
- There really isn't room.
- Very well.
And tell Truscott to take all the flowers
to the hospital in the morning.
Very well, ma'am.
"With gratitude for your fight
against the rising cost of living,
"this gift comes to you
from five Cheltenham Ladies
"living on fixed incomes."
How very kind, Stanley.
Jolly kind indeed, Aunt.
Just listen to all that cheer!
How long have they been there,
Aunt Dolly?
Hours, dear.
What a nation we British are
once we're stirred.
...who are born of thee
Wider still and wider...
And the children of Babylon
are destroyed
and become an abomination
in the eyes of lasciviousness.
Three cheers for Mr Churchill
and Stanley Windrush.
Hip hip hurray!
We want Stanley!
What can you do with women?
Thank you.
Say, you do appreciate my position,
don't you?

I mean, you do appreciate it?
Yes, I appreciate to a degree,
but why have the stinker here
in the first place?
Well...
There you are.
Not exactly invisible mending,
but it will keep the draught out.
Takes you time to find out
who your friends are, don't it?
Of course I've been betrayed.
We've all been betrayed, old chap.
Do you think she'll come back?
Mine didn't. Thank God!
I don't know! I don't know!
I mean, I've always given her
the best I could provide.
She's always fit and well.
I mean, it ain't
as if she was overworked.
You see, I...
'Ere! That's it!
That's it. Overworked.
- Yeah?
- Yes.
His health brought on by overwork.
I thought you said
she was in tip-top condition.
No, not her, Windrush.
That is how we get rid of him.
He resigns on account of his health
brought on by overwork.
Kite, that's absolutely bang on.
His health brought on
by trying to work the new schedules.
Yes!
The best of British luck.
Do you think
he can be made to do it?
You trust his Uncle Bertie.
He'll do as he's told.
But I'm perfectly fit, Uncle.
Yes, yes, I know you're perfectly fit.
This is just a formula, used every day.

Army politics... whatever you like.
I do wish you'd stop worrying
about me, Uncle.
Resignation would be
far too easy a way out.
What you've done
has been wonderful,
and there's no question
of my letting you down now.
That's very nice of you, Stanley.
I appreciate it, but...
No, no, Uncle.
I wouldn't dream of it.
You've already sacrificed that contract.
I'm not gonna have you
sacrifice your principles as well.
Don't be such a damned fool, Stanley.
To hell with my principles!
The two heroes of the hour.
They're still calling for you, Stanley.
You simply must show yourself.
- Really, Aunt Dolly, must I?
- Indeed, you must!
And you too, Bertie.
Come along.
Quiet, fellows, quiet!
Tonight at eight-thirty,
we are presenting once again
our popular discussion programme
"Argument".
and the subject this evening
is the present industrial strike.
The producers have arranged
for some of the leading personalities
connected with the strike
to appear in the programme.
So you will hear a spokesman
for the management,
for the shop stewards,
and of course Mr Stanley Windrush
who was the cause of the strike.
The chairman
will be Malcolm Muggeridge,
so don't forget to look in at eight-thirty.

If you'd like to put your things in here,
then come down to the make-up room.
It's just down the corridor.
The others are already there.
Thank you very much.
That's right, Stan.
- It's yours.
- Coxie...
What on earth are you doing here?
That's your cut.
A little idea of mine.
My cut?
Well, you didn't think we was
going to leave you out, did you?
Only of course, you've got to do
what your uncle says.
What on earth are you talking about?
Resign, on grounds of ill health.
Now, I've already had all this out
with Uncle.
Now, look at me, old Stan.
This is a bit delicate.
I daresay your Uncle Bertie
wouldn't like me telling you all this,
but if you don't resign,
the strike goes on.
And we all lose
a hundred thousand smackers!
Who's "we"?
Well, there's me, your Uncle Bertie
and that black fellow Mohammed.
This is absolute nonsense.
Uncle's firm's already lost the contract.
Well, yes, in a way.
To me... Union Jack Foundries.
You see what it is.
It's business.
High finance and that...
Are you suggesting Uncle Bertram
stirred up all this trouble deliberately?
That's right.
With your help, don't forget.
Only, it's got to stop now,
or it's no good.

I'm going crazy!
I'd have thought
if you wanted to stop the strike,
you would have been talking to Mr Kite.
We have, Stan.
Very amicable, too.
It was him who suggested
the ill-health lark.
- There you are, Mr Kite.
- Thank you, Miss.
Ask the girl to go and see
what's happened to Mr Windrush.
I know you won't say nothing,
because if you do, your Uncle Bertie
will go inside for a few years.
Kill your Aunt Dolly, that would.
Anyway, I prefer to be honest,
put my cards on the table.
Quite a change for you.
Yes, well, you take my advice, Stan.
When it's your turn on the old telly,
get up quietly and tell them
you want to resign.
Right?
Ta-ta!
Make-up's waiting for you,
Mr Windrush.
Mr Windrush!
They're waiting for you.
Yes, of course!
'On the air in five seconds.
'Quiet, everybody!
'Four... three... two... one.'
"Argument". The programme
that puts you in the picture.
Good evening.
The subject on everyone's mind today
is unquestionably the strike.
'Now, some people think
that the national economy
'is being endangered
by the irresponsible...'
'Ere! Turn it up, will you?
Other people take the view

that the living standards of the workers
have been viciously attacked
by the employers,
who in any case
are in breach of contract.

We've got in the studio
four people intimately concerned
in the development
of this unhappy situation.

On my right is His Excellency,
Mr Mohammed.

And next to him, Mr Tracepurcell.

Then, on my left, Mr Kite.

And next to him, Mr Windrush.

Before turning these gentlemen over
to the studio audience for questioning,
I'm going to ask each of them
to make a brief individual statement.

And I'm going to begin with Mr Kite.

Now, Mr Kite, as Chairman
of the works committee at Missiles,
where do you stand?

Um... oh, yes.

Um, the situation
is quite straightforward.

As trades unionists,
we have always been concerned with...
for efficiency
and for the individual worker.

And it is...

It is for that reason
that we oppose the attempt
of the management
to overwork the man on the job.

Hear, hear!

It is for that reason that we oppose
the introduction of blackleg labour.

Hear, hear!

And it is for that same reason...

It is for that same reason
that we oppose...

Erm...

That reason we oppose...

Hear, hear!

Thank you, Mr Kite.
You've made the point, I think.
Now I'm going to call on Mr Windrush,
who, as a worker at Missiles,
might perhaps be described
as the odd man in.
And now, Mr Windrush,
what have you got to say?
Mr Windrush.
I'm going to find it pretty difficult
to say what I want to say in a few words.
In fact, I'm only now
just beginning to catch on.
As my friend Knowles
would have said,
I must have been dead stupid.
I've swallowed everything
they have given me to swallow.
Everything!
All the phoney patriotic claptrap
of the employers.
All the bigge I've heard talked
about workers' rights
until my head's reeling
with the stink of it all.
The trouble is, everybody's got so used
to the smell, they no longer notice it.
Furthermore, they're deaf, too.
So deaf
they can't even hear the fiddles.
In fact, they don't want to.
Wherever you look, it's a case of
"Blow you, Jack, I'm all right".
On a point of order, Mr Chairman...
I might have known
you'd have a point of order.
Hey, this is going to be a beaut...
This meeting
has got to follow the rules...
- Shut up, Fred!
- Mum!
We all know
your proper procedure.
Hang a chap without giving him a hearing.

Is that what they do in the Soviet Union?

I protest. My politics is a matter
between my conscience

- and the ballot box.

- Your politics?

"To each according to his needs,
"from each as little
as he can get away with,
"and no overtime except on Sundays
at double the rate."

That's a damn fine way
to build a new Jerusalem.

Mr Chairman, I do think that we all
ought to try and deal with each other fairly.
Don't you fall for that soft soap,
Mr Muggeridge.

When a deal's fair for Uncle Bertie,
you can bet your life
it's a wet and windy one for the rest of us.

Sit down, Stanley,
you're making a fool of yourself.

You and your talk of "country"!

You're waving a great big Union Jack,
so nobody can see
what you're up to behind it.

What does the idiot think he's doing?

- What the devil are you playing at?

- Not your little game, Uncle Bertie.

'You've cheated everyone,
even Aunt Dolly.'

- 'You leave my mother out of this!'

- 'Pon my soul!

'You're a bounder,

Uncle Bertie,

'a streamlined, chromium-plated,
old-fashioned bounder.'

- You cad!

- You humbug!

- You traitor!

- You twister!

- Snake!

- Skunk!

Gentlemen! Gentlemen, please...

- What we want to get at are the facts.

- The facts?
I've got the facts over here.
Here they are. Hundreds of them.
These are the onIy facts
that interest anybody in this dispute.
This is what they aII want.
This is aII they want.
Something for nothing.
Camera three onto MurieI!
We're sorry to have to leave "Argument"
at this point,
but a technical hitch has developed
which is beyond our control.
'We expect to resume
normal services shortly.'
Blimey! Ain't it marvellous?
Just when they was getting
nicely warmed up. Ain't it marvellous?
Brothers, please! Brothers!
Use your self-control!
Give me that! That's mine!
This is the sort of conduct
society can never... will never tolerate.
You wilfully instigated
these disorderly scenes,
and in the course of doing so,
you saw fit
to make a wicked and slanderous attack
upon the integrity of your employer,
a man surely entitled
to your gratitude and loyalty.
Not content with this,
you impugned the motives and actions
of your fellow workers
in the person
of their representative, Mr Kite.
He offered you comradeship,
and he gave you shelter.
His reward has been
your treachery and spite.
Will that lady kindly compose herself
or leave the court?
- Shut up, will you?
- Fred!

- You shut up, too!

- Fred!

In the face of these outrages,
your victims behaved
with remarkable generosity.
Rather than testify against you,
Mr Mohammed has invoked
his diplomatic immunity.
Mr TracepurceI and Mr Kite
were both emphatic in their plea
that your behaviour
could only be explained by ill health,
brought on by overwork.
In the circumstances,
I am prepared to accept
that your conduct
was in part due to a mental instability.
Provided that you
immediately seek medical aid,
you'll be bound over to keep the peace
for the period of one year.

Good shot, Major!

Glorious world to be alive in.-

- Peaceful here, isn't it?

- Yes, I suppose it is.

Rather a contrast to all
the undignified rushing and grabbing
- that goes on outside, eh, Stanley?

- Yes, Father.

We've turned our back
on all that kind of vulgarity.
We're only interested in
the simple things
that mankind has always been after.

Yoo-hoo! Mr Windrush?

- Is that your son with you?

- Yes, do you want him?

Goodie!

Stanley, would you like
to come and play with us?
We're going to have a tournament.
Knockout, you know...
Thanks, but I don't think
I'm really quite up to it.

Nonsense, Stanley,
a young fellow like you?
Go on, be a sport.
- I bet you're jolly good.
- Come on, Stanley!
None of us are terribly hot, you know.
- I wouldn't be any good, honestly.
- Rubbish!
He's only just being modest.
Come on, ladies,
come and make him play.
No!
Father!
I'm all right, Jack, I'm OK
That is the message for today
So count up your loyally,
feather your nest
Let someone else worry, boy,
I couldn't care less
You scratch my back
I'll do the same for you, Jack
That's the message for today
Well, we're all united
100%
Yeah, we're all solid like cement
Hear the happy voices shout out
One out, all out!
Blow you, Jack, I'm all right
Yeah, the workers and the bosses,
a sweet duet
Share the gains and the losses
Huh, you bet!
Well, everybody's comrades now
Like Cain and Abel
we're all brothers, and how!
They talk about Utopia,
don't let 'em soft-soap yer!
Grab you whack, brother, hold on tight
Blow you, Jack
I'm all right