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In Which We Serve

By Noël Coward

This is the story of a ship

(Cheering)

(Bosun's whistle)

Ship's company... 'shun!

Turn aft, right and left.

Turn!

- Open fire!

- Open fire!

Shoot!

Look at the Huns, sir. They're jumping
overboard in full marching order.

Look at that. Come in, the water's lovely!

Look at 'em. Somebody must have
blown a whistle. Layer on.

There are a lot more caques to port, sir,
and some bigger transports.

Shift to the big transports.

Aye aye, sir. Check, check, check.

Shift target right. Follow TBI.

(Explosion)

Can I fire torpedoes at the transports?

All right, get your old mouldies off,
but not more than two at any transport.

Flags, make to the division.

Train tubes to port.

- Ready port.

- Main office, make Tommy Tommy port.

(Explosion)

That's got 'em!

- Shoot when you see the whites of their eyes.

- 0-3-5. 1-0 left

Bingo!

- Fire one!

- Fire one!

- Fire two!

- Fire two!

Torpedoes fired, sir.

Our fish have hit, sir,
and one transport has blown up.

There goes another.

Big stuff.

The rest of the division are doing well.

Must be an enemy destroyer, sir.

- Right, engage her.

- Aye aye, sir.

Check check check.

Shift target left Follow TBI.

Take this. It was my mother's.

Ah!

- Trainer on.

- Layer on.

- Left gun ready.

- Right gun ready.

0-4-0. 1-0 left.

I'll lay you 10-1 they're all Germans.

You'd never get the Macaronis to tackle
a job like that, not for love nor money.

The Eyeties will do anything for money.

Anything but fight.

That's why they were so lousy in the last war.

That's on account of their warm,
languorous southern temperament.

- Cocoa, sir.

- Thanks, Snotty.

Thank you.

Here comes the dawn of a new day, Flags.

It could be an uncomfortable one.

Yes, sir. It's a very pretty sky, sir.

Somebody sent me a calendar rather like that.

- Did it have a squadron of Dorniers on it?

- No, sir.

- That's where art parts company with reality.

- You're right, sir.

- Cigarette?

- Thanks.

Aircraft in sight astern, sir.

Angle of sight 2-0.

Looks like a couple of squadrons
of Junkers 88's.

- Starboard 20.

- Aye aye, sir. Starboard 20.

- One blast on the siren.

- Aye aye, sir.

(Siren)

Aircraft in sight, bearing green 1-7-0.

Angle of sight 2-0.

Short-range weapons. Aircraft in sight.

Stand by for dive bombers.

Open fire!
Shoot.
The first wave are diving now.
Hard a-port.
- Sound two blasts.
- Aye aye, sir.
All guns, sector independent.
Down, ovo rybody
Hard a-starboard.
We got one. Try and get two next time.
Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!
All guns shift to the next wave. Red 1-4-0.
Short-range weapons.
Shift to the next wave. Bearing red 1-4-0.
- Hard a-starboard.
- Hard a-starboard.
- Sound one blast.
- Aye aye, sir.
(Gunfire)
We've winged that one.
Down, ovo rybody!
Midships.
Aye aye, sir. Midships.
There's another wave on the port side, sir.
(Explosion)
- Hard a-starboard.
- Hard a-starboard, sir.
(Rapid gunfire)
The leader of this wave
is coming much lower, sir.
He'll probably hit our mast.
Well done.
We've got him, but I'm afraid he's got us too.
Midships.
Midships, sir.
- Carry on firing. Here comes the next wave.
- All guns are still in action.
Stop both.
No answer from the engine room, sir.
The telegraphs must be shot away.
I'm afraid we're going over.
Pass the word to cast loose the Carley floats.
(Gunfire and explosions)
Abandon ship!

(Echoing)

I'll sign for her now i'll sign for her now.

I'll sign for her now i'll sign for her now.

- Has Satterthwaite been sighted?

- No, sir, but it's just on ten o'clock.

(Banging)

Stop that hammering, Edgecombe.

I can't hear myself think.

Aye aye. sir

Tell No.1 to fall in the hands

on the quarterdeck.

Shall we have it on the desk or the shelf, sir?

Shelf. We'll have the usual one on the desk.

- Wedding dress, sir?

- Yes.

- It's here, sir.

- Good. Give it to me.

- Mr Satterthwaite's coming on board, sir.

- Is No.1 bringing him down? Hands all aft?

(Knock at door)

Mr Satterthwaite, sir.

- Good morning.

- Good morning.

- Everything in order?

- Certainly.

We'd better get this little ceremony over.

- Were you satisfied with the trial?

- Yes, she's a well-found ship.

We'll be hoisting the ensign

in a couple of minutes, Edgecombe.

- Now, then.

- Are you prepared to take over the ship, sir?

Yes, I'll sign for her now.

Watch your head, sir.

Watch your head, sir.

Watch your head, sir.

(Klaxon)

- You can smoke if you like.

- Thank you, sir.

- Will you have one, sir?

- No, thanks, not at the moment.

- Heard from your missus?

- I had a letter last week.

- One of the usuals, full of complaints.

- What's wrong?

Her mother was took bad
and had to go to hospital.

That old woman's always in trouble.

I think she enjoys it.

What's the matter with her?

Last time it was her back,
this time it's her stomach.

It seems she can't keep anything down.

It's not for want of trying.

- You'll be glad to be going to sea.

- To put it mildly, sir!

- Darling! I thought you were never coming.

- Everything under control?

Far from it. We've been in an uproar all day
since your telegram came.

Daddy!

Hello, Bobby.

- We've been waiting for hours.

- Mummy wanted us to go to bed.

- We saw the ship, Daddy.

- We took our tea on the cliffs and saw it go by.

- Not "it", Lavvy. Her.

- That's right.

She looked beautiful, Teddy.

How fast was she going? Was it 40 knots?

Good heavens, no. She was only doing 20.

- But she can do more than that, can't she?

- You bet she can.

Take the car round.

Then give Ellen a hand with dinner.

- Good evening, Edgecombe.

- Evening ma'am.

I hope it's a good dinner. I'm starving.

- Can I tell him what it is, Mummy?

- It's a surprise. She mustn't spoil it.

- Bobby, keep still. How long have you got?

- Till the morning.

Can we come to the dockyard?

No, son. We're commissioning,
making a rush job of it.

- But Mummy promised...

- That's enough. You heard Daddy.

But we shall be able to come on board

before you go, shan't we?

- Well, we'll make time somehow.

- When, Daddy? When?

Bobby, don't be so persistent.

Children, it's dreadfully late.

You really will have to go to bed.

Oh, Mummy.

Daddy will come up and say good night
if you're quick.

But I want to hear about the ship.

I'll tell you about it in the morning.

You can fire as many questions as you like.

Be good, do as your mother tells you,
and go to bed.

- Can I ask questions, too?

- You never do anything else.

Go on. Off you go, both of you.

- I'll be up in ten minutes. Promise.

- Promise?

- Are you coming up, too, Mummy?

- Yes.

Come on, Lavvy, I'll race you.

Wait. That's not fair!

They've been wild with excitement all day.

Darling, you must be exhausted.

I'll get you a drink.

Whisky and soda or a cocktail?

As it's a gala evening,

let's have a Kinross special.

I guessed it. It's all ready, only wants the ice.

I made a private bet

that you'd forget the Cointreau.

Wrong again.

I had a sort of feeling this was an occasion.

Were the trials satisfactory?

Were you pleased?

More than pleased. She's a lovely ship.

Does what she's told without a murmur.

Why are you making a rush job

of the commissioning?

- I like getting things done quickly.

- Is that the only reason?

We're living in strange times, darling.

It's as well to be prepared.

Yes, I suppose it is.
It's nothing to worry about.
No, of course not.
Here, try this. It may be a bit too sweet.
My love.
My love.
Just right, not a bit too sweet.
Miss me?
Of course not. I never gave you a thought.
What's the surprise for dinner?
Grouse. Maureen sent us a brace
from Scotland.
There's a girl of fine perception.
They're a bit high, but I expect you'll like that.
Is that a new dress?
Oh, no, darling. I've had it for ages.
- I swear I've never clapped eyes on it before.
- Only about 20 times, my love.
Perhaps it's you that looked new.
As good as new, anyway.
- Is there going to be a war, do you think?
- Yes, I think there is.
Oh.
No good worrying about it till it comes.
Not much good then, really.
No.
Don't be sad.
I'm not sad, really. I'm just sort of...
gathering myself together.
- Any more Kinross special left in the shaker?
- Yes, of course.
However busy you are, and however quickly
you've got to get your commissioning done,
I should like to come on board just once
before you go to sea to give the ship my love.
You'll have to.
My cabin's got to be made presentable.
- Is the chintz all right?
- First class.
Good. We'd better drink these up quickly
and go up to the children.
Dinner will be ready in a minute.
Here we go.
Here we go.

Swim to the float.

Swim to the float.

(Coughing and spluttering)

(Gunfire)

(Aircraft returns)

(Aircraft flies over)

Heave!

I've got some brandy in my Gieves.

Kath.

Kath.

Kath.

Here's the paper, dear.

I shan't have time

to do more than look at the headlines.

- There you are, then.

- It don't look too good, does it?

Oh, you can't believe anything they say.

Look at all the fuss we had last year.

Everybody flying about in aeroplanes
and making speeches.

After all that, nothing happened.

Nothing happened to us,

but a hell of a lot happened to other people.

- Do you really think we'll have another war?

- Looks like it.

Well, I'll believe it when I see it.

You may see it quicker than you bargained for.

I don't believe that Hitler'd be so silly.

What would he expect to gain by having a war?

World domination,

that's what that little rat's after.

They haven't got enough to eat in Germany
as it is.

Mrs Blacket's nephew,

the one that travels in underwear,

came back from Berlin two months ago.

- He said they was all half-starved.

- I can't help what Mrs Blacket's nephew says.

- I think we're for it.

- Well, if we have another war, I give up, see,
after all we went through last time.

All you went through? You was too young
and innocent to know about anything.

Don't talk so silly. You know perfectly well

how old I am, so don't pretend you don't.
You'll always be young and innocent to me.
Will I indeed, now?
If you ask me, you've got a hangover
from all that beer you put away last night.
I must be going.
- Is Mother coming down?
- I promised I'd call her. Wait a minute.
Mother? Walter's just going.
- You'd better come down as you are.
- That will be nice.
Will you get ashore after commissioning?
Before you go to sea, I mean.
That all depends. Don't forget
to put those bulbs in when the time comes.
- You and your bulbs!
- Goodbye, old girl.
Walter Hardy, whatever is the matter with you?
Anyone would think
you was going away for ever.
You never know.
You ought be ashamed of yourself, saying that.
And give them a piece of my mind.
Here comes Mother.
That spirit lamp of mine
will be the death of me yet.
- What's the matter with it?
- It blew up again. Frightened the wits out of me.
You will put in too much methylated.
What do you want to go fussing about
with spirit lamps in your bedroom for?
You could pop down to the kitchen.
Nobody'd notice.
I've made my own tea
in my own bedroom all my life.
I don't see any reason to stop now.
Yes, but that doesn't happen to be
your own bedroom. It's my spare.
If you go on blowing things up in it,
it won't be fit to sleep in.
Stop it, you two. I've got to go now.
A nice thing,
when my own daughter starts criticising me.
Oh, shut up, Mother. Say goodbye to Walter.

That's what you came down for.

- Will you get ashore again?

- All depends on Hitler.

Who does he think he is, anyway?

That's the spirit! Goodbye, Mother.

Look after Kath for me.

Don't you two go nagging each other
from morning to night.

Nagging?

I like that, I must say.

Come on, Kath.

- Goodbye, old girl.

- Goodbye, dear.

Ship's company... 'shun.

(Whistle)

- Ship's company present, sir.

- Thanks, No.1. Stand them at ease.

Ship's company, stand at... ease.

Break ranks and gather round me.

- Can you hear me all right at the back?

ALL:

It's the custom for the captain to address
the ship's company on Commissioning Day
to give them his policy
and tell them the ship's programme.

Now, my policy's easy. If there are any here
who've served with me before, they'll know it.

Are there any old shipmates of mine here?

Oh, glad to see you again, Reynolds.

And Adams.

And Blake.

And Coombe.

Who's the small fellow behind the chief stoker?

Parkinson, sir.

Coxswain of the All Comers whaler
in the Valletta?

I was that, sir, when we won the cup
in the 1936 regatta.

And fell into the ditch when you got to the ship.

Well, there are enough old shipmates
to tell the others what my policy's always been.

Reynolds, Adams, Blake, Coombe, Parkinson,
what sort of a ship do I want the Torrin to be?

- A happy ship, sir.

- That's right.

An efficient ship, sir.

Correct.

A happy and efficient ship.

A very happy and a very efficient ship.

You might think I'm ambitious wanting both,

but in my experience,

you can't have one without the other.

A ship can't be happy unless she's efficient,

and won't be efficient unless she's happy.

Now for our programme.

You've seen the commissioning programme

published in Plymouth General Orders.

And you will have noted

that this allows the company three weeks.

Well, you've all read your papers.

Ribbentrop signed a non -aggression pact

with Stalin yesterday.

As I see it, that means war next week.

So I will give you not three weeks but exactly

three days to get this ship ready to sail.

None of us will turn in or take our clothes off

or sling our hammocks till the job's finished.

Then we'll send Hitler a telegram saying,

"The Torrin's ready. You can start your war."

You four bring in the sugar, you six gas masks,

and I'll join you and bring in the rum.

Wake up, England. You've had your hour.

It's my turn now.

RADIO:

At 11:

the Prime Minister will broadcast to the nation.

Please stand by.

(Bells chime)

CHAMBERLAIN:

from the Cabinet Room at 10 Downing Street.

This morning, the British Ambassador in Berlin

handed the German government a final note

stating that unless we heard from them

by 11 o'clock

that they were prepared at once
to withdraw their troops from Poland,
a state of war would exist between us.
I have to tell you now
that no such undertaking has been received
and that consequently
this country is at war with Germany.
You can imagine what a bitter blow it is to me...
It ain't exactly a bank holiday for us.
She's still afloat.
Yes, sir.

ALIX KINROSS:

and all who sail in her.
God bless this ship and all who sail in her.
(Distant) # O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea
O Trinity of love and power
Our brethren shield in danger's hour
From rock and tempest, fire and foe
Protect them wheresoe'er they go
Thus evermore shall rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea
Amen

Let us pray.
Eternal Lord God, who spreadest out
the heavens and rulest the raging of the sea,
who has compassed the waters with bounds
until day and night end,
be pleased to receive
into thy most gracious protection
the persons of us, thy servants,
and the fleet in which we serve.
Preserve us from the dangers of the sea
and the violence of the enemy,
that we may be a safeguard unto
our most gracious sovereign lord, King George,
and a security for such as pass on the seas
upon their lawful occasions.
That the inhabitants of our island may
in peace and quietness serve thee, our God,
and that we may return to enjoy the blessings
of the land with the fruits of our labours,
with the thankful remembrance of thy mercies

to praise and glorify thy holy name.

Through Jesus Christ our Lord...

Amen.

We will now sing the carol
on the back of the hymn card.

(Coughing)

Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the feast of Stephen
When the snow lay round about
Deep and crisp and even
Brightly shone the moon that night
Though the frost was cruel
When a poor man came in sight
Gathering winter fuel
Hither, page, come stand by me
If thou...

(Whistle)

(Laughter)

Them kids have been at it all day.
Beats me why their mothers let'em do it.
Oh, it's the Christmas spirit, Mum.
I'll give'em Christmas spirit, coming home
with their feet sopping, getting colds.
This is the time for goodwill towards all men.
Can't have you grumbling
as if it was an ordinary day.
Me grumble? Well, I like that, I must say.
I remember in the last war
spending Christmas in the Red Sea.
We was coming home from Aden.
Hot? You could have fried an egg on the deck.
The Red Sea is hot, all right.
So's the Persian Gulf.
I was out there two years ago.
The fridge went wonky and everything went bad,
including the language.
You certainly see life in the big ships.
We don't do so badly in the small ones.
Oh they're off again. Stop'em somebody.
I'm not starting anything.
It's a darned sight more lively in a big cruiser.
It stands to reason.
It don't do no such thing.
You're a Marine.

You don't know nothing about destroyers.
What's the matter with the Marines?
Well, Bert, I'm afraid I'll have to tell you.
- Where would the Navy be without us?
- Without a Navy, there wouldn't be no Marines.
Oh, shut up, you two. Who cares anyway?
That's a nice way to talk, and no mistake!
You, the mother of a sailor.
- And the mother-in-law of a Marine.
- Pass the port wine and don't talk so silly.
- I'm as dry as a bone.
- Mum's right. What's the sense in arguing?
We was only having a friendly discussion.
You'll be saying next it was a friendly discussion
last night in the Green Man.
Why, you had the whole place in an uproar!
Bert, I give you a toast.
The Royal Marines - God bless'em and
a happy Christmas to every man jack of'em.
The Royal Marines.
Thanks, Shorty, old man.
I respond to your toast in a fitting manner.
On behalf of my corps,
of which I am justly proud...
Hear, hear.
...I give you destroyers,
and the Torrin in particular.
- May her shadow never grow less.
- It never will.
Destroyers and HMS Torrin.
I should like to take the opportunity
of this festive occasion
to drink the healths of one and all present,
and to thank a kindly fate for so arranging
that my ship should have to come home
for boiler cleaning two days before Christmas -
a bit of luck which any sailor would tell you
is little short of a bloody miracle.
Walter, how can you?
You know I don't like you using that word.
Be that as it may, Kath,
that's a highly expressive word.
It's been bound up with naval tradition
since times immemorial.

I have heard it whispered in the RAF.
Well, be that as it may, I would like to add
that I consider we're all...
...very lucky...
...to be together on this happy day,
taking into account there's a war on
and civilisation happens to be trembling
on the edge of an abyss.
- There, now.
- What did you say, Kath?
I only said, "There, now."
Well, don't say it again.
You know it only puts me off.
What are you giggling about, Freda,
if I may make so bold?
Nothing, really. It's just the way you talk.
What you young flibbertigibbets don't realise
is that this is a very important war indeed.
War or no war, you certainly like listening
to the sound of your own voice.
Oh, let him get on with his speech, Kath.
Try and stop him.
I will treat these paltry interruptions
with the contempt they deserve,
and go on to propose the health
of one who is very dear to me.
She's a creature of many moods
and fads and fancies.
She is, to coin a phrase, very often uncertain
and coy and hard to please.
But I'm devoted to her
with every fibre in my being,
and I hereby swear to be true to her
in word and deed, so help me God.
Ladies and gentlemen, HMS Torrin.

ALL:

(Tapping on table)
Ladies and gentlemen, the King.

ALL:

- We can smoke now, can't we?
- Yes, of course.
You promised to pull the first one with me.

Come on. Take a strong grip and pull.
Come on, old girl.
- Enjoying yourself?
- Very, very much.
That cap's absolutely wizard.
You ought to have a hat made like it.
Doesn't the tree look sweet?
Alix and I spent hours fixing it.
This is the best Christmas I've ever had.
- Is it?
- Stop whispering, you two.
You really oughtn't
to have put them next to each other.
We ought to drink to them.
Come on, everybody.
To the newly betrothed.

ALL:

- What's betrothed, Daddy?
- The beginning of the end, my boy.
On behalf of my fiance and myself,
thank you very kindly.
As Flagg and Maureen are so bashful,
I think that you should make a speech, Alix.
- Oh, no, honestly, I couldn't.
- Come on, Alix. I'll support you.
Oh, Teddy, I shall never forgive you for this.
Oh, dear!
- What am I to say? Just you wait.
- Happy Christmas.
Come on, now. Silence, everybody.
The Lady Mayoress
is about to declare the bazaar open.
Don't let him get you down, Alix.
Ladies and gentlemen,
I'll begin by taking my husband's advice...
- Hooray!
...and wishing you all a very happy Christmas.
I'm sure Elizabeth and June will back me up
when I say I am going to deliver,
on behalf of all wretched naval wives,
a word of warning to Maureen,
who has been unwise enough
to decide to join our ranks.

Hear hear!

Dear Maureen,

we all wish you every possible happiness,
but I think it only fair to tell you in advance
exactly what you are in for.

Shame, shame.

Speaking from bitter experience,

I can only say that the wife of a sailor
is most profoundly to be pitied.

To begin with, her home life,
what there is of it, has no stability whatever.
She can never really settle down.

She moves through a succession
of other people's houses,
flats and furnished rooms.

She finds herself having to grapple
with domestic problems
in Bermuda, Malta or Weymouth.

We will not deal with the question of pay.

That is altogether too painful.

What we will deal with

is the most important disillusionment of all.

- And that is...

- Stop her, somebody. This is rank mutiny.

And that is, that wherever she goes,

there is always in her life

a permanent and undefeated rival.

Her husband's ship.

Whether it be a battleship or a sloop,

a submarine or a destroyer,

it holds first place in his heart.

It comes before wife, home,

children, everything.

Some of us try to fight this

and get badly mauled in the process.

Others, like myself,

resign themselves to the inevitable.

That is what you will have to do,

my poor Maureen.

That is what we all have to do

if we want any peace of mind at all.

Ladies and gentlemen,

I give you my rival.

It's extraordinary

that anyone could be so fond...
...and so proud of their most implacable enemy.
This ship.
God bless this ship, and all who sail in her.
Well... she did her stuff, sir.
Best ship I ever served in, sir.
That goes for me too, sir.
It makes one feel sort of lost, doesn't it?
A very happy and a very efficient ship, sir.
Thank you.
(Snivels)
Wipe your face, Edgecombe.
You don't want oil fuel in your eyes.
Aye aye, sir.
Well... do you know what I'd like now?
A nice hot cup of tea.
I'd like a nice beer myself.
Look out! Here come the bastards back again.
Kooob yo u r h oads dow n as ow as yo u ca n
Missed, butterfingers!
Blimey. I spoke too soon.
- Aargh!
- Did it get you badly?
Don't rightly know, sir.
Knife, somebody.
Cut his sleeve carefully.
Hit a mother with a baby in her arms, you would.
Oh, look, boys.
Shot through the heart.
- I always did hate the sight of blood.
- Give us a rag, somebody.
What's your name? What's your name?
What's your name? What's your name?
What's your name? What's your name?
What's your name?
Quite a loving cup, isn't it?
You never know your luck.
I always say travel broadens the mind.
Now then, saucy.
You keep your hands to yourself.
- Want a drop, dear?
- No, thanks.
Come on. It won't hurt you.
I'd rather not, thanks all the same. I don't like it.

Oh, fancy that, now! Ever so sorry, I'm sure.
If she doesn't want it,
she doesn't have to have it.
Who do you think you are, anyway?
Father Flanagan?
Here, play a hymn, there's a dear.
I didn't know we was in Sunday school.
Some people don't know
when they've had enough.
What was that you said?
You heard. You ain't got cloth ears.
Here, miss, you change places with me.
- It's all right, really.
- You'll be more comfortable in the corner.
I'd be ever so much obliged, I'm sure,
if you'd change places with me, too.
My mother always warned me
never to sit next to sailors.
Pity she didn't warn you
about a few other things while she was at it.
Ah, shut up arguing, pal. Here, have a fag.
Life's too short.
If you were the only
Girl in the world
And I was the only boy
Nothing else would matter in the world today
We could go on loving...
Comfy?
Yes, thanks.
What's your name?
Freda. Freda Lewis.
Freda? It's a pretty name, isn't it?
- Is it?
- Do you mind if I smoke?
Of course not.
- Have one?
- I don't mind.
These are special, HM ships only.
We get'em in the canteen.
My uncle by marriage is in the Navy.
He's on a destroyer.
Isn't that a coincidence, now? So am I.
There, now.
He's a petty officer.

They call him by a funny name.

We often call petty officers funny names.

- It begins with a B.

- It generally does.

Oh, you are awful!

What's his ship?

I'm not supposed to tell you that, am I?

It's careless talk.

You can tell me.

I'm in the same firm, as you might say.

Well, chief buffer, that's what he's called.

He's on the Torrin.

Well, it's a small world, and no error!

Here, Joey.

Our chief buffer's her uncle by marriage.

Makes you sort of Siamese twins.

This is my friend Joey Mackeridge.

Miss Lewis.

- How do you do?

- Pleased to meet you, I'm sure

What's your name?

- Funny us meeting like that, wasn't it?

- Yes.

- Sort of... unexpected.

- Yes.

That long train, all them people in it,
and I had to pick on that one carriage.

- It's fate, I shouldn't wonder.

- Yeah, I feel that way, too.

- I suppose we ought really to be going now.

- Yeah, I suppose we ought.

Your family will be wondering
what's happened to you.

- Well, I'm wondering that myself.

- How can you?

Does er... Does your aunt let you go out much?

She doesn't mind,

so long as I don't get back too late.

What about tomorrow?

We might go to the Palais de Danse.

- Do you like dancing?

- Yes.

Well, that's a date, then.

6.30, under the clock, Victoria Station.

You don't waste much time, do you?
- I can't afford to. I've only got weekend leave.
- That's not long.
Well, here we are.
Come in and meet my mum and dad.
No, not now. I'd really rather not.
I've got to be getting along.
- And they wouldn't want a stranger butting in.
- You're not a stranger, not any more.
Ah, but to them I would be.
Give me that bag, there's a dear.
Not until you say it's OK about tomorrow night.
- Oh, you are awful!
- 6.30, under the clock, Victoria Station.
All right.
Cross your heart and hope to die?
I cross my heart and hope to die.
- So long, Freda.
- So long, Shorty.
(Clattering)
(Whistles) Mum.
Shorty Blake!
You ought to be ashamed of yourself,
and no mistake.
Your telegram only arrived half an hour ago.
You never said what time you was coming.
I'm here, aren't I? Sound in wind and limb.
You can't grumble.
Oh, you bad boy, you!
May, Sh o rty's h o m o!
Dad! Dad!
Doesn't he look well?
How's the war going, son?
See any submarines?
Hundreds. Sunk 14 last week,
and a couple of cruisers thrown in.
Oh, Mum, he's fibbing, isn't he?
N t h o a s t w a r, w a s n a c o n v o y o n c o
Put a sock in it, Fred.
We've heard quite enough
about all what you did in the last war.
- Dad?
- Yes, old man?
Where did you first meet Mum?

Why, whatever made you think of asking that?
We was in a train coming back from Herne Bay.
Well, it's a small world, and no error!
Mum, can I leave my bridge out
while Shorty's home?
It was fate, wasn't it?
You drink your tea up, my lad,
and don't talk so soft.
They're coming over again.
Get down. Keep your heads low.
(Aircraft flies over)

MENDELSSOHN:

Wedding march
Now, nice and still, everybody, please.
Steady. A nice smile.
(Sobs)
It seems only yesterday he was in his pram.
Hold it!
- Goodbye, Ma.
- Goodbye, Shorty.
- Goodbye. Take care of yourself.
- Good luck, old man.
Goodbye, Shorty.
Goodbye, Kath.
Here's your little lot.
Now, then. Cheerio... Mrs Blake.
Oh, it does sound funny, doesn't it?
You'll get used to it.
There's one thing I shall never get used to,
and that's you going away.
It's your own fault for marrying a sailor.
That's fairly asking for trouble, that is.
Can't trust any of 'em an inch.
Wives in every port.
Coming home unexpected
and catching you having tea with the lodger.
I'm the one that will be the lodger
if I'm going to live with Kath.
That isn't for a whole week yet. Think of it.
Seven whole days of glorious life.
You'll like being with Kath, won't you?
Of course I shall.
It's you being away and me wondering

what's happening to you that I won't like.
Proceed with the following operations:

1:

2:

3:

And 4:

Now, then, ship's company... 'shun!

Oh, lay off, Shorty! You're crushing my blouse.

- Someone will see us.

- Who cares?

(Door opens)

Hello, Blake. What are you doing here?

- I'm on my honeymoon, sir.

- That's splendid. Congratulations.

Thank you, sir. This is my wife, Mrs Blake.

- How do you do?

- Pleased to meet you, I'm sure.

Alix, come and meet my shipmate and his wife.

They've just been married.

Ordinary Seaman Blake, Mrs Blake - my wife.

- How do you do? I hope you'll be very happy.

- Thanks ever so.

But we're old friends. He practically
saved my life when I came on board.

My foot slipped on the gangway,

and I nearly fell overboard. Do you remember?

- Yes, ma'am.

- Will you live in Plymouth?

Yes... that is, when he goes to sea again.

Chief Petty Officer Hardy's

her uncle by marriage, sir.

She's going to live at their place for the duration.

But we're spending the next few days
in Torquay.

Very nice, too. You begin as you intend
to go on, Mrs Blake. Keep him in order.

My wife rules me with a rod of iron.

It's been quite successful so far.

Don't talk such nonsense.

I'm never allowed to have my own way.

Well, we won't interrupt you any longer.

Report him to me if he doesn't behave.

- Goodbye. The very best of luck.

- Thanks very much.

- Goodbye.

- Goodbye for the present, sir.

- Have a good time. Enjoy your leave.

- Thank you, sir.

Coincidence them going to Torquay
for their honeymoon.

I thought that at the time,

but I didn't want to go on about it.

That first quarrel we had, remember?

When you went stamping off

to listen to the band and came back in tears.

It was only because they were playing

The Blue Danube.

That always makes me feel

pent-up and emotional.

That wasn't why you were in tears.

Don't pretend it was.

If I was in tears at all, which I hotly deny,

it was because that was when I discovered

what a disagreeable character you have.

Still, it was a good honeymoon,

as honeymoons go.

It went awfully quickly.

(Whistles The Blue Danube)

Stop it, Teddy. I refuse to be made sentimental

in the middle of a Great Western lunch.

Eat up your delicious piece of railway fish

and behave yourself.

- Damn!

- What's the matter?

That thing positively haunts me.

I'd have given my eyeteeth for a show like that.

Never mind, darling.

There'll be lots of other shows and

lots of other chances before the war's over.

(Wind howls)

Some damned poet at some time or other

wrote a very appealing little piece

about "the tiny feet of the rain".

There's a man I'd like to meet. I'd kill him.

Well, I'm going down to the wardroom.

Keep a stiff upper lip, old boy.

(Laughter)

Five on six,

two on three,

and ten - just what the doctor ordered.

The Doctor hasn't ordered a damn thing,

apart from a few doses of Cascara

and one splint since the ship commissioned.

That, I may say,

is what's getting the Doctor down.

Years of expensive medical training

resulting in complete atrophy.

H o Docto r w s h o s h o was doad

Someone give the Doctor a drink.

- Mitchell, a glass of port for the Doctor.

- Thank you.

There, just the girl I wanted.

- You do have the damndest luck.

- Skill, old boy, sheer undiluted skill.

The usual triumph of mind over matter.

- It's a stinking awful night.

- Hello, No.1.

Mitchell, a gin for the First Lieutenant.

Thanks, Torps.

The sea is getting up

and I've got the middle watch.

Hey, stop. You should put the ten on the nine.

I never noticed the damn thing!

Here's peace, peace, perfect peace,

with loved ones far away.

- Feeling all right, old man?

- Yes. Why?

- Sure you're not running a temperature?

- No, of course not.

First time you haven't been late for a watch since we commissioned.

- You're two minutes early.

- I'm sorry, sir. It won't occur again, sir.

Bearing green 3-0, vessel on fire.

(Bell)

Yes?

- Captain, vessel on fire, bearing green 3-0.

- Press the alarm rattlers.

(Rings)
Come on.
I was dreaming I was in a Turkish harem
and some fathead
has to go and sound off action stations.
I wondered why you was pinching me.
Report to TS
when closed up and cleared away.
Looks like a line of destroyers.
Number one gun cleared away.
Number two gun cleared away. Bore clear.
Number three gun cleared away.
All guns closed up and cleared away.
Communications tested.
All quarters closed up to action stations.
- Very good. Open fire.
- Open shutter. Star shell commence.
Open shutter.
Star shell commence, commence, commence.
Well done, guns. We've beaten them to it.
(Rapid gunfire)
(Horn)
They've fired now.
Train right a little.
Hold the leading destroyer.
Right, four stars.
Go on!
They've gone over.
(Guns pound)
(Explosion)
Go on. Stack'em up.
Go on!
Don't go to sleep down there. Come on.
Get it up
Layer on!
Ready
We've hit. Keep it up.
- Stop star shell.
- Stop star shell.
Star shell check, check, check.
We've hit again.
(Explosion)
(Explosion)
(Explosion)

(Explosion)

(Explosion)

(Explosion)

Torpedo tracks starboard, sir.

Stop, boys, midships.

Close all watertight doors. Jettison top weight.

Keep those guns firing.

Flags, make to Tremoyne.

Take over. Continue chase.

The power's off, sir.

Number one and number two mountings,
carry on firing.

Number one and number two mountings,
carry on firing

Number one and number two mountings,
carry on firing

Number one and number two mountings,
carry on firing.

Number one mounting, carry on firing.

- Let me know when you're ready.

- Trainer on.

Look out. Here she comes.

What's the damage, No.1?

Mess deck bulkheads are being shored up.

It looks as if they're all right.

But there's a good deal of damage aft.

We'll be a nice sitting target when it gets light.

Is Captain D alive?

Yes, old chap. You haven't succeeded
to the command of this flotilla yet.

- What did you do to Jerry?

- Sunk one.

The rest escaped in a smoke screen
and one was badly damaged.

Not too bad.

Tell Tancred to take me in tow.

Aye aye, sir.

How far are we from home, Pilot?

About 120 miles, sir.

Snotty, ask the First Lieutenant
if he's all ready to tow for'ard.

- We have all the guns working in hand, sir.

- Good. We shall need'em, I expect.

Well, Blake. Don't move.

How are you feeling?

Fine, sir, thank you.

Got concussed a bit, didn't you?

Yes, sir. I think I did, sir.

The First Lieutenant tells me
that you stood by the gun
even when most of the crew were knocked out.

Well, sir... somebody had to do it, sir.

- You did damn well. I'm very proud of you.

- Thank you, sir.

I want to see my captain.

It's all right, old man. I'm here.

Don't try to talk. Just rest.

(Explosion)

(Rapid gunfire)

Are the bulkheads holding all right?

Yes, sir, they're taking it very well.

How far have we made good the last two days?

We're about halfway there, sir.

The RAF ought to be here soon.

A nice nippy little fighter squadron,
that's what we want.

- I wish they'd get a move on.

- Give'em time, old boy.

I'm sick of wallowing about here
like a sitting duck.

Hurray! Bravo!

(Cheering)

Bravo!

Hooray!

(Cheering)

Make yourselves comfortable.

We're all pretty tired.

There are one or two things I want to say.

First...

First, I'll hold
a short memorial service next Sunday
for our 36 shipmates who lost their lives,
and return thanks that the old ship
came through with so many of her complement.

I expect that Hitler is conferring the Iron Cross
on the man who claims to have sunk us.

Secondly, I want to tell you
that you all did pretty well

in the trying time we've been through.
When a torpedo hits
so small a ship as a destroyer,
the result is bound to be fairly devastating,
if not fatal.
And I can understand
the tremendous temptation
to think of your own skin first
and the ship and your shipmates second.
I suppose, in a way, it's gratifying to feel
that out of a ship's company of 244 men,
243 have behaved
as I hoped and expected they would.
One man, however, did not.
That man has been charged
with leaving his post without permission.
I needn't tell you how serious
an offence of this nature is in time of war,
nor how drastic is the punishment
that normally follows.
You will be surprised, therefore, to learn
that I have let him off with a caution.
Or perhaps I should say with two cautions -
one to him, and one to me.
For in a way,
I feel that what happened was my fault.
This man has only been in the Navy
for six months.
He has only been in this ship for two months.
Even so I feel that in that time
I should have been able to make it clear to him
that I did not expect
and would not tolerate such behaviour.
I feel I should have been able to get at least
that much of my creed across, but I failed.
I will not punish a man for an action
for which I must hold myself largely to blame.
But I should like you all to know
that after this, there will be no more cautions.
The next time we run into trouble -
and as leader of a striking force,
this ship's bound to be in more scraps -
I know that, come what may,
no-one will fail to do his duty to the very end.

Thank you all for making my task so easy,
and the Torrin a ship to be so very proud of.

- Carry on, No.1.

- Aye aye, sir.

Ship's company... 'shun.

Turn for'ard Dismiss.

Look here, I've got to close up now.

It's no use your staying on any longer.

You can't have any more to drink.

It's after hours.

What's the matter with having some music?

If you've got a penny, you can have it.

If not, you can't.

I have.

Well, put it in the slot, then.

That's what it's there for.

I will.

(Pianola plays Run Rabbit Run)

Will you be requiring anything more
before we close?

Look here, miss. Judging by all

I've had tonight, I ought to be drunk, see.

I want to be drunk.

I want to be drunk more than

I've ever wanted anything in my whole life.

Who says sailors don't care?

#... farmer his fun, fun, fun

He'll get by without his rabbit pie

Run, rabbit, run, rabbit

Run, run, run

Run, rabbit, run, rabbit...

Oh, play another tune, for God's sake!

Anything to oblige.

(Plays Roll Out The Barrel)

#... the barrel

We'll have a barrel of fun

Roll out the barrel

We've got the blues on the run

Zing boom tararrel

We'll have a bowl of good cheer

Now's the time to roll...

Now the gang's all here.

All together, boys.

Roll out the barrel

We'll have a barrel of fun
Roll out the barrel
We've got the blues on the run
Zing boom tararrel
Sing out a song of good cheer
Now's the time to roll the barrel
For the gang's all here
(Cheering)
Bravo! Bravo!
(Whistling)
Well... goodbye, Walter.
Goodbye, Freda.
Don't go overexerting yourself, now.
- Cheerio, Kath.
- Be good.
Go on, Freda. Go on up to the gate with him.
I'll wait here.
You shouldn't have come. It's bad for you.
Don't be silly.
It would be much worse sitting at home.
Besides, we've had an extra half-hour together.
It doesn't seem so bad this time, somehow.
Perhaps I'm getting used to it.
Come on, give us a kiss and hop it.
No sense hanging about.
All right.
Now, then. None of that.
Go on. Be a good boy. Don't get your feet wet.
I won't forget about having the mower mended.
That's right. And if things do get bad,
you can always go to Dorothy's.
They'll have to be good and bad
before I do that.
- All right, obstinate. Cheerio.
- Cheerio.
You know what you can do
with all your Packards and all your Cadillacs.
Give me a Rolls-Royce every time.
You're old-fashioned, that's what you are.
Time marches on, you know.
- What does the King have?
- A Daimler.
I suppose you think that's old-fashioned.
Well, so it is,

compared to a snappy 1940 Packard.
You couldn't have the King
whizzing along the streets in a flash roadster.
Who said anything about roadsters?
I said before, and I'll say it again,
there is nothing on land or sea
to touch a good old conservative British make.
Give me a Daimler every time.
You wanted a Rolls-Royce just now.
You can't have both. Looks like profiteering.

- Look here, old man...

- Oh, give it a rest.

I will.

How do you spell porpoise?

P-O-R-P-O-U-S, I suppose. Why?

I've told my missus
we've been escorting a convoy of 'em.
Anybody seen the Chief
after the royal raspberry he got this morning?

- Poor old Chiefy.

- He hasn't been in to lunch yet.

- Hello, Chief. We were just talking about you.

- Damned nice of you.

- Made any more filthy vapours?

- Shut up, Guns. I've had enough of that.

I thought it looked very attractive, all that
dense black smoke belching from the funnel.

- I'll thank you all to lay off it.

- Never mind, Chiefy.

Old Tremoyne went one better
at about ten o'clock.

- I thought she was on fire.

- Bring me some food, Mitchell.

Have your sparkers picked up any titbits
about the war?

Not since yesterday. Pretty bad show.
My young brother's in the BEF.
He wasn't far from GHQ in Arras.

- God knows where he is now.

- The whole thing's been a lash-up.
You all know what we've got to do,
don't you?
The whole British Expeditionary Force
is falling back on Dunkirk.

Now, in peacetime, as you know, there's
a lot of leg-pulling between the services.
But the soldiers are our brothers in arms
and it's up to us to get 'em off
so they can live to fight again.
Let them see how much we admire
the way they fought. And don't forget,
the success of our evacuation is measured
by the smallness of the military casualties,
not the naval ones.
The soldiers are our guests,
and their lives will be in our hands.
(Dive bomber approaches)
(Explosion)
(Dive bomber roars overhead)
Gangway, please
Gangway. Here we are. Excuse me.
Mind your backs.
Here you are, cock.
Wet and warm. Don't examine it too closely.
Hold on, Joey. Hold on.
Here you are, mate.
Try dipping the biscuit in the cocoa.
You can't hurt the cocoa
and you can save your teeth.
The champagne will be along in a minute.
That'll be hot, too.
Come on, Joey, up this way.
Mind your backs, please.
A woman's work is never done.
Here you are, mate.
Coming up. Here you are.
Here, don't you want none?
Can't hold it, son. My hand's gone wonky.
Half a mo. Here, Joey,
give us a couple of them biscuits.
- Here, don't gulp it, now. You'll choke yourself.
- Thanks, son.
(Bomb whistles)
(Explosion)
(Gunfire)
Why did we never think of this for elevenses
in the mess? It's damned good.
It's just Bovril rather heavily laced with sherry.

(Explosion)

Port 20.

How's the old country looking now?

I feel as if I've been away for years.

We've been away quite a while, too.

We put in up north every now and again
to refuel.

The country's looking much the same as usual
the last time I saw it.

Gentle, you know. Not exactly smug,
but not exactly warlike, either.

There'll always be an England, eh?

S u b b o s o t h a t ' s a s g o o d a c o n v v c t o n a s a n y

- A good deal better than most, sir.

- What?

A good deal better than most...

(Drowned out by dive bomber)

Here you are, chum.

Here's a nice cup of cocoa.

Want a biscuit?

Go on, leave it. He might fancy it later.

I never thought I'd be so glad
to see a cup of cocoa.

That's right, chum, have another go.

Come on, it's better with your boots off.

What a swallow! Lovely. Have some more.

We're getting quite close.

Good old white cliffs of Dover.

Look better with the sun on them.

Still, can't have everything.

- Damned lucky to see them at all.

- Quite right.

Haven't had a chance to thank you, Kinross.

The Navy's put up a fine show.

I hope you don't think we're not grateful.

- Perhaps you'd care to dine one night.

- Thanks. I'd love to.

We'd better get below, Jasper,
and start lining up the troops.

I expect you'll be wanting to push off
as soon as possible.

You've struck rather a busy day.

- Goodbye for the present.

- Forgive me for not coming down.

- Goodbye, sir. Thanks very much.
- Goodbye. Good luck.
- Just ordinary Bovril and sherry?
- Just ordinary Bovril and sherry.
Good. Thanks.
Battalion... sling your arms.
Battalion...
...'shun!
Turn to the left in threes.
Left... turn.
By the right, quick march.
Left, right, left, right.
If I wasn't so tired, I'd give them a cheer.
And that's no error.
Ready to slip, No.1?
All ready, sir.
Let go aft.
Hold on to your spring, for'ard.
Slow ahead, Starboard Pilot.
You'd never think there was a war on.
But there isn't. Not just for a minute, that is.
We've got five more whole days.
Flat calm.
Looks like a piece of grey silk.
My auntie had a dress that colour,
and she sent it to the cleaner's
and it come back all spotty.
Funny to think this is such a little island,
isn't it?
Mm.
He's got France now,
and France is only 20 miles from England.
Makes you think, don't it?
Mummy, Trafalgar won't eat sausage roll.
That's because you spoil him so dreadfully.
Look, Bobby. That one diving is a Hurricane.
No, it isn't, Dad. It's an ME 109,
like the one they brought down last Tuesday.
Don't speak with your mouth full.
What a perfectly lovely day it's been.
Lovely for us, I mean.
- I suppose that's very selfish of me, isn't it?
- Extremely.
I can't believe it's so dreadfully wrong

to forget the war now and again...
when one can, just for a little.
I think it's very clever of you, with all hell
breaking loose over our defenceless heads.
I made the most tremendous effort
and pretended it wasn't real at all.
They were toys having a mock battle
just to keep us amused.
That's the most shameful confession.
Sheer escapism.
I don't care.
It has been a lovely day.
The sun's been shining and the country
looks so green and sweet and peaceful.
And you are on leave,
even if it's only till the day after tomorrow.
Teddy, I wonder where we shall all be
this time next year.
A lot might happen between now
and this time next year.
(Guard's whistle)
Take care of yourself, my darling.
It was a good honeymoon while it lasted.
Tweedledee smiled gently and began again.
The sun was shining on the sea,
shining with all his might.
He did his very best to make
the billows smooth and bright.
This cocoa gets thicker and thicker every night.
It's warming, anyhow, sir. Lines the stomach.
Well, it's practically porridge.
There goes another lot, sir.
Looks as if poor old Plymouth's
going to get it again.
Well, I will say one thing for that bit of fish.
There may not have been much of it,
but it was tasty.
It's that Mr Morgan. He always favours us.
It's Freda that gets round him.
The moment we got into the shop,
up he comes with a chair as if we was royalty.
Oh, he's all right,
if only he wasn't quite so nosy.
- How are you feeling, dear?

- Fine, thank you.

Did that letter from Shorty cheer you up?

I wish he was home,

and I wish that ship would get a bit damaged,

not so that anyone was hurt, mind you,

but just so as he could get a little bit of leave.

Never mind, dear.

Men must work and women must weep.

That's what I always say.

That sink's stopped up again.

It never rains but it pours.

We'd better get Mr Luton in.

He was blitzed out last week.

Don't know where he's moved to.

- Anybody seen my scissors?

- Yes, I've got them. Here they are.

(Air-raid siren)

Oh, here they are again!

Bit later than they were last night.

(Siren continues)

I wish you'd go down to the shelter, Freda.

Please don't start all that again, Auntie.

You know I hate being shut up down there.

It makes me feel sick.

I'd much rather stay up here, I would really.

But in your condition, I honestly think...

It's no use, Mother. Leave her alone.

It's all very fine you being calm and collected,

but I'll tell you one thing here and now,

my nerves won't stand much more of this.

You can go down to the shelter.

Nobody's stopping you.

Try as I may, I can't understand why

you won't shut up the house and evacuate.

I've told you why till I'm blue in the face.

(Footsteps outside)

When you could go away somewhere quiet,

it seems just plain silly to sit here and ask for it.

Could go away! Where, I should like to know?

Well, there's Dorothy for a start.

She's got a spare room.

Thank you for nothing. I've slept in it.

It may be a bit poky, but it's safe.

Once and for all, Mother, will you

do me a favour and shut up about this?
I've told you how I feel and that's that.
This is Walter's home, and he expects
to find me in it when he comes back on leave.
What do you suppose he'd think
if he turned up unexpected
and found the house locked up
and me hiding in the country?
He might only have a few hours.
That'd be a nice thing.
You could let him know where we were,
couldn't you?
Oh, it's "we" now, is it?
I thought there was a catch in it.
Kathleen Hardy, how can you say such a thing
to your own mother?
(Bomb whistles)
Well, I'm sorry,
but you make me tired sometimes.
I'm sure I'm only trying to be sensible.
What about the garden and Walter's bulbs
that he's so proud of? Who'd look after them?
Bulbs don't need any looking after.
They just come up.
(Bomb whistles)
(Explosion)
Come on, Freda. Under the stairs you go.
Your chair's all ready for you.
Oh, I'm all right here, Kath.
Just do as you're told, there's a good girl.
We'll leave the door open like we did before
so you won't feel lonely.
- Oh, Kath!
- Come on. I'll bring your sewing.
The light's quite good in the hall.
(Rumbling)
(Explosion)
That sounds like a land mine.
No, just an ordinary HE.
Land mines make more of a rumble.
(Rumbling)
I don't like it, Kathleen.
It's no use pretending I do.
I know you don't, Mother. Nobody does.

But there's no use in making a fuss, is there?
Cheer up, there's a dear.
Are you all right, Freda?
Yes, thanks.
If you're cold, I can run up
and get you an eiderdown
I'm quite warm.
We'll have some tea in a minute, anyway,
just to keep us going.
(Bombs whistling)
(Explosion)
Right you are. Back.
Carefully, now.
Whoa. Back. Slow.
Whoa. Whoa.
(Explosion)
(Explosion)
Tell Walter...
Tell him I didn't want to leave the house.
(Footsteps)
Nurse?
Nurse!
Is it all over?
Yes, dear.
It's all over. Don't worry.
Mother and child doing well.
(Air-raid siren)
This is the fourth time in three months
we've put into this dead-and-alive hole.
Don't worry, cock. We'll be off again tonight.
I know. There's no need to rub it in.
But I'm chock-a-block with this place.
Well, where could you go
if you could get ashore?
Look at it. Nowt but sheep and seagulls.
Not even a tree.
What do you expect in the north of Scotland?
A blinkin' casino?
There must be one bottle of beer in Scotland.
Just one wonderful bottle of beer.
Well, here comes Posty, anyway.
Edgecombe, Blake...
There you are, Shorty. Hollett.
Stick it on the table, will you?

My hands are wet.

- I expect it's a bill from my tailor.

- Mackeridge.

- Only one?

- That's right.

It's from my young sister.

After months on the North ruddy Sea,
all I get is a letter from my young sister.

Shut up grumbling for a bit, can't you?

Cheer up. It may be bad news.

- Oh, dear, more trouble.

- What's up?

Some fathead left the coal hole open.

My old woman fell down it.

(Laughter)

Joey! Joey!

It's come. The baby's come.

It weighs 7lb and it's a boy.

Here, listen to what she says.

"It was born in the middle of a blitz..."

What's the matter?

Kath Hardy.

Kath and her mother.

- The whole house went and they got killed.

- Mrs Hardy?

Yes. My missus was living with them,
you know.

I wonder if anybody's told him.

They hadn't got any kids, had they?

No, they ain't got no kids.

Well...

I suppose I'd better go and see if I can find him.

Hello, Shorty.

I er... just popped along

to see if you had any news from home.

Not so much as a postcard,

but that's Kath all over.

All the years we've been married,

I've never known her get a post right yet.

Have you heard from Freda?

- Yeah.

- How's she doing?

She's all right.

Why, what's the matter?

It's Kath, Walter.
She and Mrs Lemmon.
You see...
They was all in the house together and...
it got blitzed.
What do you mean?
Kath got killed.
Both of them did.
Freda was all right. She...
She was under the stairs.
Oh, I see.
So, er...
I thought I'd better come along and tell you,
seeing that...
Thanks, son. I'm much obliged.
I'm much obliged.
I think I'll just go out on deck for a bit.
Righto.
- I'm glad Freda's all right.
- Yes, she's fine. We er...
We've got a son.
I'm glad.
Congratulations.
(Seagulls cry)
She's going, sir.
Three cheers for the ship.
Hip, hip, hooray!
Hi hi hooray!
(Aircraft approaches)
Look out. They're coming again.
Dark object floating off starboard bow, sir.
Looks like a raft.
You're right, Yeoman.
Stand by to pick up survivors.
Aye aye, sir.
(Coughing and spluttering)
Keep up your spirits.
I believe they've arrived at last.
(All shout)
Looks like one of the old flotilla.
(Cheering)
(Joey plays Roll Out The Barrel)
We'll have a barrel of fun
Roll out the barrel

We've got the blues on the run

(Cheering)

(Ship's siren)

Thank you.

- I'm damned glad to see you, sir.

- Thanks, No.1.

Captain sends his compliments, sir.

Thank you. Tell him from me, I warned him.

He won't get command of this flotilla yet.

It was an extraordinary bit of luck finding you.

The Chief Yeoman spotted you.

We were about to give up.

- How many of my men have you picked up?

- 90, sir. Some are badly knocked about.

- Where are they?

- Between decks.

- The dive-bombing's been pretty incessant.

(Alarm)

Here we go again. Anybody got any Flit?

- Anybody happen to know where we're going?

- Alexandria, I expect.

Join the Navy and see the world.

Looks to me as if it's going to be the next world.

It's all right. Don't move.

(Dive bomber approaches)

- Glad you're OK, sir.

- Thanks, Fisher.

We were getting a bit worried about you, sir.

- Nothing like a good swim before breakfast.

- That's right, sir.

Snotty, give me a piece of paper and a pencil.

It's... No.17.

Just as you turn out of...

turn out of the high street.

All right. I've got the address straight.

I'll let her know.

Thank you, sir.

All right, son.

Try it a little louder, son. I can't quite hear.

24... Gr... Greek Street.

All right. Don't worry.

I'll write and tell them they can be proud of you.

(Bomb whistles)

(Explosion)

Of all the persistent bastards!
You'd think they'd get tired, wouldn't you?
I'll tell you something -
strictly between you and I -
I'm scared stiff,
and it's no good pretending I'm not.
If I could be at a gun, I shouldn't mind,
but this sitting about and asking for it
is beginning to get me down.
- Brace up. Remember Nelson.
- Yeah, look what happened to him.
(Bomb whistles down)
(Barrel organ plays
If You Were The Only Girl In The World)
(Doorbell)
(Sobbing)
(Doorbell)
Oh, all right!
- Name of Blake?
- Yes, name of Blake.
- Here you are, then.
- Thanks.
There's no answer.
(Sobs)
Freda! Dad! Freda! May!
He's safe! He's all right! He's safe!
He's safe, Freda! He's safe!
He's all right! He's safe!
- What is it? It's not...
- It's from him.
He's sent a telegram. It's from him himself.
He's all right. My boy's all right.
But the ship went down.
It said so in the papers.
Ook
OK... love.
There, there, dear.
There isn't nothing to cry about no more.
Shall I wait for an answer?
Oh... Just a minute, I'll see.
Can we go down to the village after tea,
Mummy?
- I want to go on my bicycle.
- I want to go on mine, too.

- You can't. You've got a flat tyre.
- But I'm going to pump it up again.
The girl's waiting for an answer, ma'am.
There's no answer.
Tell Mrs Bates and John it's from the Captain
and everything's all right.
- I'm so glad, ma'am.
- Thank you, Emily.
Darlings, it's from Daddy.
He was picked up and taken to Alexandria.
He's quite safe.
Oh, Mummy, Mummy, Mummy!
Ship's company... 'shun!
Ship's company present, sir.
Thank you, Torps. Stand them easy, please.
Ship's company, stand at ease!
Stand easy.
Come a little closer.
I have come to say goodbye
to the few of you who are left.
We've had so many talks, and this is our last.
I've always tried to crack a joke or two before,
and you've all been friendly
and laughed at them.
But today, I'm afraid I've run out of jokes,
and I don't suppose any of us
feels much like laughing.
The Torrin has been in one scrap after another,
but even when we had men killed, the majority
survived and brought the old ship back.
Now she lies in 1500 fathoms...
...and with her, more than half our shipmates.
If they had to die, what a grand way to go.
For now they lie all together
with the ship we loved,
and they're in very good company.
We've lost her, but they're still with her.
There may be less than half the Torrin left,
but I feel that we'll all take up the battle
with even stronger heart.
Each of us knows
twice as much about fighting,
and each of us
has twice as good a reason to fight.

You will all be sent to replace men
who have been killed in other ships.
And the next time you're in action,
remember the Torrin.

I should like to add...

...that there isn't one of you that I wouldn't be
proud and honoured to serve with again.

Goodbye.

Good luck.

And thank you all from the bottom of my heart.

- Goodbye, sir.

- Goodbye.

Goodbye.

- Goodbye, sir.

- Goodbye.

Goodbye, sir.

Goodbye, Rawlings.

- Goodbye, sir.

- Goodbye.

- Goodbye.

- Goodbye.

- Goodbye, sir.

- Goodbye.

- Best of luck, sir.

- Thanks, Harris. Goodbye.

- Best of luck, sir.

- Thanks. Goodbye.

- Goodbye, sir.

- Goodbye.

- Good luck, sir.

- Thanks. Goodbye.

- Best of luck, sir.

- Thank you. Goodbye.

Goodbye, sir. The very best of luck.

Thanks, Roach. Goodbye.

- The very best of luck, sir.

- Thanks. Goodbye.

- Goodbye.

- Goodbye, Fisher.

- Goodbye, sir.

- Goodbye, Moran.

- Goodbye, sir.

- Goodbye, Hollett.

- Goodbye, sir.

- Goodbye, Edgecombe.

Goodbye, sir. Bon voyage.

Thanks, Brodie.

- Goodbye, sir.

- Goodbye, Mackeridge.

- Good luck, sir.

- Thanks, Blake.

- Goodbye.

- Goodbye, sir.

- Goodbye, sir.

- Goodbye, Hardy.

Here ends the story of a ship,

but there will always be other ships,

for we are an island race.

Through all our centuries,

the sea has ruled our destiny.

There will always be other ships

and men to sail in them

It is these men, in peace or war,

to whom we owe so much.

Above all victories, beyond all loss,

in spite of changing values

in a changing world,

they give, to us, their countrymen,

eternal and indomitable pride.

(Cheering)

Open fire!

God bless our ships, and all who sail in them.