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# On the Double

By Jack Rose

( dramatic theme playing )

**NARRATOR:**

Berlin, 1944.

A secret radio message  
from Adolf Hitler  
personally to his spies  
in Great Britain.

"Kill General MacKenzie-Smith,  
please."

There was terrible headaches,  
you know.

Here in London, this is how  
the message was passed on.

It's only now that we of  
British Military Intelligence  
have been able to  
piece together fully  
from captured German documents.

We thank Paramount Pictures  
in Hollywood

for having the courage  
to put this on the screen.

I know we wouldn't.

The German Secret Service  
didn't hesitate a moment  
in placing Hitler's orders  
into effect.

MacKenzie-Smith  
was drawing up the plans  
for the Allied invasion  
of Europe  
and had to be stopped  
at all costs.

Here come General Eisenhower,  
Field Marshall Montgomery,  
General de Gaulle,  
and Sir Lawrence  
MacKenzie-Smith himself  
wearing  
the familiar eye patch.

**MAN:**

Stop! Stop or I'll shoot!

( gunfire )

( dramatic theme playing )

**NARRATOR:**

Dear, dear. We don't seem to be catching up.

Well, after all, the Germans are in a Rolls Royce and our lads

only have American Jeeps.

Not that we're not grateful, mind you.

Uh, it is better than walking.

( gunshots )

( tires screech )

Oh, come, come. Let's get those ruddy names off the screen

Never heard of any

of those chaps. Have you?

( police siren wailing )

MAN ( over speaker ):

This camp area is now sealed.

**NARRATOR:**

That night MacKenzie sealed every military area in Britain.

Nothing could move in or out.

Not even two American soldiers assigned to a British base.

MAN ( over speaker ):

...permitted to leave this base by personal order

of the General Officer

MacKenzie-Smith,

that so and so.

Boy,

you can say that again.

Cheer up, Joe.

So we can't leave for home

Pack up your troubles

in your old kit bag and smile.

Smile. Smile.

Sure. After all the trouble  
to get the Red Cross  
My poor wife having  
My mother isn't desperately ill.  
She's on Miami Beach.  
She sent me a picture of her  
in a bathing suit,  
My poor sister  
works for the Red Cross.  
Want to get her in trouble?  
No, I don't wanna  
get her in trouble.  
How many times have I told you  
I'm on the salt-free,  
fat-free, high-protein  
low-calorie diet?  
What's so difficult  
about that?  
It's not easy  
to get it on a shingle.  
No.  
We don't even belong  
in this teabag outfit.  
Well, I know that.  
The, the--  
Our company was just loaned  
to the British Army  
to show them how to open spam  
or something.  
All right.  
Why don't we see the captain?  
We'll explain  
the whole situation to him.  
He's a nice fellow.  
He'll cut some orders for us,  
and then in a couple of days,  
we'll be home.  
Ernie, this is the army,  
remember?  
There are a couple of boys  
trying to get home  
from Gettysburg.  
They'll make it.  
Inspecting something,

I guess.  
Why ain't they  
out fighting the war?  
What do you want?  
Why aren't we fighting the war?  
Because we want our  
side to win. That's why.  
Sit down, chaps.  
We're all  
in the same leaky boat.  
Not us. We're supposed  
to be sailing on one tonight.  
Our sick ones  
are waiting for us.  
( all chuckle )  
This military camp  
is now sealed  
by order  
of the general commanding  
by order of  
His Majesty's government,  
and by order of  
the Prime Minister.  
Uh-huh.  
( imitating MacKenzie ):  
Hey! We shall fight them  
on the beaches. We shall  
fight them on the streets.  
But, uh,  
how can we fight them  
if we can't get out  
of this ruddy camp?  
Quiet, will you?  
I've gotta think.  
Now, there must be  
somebody we know  
that's got enough influence  
to get us out of here tonight.  
( in normal voice ):  
There's only one man.  
( imitates Hitler ):  
Sieg heil!  
( all chuckle )  
( speaking in German )

Now he'll run his whole  
Luftwaffe for you.  
He has a gamut of three.  
It's because he was raised in  
the German section of Brooklyn.  
( all chuckling )

( **in English** ):

There'll always be an England,  
but they will be  
driving Volkswagens.  
We will have the--  
Ernie, your mustache fell  
in the potatoes.  
It looks right at home.  
( in normal voice ):

Yeah, well...

See, without my patch,  
I have one good eye  
with 20/20 vision  
and one bad eye  
uh, in case of  
extreme myopia, you see.  
And, uh, I wrote a letter  
to my draft board about it,  
He's jolly good, you know?  
The life of the party.  
Do an imitation  
of the boat sailing  
for the States  
without us.

( in rough voice ):

When the saints go marching in.  
Will you quit  
fooling around?  
( all chuckling )

( **normal** ):

Honestly, we'll get going.  
Of course.  
I can just see  
MacKenzie Smith,  
that one-eyed  
old slave driver

giving you permission  
to go.  
Yeah, so can I.  
Yeah, here.  
( clears throat )  
( imitates MacKenzie ):  
Uh, um, speak up, young man.  
Huh, what's his mother doing  
around in Rip Rolls. What?  
Nuh-uh.  
Good heavens, man.  
Why didn't you  
speak up sooner?  
Oh, yes.  
I say unseal Britain,  
and let my people go.  
Don't encourage him,  
please.  
Oh, that's the old bird  
to a tee.  
your duty is merely  
to do your duty.  
Do you understand?  
Obey orders.  
Now yours  
is not to reason why.  
Ours is not to reason  
why either.  
If any stops to reason why,  
we should all be  
in Miami Beach with Mother.  
Ha, ha, I say,  
that's a rather witty one.  
Well, uh, what?  
Carry on.  
Come on, chaps.  
On the double.  
Ernie.  
Well, what for?  
We're going out  
to the motor pool.  
Grab a car. You'll sit  
in the back seat  
and I'll drive you out,

General.

I won't be impersonating  
an officer.

That's what I mean.

I'll impersonate an officer.

Ernie,

it's dark outside.

Don't you see how you fooled  
that limey captain?

wearing all that brass.

I'll make like your chauffeur.

It's a cinch.

You must be out of your mind.

You don't even know

how to drive.

The incredible just takes  
just a little bit longer.

and categorically

no, no, no.

( tires screeching )

**MAN 1:**

( tires screeching )

**MAN 2:**

Who goes there?

Oh, sorry, sir.

I didn't know you were  
visiting the camp, sir.

But I have strict orders, sir.

Your orders not to let anyone

Quiet, sergeant.

( imitates MacKenzie ):

Um, very good.

But I've just revoked  
the order,

and I am in a bit

of a rush.

Open the barrier.

There's a good man.

Sorry, sir, but you must  
prove your identity.

Blasted man,

I have urgent business

at Supreme Headquarters.  
I have no time to play  
Tin Soldier. Never have.  
Now you know who I am.  
Open the barrier  
or I shall have my man  
drive through it!  
Open.  
( engine revs )  
( in normal voice ):  
Once we get out of sight,  
I'll take the wheel.  
I've got to hand it to you.  
Maybe it was you  
who had the IQ of 185.  
( tire bursts )  
I guess it was mine.  
Listen, you better get out  
and change that tire  
before they try  
to come and help us.  
Where do they hide the tools  
in these things?  
I don't even know  
where they put the motor.  
I can't do that.  
I'm the general.  
So, be democratic.  
Oh, stop worrying.  
They didn't even notice us.  
Hey, I think I found the jack.  
Heh, look.  
( car horn honking )  
Look, I think I found a fuse.  
( siren wailing )  
( both nervously chattering )  
Oh, what fender.  
What to do?  
Let me get out of here!  
Lift up, so I can  
put the jack under here.  
  
( **screams** ):  
Yeah, oh, God!

Get this thing up--  
We have transport  
for you, sir. Please get in.  
We'll take you  
to Supreme Headquarters.  
I've got a better idea.  
Take me to jail.  
( dramatic theme playing )

**MAN:**

Yes, yes. A remarkable  
resemblance to the general.  
But we must be  
absolutely certain.  
The Nazis,  
I'm sorry to say, escaped.  
They've slipped through  
our fingers again,  
up our sleeve as  
a last resort.  
Finally, we seem to have  
stumbled on a man  
who has a chance  
of carrying it off.  
Yes, but yeah, you've seen  
the report on this fellow?  
He's a hypochondriac,  
a malingerer,  
a confirmed grouser,  
he's got flat feet--  
But it made a monkey  
out of the Sergeant Le Garde.  
Nonsense. At night,  
and for a few seconds only.  
Colonel.  
We're both in intelligence  
and both understand  
that could get us committed  
to a booby hatch  
There's something in that.  
Now sometimes the long chance  
is the only chance.  
Perhaps you're right.  
Well, I'll tell you

what we'll do.  
We'll have this fellow,  
Private Williams,  
brought in tomorrow and leave it  
to the general to make  
the final decision.  
How's that?  
The general himself?  
Heh, one thing we've learned  
from you Americans,  
my boy, the higher  
you pass the buck,  
the longer it takes  
to come back to you.  
( upbeat theme playing )

**NARRATOR:**

Our code name for this chap  
was to be Dead Pigeon.  
Goodness, do you think  
he heard me?  
Okay, Corporal.  
We'll take it from here.  
Come along.  
Sir Lawrence,  
this is Project 402.  
Good heavens.  
Oh, please don't judge by  
his present unprepossessing  
appearance, sir.  
Z-2 has investigated him  
thoroughly, sir.  
This man has an amazing  
ability for mimicry.  
Oh, jolly, we'll have  
to make sure.  
Step forward, man.  
Step forward, damn it!  
Uh...  
Turn around.  
Faster!  
I can't turn around  
any faster, sir.  
If I turn around fast,

I get dizzy  
and nauseous  
and everything, sir.  
Yes, sir.  
It's like this, sir.  
You see, sir.  
It's a form  
allergenic vertigo, sir.  
It's, uh, a deviation  
of the inner ear.  
It's quite an interesting  
problem medically.  
I wrote a letter to draft board,  
explaining the whole thing.

**MACKENZIE:**

What is this ruddy nonsense?  
I say, stop it, you hear.  
Halt!  
I say there is a vague physical  
resemblance, but I do say,  
chaps, don't you think we're  
going a bit near the knuckle?  
Oh, excuse me. MI-5 have also  
investigated this man, sir.  
Tested him thoroughly.  
His impersonation of you  
is skillful even uncanny.  
Please don't judge  
too hastily, sir.  
Yes, yes, yes.  
Of course.  
Mm, uh.  
Uh ,what did you say  
this chap's name was?  
Williams.  
Private Ernest Williams.

**MACKENZIE:**

Yes, of course. Uh, you.  
Let me hear you play  
General MacKenzie-Smith  
in your uncanny  
and skillful way.

( coughing and gibbering )

Would you mind  
putting out that cigar, sir?

I'm allergic to tobacco.

My sinuses simply are not  
equipped to handle it, sir.

It's all in that letter,  
page four, paragraph three.

Look here, man!

I haven't got all day!

General Eisenhower  
is waiting.

Oh, tell him not to, sir.

I don't do him.

( sneezes )

Of all the blithering idiots,  
I give you exactly five seconds  
to comply with my order  
or I'll ruddy well have you  
taken out and shot!

Or are you allergic  
to that too?

( imitates Mackenzie ) :

Of all the blithering idiots,  
I give you exactly five seconds  
to comply with my order  
or I'll ruddy well have you  
taken out and shot!

Or are you allergic  
to that too?

Rather good, me boy.

Rather good.

I say, that's quite  
a remarkable resemblance.

I'm glad you think so, sir.

Yes, I do.

My congratulations,  
dear fellow.

Yes, yes.

Quite remarkable.

Blast me  
if I don't think he'll do.

( in normal voice ):

You're not going to shoot me

Have you been told about  
your assignment?  
Assignment?  
We'll take care of that later.  
He hasn't been told a thing.  
Face the general.  
Oh, excuse me,  
Sir.  
Uh, what will you have?  
What?  
I'm on a salt-free,  
fat-free, high-protein,  
low-calorie,  
low-cholesterol diet, sir.  
Blast it, man!  
Anyone who wants to step into  
my shoes better learn  
to drink my brandy.  
Yes, sir.  
Oh, yes, sir. I think  
they let me keep it, sir.  
I have it. Oh, uh.  
No, that's the Hitler mustache.  
I can tell by  
the mashed potatoes.  
( imitates MacKenzie ):  
All leaves casual forthwith  
for the fortnight.  
That's the wrong eye,  
you idiotic nincompoop!  
A mistake like that  
might be tragic.  
Well, you see, sir,  
I have one good eye  
and one eye  
with very poor vision.  
When I imitate you, sir,  
I always put the patch  
on the bad eye  
so I can see.  
But if you insist on it, sir,  
I can put it on the good eye,  
Here, man.  
Here's your drink. Drink up.

Sir, I have  
a liver condition--  
There'll be steel  
through it if you don't.  
Alcohol makes the enzymes  
in my blood have their own--  
Be quiet, man,  
or I'll have you hanged  
for insubordination!

( **stammers** ):

Yes, sir. Very good, sir.  
If that's  
what you really want.  
Sorry, sir.  
I, uh, can't see a thing,  
so I should always wear it on.  
Ooh, uh, say, huh...  
For heaven's sake, man,  
drink up  
and get out  
of my sight.  
Oh, uh, excuse me, sir.  
( Ernest gibbering )  
Yes, sir.  
Uh, yes.  
Take him out and try  
to persuade him to desert.  
Yes, sir.  
Come along.  
You've got him, Jeff.

**MAN:**

The enemy expect  
the invasion here.  
Now, at all costs,  
we must confuse  
the German high command as to  
where the blow will really fall.  
Already we've sent  
an actor  
who resembles  
Field Marshal Montgomery  
on a tour of North Africa

to convince the enemy  
that the attack will be  
launched from there.  
Sound thinking.  
Thank you,  
Private Williams.  
Very kind of you.  
Now, General MacKenzie-Smith  
will shortly take off by air  
for Yugoslavia  
where the second front  
will really begin.  
He must travel, of course,  
in complete secrecy, disguised.  
Disguised perhaps as a private  
in the American army.  
Private Ernest Williams.  
I see.  
And you want me  
to impersonate the general  
for a while so that  
the German high command  
will believe  
he is still in London?  
Sound thinking.  
Uh, thank you, sir.  
Very kind of you.  
Uh, I've been doing  
some more sound thinking, sir  
and, uh, ah, I don't think  
I want the job, uh, sir.

**ERNIE:**

Well, sir, doing it for  
the fellows is one thing  
but in real life, day after day  
uh, heh, I'm not even British.  
I honestly don't think  
I could carry it off.  
In that case, soldier,  
I'll arrange  
for your Court-Martial  
immediately.  
Thank you, sir.

Uh, Court-Martial, sir?  
Uh, Court-Martial?  
Impersonating an officer  
is a capital offense.  
I think the fellow  
is quite right.  
An American. How could he be  
convincing as an Englishman?  
You did, of course.  
When does a colonel  
listen to a private, sir?  
I mean, uh, I've been doing  
a lot of sound thinking  
and I don't think  
there's anybody else  
You don't?  
Yes, sir.  
Uh, certainly on the surface  
I may appear American to you  
but dash it all, underneath,  
my roots go back  
to the Pilgrim fathers.  
( imitating MacKenzie-Smith ):  
You do realize I play cricket  
every Whitsuntide?  
For old Genenid...  
( Ernest gibbering )  
I don't know, sir,  
but I do know I'd like the job.  
Under those circumstances,  
I'll be happy  
to see that you get it.  
You have nothing  
to worry about.  
We'll give you  
a complete make up job.  
Gray your hair.  
We'll put you through  
a whale of a training program.  
You'll study  
the general's actions,  
appearance, friends,  
the whole works.  
When we get through, you'll

not only look like the general  
That may be necessary too.  
I can't do that.  
You see, Colonel?  
I'm on a salt-free,  
fat-free, high-protein,  
low-cholesterol  
low-calorie diet.  
We'll cross that alcoholic  
bridge when we come to it.  
Uh, I want you both  
to know that  
I'm very happy to do anything  
that will make sure that  
the government of the people  
by the people  
and for the people  
shall not perish  
from this earth.  
Thank you, Honest Abe.  
Four score  
and seven years ago,  
or forefathers brought forth  
upon this land a low-calorie,  
( sad theme playing )  
cottage cheese,  
which is the only--  
( sighs )  
Don't you think  
perhaps we ought to tell him?  
Tell him what?  
That a spy ring of German agents  
are operating  
within our own headquarters?  
That's already made  
three attempts  
on MacKenzie-Smith's life.  
It may be wise  
to risk someone else's life  
for the generals but--  
I don't altogether agree  
with you Americans,  
you know?  
ought to be told the truth

and allowed to volunteer.  
Colonel, in two years  
of army service  
Private First Class  
Ernest Williams  
has never volunteered  
for anything  
including volleyball.  
My only regret is he only has  
but one life  
to give to his country.  
Consider him  
our rebuttal for Britain.  
All right, Jeff, my boy.  
You may be right.  
Here you are, then.  
Heh. To Lend Lease.  
( upbeat theme playing )  
Will you be needing the car  
again this evening, sir?  
Uh, no.  
That will be all.  
You're dismissed, sergeant.  
Thank you.  
Yes, sir. Uh, the usual tonight,  
I assume, sir?  
Uh, yes, yes.  
Yes, of course.  
Very good.  
You certainly fooled  
the general's driver.  
Yeah.  
How's the contact lens  
we fitted for you?  
I had a little bit of difficulty  
with it at first, sir,  
but I see out of it  
wonderfully now.  
Oh, good, good.  
I was wondering, sir.  
Can I have this contact lens  
after I finish this job?  
Don't quite know how we'd be  
able to get it away from you.

By the way, have you got  
the spare lens we gave you?  
Yes. Yes.  
I have it right here.  
Where is it?  
Don't lose it.  
The general's suite  
Yes?  
Sergeant Twickenham and  
his bad manners is waiting.  
He's been told everything.  
Tomorrow you make your  
I do?  
Launching the Joint  
Allied Red Cross  
with General Zlinkov  
of the Red Army.  
Don't forget  
No, I won't, sir.  
Go straight upstairs.  
No, I won't.  
Good night.  
Good night.  
I said "evening."  
Pretty good, huh.  
You should have caught me  
at the airport.  
Ahem! Men, we have  
an enormous job of work to do.  
the Allied victories  
there is nothing in the world  
that we must value  
as highly as discipline.  
Heh, pretty cute, huh?  
The resemblance  
is absolutely astounding, sir.  
But if I might suggest?  
Head back.  
Not too far, sir.  
Uh, slight trace of a limp  
in the left leg.  
Wounded in France.  
Oh!  
No, sir. Paris.

Lady in a spiked heel.  
The general was barefoot  
at the time.  
They told me  
he was married.  
Yes, sir. That too.  
Lady Margaret,  
lovely girl.  
She's in Canada, you know,  
on a war savings  
bond drive.  
That's good. I'll have  
to remember to keep my shoes on.  
( doorbell buzzes )  
You forgot your briefcase, sir.  
As usual.  
Yes. Thank you.  
Uh, yes, uh, quite.  
Thank you very much.  
Good night. Pip, pip.  
Cheerio.  
Thank you.  
Thank you very much indeed.  
You may go back  
to the motor pool, Sergeant.  
Beastly night, though,  
isn't it, sir?  
Double beastly, actually.  
Well, good night, sergeant.  
Carry on. Press on.  
Pip, pip.  
Tally ho,  
and, uh, you may fall out.  
What?  
What's wrong with you?  
Of course, Larry.  
You're the general.  
Yes, of course.  
Quite.  
I must investigate  
this absolutely thoroughly.  
I think you'll find everything  
where it should be.  
Good night,

sergeant.

Good night, general.

Sergeant!

As usual.

( romantic theme playing )

Twickenham!

Comman--!

What's wrong with you tonight,  
darling?

You're acting a little cold,  
aren't you?

Cold.

Yes, that's what I have.

A beastly...

( coughs )

You had better leave.

You might catch it.

I know a lovely way  
to break up a cold, Larry  
or have you forgotten?

You were very distant  
towards me  
in the car tonight,  
darling.

I, uh, hope you're not holding  
what happened  
last Thursday PM  
against me.

Not at all.

Not a bit.

Not a smidgen.

Not a wit.

No, no.

Not even Wednesday AM.

Wednesday AM?

( both chuckles )

Larry, you mad fool!

( moaning )

Ah, you haven't change a bit,  
after all, heh.

( both sigh )

( both kiss )

Do...

Do you really think she has

a cure for the common cold?  
I wouldn't doubt it  
for a moment, sir.  
That's what my speech  
is about tomorrow.  
I did try to warn you,  
sir.  
Yeah. Well.  
Uh, what am I gonna do?  
It would be dangerous  
to arouse suspicion, sir.  
After all, the general has got  
a reputation with the ladies.  
I know that, but I'm on  
a salt-free, fat-free,  
high-protein, low-calorie  
low-cholesterol diet.  
You better get me  
out of here.  
Tell her anything.  
Tell her something.  
Tell her  
I've, uh, gone to visit a war.  
I'm engaged  
in a secret conference.  
Tell her anything.  
I've got to get out.  
( doorbell buzzes )  
Oh, no, sir.  
I once asked her.  
( panting )  
It's Lady Margaret, sir.  
The general's wife.  
Lady Margaret? You told me  
she's in Canada on a bond tour.  
What kind of a war  
is this, anyway?  
I thought we were fighting  
the Germans.  
Hey, you keep Margaret busy.  
I'll get rid of Dr. Cronkite.  
Sergeant. Sergeant?  
Where are you?  
Sergeant?

I say, Sergeant, where are you?

**STANHOPE:**

In here, Larry.

What? Oh!

Ah.

You impetuous beast.

I'm sorry, your baggage.

My wife, you know.

What am I supposed to do?

( panting )

Out of the bath,  
into your clothes,

Hm, the usual.

( sighs )

Larry.

Maggie!

( gibbers )

I say it's absolutely wizard  
to have you back, old girl.

Larry!

I--

Don't I do that to you?

I'm terribly sorry. I was  
absolutely overcome, you see.  
Been ghastly lonely, you know.

Just me and Ike and Monty  
and Charlie de Gaulle.

Larry, you know I don't  
find you amusing any longer.

If you don't mind,

I'd like to take a bath

( pants )

What?

I mean, there's been awful  
trouble with the plumbing.

I had to pitch in myself,  
you see.

Do you realize that all the good  
plumber are in intelligence now?

That, ha, ha...

That's a rather good one.

Rather I'll have it fixed  
straight away.

Now what, darling?  
Oh, you are a bit slower  
this evening.  
Quickly, dear.  
On the double.  
Oh!  
You seem so different.  
You've changed.  
What's happened  
to all the passion?  
Passion. Poetry.  
Yes. Good night.  
Good night.  
Parting  
is such sweet sorrow  
that I say good night  
till it be morrow.  
Oh, Larry!  
In dreams  
I kiss your hand, madame.  
But drink to me  
only with thine eyes.  
I'd be down to get you  
in a taxi, honey,  
but you'd better be ready  
Yes! Here, dear!  
Sorry, I took so long.  
I had a bit of difficult,  
but it's all fixed now.  
Eh, dreeded it for.  
Uh, drewed it for you.  
Difficult language,  
isn't it?  
Oh, capital idea.  
Absolutely capital.  
Yes.  
Uh, I'm a bit  
fagged out myself.  
I think I should turn in myself.  
Come over here, Larry.  
Come here.  
What ever for?  
Well, I want to talk to you.  
Yes.

( sighs )

How are Toronto Maple Leafs  
doing this season?

( sighs )

And how is your dear mother?

Gears lock.

Absolutely smashing.

Received a letter

only yesterday.

My dear Larry, your mother has  
been dead for over two years.

Well, the mails are terribly  
slow these days.

and traffic lights

and that sort of thing.

Who are you?

What are you doing here?

Twickenham!

Twickenham!

Your Ladyship.

You'll excuse my forwardness but

I took the liberty of calling

MI-5 military intelligence.

Colonel Somerset's on the line

he'll explain everything to you.

Well, I certainly

hope so.

Don't let him out

of your sight.

I guess

I didn't fool her at all.

Don't worry, sir.

The general

never does either.

Larry's where?

Yes, I did return unexpectedly.

Project 402?

Dead Pigeon?

What is this soldier

supposed to do?

Now, Colonel Somerset,

are you serious?

Does he know this?

He should be told.

Well ,yes, Colonel,  
if you say it's top secret,  
not a word.  
Poor unfortunate fool.  
Uh, her Ladyship.  
Ah, sorry, sir.  
She'll expect this.  
That will be all,  
Twickenham.  
Ah, yes, my lady.  
I'm sorry  
about all this.  
or I was supposed to try  
to convince you I was Larry or--  
Oh.  
You may  
put your hands down.  
Oh, thank you.  
I, uh, wouldn't like  
to cause any embarrassment.  
I could sleep outside  
on the couch or something.  
No, heh, we'll play  
the game to the hilt.  
You sleep in Larry's bed.  
He seldom used it anyway.  
I still have  
the gun, soldier.  
( chuckles )  
I hope you'll forgive my  
being a bit shaky, but, uh,  
I mean  
I've met a lady, but  
I had a peculiar idea  
that you'd be wearing  
a crown or  
coronet or a halo.  
Something like that.  
Oh, I haven't worn a halo  
in years.  
You could have  
fooled me.  
Lady Margaret, I'm curious  
about something.

Did I play the part  
well enough to fool you?  
I wouldn't mean  
permanently,  
but momentarily  
when we first met.  
Oh, that's when you made  
your first mistake.  
Because Larry hasn't kissed  
me hello in ages.  
He hasn't?  
he never bothered  
to hide them from me.  
That might be an expression  
of an inferiority complex.  
It could mean that he loves  
you very much.  
I wish I could  
be as forgiving as that  
but I came back  
from Canada  
to ask Larry  
to give me a divorce.  
War hero or no.  
Oh, I'm sorry  
to hear that.  
Maybe all he needs is to go  
and see a psychoanalyst.  
I once had an uncle  
who hated my aunt.  
He went to see an analyst  
every day for six months  
at \$25 a visit.  
He learned to love her  
all over again.  
Then he ran out of money,  
so she divorced him.  
I don't know why I'm  
telling you all this,  
except that it has  
absolutely nothing to do  
with your  
situation at all.  
If you're supposed to have

fooled Larry's friends  
and I presume you are,  
you've got an  
awful lot to learn.  
You have?  
Yes. I've been down  
to the headquarters,  
and they've been showing  
newsreels of him  
and I've been  
reading biographies  
and I've been  
practicing too.  
Yes.  
Limping and  
swagger-sticking.  
I ever put a mark  
on my eye  
where the patch is  
supposed to go over, heh.  
Larry doesn't need any patch  
any more than you do.  
He doesn't?  
It's just that  
one eye has a tendency  
to become quite bloodshot  
after five or six brandies,  
his usual condition.  
I don't like  
officers like that  
They think  
they're winning the war.  
You're winning the war,  
Private Williams.  
No, not me.  
I'm not doing  
anything much.  
I'll be finished  
in a few days.  
I think you'd better  
get some sleep  
Yeah.  
Uh, good night,  
Your Ladyship.

Good night,  
Project 402.

**NARRATOR:**

Our man from Brooklyn remained  
a perfect gentleman all night.

( suspenseful theme  
playing )

( speaking in Russian )

What'd I say?

Ah, you said, "My old  
friend, Marshall Zlinkov.

It's been a long time since  
those gay old days in Moscow."

Yes, I've got that phrase  
down pretty pat, but

suppose the general asks me  
something else in Russian.

I can't keep telling him about  
the gay old days in Moscow.

I shall be on

the platform with you,

and I shall tap you

when you must answer.

Once for nyet, meaning no.

Twice for da, meaning--

Three times for mozhet byt,  
meaning yes.

We're getting close to the area.

Once for nyet, meaning da.

Once for da. Two nyets for  
mozhet, meaning--

Here, here. How about a spot  
of brandy for the nerves?

No, thank you. I don't.

You don't happen to have  
any yogurt in there?

Yeah.

None.

You better have the brandy  
yourself. Ah, twice for yeah.

I get out of the car  
and everybody cheers.

I step on the platform.

Everybody cheers.  
I deliver the speech.  
Everybody cheers.  
I get back in the car,  
and they go out of their  
minds, cheering, heh.  
We're here.  
Ah, Twig, we're here.  
Ah, Twickenham.  
It's no time  
to fall asleep.  
I've got to remember  
the nyets and the--  
Twickenham!  
Twickenham, say something.  
Take him out.  
Hurry, they're cheering you.  
What's the matter?  
Yes, yes.  
Poor Twickenham.  
High blood pressure.  
And a touch of malaria.  
Malaria, I believe.  
But he had such  
a good complexion.  
But he also had cirrhosis  
of the liver and a weak heart.  
Cirrhosis.  
You never know who's gonna go  
next, do you?  
Sometimes you do.  
You take care of him.  
Go on. They're waiting.  
Good luck.  
Uh, maybe if he'd been  
on a fat-free--  
I don't think  
that would have helped.  
Look, I can't go out there.  
Look at that crowd.  
You've got to.  
You can fool some of the people  
all of the time  
and all of the people

some of the time.  
But the first fellow  
who said that was shot.  
( suspenseful theme playing )

**MAN ( over PA ):**

May I welcome you on behalf  
of the United States Army.  
Also on behalf of our  
distinguished visitors,  
Marshall Gregory Zlinkov of  
the Army of the Soviet Union,  
General Sir Lawrence  
MacKenzie-Smith  
of the British General Staff.  
( all cheering )

We gather here  
on the eve of the invasion.  
You men will  
spearhead the attack  
and rest assured  
in the knowledge  
that today  
as we launch a new drive  
for the plasma  
that will bring to the floor--  
Tovarish, doctor.

( speaking in Russian )

( speaking in Russian )

General MacKenzie-Smith, you  
speak the marshal's language.  
Would you explain  
to your old friend  
We're not taking  
any blood samples.

( both speaking in Russian )

I believe he said  
this reminds him  
of the gay  
old days in Moscow.  
I say, what are they  
doing there?

Da.

( groans )

( chuckles )

**MAN:**

Hero.

Carry on.

Men, we have  
further good news.

After intensive research,  
the medical corps  
of the United States Army  
is passing along  
to its allies

Those two enemies  
of seaborne landings  
mild burn exposure  
have finally been conquered.

One shot  
of serum D-104,  
and seasickness  
becomes an old wives' tale.

( speaks in Russian )

( speaking in Russian )

( chuckles )

We have also developed S-604,  
a new anti-influenza vaccine.

Gentlemen,  
never has the army had two  
such distinguished guinea pigs.  
Not at all.

Ready? Oh, yes.

Uh, pardon me.

Ah, no, sir.

These are in the arm.

Oh, terribly sorry.

I say, do be gentle.

Thank you.

Uh...

( grunts )

Molodets, heh.

Men of the invasion forces,  
the hero of Dunkirk,  
El Alamein and Tobruk,  
General Sir Lawrence  
MacKenzie-Smith.

( all applauding )  
As you are, men.  
Men...  
no longer the discomfort  
of seasickness.  
As you men are the spearhead  
of the invasion  
disembarked  
from your landing craft,  
you will be so healthy  
and so fit  
that your condition will come  
as a complete surprise  
to the German army.  
And so I say  
to our gallant allies, hip, hip.  
Achoo! Pardon.  
Let me hip, hip, achoo.  
( gunshots )  
( man groaning )  
I'm afraid  
I'm not much of a cook,  
but this is the best  
I could do without Twickenham.  
Twickenham.  
That was the fastest case  
of cirrhosis I've ever seen  
in my whole life.  
What about that stray bullet  
that knocked my hat off?  
Boy, that was really close.  
You'd better  
eat properly.  
I'm supposed to ride through  
Trafalgar Square in an open car.  
They want me to sit up  
on the back  
so that the people can  
see me when they cheer.  
I'm a symbol,  
you know.  
You're a target.  
A target.  
A sitting duck.

Do you know what  
the code name for you is?  
German Secret Service  
has been trying  
to kill my husband  
and you've been set up  
to take his place.  
No, no. He's going to Yugoslavia  
to open a second front.  
All the English troops are going  
to Yugoslavia because he said  
that when he went to Yugoslavia,  
all the troops would be able to  
be able to attack  
behind the Danube.  
Dead Pigeon?  
Do you know why we're giving  
that party tonight  
for the officers of  
Larry's old regiment?  
No. You mean the MacKenzie  
First Highlanders? No.  
They've learned  
that the chief agent  
And tonight,  
they've invited everyone  
they suspect of wanting  
to kill you.  
( objects clatter )  
I'm sorry. I'm getting out  
of here right now.  
I'm turning in my eye patch,  
sir. And my mustache.  
I figured out your  
whole cold-blooded scheme.  
Pretty clever, wasn't it?  
If they don't get me  
at the party,  
at Trafalgar Square.  
You can have your pips back.  
I'd rather be a private  
in the front lines under fire  
from shot and shell, sir.  
Don't take that literally,

too, sir.  
I'm sorry, Colonel Somerset.  
I suppose I've broken security  
but I couldn't  
let you do it to him.  
That's all right.  
I understand how you feel,  
of course  
but it's a matter  
of military necessity.  
But there's been a change  
in the situation.  
Why? Are they  
switching to knives?  
No.  
I'm sorry to have to break  
this news to you,  
under these circumstances.  
What's wrong,  
Colonel Somerset?  
The aircraft that was taking  
General MacKenzie-Smith  
supposedly to Yugoslavia  
was in point of fact headed for  
invasion headquarters in Kent.  
He was going a roundabout  
route to confuse the enemy.  
It was, I regret to say,  
Everybody lost, including  
I'm afraid, your husband.  
You have my very deepest  
sympathy, Lady Margaret.  
Are you all right?  
Yes, thank you.  
I'm all right.  
It's strange  
that at a time like this  
you only remember  
the good moments.  
So you understand our strategy  
has completely changed.  
The sad death of  
General MacKenzie Smith  
will delay

the second front for weeks.  
You must be at the party tonight  
for the general's old regiment.  
Even though you think  
somebody at the party  
is going to try to  
knock me off?  
We're sure of it, but this will  
make the whole thing work.  
When they expose themselves,  
that will give us opportunity  
of breaking the spy ring.  
I see. Before or after  
they try to kill me?  
Oh, before, naturally, heh.  
We hope.  
Oh, look, sir.  
I like to go to parties,  
but I'd like  
to go home afterwards.  
Under the circumstances,  
Williams,  
the decision must be yours.  
This is not an order.  
Oh. well, in that case--  
But you must realize  
thousands of Allied lives  
may depend upon you.  
We have no right to ask you to  
commit what might be suicide.  
Well, in that case--  
But the whole of the  
United States Army is at stake.  
Williams, what do you say?  
Help!  
Don't forget for a moment  
that you're in danger.  
Be careful.  
Heh.  
Don't trust anyone.  
Um, ahem.  
Remember, if you want  
to convince them  
you're really Larry.

Fine.

How's it going, vicar?

At the end of the evening

you'll get boring drunk.

And you and I must have

a large family brawl.

How do you do?

We may even strike

each other.

You must try.

How do you do?

Mm-hm?

If anything happens

to me tonight,

I want you to know these

have been nicest two days

I've ever had

in my whole life.

Mm-hm.

( car horn honks )

**MAN:**

General Biff Browningham

with only one chukka

to play.

And I.

Pardon me.

Excuse me. Who's the gentleman

that just arrived in?

Oh.

He was in the

MacKenzie Highlanders.

Just an acquaintance

of Larry's -Mm-hm.

Been in the Middle East.

Hmm.

Well, that's good because

I couldn't stand all details.

**MAN:**

A drink, your ladyship?

No, thank you.

Um, look here, sergeant.

( coughs )

( gulps )

**WOMAN:**

Brown Wiffingham.

Commanding South Hampton  
Staging Area.

Oh, yes. I recognize him  
from the regimental photo.

Uh, we're supposed to be  
very good chaps.

And he calls me, oh,  
um, he calls me Binky,  
and I call him Puffy.

Puffy.

It's kind of nauseating.

Isn't it?

Well, you're very  
fond of him.

But you're not crazy about him.

Oh.

Binky, heh!

Hello, Penelope.

How are

all the children?

Didn't you get my letter  
from New Delhi?

Oh, yes.

That was too bad.

What is too bad?

I mean,

I was absolutely overjoyed.

About what?

Em, eh, I save stamps,  
you know.

( all laughing )

You can have you head blown off  
and still say something witty.

Have your head blown off?

Oh.

Good evening.

It's a pleasure,

Lady Margaret.

I don't think

you or the general know my wife.

How do you do?  
Head blown off.  
We intercepted  
a radio message.  
They've changed their plan.  
I don't know  
what they're trying now.  
No, no, no, no.  
Uh, I'm following it up.  
Nothing could possibly  
happen.  
Oh.  
I know everything  
about everybody.  
Oh, my dear.  
Now, what can we  
do for you, eh?  
What would you like?  
Oh, the usual.  
( thuds )

**WOMAN:**

Lady Vivian.  
I was hoping she wouldn't  
find out about the party.  
She'll ruin everything.  
Come on. Let's meet her.  
Yes.  
Yes?  
What have you got  
to say for yourself?  
Head blown off.  
Oh, Aunt Vivian,  
I'm so sorry.  
Larry's favorite aunt  
and I forgot  
to invite you.  
Yes. A complete oversight,  
but my apologies, dear auntie.  
Auntie?  
You've never referred  
to me as auntie.  
I didn't?  
Old Iron Drawers

was the kindest word  
Yes. Iron Drawers.  
I know this was  
a deliberate slight.  
It wasn't at all,  
Auntie Drawers.  
I mean the Larry,  
what's wrong with you?  
Wrong with me? There's  
nothing wrong at all.  
You know when I walk into a room  
your eye always twitches.  
You see there I finally managed  
to over come it.  
I don't twitch at all  
now that.  
There's something strange  
about you.  
I can't quite  
put my finger on it.  
Well, you see,  
Iron Drawers, I mean auntie,  
I'm not quite  
myself tonight.  
Oh, I have  
noticed improvement.

**( stammering ):**

Yes. I, uh, um...  
A drink?  
Well, I can't have.  
Where's the bar?  
What's wrong?  
My contact lens.  
She knocked it out.  
No. Who are you?  
Head blown off.  
Must have gone under the  
table. -Everybody's looking.  
Drop your earrings  
so we can go after it.  
My goodness. I lost my  
hearing. -Oh, you clumsy fool.  
You've dropped

your earring?  
Oh, where's the table?  
Left rudder, you fool.  
( cat meowing )  
Pss. Pss. Pss.  
Puss, come on.  
Give me that lens.  
I'll buy you a monocle.  
( meowing )  
Would you gimme. Gimme.  
Pss. Pss. Pss. Pss.  
What are you?  
A German spy?  
There you are.  
Did you find it?  
Where's the other  
contact lens?  
But wait a minute.  
There's a car in the street  
blinking its light  
and I think it's a signal  
of some kind.  
Don't worry. I'll see to it.  
Go and get the lens first.  
You join the others.  
Yes. I will.  
Oh, good heavens. The cat.  
Ooh.  
No.  
Where have you been  
all this time?  
I have  
your drink ready.  
No, but I'm not  
thirsty actually.  
Yes.  
A toast?  
Eh, to the king.

**ALL:**

To the king. God bless him.  
( coughs )  
I shall be going  
back there then.

Come back.

God bless him.

I've forgotten, sir.

Eh, favorite what?

Why Captain Patterson,  
everyone knows Sir Lawrence  
only smokes these.

Eh.

( gibbers )

Binky, you always had the finest  
taste in cigars and women.

Another toast.

To the, uh, regiment.

No.

To the regiment.

( all singing indistinctly )

You have to sing  
something.

Okay.

The regimental song,

Larry.

Don't you remember  
it, sir?

Of course I do.

Yes. He always  
leads us into it.

( mumbling )

Come on, love.

( all singing indistinctly )

( coughs )

Drink a toast

A toast, Larry.

To the regiment!

**ALL:**

To the regiment!

( speaking indistinctly )

To the regiment.

**ALL:**

To the regiment!

( band playing music )

( crowd laughing )

I tell you.

I think he's marvelous.  
Yes. Isn't he?  
Gracious heaven.  
Larry! Larry!  
( woman speaking  
indistinctly )  
Stop, Larry! Stop!  
You're making a travesty  
of the regiment.  
And of our native land.  
One thing you never made fun of,  
Larry, was Scotland.  
Well, look at me.  
What?  
There's something  
strange going on.

**WOMAN:**

Do you know what I think?  
I think you're not even--  
Not even sober.  
Larry. How can you  
disgrace me like this?  
Night after night?  
Look here old girl.  
I've had about enough of this.  
I'll drink how I want,  
Oh!  
You sober fish wife.  
No, I.  
How dare you do that to me!  
( crowd speaking  
indistinctly )  
Ooh, that's our Larry,  
all right.  
One thing Scotland knows how  
to make and that's whiskey.  
( chuckles )  
and you missed me  
and you hit Lady Vivian.  
No, I was cheating.  
I could see a little.  
Heh, and what was the  
last thing I hit you with?

**( in low voice):**

The cat.

( both laughing )

Yes.

Uh, is your eye  
all right?

Oh, no.

No, it's quite all right.

Just like old times.

( coughs )

Em, do you know that  
song I coughed tonight?

Yes.

It, eh, it's very much  
like a song

we used to sing  
in the 4h grade.

Well, that's quite possible.

Many of these old Scottish  
heroes were used

over the years  
with different person.

How did it go back  
in the 4th grade?

I wonder

If I can remember it.

When the fine mist of  
Scotland

Is over the land

I am dreaming of making

And remembering when

We would stroll

Here together

With her eyes

Like the heather

She had sole my heart

Many the year

That has past us

Since we've been apart

But my wee darlin',

Maggie

Is still in my heart

With her eyes

Like the heather  
And skin fresh as dew  
To my wee darling Maggie  
I will e'er be true  
Why not?  
Well, it was all  
right before,  
I don't think I should  
sleep in this room.  
That doesn't make  
any sense at all.  
It's not supposed to.  
( phone rings )  
MacKenzie Smith here.  
Oh, hello,  
Colonel Somerset.  
Well, that's wonderful.  
Fine.  
Good work. Yeah.  
Well, I think  
they've got their man.  
Tomorrow at this time,  
they think I'll be able  
to back to being  
Private Ernie Williams again.  
Just a minute.  
Will you tell me something?  
Do you want to go back  
to being Private Ernie Williams?  
You can get used  
to almost anything.  
( cat meows )  
Sorry. Go find a louse.  
Yes.  
the entire show  
magnificently.  
would ever have been.  
No, no, no, no.  
I'm not as brave as Larry  
I'd be brave enough to do  
what I really want to do.  
And what do you  
really want to do?  
But I'm too much of

a coward to do that.

This.

( bell rings )

**ERNIE:**

Who is it?

Sergeant Stanhope, sir.

An urgent message  
from Major Houston.

Ernie.

The eye patch.

The moustache.

Thank you, sergeant.

Hmm.

Ordered to headquarters  
immediately.

The car's waiting down below  
with the major, sir.

I'll be down directly.

Thank you, sergeant. Press on.

Well, I guess they got him.  
and the general's eye patch  
and the general's wife.

Well, for taking advantage  
of the situation just now.

I, uh, I guess we both had  
a little too much to drink.

Oh, uh, would you  
do me a great favor?

Of course.

Well, after the war,  
if you ever get to Brooklyn,  
Yes?

Don't look me up.

Nobody'll ever believe it.

( engine revs )

( door closes )

I say, this is  
silly bother,  
scurrying about at night  
like a ruddy obstetrician.

I'll wager there's no  
emergency at all.

Would you care to risk

a fiver?  
Three sheets  
of the wind, eh?  
Aw, what you need, young man,  
is some, uh, tomato juice,  
raw egg,  
Worcestershire sauce and...  
Head blown off.  
I say, the Major is dead.  
Uh, would you stop...  
The Major...  
I say. Would you...  
Uh, the Major is quite dead,  
you know.  
I say. Would you stop...  
Uh, look, the man...  
Well, here, please.  
You're out of uniform.  
Uh, um...  
The Major is quite...  
Say something.  
Say something else.  
Don't attempt to escape  
or the Major will have company.  
but not quite clever enough.  
You'll never get away  
with this.  
I say, Stanhope,  
turn the car around.  
Not tonight, General.  
But if you turn the car around,  
I'd promise you the usual.  
I hated every minute of it.  
Good show there.  
( dramatic theme playing )

**NARRATOR:**

I never suspected her for  
a moment. This is terrible.  
( dramatic theme playing )  
Welcome to Berlin,  
General MacKenzie Smith.  
You are now the guest  
of the Third Reich.

Now, all we wish  
is a little information.  
And we shall see  
that you are given  
a charming house  
in the country,  
servants, wine, frauleins.  
Whatever you may wish.  
And you will be able to sit  
out the rest of the war  
in complete comfort.  
All we ask is that  
you tell us the truth.

**MAN:**

You see, uh,  
I'm an American soldier  
and my name is Private First  
Class Ernie Williams,  
serial number, uh, 347236.  
And I was supposed to go  
back to America  
because my mother  
is very sick.  
Only she isn't very sick.  
She's in Miami Beach  
with a bathing--  
Oh! Oh!  
What happened to the house  
in the country?  
My dear General, you have  
a reputation for playing games.  
We have not.  
Unless you answer our questions  
honestly and quickly,  
we will have no alterative  
but to order you shot.  
Oh!  
MAN;  
And we are waiting to hear it.  
You see this eye patch?

**MAN:**

Oh. General.

And, uh, look at that  
moustache.

Oh. What ha...

Ugh. Must be the glue.

It got stuck in the sea air.

You see I haven't had it off  
for a few days.

( screams )

Forget it . It's mine.

But you simply have to believe  
how it all got started.

You see, I was doing imitations  
for a couple of the fellas.

And uh, heh, I do imitations,  
you see.

Well, look. Maybe I can  
explain it to you better.

( clears throat )

We survive them on  
the beaches.

We survive them  
in the villages.

We will never surrender.

( grunts )

Uh, I got a better one.

Oh, when the saints--

Ahem. Well, maybe this one  
will do it.

I got a real good one here.

We have, hmm...

( speaks German )

**ALL:**

Heil Hitler!

( grunting )

Oh. Well, I...

Heh, nobody seems  
to like that one.

**MAN:**

General MacKenzie Smith.

Perhaps you do not  
understand us.

You have vital information

on the timing  
and location  
of the second front.  
I have?  
But because of your respect  
for you,  
I do not wish  
to see you reduced  
to a shattered hulk  
of a man.

**MAN:**

Are you trying to  
make us believe  
That's right. It was all a phony  
and you fellas fell for it.  
You see this grey stuff  
they put in my hair?  
It washes out with soap  
and water.  
Look. I'll show you.  
I told them it was no good.  
I have to touch it up  
every night.  
Even in the rain  
it comes out.  
Here. I'll show you.  
Maybe they used a new brand  
It...  
Oh, it's me.  
I've turned white.  
See you've done it.  
Poisoning Twickenham  
and that shot through my head  
and, uh, the submarine.  
Oh, if you fellas only knew  
what I've been through.  
Oh, you do know.  
Don't you?  
It is only the beginning  
my dear, General.  
Take him away.  
Throw him in a cell.  
Use the usual methods.

Not the usual.

**MAN:**

One more thing.  
Our operatives in England  
are everywhere.  
You understand?  
Everywhere.  
And they are led by a man  
so highly placed  
British intelligence  
would never suspect.  
It is not only your life  
that is in jeopardy.  
But that of your wife.  
Lady Margaret.  
( speaking in German )  
Heil Hitler.  
You'll never get away...  
( dramatic theme playing )

**NARRATOR:**

The news spread through  
the German high command  
like wildfire.  
MacKenzie Smith had  
broken down  
and agreed to talk  
after being tortured  
continuously  
for three solid minutes.

**MAN:**

Good evening here, General.  
Let us get this filthy  
business over with.

**MAN:**

This is a great moment  
for the Third Reich.  
We have broken  
MacKenzie Smith.  
Heh, this will please  
the Fuehrer immensely.

I presume, gentlemen,  
he will go into his dance again.  
Be careful, general.  
May I remind you  
once more.  
We have many operatives  
in England. Many of them.  
The one who leads them  
is a very good friend  
of your family.  
And of your wife.  
It doesn't matter.  
She will be safe enough.  
If you talk.  
Now, here, General.  
We have here a most  
interesting map.  
England, German, France.  
All military objectives  
carefully indicated.  
You shall be  
the professor  
and we will be  
your willing students.  
The time, the location  
and the strength  
of the allied invasion.  
Gentlemen,  
when I finish  
you will know as much about  
this blasted invasion  
as I do.  
Perhaps even more.  
Sorry. I was carried away,  
old chap.  
Uh, bit of tear in the eye  
and that sort of thing.  
I say, it's a bit of a blur  
to realize

**ERNIE:**

Well, a concentration of troops  
in Southern England  
actually is a ruse,

you see.

Uh, we shall do  
the main attack  
in the soft underbelly  
of Monte Carlo, right here.

You see. I say.

Surprise, eh?

Caught you on a sticky  
wicket. What?

Well, you see actually,  
um, mm, right here  
is where we're going to a small  
attack of naval vessels.

The LCTs, the BBDs,  
the LSMFTs,  
the IRT and the CIO and  
the, uh, SMFR are our IUT.

What artillery? What infantry?

Who are their commanders?

What are their immediate  
objectives?

Okay.

Write this down over there.

( speaking German )

I shall tell you  
in a minute.

You see, Captain, Brigadier  
General, Father Ingrad,

( **gibbering** ):

the Argyle Highlanders,  
have taken the largest one  
of the troops  
as a haven for...

And of course, there's...

Tech here,

which, hmm, of course will  
terminate at the edge or tip.

And here,

regarding the subways,

they will have

a remarkable incentive,

and, of course, the troops

are all employed

and all the frontal assault  
which have nothing...  
I suppose they...  
Busy...  
( blithering )  
Than bottom, you see.  
What have I done to England?  
I simply can't go on.  
Control yourself, General.  
You are a military man  
as we are.  
We didn't understand  
a word.  
It doesn't matter.  
Above all the signal.  
Which signal do you mean?  
Do not pretend, General.  
Counter intelligence  
has told us  
a signal is to be  
broadcast over the BBC  
two days before D Day.  
A meaningless phrase.  
To the French  
underground  
to announce the date  
of the invasion.  
I'll be down to get you  
in a taxi, honey.  
And the hour.  
The hour of the attack?  
You'd better be ready  
about half past eight.  
We'll be ready.  
I wish I could be there  
when the band starts playing.  
But you won't.  
If I had a gun,  
I would shoot myself.  
It's the only  
decent way left.  
( speaking in German )  
( dramatic theme playing )  
( waltz theme playing )

( dramatic theme playing )

( knocking on door )

Einen moment.

Einen moment.

( speaking in German )

( all speaking in German )

( speaking indistinctly )

( truck horn honking )

( speaking indistinctly )

( whistle blowing )

( gunshot )

( indistinct chattering )

( woman screams )

( people speaking

indistinctly )

( speaks in German )

( screams )

( alarm wailing )

( people speaking

indistinctly )

( whistle blowing )

( speaking in German )

( all speaking

in German )

( speaking in German )

Goodbye.

( speaks in German )

( whistle blowing )

( indistinct chattering )

( woman speaking in German )

( crowd screaming )

( all speaking in German )

( dramatic theme playing )

( speaking indistinctly )

( gunshot )

( women singing in German )

( speaks in German )

( audience applauding

and cheering )

( band playing music )

( audience applauding

and cheering )

**NARRATOR:**

The German notes on this point were somewhat fragmentary.

But bear in mind that Sigmund Freud came from this country.

( man speaks in German )

( women screaming )

( speaking in German )

( audience applauding )

**MAN:**

Fraulein Lilly.

( band playing music )

( singing in German )

( audience laughing )

( audience applauding )

( speaking in German )

( chuckles )

( indistinct chattering )

( singing in German )

( audience laughing )

( audience applauding )

( man speaking in German )

( chuckles )

( chuckles )

Oh!

( audience applauding )

( all speaking in German )

( all singing in German )

( dramatic theme playing )

( all speaking in German )

( man speaking in German )

I have to start

the machine.

( all speaking in German )

( gunfire )

( plane engine whirring )

( all speaking in German )

( gunfire )

( gunfire )

( dramatic theme playing )

ERNIE ( speaking in English ):

Stop! Stop! Let me outta here.

Just in time.

( speaking in German )

Don't shoot. Oh.  
( Ernie speaking  
indistinctly )  
Sir, we've captured  
a German paratrooper  
attempting to infiltrate  
this headquarters.  
He's demanded  
the right to see  
the commanding officer  
personally.

**MAN:**

Very well. Bring him in.  
Bring in the prisoner.  
Heh, Puffy!  
Puffy, am I glad to see you.  
All right.  
I'll talk to the prisoner.  
Prisoner? Puffy, don't you  
know me? I'm Binky.

**ERNIE:**

Ernie. Yes. Private First Class  
Ernie Williams.  
Heh, I fooled you.  
I fooled the Germans.  
Heh, call Somerset.  
He'll tell you.  
Wilson. This seems to be  
a top secret matter.  
I'd like to get to the bottom  
of this alone.  
Dismissed.  
Oh, Puffy, if you know  
what I've been through.  
I've been in submarines,  
airplanes. I've been in Berlin.  
I've even been at  
the Gestapo headquarters.  
Know what I did?  
I stole some of the papers  
out of the secret files naming  
all the agents in England.

People you would never suspect.  
I've got them right here.  
General Carleton Brown  
Wiffingham. Sergeant, er...  
General Carleton Brown...  
Yes, my dear  
Private Williams.  
If that is who you are!  
You'll never get away  
with this, Puffy.  
Um, hello?  
( dramatic theme playing )  
Open up, please, sentry.  
Urgent.  
I'm sorry, sir. You can't  
enter this headquarters.  
Colonel Somerset  
is general staff.  
He has my identification.  
I'm sorry, sir.  
Where's the Sergeant  
of the Guards?  
This is a matter of life  
and death, Sergeant.  
Open up, please.  
Sorry, sir.  
All entry permits  
have been cancelled  
for the day.  
Orders of  
General Brown Wiffingham.  
We've had  
General Brown Wiffingham  
under surveillance for weeks.  
Wilson!  
Hold that man.  
The whole project,  
the Dead Pigeon.  
Or I will be.  
Yeah, hello?  
This German paratrooper  
is masquerading  
as an allied soldier.  
Under the king's rules

and regulations  
he is guilty of espionage  
and subject to immediate  
execution.

**CARLETON:**

Wilson, the penalty for  
insubordination  
is still the same. Take that  
spy out and have him shot.  
Shot? Uh...  
But Puffy, you and I played  
Rukka together for Scotland.  
Ah, the MacKenzie Smith  
Highlanders.  
( dramatic theme playing )

**WILSON:**

Firing squad is ready, sir.  
Dismissed.  
No. Not you.  
Maybe she's forgotten  
who I am.  
You will tell her,  
won't you?  
I mean you'll tell her that  
I wasn't scared at all.  
I'll get word  
to Lady Margaret.  
Cigarette?  
No. No, thank you.  
But I don't think  
one could hurt me.  
Match?  
( coughs )  
That won't be necessary.  
Prepare to aim!  
Squad ready!  
Aim!  
Just a minute. I think I will  
have that blind fold.

**WILSON:**

Squad rest. Rest. Rest!

Uh, not too tight.  
I get dizzy. See?  
Squad ready! Aim!  
( upbeat theme playing )  
MAN ( over radio ):  
It is only fitting  
that Britain today  
should do honor  
( door bell rings )  
to the valiant heroes  
who have made this day  
possible.  
are already familiar  
to you.  
General Eisenhower  
forthwith...  
Good afternoon,  
Lay Margaret.  
Lovely day for England.  
Huh? Thank you, madam.  
Oh, I'm sorry.  
I couldn't tell you before.  
Security reasons.  
Anyhow we dashed down to  
the South Hampton  
staging area hoping  
to get there on time.  
By jove, that's a pretty dress  
you've got on.  
Never mind about the dress.  
We were held up  
at the gate.  
The firing party had  
raised their rifles.  
I heard the command,  
Yes?  
Good Lord.  
I'd love a cup of tea.  
Oh, yes. Oh, tea.  
Yes.  
And what then?  
Um, some milk and sugar  
if I may, please.  
Private Williams.

Oh, yes.  
Yeah. He's absolutely fine.  
We only got there  
in the nick of time.  
It was a bit of a do.  
Where is he?  
When can I see him?  
How many lumps you put  
in here?  
He can see you any time.  
He's at the base hospital.  
Not much matter with him.  
Just shock and fatigue  
and the after effects  
of smoking.  
( man speaking indistinctly  
over radio )  
Wonder if you'd mind  
if I turned up your radio.  
MAN ( over radio ):  
General Sir Lawrence  
MacKenzie Smith.  
The architect of the invasion.  
The master planner  
whom we had believed  
killed  
in performance  
of his duties,  
actually survived  
and was taken prisoner  
by the Nazis.  
I rejoice along  
with all of England  
that he was liberated  
in the first among...

**MARGARET:**

Larry.  
We've just heard  
the news that--  
Yes. I know.  
Do try to control  
your joyous hysteria  
at my return

from the grave, Maggie.  
I know how pleased  
you are to see me.  
Oh, sir, Lawrence, you can't  
even begin to realize--  
Oh, come off it,  
Somerset.  
You were just as  
pleased to see me  
Oh, no, please, please.  
Lawrence.  
Will you  
get out of here!  
I have a few matters of  
a very intimate nature  
to discuss with  
my dearly beloved.  
You may listen  
at the keyhole.  
If you'll pardon me,  
I'm going over to the enemy.  
Heil Hitler!  
I see you haven't lost  
your charming ways  
with your subordinates.  
I hear you haven't either,  
my dear.  
What's this I hear about you  
and that American private?  
It's all true.  
Oh, come now.  
A penniless common soldier.  
A complete nonentity.  
I've had my fill  
of entities.  
Next thing  
you'll be saying  
you're in love with  
the blighter.  
I am in love  
with the blighter.  
Heh.  
( romantic theme playing )  
How did you manage?

I mean, how...  
Well, look, you see.  
They wanted to give me  
a medal,  
but all I asked for was  
a smart technician  
from the Signal Corp with  
a recorder and a microphone.  
That's why you heard  
what you did on the radio.  
General Lawrence  
McKenzie Smith,  
the architect of the invasion,  
the master planner.  
( chuckles )  
Did you mean it?  
And I had you fooled  
every minute.  
Every minute.

**NARRATOR:**

For those of you  
who are curious  
it's just the usual.