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Jayson Bend: Queen and Country

By Andrew Faure

Yay! Yay!

- Rohan! Rohan!

- This is anarchy!

Yeah!

It was a stray bomb.

Thank you, Adolf.

It was 1952, nine years later.

I was waiting to be called up to serve
two years' conscription in the Army.

I was 18.

I hoped they'd forgotten me.

After all, we were easy to miss.

We lived on an island in the River Thames.

You had to ring a bell to reach us.

I swam each morning at the same hour
because a lovely girl

rode past on the tow path.

I promised myself that one day

I would swim across and meet her.

But I never did.

Cut, cut!

Get him out of there.

Dry him off.

Go again.

Feeble, feeble.

Dry him off.

- Cut.

- End board.

Cut.

Get him out.

They did it over and over
until they got it right.

That seemed much better than life.

Where you only got one go.

That'll do.

Print it. That's a wrap.

We lived near the famous
Shepperton Film Studios.

Billy!

I thought

they'd forgotten you, Billy.

It's come.

They'll have their work cut out,
making a soldier of you, pipsqueak.

We're locked in.
It's only for two years.
Hands out of your pockets!
Get in three ranks!
Get in step!
Left, right! Left, right!
Left right! Left right!
Left, right! Left, right!
- Percy Hapgood.
- Bill Rohan.
And Percy, this could be
the beginning of a...
a beautiful fucking friendship.
- Claude Rains?
- Humphrey Bogart.
Casablanca.
Big head, come here.
You stand there.
Come round.
Move.
Move.
Get on the end.
On the end.
Come here now.
Get in. Get in. Stand still.
Right, put your berets on straight.
Right, your berets, the cap badges
need to be above the left eye.
What a pitiful bunch.
Turn!
- Left, two, three, one!
- Right, two, three, one!
Jesus!
What a rabble!
Put your right arm up now.
Your right arm.
You, big head, get on the end.
Swap over with the ginger one.
Swap over.
Put your arm up.
Arm's distance from the man on your right.
Put it up now. Put it up!
Look over your shoulder there.
Look over at the man next to you.

Stand to attention!
Slope arms!
Present arms!
Shoulder arms!
Order arms!
Stand still!
About turn!
Shh.
Out of the way!
- Stand still!
- What a bunch of wankers!
You've got six weeks to shape up,
then off to Korea
to fight the might of the Red Army.
You lot against the Chinese.
Shut up!
- Go back to sleep, you arsehole.
- Put a sock in it.
Fucking hell.
Fuck you.
Jane Russell.
She was in my bed last night.
I said, "Get out.
Too narrow for the two of us."
Then she jumped into bed with me
and woke me up.
Left, right!
Left, right!
Left, right! Left!
About turn!
Left, right! Left, forward!
About turn!
Left, right! Left, forward!
Left, right! Left, right!
Left, right! Left, right!
Left, right! Left!
About turn!
Left, right! Left, forward!
When we go! It right,
it was exhilarating.
We were like a dance troupe.
Except Percy, who thought it was...
Shit.
Eyes right!

Eyes front!

Oh!

Bastard! I've had enough.

As soon as he's taught me how to do it,
I'm gonna kill him.

"Murder is my favourite crime."

- Who's that? Edward G Robinson?

- No, Clifton Webb.

Elbow. Elbow. Elbow.

When we finished the commando course,
Percy and I expected to be sent to Korea,
or to teach others how to kill.

But no, they made us Sergeant Instructors
and we had to teach them how to type.

A-R-M-Y!

Space!

Return carriage.

You are slouching and slovenly!

Sit to attention!

You will type at attention!

Resume typing at the slouch.

The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.

The, T-H-E, space...

quick, Q-U-I-C-K, space...

brown, B-R-OW-N, space...

fox, F-O-X, space.

Return carriage.

Do you know why you're here?

Yes?

Because you are the dregs.

Because you can't shoot and you can't march.

We get the dregs.

Well, your arses

will be glued to these seats

until you can touch-type like girls!

Your, Y-O-U-R, space...

arses, A-R-S-E-S, space,

will, W-I-L-L, space,

be, B-E, space,

glued, G-L-U-E...

What's your name, soldier?

Private Kitto, Sarge.

And why are you typing gibberish?

There's no point.

You'll see the point
if I put you on jankers.
It's all over, everything.
Ah. Armageddon. Atomic war.
- It's inevitable.
- I agree.
But while we're waiting,
learn to fucking type.
T-O-U-C-H, type, T-Y-P-E, space,
like, L-I-K-E,
girls, G-I-R-L-S!
Return carriage!
Oh, bother. Sergeant?
I think I made a mistake.
Okay, Henderson.
You're the clown of the class.
There's always one and it always ends badly.
Just trying to type like a girl,
like you said, Sarge.
And be proud.
Remember, if a pen
is mightier than the sword,
well, a typewriter can be
more terrible than a tank.
You will conduct
the instruction of these soldiers
according to the manual
and properly dressed, Sergeant Rohan.
Your top button is undone.
You will be arraigned
before the company commander.
What, for a button?
Yes, for a button!
For the want of a nail, a kingdom was lost.
Discipline. Wars are won and lost...
on buttons, sir?
Insolence will be appended to that charge.
Private Redmond, I instructed you
to remove these boxes.
Will you explain why they are still
present and cluttering up the office?
And you do not salute an NCO,
Private Redmond.
Out of respect to you,

Sergeant Major Bradley.
Spontaneous, like.
The boxes.
Excused lifting. Hernia.
I have a chitty from the doc.
Those boxes are empty, Redmond.
Empty.
It's not the weight, Sergeant Major.
It's the act of lifting.
It's in the bending of the knees.
I'll do it.
Put that box down, Sergeant!
You're not an orderly.
Right.
Lifting is not specified.
Implied, Sergeant Major.
Implied.
Those boxes can be lifted
without bending the knees
and I instruct you to do so.
Refusing to obey an order
is a court martial offence!
Fire!
Fire!
Fire!
- Don't you hate being hemmed in?
- No, I love it.
I could stomach it if it wasn't for Bradley.
- We can't do much about that.
- Yes, we can.
- What?
- We set him up.
Get rid of him. Bump him off.
You haven't killed that other sergeant yet.
- Good point. Let's find some girls.
- You're still a virgin, aren't you?
- No, no, no, I'm not.
- Yes, you are.
No, I'm not.
I've kissed loads of girls.
There. There.
Sorry-
Shh.
Forget the unobtainable

and take what's on offer.

We're in.

- Oh.

- It was lovely to see you.

Hello. Percy.

- Sophie.

- Peggy.

Hi.

You coming? We're leaving.

There was such pain in her eyes, Percy.

I think she needs help.

Hold on.

Don't get into that shit.

We're the ones who need help.

Come on.

Bill, this is the beautiful Sophie
and her lovely friend Peggy.

Hello.

Are you shy, Bill?

Mmm-mmm.

Yes, you are. I just made you blush.

- He's still a virgin.

- No, I'm not.

- Yes, you are.

- No, I'm not. Shut up.

Come on!

We have to be in by 10:00!

That's our dorm!

Come on, girls. Faster.

Come along now, girls. Inside, quickly.

How fast can you run?

- You two! Come on! Late again!

- Sorry, Matron.

- Sorry, Matron.

- Go away!

- Come along...

- Come on. Come on. Come on.

Come on!

I can't see shit. Higher!

Come on!

Wow.

We're talking maybe 20 student nurses
in varying states of undress.

You should see it.

Tits flying everywhere.
Two nurses dancing in the nude.
Wow.
Come on, then, my turn.
Higher...
Higher... That's it.
Good.
I see no tits.
It's Sophie.
Wow. I see what you mean.
What?
What do you mean,
"You see what I mean?"
Your girl, Sophie.
The curve of that breast.
The pink nipple.
Pressed against the window.
You lying ponce.
Yeah, right.
Sophie.
Don't let them get to you, Percy.
They won't break me.
We'll stick together.
Like shit to a blanket.
Who's this malingerer?
- What's your name, soldier?
- Private Redmond, sir.
- And why are you not saluting the officer?
- Excused saluting, sir. Hernia.
Required to keep hand in pocket
to keep it in, sir.
I know your type, Redmond.
You're a Skiver.
Because you're an old sweat,
you think you have the measure of the Army.
Well, now you've me to contend with.
I'll leave this in your hands, RSM.
Right, this one.
Every sergeant is a suspect
and so is every soldier who has access
to the Sergeants' Mess.
What do I want a clock for, sir?
Sure I can't even tell the time.
That clock was given to one of

my predecessors by Queen Victoria
after the Crimean War for valour.

Valour!

It has kept time in the mess
for a hundred years.

Now some twit of a conscript has nicked it.

Well, this is a closed camp.

No one will smuggle a clock out of here.

We've found it, sir,
in the back kitchen, being cleaned.

Right, let's clear up this mess, Redmond,
and I don't want to hear about your hernia.

I'll get my broom, sir.

They say he's ill, the King.

If that were so, Buckingham Palace
would issue a bulletin.

It has not, so he is not.

Do you have any family, Sergeant Major?

No, you're married to the Army.

That makes the King kind of like your dad.

Huh.

That silly remark will result in
a charge of insolence, Sergeant Hapgood.

I think he only meant it in the sense
that nuns are married to Jesus, sir.

- I have a class.

- Me, too.

Hey. Psst. Come here.

What?

Where did you get all these snouts?

Lad in the NAAFI owed me a favour.

Yours is a murky world, Redmond.

You're my hero, Redmond.

Skiver par excellence.

Yeah, well, skiving
is not a skill acquired overnight.

You're only in two years.

Skiving takes longer than that.

But you show promise, Percy.

And how would you define
your complete Skiver, Redmond?

Put it like this.

Army training brainwashes you.

When you're told to get out of a trench

and walk towards a machine gun
that's shooting at you, you do it.
A Skiver will find a reason
to stay in the trench.
You've got to be brave to be that cowardly.
Wow. That is so profound, hmm?
Yeah.
- And how do you get on top of the officers?
- Find a weak spot.
Like this young doc.
Insecure, easy to con.
I can get a chitty off him no bother.
Everyone in the Army's
trying to get away with something.
Find out what it is and play on it.
Except our Bradley. A tough nut.
He lives by the letter of the law.
No weak spot? No chink in the armour?
Not sure.
Could be rage.
He's a tinderbox.
- I'll get him in the end.
- No.
We'll do it together.
Hernia still playing up, Redmond?
Yes, sir. Required to...
Keep hand in pocket. Yes, we know.
Well, take it out and salute properly.
What infraction is it this time,
Sergeant Major Bradley?
Disruptive behaviour
contrary to good order, sir.
What is that?
Frolicking? Messing about?
Not language I would use, sir.
Reprimanded, Redmond.
And Sergeant Major,
try to maintain discipline
without resorting to company orders.
It is tiresome. Dismiss.
Improperly dressed, sir.
How, Sergeant Major?
Did Sergeant Hapgood
come to work wearing pyjamas?

Flies undone?

Top jacket button, sir.

Admonished, Sergeant Hapgood.

What on earth is it this time,
Sergeant Major?

Dumb insolence, sir.

Dumb insolence?

Dumb insolence?

That hasn't been invoked
since the First World War.

It's still an offence, sir,
under Section 83-A of the Army Act.

So what did he do or not do?

He refused to accept my criticism
of his work methods.

Sergeant Rohan?

Sergeant Major Bradleys insistence
that every letter of the law be enforced
makes teaching these men
almost impossible, sir.

- Guilty'?

- If silence is an offence, yes, sir.

Admonished.

May I remind you, sir,
that the relevant section
demands a reprimand as the minimum
punishment for this offence.

- Sir?

- The rest is silence.

We have to stop him!

We have to bring him down.

Charge him with something for a change.

- It won't work. He lives by the law.

- Then let's kill him.

- Murder is my...

- favourite crime.

We keep it simple.

Break into his quarters.

You and Redmond hold him down.

I stuff a pillow over his face.

Found dead in the morning.

No signs of a struggle.

- Celebrations all around.

- I couldn't do that.

Why not?

The Army's training you to kill.

Get some practice in.

God. Have you got a better idea?

- Psychological warfare.

- What?

Well, you know how he gets enraged
if his routine's disrupted.

So?

He does the Telegraph crossword
every lunchtime in the mess.

Well?

Well, one of us slips down mid-morning
and solves it. He'll go nuts.

That's some leap from murder
to fucking up his crossword.

This is your guide to hygiene in Korea,
with nasty pictures about syphilis
and what it can do to you.

We had that lecture

on our way to France in the war.

The doc said, "So don't ruin your life
for 10 minutes of pleasure.

"Any questions?"

And one lad said, "Yes, sir.

"How do you make it last 10 minutes?"

While we're waiting,

take a few tips from an old sweat.

Now, saluting.

This is what they tell you to do.

Longest way up, shortest way down.

Finish with thumb

pointing down trouser seam.

Up, one, two, down, two, three.

Well, you can make a statement
with saluting.

This is the "fuck you, sir" salute.

Silence!

You are all about to be posted to Korea,
which is no laughing matter,

I can assure you!

Sergeant Rohan will take the first
of three orientation lectures.

Inciting disorder. See me in my office.

Okay.

This is a war between North and South Korea.

The North, supported by China and Russia,
the South by America and us.

And General MacArthur

is in charge of the war. Was.

President Truman has just sacked him.

MacArthur wasn't satisfied with driving
the Chinese back over the border.

He wanted to invade China
and drop a few atom bombs on them.

Wasn't he a hero

in the Second World War, Sarge?

Well, yes, but like a lot of generals
in the history of war,

he's probably completely nuts.

Will I be typing out there, Sarge,
in a nice warm office?

No, you won't, Henderson.

You're all on active duty.

Even a nice gin like me?

Shut up and let me tell you what to expect.

Korea is pan of the war
between communism and capitalism,
the so-called Cold War.

And it is cold, bitterly cold,
where you'll be fighting.

Unlike the Americans, you will not
be issued with special clothing.

So get your mums to send you gloves
and jumpers and warm underwear.

This is how we ate our grub in India.

Kills all germs.

Never get Delhi belly

when your curry's this fiery.

More curry for

Sergeant Hapgood, Redmond.

No.

- No, please, please, please.

- No?

Yes. Fill his plate, Redmond.

Hapgood. Eat up.

- Young pup like you needs his nosh.

- it's hot.

No, you don't, Redmond.
Stay right here where I can see you.
You can't skive in the mess
like you did up at the centre.
Never thought
I'd live to see conscripts in my mess.
Whew!
No, you don't. Redmond, get back here.
Sophie, I need to get something straight,
something Bill told me.
I didn't believe him
because I knew you wouldn't
but when he was looking through
the window of your dorm, did you...
Did I what?
Did you...
Bare my breast?
Yes. Did you?
What do you take me for?
'- Lying shit.
Hang on. How did you know
I was going to ask you that?
Excuse me.
I saw you at the concert
I'm sorry. Forgive me.
I don't mean to bother you.
It's just that...
Stop apologising.
It's very unattractive.
- Yes, well...
- You sat behind me.
I could feel your eyes boring into me.
What do you want?
I'm sorry. I just couldn't get you
out of my mind.
I'm Bill, Bill Rohan, stationed at the camp.
Is it William or just Bill?
Nobody ever calls me William, always Bill.
I prefer William.
Come in, William.
You deserve a drink for courage.
So you live here?
No. No, it belongs to my aunt.
I'm just here having a nervous breakdown.

Or so they tell me.
It basically involves lying
on a couch talking about my childhood...
- Am I boring you?
- No, no, sorry.
Usually I'm studying in Oxford.
- How old are you?
- Twenty. No... Nearly 20.
And you?
An older woman.
Twenty-four.
Don't expect anything from me, William.
I'll disappoint you.
Is he coming back?
Oh, he went chasing after a girl.
And we're stuck in a milk bar
with nowhere to go.
There's a concert tomorrow.
May I take you to it?
I don't know. Maybe.
Perhaps I'll see you there,
if I feel well enough.
As long as it's not Chopin.
Too melancholic.
- Goodnight, William.
- Goodnight.
What's your name?
I didn't ask your name.
You fool. You stupid fool.
Goodnight, soldier.
Why haven't you supervised
this Sergeant Rohan?
Do you check his lecture notes?
You may recall, sir,
you have not been very supportive
in my attempts to discipline these men.
I'm not talking about
your petty infringements!
This is deadly serious!
This boy, Private Kitto,
has refused to go to Korea
because Sergeant Rohan
says it's an immoral war.
Kitto. Sounds foreign.

The boys father
is a left-wing Labour MP
and intends raising it in Parliament.
Everyone's jumpy since Burgess and
Maclean defected to Russia last year.
It's going to be all over the papers.
We have to take swift action
before MI5 come down on us.
We have to be seen to be doing something.

- Do what?

- Well,
suspend Sergeant Rohan
from duties at once, I suppose.
Pending...

There must be something
we can charge him with. But what?

May I suggest Section 35
of the Army Act, sir?

Seducing a soldier
from the course of his duty,
a court martial offence.

- Seducing a soldier?

- From the course of his duty.

- They charge you?

- Seducing a soldier.

- Seducing a soldier?

- From the course of his duty.

I'm suspended, on house arrest
pending court martial.

The major's gutless.

Bradleys a fucking snake.

That RSM is a sadistic shit.

You know what I'm going to do?

I'm going to steal his fucking clock.

Don't do that, Percy. They'll find it.

You can't get it out of the camp.

They'll have you.

With Redmond working in the mess,
there's a way to do this.

I was supposed to meet that
girl at the concert tonight, Percy.

- Would you go and explain for me?

- What's her name?

I don't know.

You don't know her name

but you were in her house?

- Have you got her phone number?

- No.

Just go to the concert

and call out, "Message from William."

- Who's William?

- That's what she calls me.

Come on.

I'm coming.

Time for a game of billiards, isn't it, lads?

Oh, what, you learn how to play?

Percy, you're seriously deranged.

Come in.

- Did you get it?

- Get what?

- You know what.

- No, I don't.

Okay, Percy, you did it.

Now put it back.

- Never.

- Then I will.

No, you won't!

Redmond, where is it?

It was definitely here last night

when we knocked off, sir.

- Osbourne?

- Yes, sir. It's always here.

We know it's always here,

but it's not here now. Where is it?

Don't know, sir.

You are a tripe hound, Redmond,

a notorious Skiver.

When I get to the truth of this, if I

find you there at the bottom of a barrel,

in the slime where you belong,

you will wish you had never been born.

You will curse your mother

for bringing you into the world.

All ranks return to billets

and stand by your beds.

All ranks return to billets

and stand by your beds.

Barrack C, clear.

All gates secured, sir!
- Has this one been searched?
- Yes, sir.
Shit.
Shit.
- What about this one?
- Not yet, sir.
Tenpence ha'penny.
Oh, God! All right.
Sixpence, sevenpence, eightpence,
ninepence, tenpence, ha'penny.
You two, search that block there.
You two, that hut.
You, search that hut. Come on.
Where are you going, Hapgood?
To my quarters, sir, to stand by my bed.
- Do you know why'?'
- No, sir.
Know anything about my clock, Sergeant?
I thought you found it.
Being cleaned, wasn't it?
Do not trifle with me, Hapgood.
Now, get a move on! Go!
- All clear here, sir.
- I've found nothing, sir.
This room's clear, sir.
No, nothing, sir.
Out. Tip 'em out now.
All soldiers
whose quarters have been searched
must return to their assigned duties.
- No soldier must leave the camp...
- There you go!
Sergeant Major,
this search is most disruptive.
We must resume training.
That clock is somewhere in this camp
and I intend to find it.
Open the gate. Open.
Sit down, Sergeant.
These gentlemen are from MI5, Sergeant.
They've been studying your lecture notes.
What were your sources
for these lectures, Sergeant?

The London Times, sir'".

All this is in The Times?

Yes, sir.

Even this, "How the United Nations Bungled the Border Demarcation"?

Yes, sir. The Times man was there and made a detailed report.

You say that General MacArthur may have been insane.

Not me, sir. The Times.

It's in the cuttings.

Never mind The Times.

Do you think Korea is an immoral war?

No, sir.

- You think it's a moral one?

- No, sir.

- Then what is it?

- A tactical war.

As I explained to the men, part of the Cold War between the two systems.

And which of these systems do you favour, Sergeant Rohan?

- Neither.

- Neither?

- Neither.

- So you're not a Communist?

No, sir, nor a capitalist.

- Sitting on the fence.

- Yes, sir.

So why do you think this soldier refused to go to Korea after attending your lectures?

It may have been the freezing conditions I warned them of, sir.

Wait outside, Sergeant.

You can forget the court martial.

He didn't seduce the man.

Didn't even flirt with him.

With respect, sir, did you not find his answers subversive?

Of course he's up to no good.

But should we indict The Times, the bible of the ruling class?

You'll have to ride this one out.
We have to charge the boy,
Private Kitto, for refusing an order.
Major, my advice would be to bury it.
Post Kitto to somewhere far away
and unpleasant.
The jungles of Malaya
or up against the Mau Mau in Kenya,
where he can get shot at
without troubling his conscience.
Case dismissed and a 48-hour pass.
Well, don't looked so chuffed.
It depresses me.
- Where are you going?
- That girl. I'm going to find her.
- You don't even know her name.
- I know her college in Oxford.
You're nuts.
We need to talk, Percy.
You can talk in front of Bill.
We're up shit creek, mate.
Disappointed in you, Redmond.
The ultimate Skiver.
I thought you'd relish this.
Skivers do not take on the Army, Percy,
not head-on, they don't.
They skin around it, duck under it.
You think you're a Skiver.
Well, skivers keep their head down.
You're not a Skiver, Percy.
This is not skiving.
This is like sticking your head up
over the trench without a helm et.
Give it back. You're both nuts.
- I may never come back.
- Yes, you will.
Because deep down,
or just below the surface,
you are a fucking ninny.
Just put it back, Percy.
They'll find it.
No, they won't.
The fucking RSM has me haunted.
He knows I done it.

No, he doesn't.
He's working me nuts off in the mess.
You've dropped me in it.
Just give it back, Percy.
I can't. It's gone. Gone forever.
The woman lies invitingly on the cushions.
The man looms over her,
his phallic pole
sliding through his fingers.
My family live on the Thames,
downstream at Shepperton.
I've been pulling punts
since I was nine years old.
Pity.
It was such an attractive metaphor, William.
Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar.
What would you like to do, later?
Everything. Nothing.
There's a film opened up called Rashomon.
Everyone's talking about it.
It's a Japanese director.
- Kurosawa.
- Yes.
And while we're on names, what is yours?
I keep meaning to ask.
I think you should name me, William,
seeing as you were clever enough to find me.
How about Ophelia?
Why?
Unhappily in love.
- Suicidal.
- Why do you say that?
Your eyes.
Oh.
- And have you come to save me?
- Of course.
It's brilliant. We're shown three versions
of the same event but each one different.
And which one's true? We don't know.
Completely original technique.
How can you be so passionate
about something so abstract?
In all the versions, there was one constant.
The woman was raped.

That's what the film was saying.
It can happen in different ways
but the woman is always raped.
- Were you ever?
- Raped?
No, not raped.
Seduced, conquered, possessed.
I gave up, gave myself up.
I despise him
but my body does not, it seems.
Stroke.
Stroke.
Stroke.
You let Bill see.
Through the window.
That's different.
God. It's so tedious having to go
through all these steps and stages.
Hand on bra. Bra off.
Hand on breast.
We're going to get there in the end.
Why delay it
with all this phoney resistance?
- Okay, let's do it.
- Good. When?
Now.
- Right now?
- If you like.
Here... Here in the open,
in the broad daylight?
Why not?
You've never done it, have you?
Course I have.
How many times?
Uh...
I lost count.
Excuse me.
Percy.
What is it, Percy?
I just saw a ghost.
Sorry, I can't.
Sorry it's such a mess
but so am I.
- Will he come?

- Yes.

Are you sure?

Yes.

Then we'll wait.

- Seducing a soldier?

- From the course of his duty.

Are you really going to kill this Bradley?

I know it sounds crazy sitting here.

But there, in that camp,
it feels normal, necessary.

Is there nothing good you can take from it?

- The Army?

- Yes.

I did my basic training with these boys,
from every walk of life.

We lived together in a barrack room
and the more they brutalised us
and broke us down,
the closer we got.

We felt each other's pain,
knew each other's thoughts.

None of us would ever admit it but
there was a lot of love in that room.

Love and laughter.

Well, one week,
it was the day before pay day
and we were broke.

There wasn't even a single cigarette
left between us.

When we got back from training that day,
one boy, Lionel Barker,
found a parcel waiting for him.

We all gathered round it because
we knew that whatever else was in it,
there would be a packet of cigarettes.

- Oh, no.

- What's that?

- Jam.

- Oh, shit.

- Oh.

- Oh, God, no.

Of the 20 of us,

I was the only one that didn't smoke.

Gentle.

Tweezers...

Give him your tweezers.

Lionel... Lionel...

- {soldier 2} Easy!

Yes!

Yes.

Like a surgeon at work.

Go on, that's it.

The cravings of those 19 boys

were so intense

that it somehow seeped into me,

by osmosis or something.

I think they're ready.

Come on, boys.

- Right, they're dry.

- Yes!

Come on.

Give us a light.

I who had never smoked,

was craving a fag dying for a cigarette.

So that was my first cigarette.

It was pink and swollen

and strawberry-flavoured.

- He hasn't turned up.

- He will.

Good.

You're very kind to do this for me, William.

I don't have the will to end it on my own.

I know what it's like with kind men.

You give,

console and offer oceans of sympathy.

And the girl soon finds

she has this great debt of goodness

that finally needs to be rewarded.

And you get what you wanted all along.

On the whole,

women prefer to be seized and taken,

not have their resistance worn down.

Oh, William, I do like you.

If I got my body back,

I would probably give it to you.

Send me a postcard when it happens.

Oh, please don't go, William.

I need your help.

William,
this is Paul, my tutor
I was telling you about.
Well, William, it's time for you to leave.
Paul! Stop!
Don't hurt him any more.
Oh, darling, oh.
Paul, I'm so sorry.
Are you all right?
Order! O-R-D-E-R.
You'll be typing like girls in no time.
What are you flouncing about, Henderson?
I'm still trying to type like a girl,
like you said, Sarge.
Are you a Nancy boy, Henderson?
No, Sarge, I'm not.
But I've fucked a lot of boys who are.
- Well? What happened?
- I found her.
- The mysterious lady?
- Yes.
- Well, how was it?
- Eventful.
Come on, out with it.
I fell in love, got in a fight.
- Did you win?
- Won the fight, lost the girl.
I don't understand them.
- Women?
- Yes.
I mean, no, I don't.
Silence!
The new Hitchcock film opened
this week, Strangers on a Train.
These two guys
both have someone they want to kill.
Yes, they exchange victims.
That way each would have an alibi.
Exactly.
Now, if we could find someone
to kill Bradley for us,
I'd be happy
to kill his nagging wife for him.
It's spooky.

I think he knows our thoughts.
He's evil.
Here, tell me about the lovely Sophie.
Did you get your way with her?
Well, Sophie's a nice gin, not a slapper.
I have too much respect for her.
Respect? You, the master of disrespect?
Fuck you.
- Do you hear what's he's whistling?
- Yes.
We're Soldiers of the Queen, My Lad.
Ah, the King must be dead.
"We're soldiers of the Queen..."
We're soldiers of the Queen, mylad.
The Queen, my lad The Queen, my lad.
We're soldiers of the Queen, mylad.
Have you heard the news?
The King is dead.
On whose authority?
We heard this cook whistling
We're Soldiers of the Queen, My Lad,
so we know.
Yes.
We're soldiers of the Queen, mylad.
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.
And based on this whistling cook,
you countenance this rumour,
this seditious rumour,
a rumour concerning our monarch,
a false rumour, Sergeant.
If the King were dead,
the regimental flag
would be flying at half-mast.
Take a look out of the window.
Is the flag flying at half-mast?
He's dead. He never wanted
to be King and now he isn't.
Did you or did you not sign
an oath of allegiance to the King
when you joined the Army, Sergeant?
I didn't join. I was conscripted.
Have you no respect for the King,
for the Army, for your country,
or do you save all your respect

for that little floozy you run around with?

You have less than a year to serve,
Sergeant Hapgood.

An assault would cost you an extra
six months in military prison!

Next time I will kill you.

I know you fought in the war,
the war against fascism,
though it's hard to think of you
being against fascism.

And maybe you were a hero.

Did you shoot Germans?

Was your best friend killed?

Did you lose the woman you loved?

Though it takes a supreme act of imagination
to think of you loving anyone
or anything except the Army.

I am sorry for you, Sergeant Major Bradley.

You are a pathetic figure.

And I want you to know

that what you said to Percy
amounts to a declaration of war.

You are weak, Sergeant Rohan,
because you lack conviction.

I have nothing to fear from you.

Private Redmond.

As you know, a little twerp
has refused to go to Korea
after listening to Sergeant Rohan's
little fucking talks.

Well, that means we're a man short,
so I've put you in to fill the hole.

Meanwhile, you can trot off back
to the centre, pending your posting.

Of course, if that clock were to turn up,
well, things might be different.

- Did they leave you off, Redmond?

- Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.

Well, I'll make sure
you're in the next batch.

Can I come in, Percy?

Your fucking head's already in.

- You wanted to see me?

- I thought you were off to Korea?

It's still hanging over me.
I've been perusing Bradleys bible,
the Army Act.
I think we might hoist him
on his own petard.
What? Hang him?
Listen to this.
"It is an offence for an NCO
to admonish another NCO
in the presence of a private soldier."
So?
Here's what we do.
Percy and I provoke him into a rant
and you slip into the room
without him noticing.
And we charge him and march him
down to Major fucking Cross.
So what do I get out of it?
You get Bradley off your back.
If you were to get the RSM
off me back, Percy...
- And how would I do that?
- You fucking know how.
- Say it, Redmond.
- Give it back.
- Give what back?
- The clock, the fucking clock.
Well, let's get rid of Bradley
and then we'll see about the RSM.
You can trust me.
- Sergeant Rohan?
- Yes?
At the gate, Sarge.
William, I didn't know how else
to reach you. I'm staying with my aunt.
- What do you want?
- To say sorry.
I'm so sorry.
- For what?
- For ruining your 48-hour pass.
Everything. What a bitch!
Can you forgive me?
Can you let me out
for a few minutes, please?

No, Sarge.

I took a risk in coming to get you.

It meant leaving my post.

Can't open the gate.

I go on leave tomorrow.

Come with me, to my parents'.

And my sister's back from Canada.

I can't, William.

I can meet you in a couple of days.

- What's their telephone number?

- They don't have a phone.

- They don't have a phone?

- No one I know has a phone.

I'll give you the address.

- The Sphinx...

- Sphinx? Like in Egypt?

The Sphinx, Pharaoh's Island, Shepperton.

Pharaoh's Island?

Are you kidding?

No. Ring the bell.

Billy!

Billy! Look at you!

You were a skinny

little 9-year-old when I left

and now you're a big sexy man.

Stop with the kisses. I preferred it
when you used to beat me up.

Yeah, I hated you.

I was an only child for eight years
and then you turned up.

- I wanted to kill you.

- Sorry.

Come on. Come on, Bill!

Mum, Bill's here.

- Oh, Bill, you're home!

- Hello, Mum.

Oh!

- Look at you.

- I've missed you.

- Come in.

- Look at her.

I haven't missed you at all.

Come and sit. Come and sit.

Come and sit. Oh! My darling.

- Oh, Bill.

- Hello, Dad.

Bill... Grace, where did I leave those newspapers?

Oh, where you left them.

I was mortified. My own son named and shamed in these newspapers.

- Shamed.

- What is it? "Seducing."

"Seducing a soldier from the course of his duties."

Seducing?

Are you saying

that my grandson's a homosexual?

Oh...

- A nine-bob note?

- Of course not, Dada.

I... I mean, look at it.

Look at it.

Do you know how humiliating it is for a man who fought in two world wars?

Except you didn't actually fight, Dad.

- I rode into battle.

- With a drawn sword.

- Leading my Gurkhas.

- Against the Turks.

It was a suicide mission.

Except the Turks had skedaddled.

They were terrified of facing the Gurkhas.

Or was it Dad on his horse

who made them run?

And as for the Second World War,

you were stationed up North,

some place the Luftwaffe had never heard of,

while we were in London

getting bombed every night.

Well, I'm a patriot.

Bill is clearly not.

- I was exonerated, Dad.

- Oh.

So, you're not... You're not

a Nancy boy after all.

Yeah, well, those two spies are,

Burgess and Maclean.

Buggery and skulduggery

go hand-in-hand.

I don't suppose

either of you are interested

in the Coronation?

Well, I am and so is Grace.

- Don't...

- I've bought

one of these television things

to watch it on.

And unless it's against your principles,

I would be very grateful

for a hand setting it up.

- How about this?

- Stop.

That's too far. Back a bit.

- A little more.

- There?

No. No, go South.

South. You have to turn it south, Bill.

No, no, no. Go back, back.

- You've got to go back.

- That it?

That's it. No. No.

We're talking subtle increments here.

That's too much, that's too much,

Bill. We're talking subtle,

subtle increments, okay?

- Subtle increments?

- To the south.

No, back. Okay, back, back.

There we are.

Hold it! Hold it. We've almost...

Oh, blast. We've lost it.

You've lost it, Bill!

- There?

- Great!

- Keep it there.

- Yeah?

- You sure?

- Hold it.

Hold it. There we are. There we are.

We've got a picture, Bill. You did it!

Here's my friend Percy.

He's come in a red sports car.

Would you fetch him, Dawn?

Hello!

The crowned heads of Europe
continue to arrive in London
for the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II.

Preparations continue
and the Golden Coach has been put
through its paces up and down The Mall.

So, where did you get
that beautiful sports car, Percy?

I stole it.

But I'll return it
before the owner gets back.

Percy has no conscience.

It's supposed to prick you,
but it never does...

- What?

- But it never does.

Don't you feel even a twinge of guilt
about the owner?

God, no. I rather resent him.

Please.

The tank was nearly empty and I had
to fill it up with my own money.

Shh!

Shh!

Blue

Moon.

You saw me standing alone.

So, have you guys got girlfriends?

Son of but...

she lives in a hospital, I live in a camp.

We have nowhere to go.

We end up in the wet grass.

Making love?

- Conditions are never quite right.

- What?

I would do it anywhere at your age,
well, younger than you.

Wet grass, in the rain, against a wall.

And look what happened.

You got knocked up at 17
and shamed your family.

It was the war. Do it quick
before a bomb drops on your head.

It was urgent.

- Billy.

- No.

Yes.

And you, Billy boy? Have you got a girl?

Kind of. You'll meet her tomorrow.

Tomorrow? What does "kind of" mean?

It's complicated.

- She's in love with someone else and...

- Oh...

she's turning Bill inside-out.

Billy.

And she's really old.

- What? Old like me?

- Not as old as that.

I am going for a swim.

The moon had turned to gold.

- Blue moon.

- Come on, boys!

Don't be boring!

Now I'm no Langer alone.

- Whoo!

- Is Dawn not up yet?

- No.

- Percy?

- Still in bed.

I'm worried about Dawn, Billy.

She came for a holiday but

I don't think she intends to go back.

She wouldn't abandon the children.

Was that Mac

you were waving to this morning?

- You saw him?

- And you.

Waving.

- Do you still see him?

- No.

We never meet.

We wave.

Just wave.

I'm sorry, Billy.

It was the war. We all did silly things.

I was 10.
Do I betray my mother
or do I betray my father?
On, Billy.
It's so good to have you home.
You can go. Be back in an hour.
Ophelia!
Wow. She's elegant, all right.
Look at the way she stepped
into the boat. It's not easy.
Well, William.
You really do live on an island.
She has a great body.
I'm beginning to see why Bill keeps at it.
Yeah, she's... She's beautiful
but she's not... sensual.
How can you tell that?
Oh, because when you're sensual yourself,
you can always tell
if it's missing in someone else.
Oh.
Yeah, no, she hasn't got it.
The full welcome.
Is this the first time
you've brought a girl home?
You're so beautiful.
Thank you for coming.
Class written all over her.
What can a woman like that see in Bill?
Bit old.
Hi! Hello.
How lovely. Ophelia, isn't it?
It can be.
I hope you'll watch the coronation with us.
Oh, sadly, I can't.
I'm being picked up in an hour.
- Oh...
Oh, well. Come in.
"I'm being
picked up in an hour."
I'm sorry.
Stop it. So...
So, what do you, uh, study at Oxford?
Philosophy.

Does that help you understand life?

On the contrary, the more I read,
the less I understand.

Oh.

See, I thought it was supposed
to, um, guide your behaviour, you know?
I'm amazed at how people do behave.

Aren't you Dawn?

All the time.

I find my own behaviour
impossible to understand.

- What about Bill's behaviour?

- Oh, yes.

William...

- William?

- Yes, William.

I take him seriously.

I take his name seriously.

Stop quizzing the poor girl.

I'm sorry, Ophelia,
but we islanders are so fascinated
by people from the mainland.

Oh, come on.

And the Queen will pass
as they move in slow procession
through the aisle of the abbey...

What other nation
could put on a pageant like this?

There's hope in it.

We're entering a new Elizabethan age.

God forbid.

The first Elizabeth murdered her cousin,
persecuted Catholics and died a virgin.

Oh, shut up, Dada.

Oh, that poor, sweet girl.

She's Dawn's age.

She has to take on a life of duty.

And she'll never have to
draw a curtain or draw a bath
or squeeze her own toothpaste.

Our queen deserves a few small
comforts to help her through it.

God bless her.

I agree. It's all quite lovely.

- They're all Germans.

- Oh!

The Kaiser was Queen Victoria's nephew.

Now they call themselves Windsor.

Windsor my arse!

Windsor is a brown soup
or a way to knot your tie.

It is not a royal line.

Have some respect, George.

It's all medieval mumbo jumbo.

They're calling on God to anoint them.

"The divine right of kings."

Tradition.

Do not underestimate the power of tradition.

It doesn't matter. It's harmless.

Why get so worked up about it?

It's just fun.

Oh! It's Ophelia!

- I saw Ophelia!

- It can't be.

It was her.

Look! Look! There she is again.

- There.

- It is. It is.

- What's her family name?

- I don't know.

You don't know? What? Are you witless?

I don't even know her first name.

It's not Ophelia.

History will be written

and sung hem today...

I've got to get that car back
before the end of the ceremony.

The owner's also in the abbey.

Billy, why are you against everything?

Like what?

Like the Army, the war, royalty,
the Tories, the class system, God,
Dad's patriotism.

So, what are you for?

- What are you for?

- Me?

Life, love, freedom, adventure.

Does that include flirting with Percy?

It's interesting that you choose
a friend with no morals or scruples.
That way you owe him nothing,
like no commitment.
And this girl, you're entranced by her.
She's in love with someone else, unhappily.
Probably married.
And you think you have to protect her,
like you protected Mother
when she was having it off with Mac.
And because Ophelia is not free,
you're free to yearn for her.
That girl needs a rock, not a wet rag.
For God's sake, stop.
And leave me alone.
You look at yourself.
Your marriage is messed up,
you left your kids behind.
Don't lecture me.
Sorry, Billy. Come and sit down.
- I promise I'll be nice.
- You don't know how.
My darling, dopey little brother.
Do you know, Mum and Mac...
Do they still see each other?
No. But they wave to each other
across the river.
- Every day, they just wave.
- Oh.
That's quite touching.
Their affair...
That's her guilt, not yours.
You should have told Dad instead of
bottling it up for all these years.
I couldn't.
You don't think he knew at some level?
I don't know.
You're mine now,
for the next two years!
Left, right!
Well, it's not the first time I've
had to correct you in this matter.
When teaching illiterates,
you will use the words in the manual,

not frivolous ones that pop into your head.
You're not teaching them
to write letters home.
You're teaching them
to understand orders, Army orders.
I will remind you of the words in question.
"Orders, regiment, sir, company, posting,
"Sergeant, corporal, officer,
report obey."
Yes, obey.
That seems to be a word not in
your vocabulary, let alone in theirs.
Teaching them words to write a letter home
motivates them to learn to read, sir.
You will do as you are ordered.
I'm sick to death
of your rigid fucking rants, sir.
You are a nasty little subversive.
You think you're clever. You think
you're better than the Army.
You are vermin!
You have infested this centre.
You are disruptive, rabid, rancid!
You have brought anarchy to this centre!
Should I be hearing all this, sir?
Section 73.
An NCO shall not admonish another NCO
in the presence of a private soldier.
Are you party to this tawdry affair,
Sergeant Rohan?
Well, this is a surprise.
Admonishing an NCO
in the presence of a private soldier.
A serious offence, contrary to good order.
Do you admit to this,
Sergeant Major Bradley?
- Entrapment, sir.
- What?
- Entrapment, sir.
- Entrapment?
Is that covered in the Army Act?
Well, you know it backwards.
Is it in here?
- No, sir.

- Then guilty.
My record is unblemished.
I've obeyed the law to the letter,
every iota correct in every respect.
I'm what the Army Act
intended a soldier to be.
The moral high ground is mine.
It's mine.
I tell you, I'm what a soldier's
supposed to be.
The Army is me. I am the Army.
Land the Army are indivisible to a tee.
You, sir, you fudge and prevaricate.
You betray your commission
in your quest for easement...
That is quite enough,
Sergeant Major Bradley.
You're digging a hole for yourself.
Relieved of duties. Confined to quarters
pending psychological assessment.
I didn't think he would fall apart.
The only thing I regret
is we took the easy way.
We should have killed the bollocks.
We've wrecked his life, Percy.
Have you seen this?
Invitation to the regimental ball.
"Officers and their ladies,
NCOs and their wives,
"other ranks and their women."
It actually says that in cold print.
I thought you were making it up.
There's no mention of skivers
and their slappers.
Get your feet off Bradley's desk.
Aint's his no more.
Clean up the place. It's a shambles.
Okay, Sarge.
Come on, do it.
All in good time, Percy.
Will you have a beer?
Just get on with it.
I thought when I got rid of Bradley for you
we could all take it nice and easy.

Clean up. That's an order.
We're all in this together, Percy.
Here she is, Bill.
Well, hello.
Thank you.
Sophie, this used to be Ophelia.
And this is Sophie, Percy's friend.
Breast at the window.
Do you tell everyone?
So, Helen Montague, your cover is blown.
Pity. Anonymity
was the basis of our relati...
Ophelia was a much nicer girl than Helen.
And like Ophelia,
you ended up in the lily pond.
Not quite.
- Have you seen Sunset...
- Boulevard?
I was first in the queue.
Great movie. Billy Wilder.
That was me, face down in the swimming pool,
living my life in flashback
like William Holden.
- All because of Paul?
- No.
He got me out of myself.
He broke through.
Now I'm back in this awful shell.
It's like living underwater.
Everything is muffled and far away.
I'm here.
Thank you, William.
I said I'd save you and I will.
How, William?
With love.
oh?
I love you. I fell in love with the
back of your head at that concert
I will always love you!
God, William, can't you see I'm an invalid?
I am going to marry a sweet, dull man
who will never overexcite me.
I liked your sister, William.
I wish I was more like her.

A free spirit, spontaneous.
Goodbye, William.
I'm so tired.
What is it, Bill?
Oh, Bill.
Stay in here for a bit.
I'm sorry.
- It was lovely.
- You are beautiful.
Look. You've stopped trembling.
Oh, God. Percy.
Oh, pooey. It's my duty as a nurse.
I was giving first aid.
My Hippocratic oath
forbids me to tell Percy about it.
Hmm.
See? All better.
Cured.
Yes!
I'm on the list.
I'm on the list!
Oh, shit.
Sir.
Yes, sir?
Go in.
Well?
- Sir, it's about my posting.
- Posting?
Korea, sir.
Well?
Well, sir, you said
it might be different if...
If what?
If the clock...
Out with it.
If I could tell you something
about the clock.
Well?
It was Sergeant Hapgood, sir.
He took it.
Show us exactly what you did, Redmond.
The fucking window's closed, you twat.
Yes, sir. I opened the window
before I picked up the clock,

I threw it out, the clock, sir,
then I closed the window after.
Do it again. Do it right.
I waited till Osbourne was
in the kitchen, then I did it quick.
- Osbourne?
- Must have been very quick, sir.
I was only in the kitchen
to drop off the crockery, like.
All right, we'll time it.
Osbourne, off to the kitchen.
Redmond, do the business.
Go!
Caught red-handed.
What did you do when you saw
Redmond holding the clock, Osbourne?
I didn't, sir.
I swear on my mothers life.
I don't give a fuck
about your mother's life.
She deserves to die for giving birth to you.
If you were in on it, Osbourne,
I swear, I'll cut your nuts off
and make you swallow them.
Sir, I... I saw nothing, sir.
So, Sergeant Hapgood,
Redmond says you told him
to throw the clock out the window.
Why would I do that, sir?
I'm asking the fucking questions!
- I did not.
- "I did not, sir!"
I did not, sir!
Redmond, why would you agree to this plan?
What did you hope to gain?
- Percy promised to pay me, sir.
- "Percy"? Your chum, is he?
Sergeant Hapgood, sir.
- And did he pay you?
Yes, sir. I went
straight to his quarters after.
He paid me.
Sergeant Rohan was there. He saw it.
Did Sergeant Hapgood have the clock?

- He got it. He had it.
- Did you see it in his quarters?
- He must have hid it, sir.
Sergeant Rohan.
Describe what transpired, if you will.
Private Redmond asked
Sergeant Hapgood if he had got it.
The clock? He meant the clock?
Sergeant Hapgood said, "Got what?"
Redmond said, "You know what."
Sergeant Hapgood said, 'No, I don't.'
Did he give Redmond money?
He put something in his hand, sir.
I owed him money for doing my brasses.
I never done anyone's brasses, sir.
I get nignogs to do my brasses.
It was for throwing the clock
out the window.
What a bunch of lying fucking wankers.
This clock is going to haunt you.
I swear, you will never be free of it.
You will rue the day.
Dismiss!
Sergeant Rohan, private word.
Let us imagine for a moment
that Sergeant Hapgood
was outside that window
and adroitly caught the flying clock.
Had he done so, he would have
taken it back to his quarters,
which, of course, he shares with you.
And you could hardly not have seen it,
thus implicating you in the robbery.
I did not see the clock, sir.
Don't be hasty, Sergeant.
Think carefully.
Next day, when the camp
was turned upside-down,
Hapgood succeeded in disposing
of the clock, if indeed he had it,
and you must have been aware
of how he did it.
Habeas corpus.
No clock, no case.

So, basically, he's saying
if you testify against me,
he'll let you off.

And if I don't, I'm as guilty as you.

The problem is, you look guilty.

I don't.

- Anything you left out?

- No, nothing.

What about when you went

to the hospital to see Ophelia?

Sophie was there, wasn't she? My Sophie.

You left that out. I wonder why'?

- Didn't I mention that?

- No, you fucking didn't.

- Where's Redmond?

- He's locked up in his cell.

For his own safety. Afraid

that I'm going to fucking kill him.

Look, just give it back, the clock.

Let's make a deal.

We give it back, they drop charges.

- You've made that deal, haven't you?

- Of course not.

To save your own skin, you lying shit!

And you fucked Sophie.

You betrayed me, your friend,

and you haven't even got the guts to fight.

I did not make a deal with

Major Cross. I denied everything!

But you did fuck Sophie?

It was a moment of madness.

Ophelia had just dumped me.

Ophelia was out of your class.

Sophie wanted you, not me.

They know what they want, women.

I'm sorry, Percy.

Well, I fucked your sister, so we're even.

- How did you...

- Work it out? Same way as you did.

Only way to get it out of the camp.

I was complicit, sir. I...

No, he didn't. He knew nothing about it.

Sergeant Hapgood, your court martial

has been arranged for next week.

Lieutenant Fortesque-Brown,
to my right, will defend you.
In the meantime, you are under house arrest,
under the supervision of Sergeant Rohan.
Dismiss.

Shepton Mallet Military Prison.
The name is enough to strike fear
in the bravest of soldiers,
let alone a fucking conscript.
I was Sergeant Major there for a year.
Hell on Earth, Hapgood. Hell on Earth.
How dare you take my clock!

- Have you done this before?
- Actually not.
- Any legal training?
- No.

But then, we're not expecting
to win, are we?

The best we can do is, um...

Oh, sit up, for God's sake.

The best we can do
is get some character references
to say what a good chap you are
and hope to reduce your sentence.

- Right.
- Some names?

Private Redmond and Sergeant Major Bradley.

How do I Contact them?

Redmond's on his way to Korea
and Bradleys in
a military hospital somewhere.

I'm not a fool, Sergeant.

It says here that your father
was killed in the war.

- It could help our case.
- I don't want him used for this.

I see here he was a rear gunner
in Lancaster bombers.

Very high mortality rate.

He, um, came out of a pub pissed
and fell under a truck.

They gave him the Distinguished
Flying Cross for that?

You are determined not to help your cause.

But I insist you see a psychiatrist.

Yours is not normal behaviour.

Get up off your knees.

If you want to do a runner, Percy,

I'll get you out of the camp.

Right now, tonight.

- What, and drop you in it?

- I can handle that.

- You'd do that for me?

- Yes.

- Why'?

- Why'?

Why... Why do you think?

Guilt, I expect.

Fuck you.

Good luck, Percy.

Attention!

All right, let's get this over with.

This court martial is now in session.

Prisoner and escort.

Quick march. Left, right.

Left, right. Left, right.

Left, right. Mark time.

Halt.

Prisoner and escort salute.

You're accused of stealing
the regimental clock.

How do you plead?

Guilty as charged, sir.

Major Cross, prosecuting, proceed.

Sergeant Hapgood,

were you aware that this clock
was of great sentimental importance
to the regiment?

Yes, sir.

- Was this clock of value to you?

- No, sir.

So stealing the clock
was an act of deliberate malice
towards the regiment?

It was a protest against the RSM.

Why the RSM?

Because...

Because he is a sadistic bully.

You're not helping your cause, Sergeant.
Lieutenant Fortesque-Brown, proceed.
Sir, I ask the court
to hear the testimony
of Major Smythe, a psychiatrist.
I won't have a trick cyclist in my court.
The minds of soldiers belong to the Army,
not to some dubious branch
of the medical profession.
He is in attendance, sir.
Request denied.
Sir, if I may summarise
Major Smythe's opinion.
He says that Sergeant Hapgood
is claustrophobic
and living in a closed camp
has exerted unendurable pressure
on his mind.
Smuggling the clock out of the camp
was his way of relieving that pressure.
I won't have it, I tell you.
- Strike it from the record.
- Yes, sir.
Sir, respectfully, I would remind you
that Sergeant Major Bradley and others
have recently succumbed
to the pressures of this camp.
There have been two suicides
in the last quarter
and several unsuccessful attempts.
Are you a conscript, Lieutenant?
- Yes, sir.
- Enough said.
I have to process 400 conscripts
through this camp every six weeks.
We're all under pressure.
Put up with it. Get over it.
All done? Right.
- Sir, may I call Sergeant Rohan?
- What for?
Character witness, sir.
Very well.
Have your say and make it quick.
- A loyal friend, sir and...

- And what?

We did the commando training together
and he came out on top of the course.

- He could kill you with his bare hands if...

- If what?

If necessary.

Not you, sir. I meant the enemy.

Well, I don't have to be
concerned about that,

because Hapgood will be in Shepton Mallet
serving three months for stealing the clock,
two weeks for impugning the RSM
and a further month
for showing no contrition.

Sir.

Yes, of course. It goes without saying.

Sergeant Hapgood reduced to the tanks.

Very well.

This court is no longer in session.

God bless Her Majesty.

Prisoner and escort salute.

About turn.

Quick march. Left, right.

Left, right. Left, right. Left, right.

Left, right. Left, right...

Cheers!

- Sorry about your chum.

- Thank you, sir.

Your mate Hapgood brought great shame
on this regiment today.

Men like me, Sergeant Rohan,
we fought for king and country,
we fought for what was right.

But you perks, you're weak,
'cause you've got no belief,
no faith in the flag,
no grit, no guts,
no god, no self-respect.

Our country is fucked. Fucked.

Your country, sir, but our country is not.

I said, "I'm the Skiver.

You're the one with the donkey."

You should be in fucking Korea.

- Skived out of it, didn't I?

- Yeah, by fingering Percy.
Well, he dropped me in the shit
and he'd fuck you over, too,
if it suited him.
Was he coming on to you?
A uniform like that
could turn a girl's head.
He's a posh prick.
You're jealous, Bill. I'm so pleased.
Percy wanted me to let you know
why he couldn't come tonight.
Oh, the major told me all about it.
"Clever young chap
but foolhardy.
"Not worthy of you, my dear."
Going to a military prison
for four months is not funny.
It's terrible.
But it does make him a bit of a hero.
He'll like that.
Oh, don't be so pompous.
Might as well dance, since you're here.
About what happened,
what we did at the hospital.
- What was that?
- You know what.
Oh, that.
What about it?
I'm very sorry. It won't happen again.
Oh! How disappointing.
Unlock me for a minute, will you?
- I've got to get something out of my kit bag.
- Not a chance.
I'm hurt that you think
I'd run off on you, Bill.
You can get it now.
The Army allows you
to write one letter a week,
but you have to write it on an Army form
which has Shepton Mallet
Military Prison printed at the top.
I don't want my mum to know I'm in prison,
so I'll send the letters to you, Bill.
I want you to cut off the tops

and post them on in these stamped envelopes
to my mum
and she'll never know.
18 weeks' worth.
Why don't you just tell her?
'Cause it'd break her heart,
Dad being a war hero and all.
We've arrived at the station.
Someone we know is meeting us here.
Who?
- Hey! Come on.
- Hey!
- Look, there's your Uncle Billy.
- Robert. Linda. Look at you guys.
Hi.
- I'm your Uncle Bill.
- Hey.
Wow. Handcuffs.
Did they bust you, Uncle Bill?
They got you in the end, hey, Perce?
Well, Bradley, Redmond, me.
Bill's the last man standing.
- Still on the fence, Billy.
- Hmm.
Bill came through for me.
He's a better friend than I deserve.
- And he has a sexy sister.
- Yeah, 27, two kids.
Two beautiful kids.
I'm not going back to Canada.
May I come and see you after?
Please do.
All aboard!
- Oh!
Okay, we've got to go.
Come on, kids. Come on.
- Bye, Bill.
- Bye. We'll see you at Christmas.
Bye. See you soon!
Bye, boys!
- Bye, Uncle Bill!
- Bye, Percy!
Whoo!
- So, Dawn really got to you?

- Yeah. I'm a goner.
Sergeant Rohan delivering Private Hapgood.
Open the gates!
Well, Percy, see you in four months.
Long before that.
There must be some way
of breaking out of this place.
Come on! Come on!
And don't let Sophie
slip through your fingers.
Where are you gonna find tits like that
and a sense of humour all in one girl?
Thanks, Percy.
Come on, move it, you. Keep moving.
Sergeant Major Bradley?
- Wingate Ward, second floor.
- Thank you.
Hello, Sarge. It's me, Henderson.
- What are you in for?
- Frostbite.
You were right about the Korean weather.
Well, frostbite's not too bad.
Yeah, but then I stepped on a mine,
came back without my foot.
You were always larking about, Henderson.
Yeah, well, training was a bit of a lark.
But when they start shooting at you,
well, it wipes the smile off your face.
Yes.
We will continue with the therapy every day
and we'll see how you get on.
Sir. Sergeant Major Bradley?
He's in the end.
Bill Rohan, Sergeant Major.
I brought you The Telegraph.
For the crossword.
I just wanted to say...
There is nothing you can say
that is of any interest to me.
Your demeanour is slovenly.
Most slovenly.
Dismiss.
Dismiss, I say.
Post-traumatic stress syndrome.

They called it shell shock
in the First World War.
Half these lads suffer from it.
Bradley got a bad dose
in the Normandy invasions.
So living by the letter
of the Army law was...
Was his way of holding himself together.
- Thanks, Sarge.
- Take care of yourself, Henderson.
You know me, Sarge.
Always putting my foot in it.
I served up my time
and went home to the river,
the river my mother had left to after our
house was destroyed during the London Blitz.
Everything was different now.
Help! I'm drowning!
- Keep going, Sophie.
- Bill!
- Bill, help!
- It's really good.
Bill, help! I'm not acting!
Keep going.
Help me, please!
- Bill, I'm cramping!
- What?
Only kidding.
- Do you think that's funny?
- Yeah.