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# Seven Days to Noon

By Frank Harvey

Morning, Davis.

Good morning, sir.

This has just come across from  
the Prime Minister, 10 Downing St.  
Oh.

Davis, bring me the personnel  
file for the Government  
Research Laboratory at  
Wallingford, will you?

What's the name  
of the fellow in charge of it?

Er... Dolby, sir.

"Professor Dolby, born 1894..."

All right!

Hello? Get me Prof Dolby of  
the Govt Research Lab at Wallingford.

Yes.

What do you make of that, Davis?

Another one for the loony bin.

Still, its a new line.

No abuse, no obscenity,  
just a polite note from  
one gentleman to another.

Posted last night, on Sunday.

Hello? Oh, yes.

Hello. Prof Dolby?

This is Superintendent Folland,  
Special Branch, Scotland Yard.

I believe a Prof Willingdon's on your  
staff. Is he with you this morning?

Yes, I'll hold on.

What have you got on Willingdon?

"Born 1893, second son of George  
Arthur Willingdon, Bishop of Hampton."

"Educated Rugby and Cambridge."

"Natural science tripos, 1921 prizeman.

Oliver Chair of Physics,  
Birmingham, 1927-32."

"Assistant Director of Research,  
Cavendish Labs, Cambridge, to 1940."

"In British team for  
New Mexico, 1943. Made  
senior research worker  
at Wallingford, 1945."

Hello, yes. He's not with you?

Have you any idea where he is?

I must speak to your chief security officer. Can you get me put through?

What do MI5 say about him?

Nothing... clean sheet.

Hmm.

Hello, Farrer. Folland here. I've got to speak freely, so I'm coming off this line. Stand by.

AX2.

Farrer, can you hear me?

We've got a letter Prof Willingdon is supposed to have written to the PM It may be a hoax but I shall have to ask you to make a magazine check.

When was the last count?

I see. Yes, yes, as quick as you can.

It's the simplest way out of that one

Reminds me of the fellow

that kept writing to the Archbishop.

What was that?

He called himself Solomon Eagle and went about in a goatskin and sandals.

He painted himself blue

and tried to set fire to St Paul's!

Oh, yes. This chap's done it well.

Did you notice the address?

He's used a real embossing stamp.

Has he?

Folland here.

Yes Farrer...

What?!

Last night? Hold on.

Lay on two cars and four men.

Farrer, I am coming down.

Until I arrive nobody must enter the place or leave. See you in an hour.

Your pass, please, sir.

Right, thank you, sir.

Is this photo like him?

- Is this photo like him?

- Yes, quite.

Has he the run of the place?  
Of course! Why shouldnt he?  
Hes our senior research worker!  
He was here until lunch yesterday.  
If he came back,  
would your police know?  
Everybodys checked in and out.  
Ask the local security, Rogers.  
- The letter was posted at Paddington.  
- Has he a car?  
No.  
Rogers, check at the railway station.  
Sorry.  
Here's Willingdon's assistant,  
Stephen Lane.  
Good. My name's Folland.  
Scotland Yard, Special Branch.  
Oh?  
When did you last see the professor?  
Lunchtime yesterday. Since then  
he's been working at home.  
No, he isnt at home. Weve lost him.  
Lost him?  
He didnt go home last night.  
Been with Prof Willingdon long?  
Five years.  
Ever go to his home?  
Yes, fairly often.  
Friend of the family?  
Yes. Why?  
Just answer the questions. When you  
last saw him, did he seem normal?  
Of course.  
He wasn't overworked?  
Well... not more than any of us.  
I see.  
We shall have to visit his family.  
Can Lane come with us?  
Certainly.  
Come on, Lane. Come on.  
Is this something pretty dodgy?  
Dodgy? Could be.  
Steve!  
Hello, darling. Ann, this is

Supt Folland from Scotland Yard.  
Good morning.  
How do you do? Do come in.  
Carter! Thompson!  
Sit down, Mr Folland.  
Thank you.  
I'm afraid Daddy's not in, Steve.  
We know. Any idea where he is?  
I'm afraid not. He's awfully vague.  
He may ring up shortly. Of course,  
he might have gone into Oxford.  
Without a word to anyone?  
Yes. If he missed his train  
he'd not phone, because of Mummy.  
- Oh?  
- She's an invalid.  
Get through to Oxford, Carter.  
You sound very serious.  
Has something happened?  
What is it, Ann?  
Steve and Mr Folland  
are worried about Daddy.  
Worried? Why?  
Your husband's very important.  
We have to take great care of him.  
What was he wearing?  
His dark grey suit.  
And his old raincoat.  
Any hat?  
A grey felt.  
Did he take anything?  
Maybe. He has a case for his night  
things, which he takes to the lab.  
He often slept at the labs.  
Send that description out.  
Right, sir.  
You know what work he does.  
Does he discuss it with you?  
It would be a one-sided discussion.  
I see. Thank you.  
Sorry to have disturbed you.  
Just a minute. I think you've heard  
something about my husband.  
You needn't be afraid to tell us.

I can see that. If he contacts you,  
please let me know at once.  
You'll find me there.  
Thank you.  
Steve!  
Steve, what's all this about?  
It looks like a security job.  
Maybe your father took some papers.  
Dont they trust him?  
We're so damned scared,  
we can't trust anybody. Don't worry.  
Let me know if you hear anything.  
Shes a nice girl.  
I've always thought so.  
You'll have to come to London.  
Why?  
That's where I think he is.  
Where's your billet?  
In the village.  
Collect your things.  
Drop me at the laboratories,  
then take Mr Lane to his digs.  
Don't you think it might be better  
if you put me in the picture?  
All right. Willingdon has stolen  
a UR12 bomb from Wallingford.  
What?!  
He's told the Prime  
Minister that unless it's  
announced that Britain will  
make no more such weapons...  
...he'll set it off and destroy  
the seat of government".  
It would wipe out half London!  
If the PM makes no announcement...  
...your professor will explode  
the bomb at noon on Sunday next.  
Today's Monday.  
I can't believe it.  
How big's a UR12?  
The size of a portable typewriter.  
He could easily  
have it in his suitcase.  
Yes.

We've had no new vehicles since '45.  
If we'd had them, we shouldn't  
have had the men to maintain them I  
Wait here, please.  
Hello, Grant.  
Good morning.  
Any idea what's on?  
No...  
Just got a message from the PM.  
So did we.  
When's the Army gonna get new stuff?  
Cant afford it.  
False teeth come first nowadays!  
- Prime Minister, my information is...  
- Leith can confirm it.  
...that a UR12 exploded  
on Westminster Bridge...  
...will lay flat an area from  
Rotherhithe to Notting Hill Gate.  
That is so.  
A hoax can now be ruled out. Willingdon  
has disappeared and  
presumably has a UR12.  
Is he bluffing?  
Young man wants a haircut.  
I saw my old staff driver.  
Know what he was up to? Towing  
a damn trailer round a fairground!  
A UR12 is actuated by a  
timer. The explosion must  
be set to occur within  
15 minutes of starting it.  
Could it explode prematurely?  
Not accidentally. There are two  
components, each useless on its own.  
The timer can be set to operate  
instantly at the touch of a trigger.  
At least Willingdon can't  
plant the thing and leave.  
No. Find Willingdon  
and you'll find the UR12 with him.  
A description's gone out.  
In an hour we start a comb-out.  
I see. All right, Folland.

Right, sir.

Ask General Willoughby in. Oh, Lane?

Yes, sir?

You've worked with Willingdon  
for years, haven't you?

Yes, sir.

What are his political interests?

Political interests?

Well, I think his main one was...  
keeping away from politicians, sir.

Oh. Wise man. Thank you, Lane.

We daren't gamble on the hope of  
the commissioner finding this man.

I've asked our military advisers  
to come here to prepare a plan.

General Willoughby, come in.

Will you sit beside me?

Yes.

Gentlemen, you'll find chairs.

Davis, anything come in?

Sit down, Lane.

Only Rogers' report.

Lets have it.

The night of the incident,  
at 7.30 approximately,  
Prof GT Willingdon is known to have...

You're not giving evidence.

Say it in English!

The next thing is round  
about 8.00 he's at the  
vicarage, playing chess  
with the local incumbent.

Vicar.

Vicar. Hes not a bad hand at chess.

I expect that's due to  
his mathematical brain.

Just the facts, Davis.

Well, after about half an hour  
he sets off for the labs.

The record at the gate shows he was  
admitted at 8.50, left at 9.05.

He was last seen catching  
the 9.25 for Paddington.

That's a slow train, got



in that night at 10.50.

Do you know this vicar, Lane?

We've met. His name's Burgess.

He's the last person we know spoke to Willingdon. I'd better see him.

Lane, come on...

I have a job for you.

Where are we going?

Back to Wallingford.

I'm after some clue to Willingdon's motive. Has anybody put him up to it?

Go through his papers and if you find any strange reference, let me know.

And, Lane, don't tell them anything.

Right.

Drive on.

Is anyone at home?

Excuse me. Where is the vicar?

I'm the vicar.

Oh. Sorry, sir.

You took me for the builder's mate?

I'm fighting a losing battle.

As I patch it up here,

it falls down somewhere else.

What can I do for you?

I'm Supt Folland.

You saw one of my men, Sgt Rogers.

Yes. So, you're from the police?

Yes. I have a few questions.

Oh. We're in a bit of a muddle here, but find a seat somewhere.

Thank you.

Well, what's it all about?

You're a friend of Prof Willingdon's?

You're a friend of Prof Willingdon's?

Yes.

And he came here last night?

Yes.

Did he stay long?

About an hour.

Did he seem to be quite himself?

Yes, I suppose so.

You sound doubtful.

Do I? Oh, no. As far as

I could tell, he was himself.

Any special reason for his visit?

No. We often play chess.

We played last night.

What did you talk about?

We, um...

talked about private matters.

It's vitally important

that you tell me everything you know.

John Willingdon is one of my oldest  
friends, and one of my parishioners.

I can't betray his confidence.

This is a matter of great urgency.

Willingdon has disappeared and his  
disappearance endangers

the national safety.

National safety?

What is it you want to know?

I'm trying to find out his state  
of mind, what his intentions were.

State of his mind?

There I may have misled you, Mr...?

Folland.

When I said goodbye to him  
last night I felt decidedly uneasy -  
as I often felt in the past months.

For a long time

I've known John was very troubled.

Yes? In what way?

How can I put it?

He'd lost all faith  
in the value of his work...

...and he was wondering  
where it was leading.

Yes?

He looked to me for help. I wish I'd  
helped him more. He was so alone.

He was isolated  
by the very nature of his work.

He thought his work  
was being put to the wrong use?

Yes. He asked me a question  
which I found difficult to answer.

And what was that?

He said, "What would you do...  
...if the results of your life's work  
were being put to an evil purpose?"  
What did you say?  
What could I say?  
If we were convinced of that, we'd  
do all we could to oppose that evil.  
We'd have to be very sure,  
if we were in Willingdon's position.  
I told him that.  
But every man has to act  
according to his own conscience.  
Did it occur to you  
that his mind might be unbalanced?  
No, I wouldn't venture an opinion.  
If it was, perhaps we're to blame.  
We've placed on his shoulders this  
burden and left him to deal with it.  
I say, Steve!  
Yeah?  
This is extraordinary. Here...  
...look at that.  
All that scrawl across  
Daddy's writing! Here's another one.  
Wait a minute.  
This is Daddy's writing!  
May I have a look, please?  
Thank you.  
dark, dark, dark,  
amid the blaze of noon."  
This your father's writing?  
Yes, but I don't understand.  
He wouldn't do that. Mr Folland...  
...do you think he's ill?  
Yes, I do.  
That's why we must find him quickly.  
Lane, we'll take these with us.  
Seems he was heading for a breakdown  
for some time. None of us noticed.  
Repressing a fear is like trying to  
hold on the lid of a boiling kettle.  
Somethings got to go eventually.  
What happens?  
They work through an area, then they

start all over again somewhere else.  
It's a tedious business. The men  
don't enjoy it. Nobody enjoys it.  
Let me see the hotel register.  
Excuse me, sir!  
Well, I'm damned!  
Let's have a look at you.  
I wasn't in miles of  
Freeman's Wharf last  
night! I don't know  
nothing about no cigarettes!  
All right, get on with your game -  
you may win a packet.  
"# If it's love that you want and  
it's love that you miss, my baby... #  
Police. Open up.  
# But if pearls are my price,  
Then you'll tell me "No dice"...#  
"#... of the Lord up above... #  
That's the Seaman's Mission,  
Salvation Army, Church  
Benevolent. That leaves  
Rutton House. Come on.  
Well, there's your  
haystack, Lane. And it's  
a damned small needle we're looking for.  
PAPER! PAPER!  
STAR". "NEWS". STANDARD". PAPER!  
PAPER! PAPER!  
STAR". "NEWS". STANDARD". PAPER!  
STAR". "NEWS". STANDARD". PAPER!  
STAR". "NEWS". STANDARD". PAPER!  
No, I never was one  
for hair on the face. A  
clean upper lip shows  
you've got nothing to hide.  
Yes.  
- Doing anything to grow more hair?  
- Nothing.  
Well have to do more. Wait...  
No, thanks. I'm in rather a hurry.  
My tonic'd grow hair on an elephant!  
How much do I owe?  
Bob, sir. If you do nothing about it

you'll get as bald as a coot!

- Thank you.

- Thank you!

Next, please.

Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty!

Come on, good girl!

Yes?

Mrs Peckett?

Yes.

You're advertising a furnished room.

Oh, the first floor front. Yes, it is vacant. Well, come in, will you?

Thank you.

Down you go, Wendy. I

don't mind the gentlemen

going out but I'm

particular about my ladies.

My cats, you know. How long

would you want the room, Mr...?

Richardson. I'd like it for a week.

Ah, only a week?

Yes...

My work will be over by then.

Don't think me inquisitive. I'm not.

But what sort of work is it you do?

Research at the British Museum.

Oh. I thought you might be an actor, and I won't allow theatricals here.

I quite understand.

That lot are trouble! This is it.

Thank you.

Ah, there's Bunty. Never know

where you'll find her. Shoo!

Well?

This'll do me nicely.

Oh, yes? I can arrange

a very small breakfast.

Thank you.

- I'll want your ration book for that.

- Oh, yes, of course.

Hope you'll be comfortable.

I don't think I will have breakfast.

I shall be going out very early.

In that case the room is 22... and 6d

in advance. It is customary, Mr...?

Richards.

I thought you said...

Richards.

Thank you.

Come on, Bunty.

Ah, there's Amber. Naughty!

She's forever in the beds. I'll  
put in another bottle for tonight.

Thank you.

Now, you'll be all right?

Thank you, yes.

Come along, Amber. Bunty!

I don't get it. You dont have to.

What's the idea?

The Prime Minister's asked every  
London daily to carry it tomorrow.  
the horse came forth, the red  
horse, and to him that sat thereon,  
...to him that sat thereon, it was given  
to take the peace from the earth."

"And there was given unto him  
a great sword."

thus with a mighty  
fall shall Babylon the  
great city, Babylon the  
great city be cast down"

Yes, Mrs Peckett?

I... You're still awake?

Yes.

You can't sleep?

Please dont concern yourself. My  
brains clearest in the small hours.

Good night.

Good night.

Hello? Get me the Victoria Road  
police station, quick!

Yeah? Oh... she's here.

Yes, show Miss Willingdon in.

Shes no fool. She knows theres  
something up... something pretty big.

What will we tell her?

I'm not sure yet.

Come in.

Miss Willingdon, sir.

Ah, hello.

I know I shouldn't be here, but I read the papers and you're holding something back.

I think I ought to know.

After all, he is my father.

Now, look, come and sit down.

We're anxious to avoid causing you unnecessary distress.

We've discovered that, for months, your father's been under strain.

But he showed no sign of it.

Nevertheless, it was so, and it was too much for him.

Are you saying his mind is affected?

I'm afraid so.

But what does it mean? Ministerial discussions on a high level...

Ann, isn't that enough?

Oh, please, Mr Folland, tell me!

All right, Miss Willingdon.

I think the best way to tell you is by showing you your father's letter.

It's addressed to the Prime Minister.

Oh, Daddy.

Taxi!

Clifts Hotel, Bayswater, please.

Steve, I cant believe it. Daddys so gentle... he wouldnt hurt a fly.

I blame myself. I should have realised he was overdoing it.

If I could talk to him, he'd listen.

Ah, darling!

Ann, look!

Steve, it's Daddy!

Stop, driver. Stop!

Daddy!

Daddy! Daddy!

Steve, it was him. It was Daddy!

Come on! Quick!

Goodbye.

- Oh!

- Sorry.

Thank you! The world  
come to an end or something?!  
I'll repeat that. To all divisions:  
Prof J - for John - Willingdon...  
...direction of Charing Cross. The  
time was approximately 11.40 hours.  
Description as previously  
issued, except that Willingdon  
no longer has a moustache.  
He may be carrying...

- I say, Sarge.

- Uh-huh?

This statement of Mrs Peckett.  
What about it?

The lodger has been acting queer.

See this description: "5  
foot 8, grey felt hat, grey  
suit, raincoat, medium  
build, brown eyes, sixty".

It doesn't sound like the landlady  
killer but it could be that professor  
Worth checking up. Good.

Just thought I'd mention it.

Just thought I'd mention it.

What do you want... a medal?!

No, Sarge.

I'll send round a car.

Remember the last time we did this?  
1940, bringing the boys from Dunkirk.

Yeah. What's up now, then?

Blowed if I know.

Come on, we're off in half an hour.

They leave flippin' buses here, then  
expect the flippin' wheels to turn!

We should have joined the Navy!

Too flippin" true!

I just had it on the ticker. "From  
1200 hours on the twentieth instant,  
...no Continental arrivals will be  
accepted. They will be rerouted."

"All runways will be at the disposal  
of RAF Transport Command."



What's going on?  
Trixie!  
It's all right.  
She's so friendly.  
She's so friendly.  
I'm fond of dogs.  
I can see that!  
Now your mother has to pick you up.  
Oh, you silly Billy!  
After you, dear.  
No, no, please.  
Thanks ever so much.  
But there's a mark on the bottom.  
If I gave you more than five bob,  
that's what I'd get on mine!  
All right. Bless you, I'll take it.  
Five bob, Bert.  
You in a hurry?  
No, you were first  
Thanks.  
There you are, my dear.  
Hello, Miss Goldie.  
If you don't mind.  
I won't keep you.  
Come down, Trixie.  
Been a nice warm day again today.  
Yes. It's been a wonderful summer.  
The nights can get chilly.  
Yes.  
Soon be wearing our coats again.  
Funnily enough, that's what I came  
in to buy. I left my coat somewhere.  
Forgot your coat?  
Oh, you're quite the old professor!  
What?  
Don't you know the old joke?  
Absent-minded!  
Yes, I suppose so.  
Is this the one?  
Ah, that's the ticket.  
Thank you.  
Oh, do you mind?  
Just slip it across my shoulders.  
Certainly.

Things looking up, in the theatre?  
Yes. the Quaker Girl" is on again.  
I'm going to see about my old part.  
Good.

How do I look?

Fine.

Good. Well, thanks for holding her.  
She's taken a fancy to you. Trixie!  
Oh, you saucy girl! Shake a paw.

Well, so long. Thanks ever so much.  
Come on, Trix, darling.

She was in the original show.

Wears well. What can I do for you?

Have you an overcoat to fit me?

I think we can manage that.

Get a rough idea of the size.

Here's Western Traffic Area.

Let's have one of each for  
teleprinters, three for circulation.

Yes, sir.

This has just come in.

This take you back?

Just the job, sir.

Good show.

"Hello, operations.

Five Corps HQ calling."

"First and second divisions  
left lying-up areas at 2000 hours."

Any news?

All this because of Daddy!

I'd better take you home to rest.

I'd better take you home to rest. Rest?

Well, we're not doing much good here

No. I'm beginning to understand  
the strain Daddy's been under.

Come on, Ann.

They can't see you.

I was in the business before  
you were dry behind your ears!

I wouldn't be seen dead in  
one of their rotten shows -

Hello.

- ...not if I was starving!

- You wouldn't?

No, I wouldnt!  
Trixie! Trixie! Trix?  
Oh, there you are!  
How do you do?  
Well, if it isnt you again!  
Have you been following me about?  
My dear young lady, I assure you...  
Its only my little joke.  
If you're quick, you can buy  
me a drink before they close.  
Come on. I can do with one!  
I've just told them what they can  
do with their quivering Quaker girl!  
There won't be no declaration of war  
Someone presses a button and  
its goodbye. Hello, Goldie!  
Evening, all. Now, what  
shall I have? I know  
a nice glass of port.  
A port and a brandy and soda, please  
Glad you looked in. Alf's  
being a proper misery!  
You don't have to believe me. Fred!  
Tell 'em what you saw on  
your way in this afternoon.  
What, them ambulance trains in  
the sidings at Clapham Junction?  
See? And Army lorries belting  
about, Cabinet meetings  
round the clock. Now say  
the balloons not going up  
There's nothing we can do about it.  
I'll tell you what we can do.  
We can press the button first.  
Load fifty ruddy great  
bombers with atom bombs.  
We've been turning 'em out  
like pineapples for years.  
Load the planes and blast their  
cities to hell. What do you say?  
No.  
Eh?  
You dont understand what you say.  
Don't understand what?

What you suggest would mean  
the destruction of mankind!  
That's what they said before.  
You'll never stop wars.  
There'll always be wars.  
I'm afraid I can't discuss  
this with you any more.  
No need to take it personally!  
Here. Don't go upsetting yourself  
over him. He doesn't mean any harm.  
How can he be so sure, so certain?  
Oh, it's just his silly way.  
He ought to think about what he says  
Never mind. Drink up. I'll buy you one.  
No, thank you. I must be going.  
Time, gentlemen, please.  
I havent found a hotel yet.  
Youve left it pretty late!  
I suppose I have.  
All glasses, please.  
Okay, Fred. Come on, we'd better  
go. Where's my bag? Come on, Trix.  
"Good night.  
Wait till I get you home!  
All right.  
You won't be saying all right!  
As you've nowhere to stay,  
I can fix you up at my place.  
Nothing posh. Still, not so bad.  
No, really, I mustn't impose.  
Dont be silly. I know  
youre a gentleman...  
...but it's the only thing to  
do. Pay me whatever you like.  
That's very kind of you but  
I don't like to trouble you.  
Oh, it's no trouble at all. Come on.  
Oh, excuse me.  
Who's that to...  
a lady friend?  
The Prime Minister.  
Oh, you are a one! Here,  
let's take this taxi.  
Taxi! Taxi!

Jump in, Trix. 38, Lennox  
Road, Kennington. Come on.  
Oh, it was a lovely tour...  
All number one dates. Come in, dear.  
I'll show you the way.  
It was a lovely tour. In  
Liverpool, the leading girl got ill.  
I had to go on for her.  
My dear, was I a success?!  
They all said they'd never  
seen the part played like it.  
I thought she wouldn't come back,  
but she did... and how!  
She was dropping to bits, but she  
would go on. I'll just find the key.  
I'll light up. You've got to be a  
cat not to fall over something here!  
That's better. Take your coat off.  
I'll just get Trixie her dinner.  
Then we'll have a nice cup of tea. I'll just  
slip the kettle on. It won't take a minute.  
Trixie, my hungry girl!  
Mummy won't be long. I'll  
just put the kettle on,  
then you'll have din-dins  
Din-dins!  
Lovely! Come on.  
Take your coat off...  
and put your silly old bag down.  
In which room shall I be sleeping?  
I mean, where shall I put my things?  
Well, that's the only bed apart  
from mine. It's quite comfy.  
If that's what you want.  
Thank you, yes. That'll be splendid.  
You are a funny sort, you know.  
What're you looking at now?  
London.  
London either makes or breaks you.  
There you are. Midnight.  
Another day gone.  
Oh, don't say that. Another day  
begun, that's what I always say.  
I'll go and make some tea.

dear Miss Goldie, I have had to be on  
my way. I shall not be seeing you again...  
...but my thanks for  
your kind hospitality."  
And two pounds!  
Good old sport!  
This letter arrived this morning. It  
says there will be no discussion."  
the Government will make the  
pronouncement I've asked for...  
...or accept the grave consequences."  
Incredible the police can't find him.  
Hear! Hear!  
It might be more helpful if we  
gave the public the true story.  
It's a question of panic...  
The true story could paralyse the city.  
But your alternative is the same.  
Not quite. The search is going on...  
...and the commissioner hopes to  
find him. But we can't take chances.  
Your folders contain  
the plan we've adopted.  
I urge that a statement  
is made, either through  
the press or over the  
air, as soon as possible.  
Already the wildest  
rumours are in circulation.  
We're interrupting programmes  
for a special announcement.  
The Prime Minister will speak on a  
matter of importance at one o'clock.  
He asks that those with radio sets  
open their doors to those without...  
...whether they be friends or passers-by.  
I repeat, the Prime Minister...  
You wanna know why the Cabinet's meeting  
and why the PM's gonna speak to the nation.  
I'll tell you...  
"There shall be wars and rumours of wars."  
Got a job for the War Office. I  
says, "Any news about this ultimatum?"  
What did he say?

My place in the country is slap in the middle  
of a reception area. They're moving troops.

Where are they rushing troops to?

In Woolworth's I heard...

Hear that? The Russians  
is moving troops.

No!

I don't like it. Still, they was  
good enough for ENSA last time.

You'll be good enough this time!

Why's Bert's garage got a meeting?

Perhaps they're going on strike.

I think it's something worse. I told  
Bert, "You're not going this time."

"We're interrupting programmes  
for a special announcement."

Oh, Gawd, there it goes again!

I think hell give one of them  
savings talks. Well soon know now.

We'll soon know what it's all about.

Wonder what it is.

Hope its not what you can think!

Go on!

This is London. The Prime Minister  
will talk to you from 10 Downing St.

It is my unhappy duty to

have to tell you all of  
a grave emergency that has  
arisen in the past week.

I wish to preface my remarks...

...by assuring you plans to overcome  
this emergency are in operation...

...and require for their success only  
your calm and dutiful cooperation.

the Govt Research

Station at Wallingford

has been developing new weapons."

"One of our leading

scientists, a Prof Willingdon...

...who has worked on this development  
has removed one of these weapons...

...and has presented an ultimatum."

Unless this country renounces its

intention to manufacture such weapons...

...he will proceed with  
a plan which is diabolical.  
"Efforts to discover the whereabouts  
of this unhappy and misguided man...  
...have so far been unsuccessful."  
the development of these weapons  
isn't our choice but our necessity."  
"If Prof Willingdon's  
listening, I beg him to  
understand that, were we  
to bow to his threat...  
...we might be exposing this country,  
indeed the whole of the free world,  
...to a danger far greater  
than any that confronts us now."  
"If the professor thinks that such  
a gesture on our part would appeal...  
...to men of good will elsewhere...  
...he ignores the fact  
that such an appeal could  
be - and would be -  
withheld from millions...  
...shut off as they are by  
rulers who control their media...  
...and their every movement."  
History has taught us  
that to make ourselves  
weak provides a  
temptation to the tyrant.  
I will now tell you the  
nature of the present danger.  
Using a new weapon, Prof Willingdon  
intends to destroy the Government...  
...at midday next Sunday.  
"He will endanger an area of  
approximately twelve square miles."  
We've decided that this  
area will be evacuated and  
that within it a state  
of martial law will exist.  
"In a few minutes...  
...you will hear details  
about the evacuation scheme."  
this is a colossal task.



It will demand sacrifices...  
...but it will save lives."  
"I will remain at 10 Downing St  
until the evacuation is complete."  
Should the danger be  
averted during this period...  
...the all-clear  
signal will be sounded.  
Remember, the eyes of  
the world will be upon us.  
this is London. Stay tuned in.  
Have paper and pencil ready."  
Here, I'm getting out of this!  
PAPER! PAPER!  
READ ALL ABOUT IT!  
EVACUATION OFFICIAL. PAPER, PAPER!  
EVACUATION OFFICIAL. PAPER!  
I said, "I can fix you up,  
if it's just accommodation."  
Did he seem ill?  
Well, maybe. He seemed tired  
but he didn't do nothing queer.  
Wait a minute. It's  
just coming back to me.  
He said he was posting a letter  
to the PM. I laughed, at the time!  
His bag... did you have the opportunity  
of going through it?  
I certainly did not!  
Did you notice what was in it?  
He behaved like a gentleman  
and I treated him the same way!  
But can't you tell us anything?  
If only I could, I would.  
But he didn't say anything.  
I made him a cup of tea - cheered  
him up - and the next day he went.  
He left me this note.  
That's his writing, all right.  
Anything else?  
Oh, well, he did leave me a little something...  
for the room.  
Quite.  
I don't think there's anything else.

You know what to do if you see him.  
Not much chance of that.  
I'm off to Aldershot.  
Yes, sir?  
Show this lady out, please.  
Oh, well, goodbye. Goodbye, dear, I do  
hope you find him soon. Come on, Trix.  
Goodbye to a chance of finding him!  
Goodbye to a chance of finding  
him! How can we stop this thing?  
I think it's time you went  
home. Don't you, Folland?  
No.  
What?  
We have just over 48 hours left.  
Once most of the area is cleared,  
we can really get to work.  
Miss Willingdon could be  
of more use than any of us.  
That is, if you'd take the risk.  
Of course.  
Good. And cut out the alarm and despondency...  
both of you.  
the evacuation will  
begin at 8am tomorrow.  
During the rest of  
today, the police will..."  
It's terrible!  
Yes.  
Got your evacuation card?  
Oh, I'm not hanging around for  
that. I'm off now, to Aldershot.  
What will you do there?  
Entertain the troops.  
Oh.  
Go on, Trix, out the way.  
Left his bag!  
Please don't touch that.  
It mustn't go off too soon.  
Do you mean...?  
It might, if we don't take care.  
I thought you weren't coming back!  
I'm sorry. Id nowhere else to go.  
Well, I'm getting out.

I'm not staying here!  
I'm afraid you have to stay.  
I can't take chances.  
But...  
You're in no danger. Please believe  
that. But you must do as I tell you.  
If you don't... If you make one move  
or utter one word to betray me...  
...I shall detonate that weapon...  
...and for you and thousands of others in  
this area there'll be no chance of escape.  
Right away to areas H, L and M.  
Hello? Area H, this is HQ.  
Please report progress. Over.  
Yes. That is an order.  
"Attention, please. All  
passengers are reminded  
that under the evacuation regulations...  
...they can only travel  
with enough luggage  
to meet their immediate personal needs."  
"Any additional property, such as pets,  
pictures, furniture or  
sporting equipment...  
...is strictly forbidden."  
Full up. Next train in five minutes!  
Take your turn, madam.  
I must catch this train!  
I'm sorry.  
You'll get away all right, but you  
must take your place in the queue.  
Nice hotel near Brighton.  
20 a night. Who wants it?  
Nice room, nice hotel near  
Brighton. Three nights. Who wants it?  
Come on, Alf. Hurry up.  
Oh, all right.  
Come on, hurry!  
Come on, gran, upstairs only. Mind  
yourself. Sorry, son, no chickens.  
I can't take my chicken?!  
He can put it under the seat.  
Orders is orders. No cats,  
dogs, rabbits or chickens.

They'll soon be gone now.  
What is it?  
I told you to go before we started.  
Now you can wait until we get  
there, that's all, you little devil!  
Can't take these.  
I can't go without my tennis  
racket and fishing tackle!  
Orders is orders.  
I've never heard such nonsense!  
- Where does he think he's off to  
- Olympic Games!  
Okay?  
All aboard the Skylark!  
Please stop that bus.  
Too late, lady. Sorry.  
My little girl's on that  
bus! I went to get her doll.  
Don't worry. Hop on one of these,  
they're going to the same place.  
I don't care what the wages of sin  
are, you're not taking those boards.  
Another four, please.  
How long will you keep me here?  
Till I hear from the Prime Minister.  
The Prime Minister?!  
He's not gonna take notice  
of a crazy old fool like you!  
You're off your rocker, you are.  
RIGHT OFF YOUR BLOOMING ROCKER I  
EVERYBODY OUT OF HERE?  
I'll go and check on the old woman.  
Check up on Mrs Phillips,  
too. I ain't seen her yet.  
Hurry up, missus. The bus is waiting  
No-one's up there. Mrs  
Phillips has gone to Aldershot.  
Oh, thanks.  
They've all gone, Joe.  
Okay.  
Come on, ma. Give us your  
bag. I'll give you a hand.  
They've all gone.  
A bulletin has just come in.

With 72 hours to go, we've checked  
London Civil Atomic Defence centres  
and learned the evacuation is going  
smoothly and ahead of schedule.  
I've just come back from  
watching a stream of traffic...  
...choking roads out of the city...  
...with a tide of human cargo  
seeking safety in the country.  
transport of every description's in  
use, from trains, trucks and buses...  
...down to pathetic horse-carts  
and broken bicycles."  
the few possessions of a population  
fleeing one man's mad ultimatum."  
"Yet this exodus...  
...is being carried out coolly,  
resolutely and without panic."  
Come on, ma, wake up. Take this  
ticket and report for evacuation.  
And you, pa. Come on.  
the next train serving area  
H sections 6, 7, 8 and 9...  
...is now pulling into platform 10. All  
evacuees for this area,  
please hurry along."  
"Hurry along, please."  
You can't go on the train  
with them boards. Hop it!  
Any information from the mayoress?  
Yes.  
Okay, your turn to sleep.  
Is it light outside?  
Yes. A beautiful day, too.  
Supposing the Prime Minister  
doesn't do what you say?  
He will.  
Supposing he doesn't, will  
you really set that thing off?  
Yes.  
But that's what you say you're  
against! What good's it gonna do?  
You think I've not thought about  
it? I've had plenty of time to think.

Month after month, isolated,  
knowing you're developing a power  
greater than man's ever dreamt of.  
Isolated? I'd isolate  
you lot in the zoo!  
Why did you start  
this science lark?  
Why did I start?  
Why?  
When I was young, I  
saw in science a way of  
serving God and my fellow  
men. I wanted to serve.  
Now I see my life's work  
used only for destruction.  
The dream has become a nightmare.  
You won't help people by busting  
up their homes and their lives!  
It's better for a city  
to perish than the world.  
Well, why pick on London?  
People are moving like  
sleepwalkers towards  
annihilation. If London  
must be destroyed...  
it will awaken man to the misuse of  
powers that could bring happiness.  
People can be happy, all  
right. It's you and your sort...  
...interfering with nature, that's  
what's causing all the trouble.  
No, you don't understand. Of course  
you don't. Silly of me to expect it.  
But some will. Perhaps some of my  
fellow scientists will understand...  
...and take courage from my example.  
Well, gentlemen, the area is  
now clear. The position is this:  
...four divisions are  
extended around the perimeter.  
'In a moment the start  
signal will be given.'  
'Each platoon will work towards the  
centre along its own fixed lanes.'

As the perimeter  
decreases, units will double  
up, increasing the  
thoroughness of the check.  
These circles inside the  
perimeter are report lines.  
They'll enable us to keep  
tabs on the operation.  
All units are equipped  
with short-wave radio.  
It has been impressed on everybody  
...that if Willingdon  
is located, they should  
report back here and you  
specialists will take over.  
Then, if time permits,  
troops will be withdrawn  
and it will be up to  
the death or glory boys.  
Thirty seconds to go, Wilson.  
That's the advance, sir.  
Advance, Sergeant.  
Stephen Lane, Prof Willingdon's  
assistant, will lead the party.  
He will neutralise UR12, if and  
when we can lay our hands on it.  
He tells me it's a simple job that  
can be done quickly. I hope so.  
Folland's plans for dealing  
with Willingdon, you know.  
Be ready to move off at a moment's  
notice. Now the PM wants a word.  
Thank you.  
Gentlemen, I shall be brief.  
You have volunteered for a duty  
which you may soon have to perform.  
On its success may depend  
not only the existence  
of this city but also  
our country's future.  
Anybody in the snake house?  
Only the sergeant major, sir.  
Right. Now search the monkey hut.  
All change!

Jones?

Hey! I told you to search, not  
soak. You're on a charge. Come on.

Blimey, what a ruddy stink!

Who done that?

Come on. It's only the automatic.

"...shall Babylon the  
great city be cast down."

PARTY, HALT!

You two, take that wall over there.

You two men, take the bottom house.

Brown, you go into number two.

You two men, take that house

there. All right, carry on.

You look along there. Come on, Sam.

Got a light?

Yeah.

- Been upstairs?

- Nah. This is a waste of ruddy time.

You're tellin' me!

Here. Have a drag.

Blimey!

Come on!

Well, I...

What are you doin' here?

Where is he?

What are you doing here?

Has he gone?

What are you doing here, I said.

What am I doing here?

What am I doing here?

At the ration lorry,

have mess tins ready. Eat

quick, no grumbling. May

be the last meal you'll get.

"Hello, HQ, hello, HQ. 1-6-3 Brigade  
reporting. Battersea area clear. Off."

"Hello, HQ, hello, HQ.

79 Brigade reporting.

Kensington area clear.

Advancing into Belgravia."

What about my car to

Aldershot? You said you'd...

"Hello, HQ, hello, HQ.



54 Brigade reporting.  
Lambeth area clear.  
Advancing into Westminster."  
"Hello, HQ, hello, HQ.  
1-5-2 Brigade reporting.  
Clerkenwell area clear.  
Advancing into Westminster."  
What about my car to Aldershot?  
"Hello, HQ, hello, HQ. 1-4-7 Brigade  
reporting. Pimlico area all clear."  
"Have joined up with 1-4-5 Brigade.  
Now advancing into Westminster."  
Oh, to heck with it!  
"Hello, HQ, hello, HQ."  
"56 Brigade reporting. Soho area clear."  
"Now advancing into Westminster  
with 55 Brigade on our left. Off."  
Party, halt!  
PARTY, HALT!  
No sign of him.  
That leaves the church and a house.  
Search the house. I'll do the church  
Put it down!  
It's no time to take chances!  
Outside, Jackson, quickly.  
Stay on the door, Jackson.  
Here, give me that.  
Hello, HQ, hello, HQ.  
"Man discovered, St Stephen's,  
Westminster. Think he's RD2."  
You know who I want...  
quickly!  
What about my car to Aldershot? Oh!  
Quick, Lane, make sure it's him.  
Is it Daddy? It's him.  
I'll get my lads out. Its up to you  
Just leave us this section.  
All yours!  
- You know what to do.  
- Yes.  
- Feeling all right?  
- Yes.  
Good girl. Off you go.  
Quickly! Jump up.

Daddy?

Daddy?

Ann! What are you doing here?!

I've come to take you home.

My dear, I can't go back now.

Daddy, please. Let me talk to you first.

My dear, there isn't the time.

We'll all go up in a minute!

But, Daddy, please.

No, no.

But you could change your mind.

Not now. Its too late.

STEPHEN!

What are you doing?!

STEVE! DADDY, PLEASE! Daddy, no.

No, Daddy, no!

No! TOO LATE! TOO LATE!

Too late. Too late!

TOO LATE!

Aldershot!

I want to get to Aldershot!

WHAT ABOUT ME?

ALDERSHOT! I want to get to Aldershot!

Oh, Trixie!

What're we gonna do?

Trixie, we're going home.

Come on, Trix.