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# Son of Lassie

By Jeanne Bartlett

I like to see the morning run  
of my dogs, Carraclough.  
- That's what I get up for.  
- A beautiful sight to start the day.  
All the years I've watched it,  
every morning is finer than the day before.  
You're a great man  
with dogs, Carraclough.  
Thank you, Your Grace.  
And that I am.  
Good morning, Lassie.  
You're still the finest of them all.  
Yeah, she's champion.  
Finest dog in all of Yorkshire.  
Yes, when you've got  
champion dogs in the country...  
...you've got champion men.  
I think, sir, 'tis Lassie's tyke himself.  
Where is he, girl?  
There are only two things in the world

**I am proud of:**

My puppies and my flowers.  
It's either puppies or flowers  
a man must be proud of.  
I don't think it can be both.  
- My hydrangeas!  
- That's what I meant, sir.  
Of all the stupid,  
crazy puppies in the-  
He's not stupid,  
he's only very young.  
Never too early to start his training.  
A firm hand, Joe. Belt him one.  
I can't. He's such a foolish thing.  
Don't you agree, Father?  
- I agree with you.  
- You're quite wrong, Priscilla.  
That pup'll grow up  
an irresponsible hoodlum.  
- Look what he's done to my gardens.  
- Well, perhaps he just doesn't like gardens.  
Nonsense! Everybody likes gardens.  
Happen it's a point of view.

Your Grace likes them to look at,  
and the tyke likes them as much to roll in.  
Something must be done about that pup.  
At last, we've got a dog like our Lassie.  
I want him trained, then I'll show him.  
I'll make him an international champion.  
That's a great deal of "I"  
for another man's dog.  
It's the only way. If you don't train him,  
it'll be a scandal to every dog lover.  
But- But he's only a puppy, sir.  
If there's a scandal to bear,  
there's no one to bear it but Joe.  
For there's nobody's dog but his.  
That's the way it was with you, Lassie.  
That's the way it's got to be  
with your tyke.  
There's only one way  
you'll get that dog, Grandfather.  
Oh, and how's that?  
You'll have to marry into the family.  
Wait, Joe.  
Laddie, flowers are not to eat.  
Good morning, Joe.  
Good morning.  
Goodbye.  
Hey! Look out for my hydrangeas!  
Little scoundrel does more  
damage to them than the pup.  
No sense.  
Like all the lads these days,  
no sense at all.  
I'm surprised at you, Carracloagh.  
- You should have been firmer with the lad.  
- Your Grace, happen I should.  
But the last day of his leave  
is late to start.  
He leaves in the morning  
for an advanced flying school.  
Oh, does he? Good for him.  
Look alive, now, girl. Look alive.  
I never was so much alive, Grandfather.  
Oh, you can't sleep,  
so I can't either, eh?

What happens to you happens to me.  
What's that, another scratch?  
When are you going to learn  
that there are no friendly cats?  
You know you've got to start looking out  
for yourself when I'm away.  
Lose your appetite  
for other people's shoes.  
They don't digest very well, anyway.  
And be reserved  
when people come to call.  
A friendly pat doesn't mean  
they want to wrestle with you.  
Now, bear that in mind while I'm away.  
Good morning, Lassie.  
Look. Look who's here.  
Come on. That's enough.  
Now, you stay down there.  
I gotta get dressed.  
Stop it.  
Now, you stop that. I gotta get dressed.  
Laddie.  
Stop it.  
Thank you, Lassie.  
That's a good girl.  
Now, why can't you do that?  
You never learn anything.  
Well, you look better in it than I do,  
I must say.  
Come on.  
You know something?  
He got your looks,  
but he didn't get your brains.  
Laddie! What are you doing  
to my football?  
What happened?  
What happened?!  
It's that wild beast of yours!  
My washing!  
Look!  
Go after him, Joe!  
He'll have the house about our heads!  
Hey, come here!  
- Are you hurt?

- Look at him!  
Let go! Let go!  
You tiger!  
Let go!  
Your papa's drawers! Stop him! Stop him!  
Laddie!  
Oh, my present.  
- What is it?  
- Well, it- It was a cake.  
My first.  
You baked it?  
With my own fair hands. Look at them.  
Still, it- It was worth it.  
I've been trying to get  
into this position for months.  
- Sorry.  
- Oh, Joe.  
What am I going to do about you?  
I'm sorry. Laddie ran off with my father's  
drawers, and I tried to stop him.  
Are you going to talk  
about your father's drawers or me?  
- You do like me, don't you?  
- I...  
- Of course I do.  
- Then why don't you say it?  
A man doesn't say everything he feels,  
does he?  
Yes, in wartimes,  
and when he's going away.  
- But I'm only off to school, and besides-  
- "Besides" what?  
Well, it wouldn't be proper.  
"Proper is proper," as my father says.  
Ask your grandfather.  
Grandfather's 60,  
and he's not going to risk his life.  
You're 17, and you are going to risk yours.  
So it's your right to decide.  
Will you leave that dog alone?  
Laddie, lie down!  
Well!  
I suppose he's trained to do that?  
No, Priscilla. He's mixed up.

It's clever of him, but it's my fault...

...because one day he was chewing at my trousers, and I told him to L-I-E D-O-W-N.

L- I-A-R!

Please, Priscilla, pull it up.

Priscilla!

For pity's sake! Bloomers start rumors!

I was just showing Joe what fine, straight legs his children are going to have.

Hang their little legs!

Pull your skirt up. Be quick about it.

Hello? A military car.

At last, I'm called up!

Must have been that last letter

I wrote to the prime minister.

- Good morning, I'm the Duke of Rudling.

- Major Ellison. This is Captain Graves.

- How do you do? This is a happy day.

- Thank you, sir.

Among your letters, we find

an offer to mobilize Rudling Kennels...

...into a war dog's training school.

It isn't exactly combat duty.

However, an old soldier

accepts any command.

It'll be the duty of Rudling Kennels,

sir, to select dogs...

...and pass on their fitness for enlistment.

I should like to see your

kennel man, Sam Carraclough.

This is Sam Carraclough.

Morning, gentlemen.

Mr. Carraclough,

you're to be in command here.

What?

You have the reputation of being

the finest dog man in Yorkshire.

Gentlemen, I have no wish to take

credit for something I was born with.

The scoundrel.

Congratulations, Father.

Oh, that's so wonderful, Mr. Carraclough.

Thank you, miss.

Now, Mr. Carraclough...

Joe!

Joe!

Aren't you going to say goodbye?

You know your grandfather  
would never approve...

...of us.

And you know how I manage him.

But what does it matter,  
if you don't love me?

Who said I didn't love you?

Then say it, Joe.

Go on, say it.

Please say it, Joe.

I do love you.

I'll be waiting.

- Goodbye, sir.

- Good day, good day.

Carraclough, it seems from now on,  
you'll be giving the orders here.

- It does seem that way.

- There's one thing I insist upon.

- What's that?

- I'm to be second-in-command.

That'll be fine.

I shouldn't dare show my face  
in the village otherwise.

Carraclough, you must feel free  
to convert the estate as you think fit.

Thank you. We'll try  
not to disturb the hydrangeas.

I should think not.

They're the best hydrangea-

Look! Great Scott!

Look what your confounded  
puppy's done to my hydrangea!

Here, Laddie! Come on, Lassie. Come on.

Laddie, you get bigger,  
but you never grow up.

Does he, Lassie?

Here.

Lassie, are you glad we're both grown-up?  
There's one thing you don't like about it.

It means you're getting old.

The things I used to do with you

I do with him now.  
But thanks for giving him to me anyway.  
While you were about it,  
why didn't you give him some brains?  
Perhaps you did at that.  
A shoe is more useful than a stick.  
Come on, tyke.  
This is only for Laddie.  
Run on home, old girl.  
Hut, two, three, four.  
Hut, two, three, four.  
All right, Smith, get going.  
Get them in line.  
Quiet.  
Come on, Johnson. Keep moving.  
Hut, two, three, four.  
Heel.  
Quiet.  
Heel.  
- Two more recruits for us, sir.  
- You'll win the war single-handed.  
We'll train more dogs  
than they know what to do with.  
Corporal, take these dogs in.  
Yes, I have a recruit myself.  
You have? And what dog's that?  
Laddie, son of Lassie.  
Fine, but I thought that boy  
of yours didn't want him trained.  
I talked it over with him last night.  
He's on his way to active duty.  
And now, with Lassie too old,  
and the kennel's in the war...  
- ... I think he sees our point.  
- Good for him.  
You hear that, Priscilla?  
- Young Carraclough's enrolling Laddie.  
- Yes, Grandfather, I know all about it.  
Well, my boy, you-  
You look better than usual.  
- Thank you.  
- I'm glad to have Laddie join up.  
Oh, here's- Here's his collar.  
- Do you think he can do it? The training?



- Put it on him.

Hard discipline teaches it to man and dog.

I don't think you could  
ever teach it to Laddie.

Here, Joe. You're off for duty,  
so you'll have no more to do with the dog.  
The training will be good for him.  
Come along. We'll take him to the field.

- Come on.

- Yes.

The army will make him a champion, Joe.  
Come along, Priscilla.

Up!

We find it best to let backward dogs  
see others leap hurdles successfully.  
It makes them want to do as well.

Do you think so, sir?

Well, let me show you. Come on. Over!

- Hut! Hut!

- Hut! Hut!

Attaboy.

Good fellow.

There you are.

Now, then, Laddie. Are you ready, huh?

Come along.

Now, then. Come on. Over you go.

He's not very bright.

No. No, he isn't.

Well, at least he's resourceful.

Come along. Bring him out here.

Stop it!

This is a test of courage  
and a fighting heart.

Like a good soldier,  
a dog must be steady under fire.

We train dogs in other things...

...but a dog that breaks under fire  
is unfit for military purposes.

- Now, watch this. All right, let him go.

- Go get him!

Come on, Laddie. Go!

A perfect dog on points  
who's a perfect fool.

No matter what anyone says, Laddie,

you're still the finest champion ever.  
May I take Joe away now?  
- Go run along, Priscilla.  
- With Joe? That's what I came for.  
Here, Joe. Here's our picnic.  
I'd like to have a word with you, miss.  
Oh, Grandfather.  
It's pointless to worry the lad.  
He's not "the lad. "  
He's Sergeant Joe Carraclough.  
I intend to worry him as much as I can.  
Priscilla, you're distinctly offside.  
I'm on Joe's side, Grandfather.  
You're not free to be.  
You're very old, Grandfather...  
...and you think very old things.  
You're very young, my dear...  
...and you think very young things.  
Run along, run along.  
If you don't run, you won't catch him.  
Good morning, Mr. Carraclough.  
Good morning, miss.  
I- I was just taking a little walk.  
The bus will be passing here soon.  
Laddie, come back here!  
Do you-? Do you think he'll come back  
when he gets hungry?  
I doubt it, miss.  
That's where his heart is.  
Yes.  
And mine.  
For the first day, you didn't do badly.  
I guess you'll fly with me.  
- Thank you.  
- Don't thank me.  
I could have replaced you,  
but the boy I'd get would be just as bad.  
Say, you wanna see a swell pinup?  
Here.  
That's Boots. It's the sharpest dog  
in all of Canada.  
He can do everything.  
He really smokes that pipe.  
- I don't think I'd want my dog to smoke.

- What is your dog?  
I have two collies, Lassie and Laddie.  
What tricks can they do?  
Well, Lassie does some,  
but Laddie doesn't do any.

- No good, eh?  
- Oh, he's a champion.  
You mean he's a fighter?  
No, not a fighter. They're both champions.  
When the Duke of Rudling owned Lassie...  
...she walked from Scotland to England  
to come home to me.  
That's a champion.  
That stops you.  
Good night, Eddie.  
If I'd known you were part of a duke,  
I'd never have picked you.  
Oh, I'm not. We're cottagers.  
It's only the dogs that are champion.  
You know, Joe,  
you're not a bad little kid.  
Not very sharp, but not a bad little kid.  
Laddie, what are you doing here?  
Quiet! Hide him under the covers.  
Try not to disturb the men.  
He's my dog, sir.  
I don't know how he got here.  
I remind you that the possession  
of a dog is an infraction of regulations.  
He has no right here.  
He's creating confusion.  
He's- He's...  
...beautiful, isn't he?  
May I have permission to take him home?  
He's tired. It's 40 miles from here.  
Forty miles?  
- Smart dog.  
- That's what's so wonderful.  
He's never done anything so wonderful.  
- And he had better never do it again.  
- Yes, sir.  
What's this?  
That's- He was sort of enlisted...  
...but I don't think it ever quite took.

Right in here, sir.

- That the boy?

- Yeah, that's him.

- Father, what are you doing here?

- I came for the tyke. Four hours on the bus.

Well, you'll run away no more,  
my fine lad.

- Come on. Goodbye, Joe.

- Goodbye.

This is Eddie, the chap

I was telling you about.

- How do you do, sir?

- How do you do?

- Oh, this is the warrant officer.

- How do you do, sir?

Pleasure, I'm sure. Well, goodbye, Joe.

Oh, Father.

Wasn't it clever of him to find me?

I never thought he could do it.

Happen he's Lassie's pup after all.

Well, I must run along.

Goodbye, Father.

Goodbye, Laddie.

- Oh, Eric?

- Yes?

I'm a fool to lend Joe to you.

Last week, I lent you my razor...

- ... and I didn't get it back.

- Anything good I don't give back.

- Goodbye. See you in a couple of hours.

- So long, kid.

Take care of him until I get back.

Stay here.

Laddie, come here!

Laddie!

When Carraclough comes back, he can  
spend a month's pay shipping him home.

Come on, Laddie.

Boy, you sure are stubborn.

Guess you're in love, huh?

Well, he'll be back in a couple of hours.

Just watch for four planes coming home.

Mattie.

What happened to Eric and Joe?

Last time we saw them was over the target.  
Started lagging behind, and...  
Better list them as missing.  
So you finally coughed your way home.  
Yes, Jerry gave us a few. I had  
to bring her home with one engine.  
But I brought your navigator back,  
so you can use him again tomorrow.  
- What'd you do with Laddie?  
- I didn't do.  
Come on, I'll show you.  
Hey, now, Laddie.  
Everything's gonna be all right.  
You'll have to sleep out here with him.  
Can't take him into the barracks.  
- Yeah, I suppose I'll have to.  
- Sleep well.  
- We've got a reconnaissance job tomorrow.  
- I'll be ready.  
Oh, look, Joe.  
The sergeant major says  
Laddie's gotta be shipped home.  
But I ran across Jerry Bartlett from our  
squadron. He's got some leave coming...  
...and he'll be going right near your home,  
so you leave that to me.  
- Thanks, Eddie.  
- Look, boy...  
...you don't have to put on an act for me.  
I've seen an air marshal bawl like a baby  
when he had to leave his dog.  
You know something, Laddie?  
You've got to understand something  
before you go home this time.  
One of the little things about war  
is you can't have your dog.  
You're a very little thing for me to give up  
when men are giving up their children.  
I suppose when I have a child,  
the feeling will be something like this.  
It probably won't be anything like it.  
Perhaps I'll never know about it.  
But, anyway, I know about you.  
I won't see you anymore.

Photographs of this section  
of the coast of Norway...

...show us the beginnings  
of some new kind of activity.

However, all our pictures  
have been from 35,000 feet.

Today, we should like to get some  
from a bit lower. Understand?

- Yes, sir.

- It's dangerous. There'll be flak, of course.  
But it's also important to know exactly  
what Jerry's doing there.

- Any comments, Eddie?

- No, sir.

That's rather unusual for you.

- Well, that's all. Cheerio.

- Good show.

Cheerio.

Laddie! What are you doing here?

- Laddie ever been in Norway?

- No.

Yes, he has, for the last three minutes.

We're getting close!

Look out, Laddie.

"There'll be flak," he said,  
and he wasn't kidding.

- Better hit the silk, Joe.

- But what about you?

I'll be right after you. Go ahead.

Hurry up. We're losing altitude. Jump!

Hurry up! I'm right behind you.

- Karl, look! I told you I saw something.

- That's a dog, not a parachute.

He is crazy. There's nothing here.

Maybe there is a name on his collar.

Here's a tag.

Quiet!

He is gone.

An English dog means an English soldier.

Maybe paratroopers

are landing in this section.

We'd better get back and report this.

A puppy!

I found a puppy!

Come on, puppy, let's play.  
Thea! Arne!  
Thea! Arne!  
I'll be right back, puppy.  
Thea! Thea!  
My puppy! My puppy is sick!  
My puppy! My brand-new, sick puppy!  
You see, come on!  
Oh, he always thinks about his dog,  
the one the Germans shot.  
- Here's your puppy.  
- And not sick at all. He's just fine, see?  
No, no, my new puppy!  
- My brand-new, sick puppy!  
- This is your puppy.  
Look. By the time we get home,  
it will be all better.  
- Come on. Up you go, now.  
- I want my puppy!  
Now, you stay there and be a good boy.  
I forgot my puppy back there!  
Henrik, come back! Come back!  
I want my puppy!  
Henrik, come back! Be a good boy,  
and you'll get a wonderful puppy...  
...all for yourself someday.  
Henrik, come back!  
Come back, Henrik!  
See? Here's my new puppy.  
Isn't he pretty?  
I told you! He's sick.  
His leg is hurt.  
- Hedda, tear a bandage from your apron.  
- I'll be spanked if I tear my apron.  
Spanking or no spanking,  
I'd tear my apron to help a sick dog.  
It's easy to talk of tearing aprons  
when you don't wear any.  
Shame on you!  
What are you doing?  
Here, Thea. Make him well.  
There. We'll take care of you.  
We'll hide you from the Germans  
in our cave.

Oh, Arne, make a splint.

You know, the way I showed you  
when I broke my finger.

- Here's what's left of my lunch.

- Oh, that's a good girl, Hedda.

- Oh, look, he's awfully hungry.

- He probably hasn't eaten in a long time.

I have no more.

We can save our supper  
and then feed him tomorrow.

I won't get any supper because  
I tore my shirt. But I've got a dog.

- He's my dog.

- He belongs to all of us.

- I found him.

- Well, then you can name him.

- What are you gonna call him?

- Let me see.

- I know!

- Yes?

- No.

- Well, it's getting late.

- Why not call him simply Doggy?

- What name did you say?

She didn't,  
she said to call him simply Doggy.

I like that.

We'll call him Mr. Simply.

Oh, hello, Mr. Simply.

Mr. Simply's going to sleep.

We'll come back early tomorrow.

Come on.

Happy dreams, Mr. Simply.

I don't think you'll find  
the poor dog in this village.

He wouldn't stop here. No refuse bins.

- Why not?

- Because there is no refuse.

Oh, good evening, Mrs. Strohm.

Now, don't hurry on. It's-

It's all right to come in.

Very devout woman, Mrs. Strohm.

You may have noticed her coming here  
in the evening to pray.



I shall try to find who are dog fanciers among my congregation.

Perhaps they will help.

Of course, when you consider, the only true dog fancier in the world is the flea.

Now!

Come on, Henrik. Hurry up with that dog.

Come on.

Please, Mr. Simply. Come.

Stop it, Mr. Simply. Stop it!

Please, Mr. Simply. Come,

I've got something nice for you to eat.

- Wait a minute. Henrik, what are you doing?

- Eat, Mr. Simply.

It's no use, he won't eat.

He's been like this ever since he got well.

Eat, Mr. Simply. Please eat.

If you eat, you'll grow up

to be a big, strong man.

Stop, now. You're only bothering him.

Besides, dogs don't grow up

to be big, strong men.

- Not even if they eat?

- Not even if they drink milk.

Not even if they drink all the milk in the world?

- Not even then.

- Oh, well.

Maybe he doesn't like us anymore.

That's the way he looked

when he was hurt.

Maybe he doesn't wanna be our dog.

Don't you?

Don't you want to be our dog?

- Germans!

- Come on, cover up the dog!

Did you hear what they said?

Very suspicious.

That's the first time

I've heard that from Norwegians.

- They are up to something.

- Come here!

- Have you seen a dog?

- Stand still!

Have you seen a dog?  
- Well?  
- Have we seen a dog?  
- A dog?  
- No, no dog here.  
- What have you got here?  
- Wood. We've been gathering firewood.  
- What's the matter with him?  
- He- He thinks he's a dog.  
He- He's very young. You know, playing.  
He always plays that game.  
He barks like this.  
No! He barks like this!  
No, like this!  
All right, all right, go ahead!  
What a country.  
Stupid people, barking children.  
Come on.  
Mr. Simply!  
Mr. Simply!  
Please, God.  
Keep Mr. Simply safe from the Germans.  
I found him, and I love him.  
And I don't want to lose him.  
Bring Mr. Simply back.  
Please, God, bring him back.  
Look!  
Halt!  
Where did you get this dog?  
He is English.  
It's not my dog. I never saw him before.  
You were here yesterday.  
Why are you here again?  
I come here every day.  
- What about your dog?  
- It isn't my dog.  
Look! If it were,  
it wouldn't run away from me.  
You wait here!  
Heavenly father, who hearest us always...  
...grant these children their prayer  
for the safety of their dog.  
In caring for our little animal brothers...  
...these children are educating

their hearts in unselfishness.  
Preserve their pure hearts.  
These children are not asking  
anything for themselves.  
They ask only for the safety  
of a poor animal.  
This love that fills their hearts  
is your love...  
...which I ask shall ever abide in them...  
- ... and lead them in your footsteps.  
- Mr. Simply!  
It's a miracle!  
Keep these children, as they are now,  
from selfishness...  
...which is the wickedness, the vileness...  
...the cruelty of the world.  
We ask as always that everything  
that breathes be preserved from suffering.  
- What's in here?  
- A storeroom.  
- Why is it locked?  
- To keep out thieves.  
Air raid!  
Come here, Joe.  
- This is a fine morning.  
- Yes, it is.  
I'm sorry to leave you and your  
wonderful stories about the Vikings.  
I make a right liar, Joe.  
One thing I told you is the truth.  
One Viking alone can smash  
a platoon of Germans...  
...just by standing on them  
with his two feet.  
I believe it, Olav.  
If I didn't have to stay here  
and hide you boys...  
...I'd go down and jump on that German  
army myself to show you how it's done.  
You are a good soldier too. I know that,  
because you are a good companion.  
I'm afraid I've been talking  
mostly about my dog.  
I know it's my duty to get back to England

into the fight again...  
...but it's not easy to leave Laddie behind.  
I keep thinking about finding him.  
Sometimes I even wake up at night  
and think I can hear him barking.  
After what you and your friends have faced,  
I suppose I sound rather silly.  
No, you're not silly.  
It isn't silly to have something dear  
to your heart and to talk about it.  
A man who lives for himself  
is very empty.  
The others, they talk about their girls,  
their wives and children.  
You talk about your dog,  
because you love him.  
Now, remember,  
hide by day and travel by night.  
And don't try to contact the underground.  
They'll find you.  
Operator MCS will take you  
down to the coast.  
When you get to the high cliffs, you can  
see Anton's house and his fishing boat.  
Anton will contact the British intelligence.  
Another soldier goes home to fight.  
Goodbye, Olav.  
- Goodbye.  
- And thank you.  
Well...  
So you are Laddie, huh?  
I've heard a lot about you...  
...but I never thought  
I was going to see you.  
You are a long way from the duke's  
hydrangeas now, aren't you?  
Well...  
...you'll go back to England  
and dig up those hydrangeas again.  
The duke will be so glad to see you  
that he'll grow some new ones just for you.  
MCS calling number 44.  
MCS calling number 44.  
Dangerous enemy activity along coast.

Cannot pass anyone now.  
Flier returning to you  
until further notice from us.  
You're going to see him again.  
He's coming back.  
This is a wonderful day.  
This is a reunion arranged by the gods...  
...and only they and I shall see it.  
You know, it should be Christmas.  
We should have an evergreen tree  
over in that corner...  
...and you should be under it.  
I should have a big, fat belly  
and a long, white beard.  
I believe you already know  
that he's coming, huh?  
What? Is he here already?  
Be quiet.  
Those are men  
of pain, torture and killing.  
A shame to tell a good animal  
this is what men have come to.  
Maybe they will pass us by,  
and maybe they won't.  
Be quiet.  
Good day.  
It's a cold one.  
I'll stir up the fire.  
Are you Olav Grieber?  
- Yes.  
- You live here alone?  
Unfortunately.  
The women I would like to marry  
won't live up here...  
...and the women who would live up here,  
I wouldn't like to marry.  
Do you have a radio?  
No.  
That's forbidden, isn't it?  
No one's here. You're wasting  
your time and good shoe leather.  
March out.  
Where are you taking me?  
The prison camp.

You're coming with us.  
You won't need your cabin.  
Besides there's no one in there.  
That's the truth, isn't it?  
- Yes, that's the truth.  
- No British soldiers?  
No. Why do you ask me that?  
Because we have caught one,  
and he came from this mountain.  
Your hut won't shelter any more British.  
No, wait!  
The first I've seen in a whole year.  
Hello, boy. Hello, chum.  
- He understands.  
- I believe it's a Britisher.  
Ought to know better  
than to hang around here.  
Go on, or we be finding you in a stew.  
- A dog? What kind of dog?  
- It's a collie. He's a beauty.  
Oh, let me touch him.  
Hello, boy. Hello, then.  
Yes, it's good to meet you too.  
Move back from the fence! Separate!  
- Let him in, won't you?  
- He's going to shoot him.  
- No!  
- Lower your gun!  
It's Sergeant Schmidt.  
Couldn't we have him in?  
He'd be no trouble, I promise.  
I could teach him to lead me,  
and then I could work and be some use.  
Let the dog enter.  
- Oh, you are a sweetheart.  
- You are a little beauty.  
Look, he's got a collar.  
- "War dogs. "  
- War dogs?  
- What is he doing over here?  
- You're a long way from home.  
Here. That dog needs water  
and food. There.  
Let him lead you, prisoner.

Thanks, sergeant. That's decent of you.

I'll take him for a drink of water.

And at mess, he can share my rations.

Come on.

Clever fellow. How did you know

it was my clothes peg?

This isn't mine.

I wonder whose-

Carraclough.

- Go to your quarters.

- You promised I should have him.

Go!

You stay here.

He's an English collie, and he came direct  
to that escaped prisoner's towel.

You think that poor-looking animal  
can follow the prisoner's scent...

...when your own trained dogs couldn't?

My dogs couldn't because the scent  
was overlapped by so many others.

But this dog knows only his master  
in this country.

You can see by his condition  
what he has been through.

He'll follow his single trail  
no matter who has crossed it.

Lower your tone, sergeant.

Any moment, I expect you  
to bark like a dog.

- Yes, sir.

- As a soldier, Schmidt, you're a comedian.

You're not a man, you're a clown.

And asking me for orders

to trot all over Norway...

...with this bag of bones here

to pursue a prisoner...

...is the culmination

of your dog obsession.

- He's following the scent. You see?

- Quiet.

Don't bark.

Proceed, comedian. It will be pleasant  
not to have my eyes revolted...

...by that gargoyle shape

in the uniform of our great army.  
There. Yes, you're a good dog,  
a fine dog.  
Here, here, there's nothing to be afraid of.  
We're friends. Good friends, ja?  
Now, you go ahead. Go ahead.  
Ja, that's right, you want out.  
Come on.  
Come on. We'll go out too.  
Olav certainly didn't exaggerate  
how kind you'd be to me.  
I can't thank you enough, Joanna, Anton.  
When you are safe in England...  
...send us a message through the  
underground. That's enough.  
And when the war is over,  
we meet again, eh?  
You both must come to England  
to meet my father.  
He will not make us sleep  
in the cellar, eh?  
Nothing but the best bedroom.  
So young.  
Take care of yourself.  
You are still not strong.  
It won't be easy for you to manage  
the boat on your own...  
...even though it is a little one.  
Anything bigger would be hard  
to hide from them.  
But with luck, you should make it.  
You know, you are very lucky the British  
intelligence contacted a submarine.  
- But you must be sure to-  
- I'll be there at midnight. Don't worry.  
Look.  
Careful. Don't panic.  
You know what to do and say.  
You. Your papers.  
Yours.  
I'm sorry. He's not very...  
Your papers!  
Come. Both of you.  
- Where to?



- You will see.

But we're just setting out for work.

We are fishermen. You saw our permits.

My husband is the only man in the district with a permit to fish.

- If he does not go out, we shall starve.

- Too bad.

- But the tide is high now.

- It'll be high again tonight and tomorrow.

Come.

- Don't worry, we will be all right.

- Anton.

We will be back tonight.

Won't we, Peter, old man?

All right, get to work.

This is too much,

digging German fortifications.

Good practice for digging their graves.

- Won't be long before the day of reckoning.

- All right, get on the job!

- What is it?

- Look!

- It's Laddie! He's found me!

- Don't stop.

Keep digging. Whatever you do, you must not give yourself away.

- He's my dog.

- When the dog comes close to you...

- ... kick him away from you. Beat him.

- Stop talking. Work.

I'm sure he's somewhere in the camp.

Probably posing

as one of those workmen.

- Say "sir" when you address me, soldier.

- Sir.

What do you expect me to do?

Stop the work of the German army

while you examine every man's papers?

That will not be necessary, sir.

With your permission...

Good dog.

Find him. Find your master.

- That's a fine dog.

- Come here.

I wonder what he's doing here.  
There's a beautiful dog.  
Evidently, the dog is owned  
by a corporation.  
Everybody, quiet! Get back to work!  
- Here, boy. Here, boy.  
- Here! Stop that!  
So the dog has found his master.  
That's right, you found me.  
I'm Joe Carraclough.  
Come out of there!  
Walk ahead, prisoner.  
Where are you taking us?  
Back to the prison from which you escaped.

**Let me warn you:**

Any funny business,  
and I won't hesitate to kill.  
I'm sure you won't.  
You may be very sure.  
Here, Laddie. Go get it.  
He can't even retrieve a stick.  
Your dog is a hopeless fool,  
and so are you.  
Why didn't you kick him away from you?  
If you kicked him, I would've believed  
you weren't the man I wanted.  
That commanding officer  
thought I needed a guard to help me.  
I alone found you,  
and I alone will take you in.  
The high command  
may even hear of this exploit.  
Turn around!  
I ought to make you walk backward.  
- Then you will pay attention to what I say.  
- And if I don't?  
You are not wearing your uniform.  
I can shoot you as a spy  
or for any reason that I choose.  
Now, turn around!  
And march!  
I am in command here. What I say is so.  
You are not a soldier, you're a comedian.

- You are not a man, you are a clown.  
- You may be right.  
A clown is all you could capture.  
Because you wouldn't hit the dog,  
you're a better man?  
- I know I am.  
- We shall see.  
There are many ways in this world  
to judge the better man...  
...but I know only one way!  
The better man is the man who lives!  
Come on, Laddie.  
Come on, boy.  
If he should live through those rapids,  
post a guard at the fisherman's house.  
All right, Laddie.  
In we go.  
Lights are forbidden.  
I'm sorry, I forgot.  
What's that?  
It is nothing but the tide.  
Do you have to stand guard  
here all night?  
It's orders.  
Come in.  
I'll give you some food.  
- Good morning.  
- Oh, excuse me.  
Oh, no, please.  
So you come here too?  
It's a champion thing to do,  
sitting here looking out across the moors.  
Joe always felt that too.  
If I wanted to find him,  
'tis here I'd look.  
Some of our lads coming home.  
There's nothing to bark at, Lassie.  
I'd not be too sure, miss.  
Things speak to her  
that don't speak to us.  
Her ABC's are the stars,  
the wind and the rain and the scent...  
...and all things that move with them.  
If those were our ABC's,

then we'd know what she knows.  
Come on. Come on, Laddie.  
Come on.  
Oh, yes, there.  
There, there.  
Oh, yes, there.  
Hey, Lass. Our lads have come home.  
There, there.  
Oh, yes, there.