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The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp

By Michael Powell

Goddard's just arrived, Spud.
What's the ruddy idea?
It's total war, isn't it? What do you want?
- Message from HQ. Where's the CO?
- In the barn. Follow me.
Message from headquarters, sir.
- Sergeant Hawkins?
- Sir.
- Read it.
- Sir.
It's in code, sir. Message begins:
"Exercise invasion of the London area
by Regular Army.
Home Guard defending.
War starts at midnight."
Message ends.
The CO's put in pencil here, sir,
"Make it like the real thing."
Oh, he has, has he?
Section commanders.
(Whistles)
Message from HQ. War starts at midnight.
You have your orders. Tell the men.
- Tell them to make it like the real thing.
- What do you mean by the real thing?
Divide our losses by 10
and multiply the enemy's by 20.
- Yes, sir.
- That's all for now.
- Anything for me, sir?
- No, no, nothing else.
War starts at midnight. We know...
- They know...
- We attack...
They counterattack.
Like the real thing, my Aunt Fanny!
Like the real thing...
Like the real thing!
Sergeant Hawkins, section commanders!
So, war starts at midnight, does it?
- Sir.
- We attack at six.
Take the Tommy guns and three trucks.
Section leaders with Tommy guns.

Arm the men with bombs, rifles, bayonets.

- Tommy.

- Sir.

From your section - Rice, Unsworth,
the two Owens,

- Nobby, Toots and Cochran.

- Not Cochran.

Stuffy, who are the biggest toughs in your lot?

- Bill Wall, Wimpey, Popeye.

- Right. Yours, Robin?

- Frank, Skeets, Duggie Stuart, sir.

- Taffy, Geordie, sir.

Busty, Simms and Pat Sullivan, sir.

Dai Evans - we must have him, look you.

All right, get going.

Excuse me, sir?

Did you say that we attack
before war is declared?

Yes, like Pearl Harbor. Now, get going.

By the way, there's just one stop - at The Bull.

I've got a date there with Mata Hari.

- Careless talk?

- Yeah. Now, scram.

Five minutes easy, Sergeant.

Five minutes easy, Stuffy.

I wonder what's keeping Spud.

Come on.

- Afternoon, Sergeant Hawkins.

- Afternoon, miss.

- Hey!

- Back on the trucks.

Spud?

There's Spud.

Spud?

- What's the matter? What's the matter?

- Sir, what happened?

- Spud!

- She got me.

- Who?

- Mata Hari! Come on, quick...

- Any luck?

- Not a hope. She's halfway to London by now.

She's gone to warn the wizard.

Come on, get my tin hat. Come on!

The barricade's open, sir.
God damn it!
You know, you ought to have
one of these field dressings on that.
Save it for her. She'll need it somewhere else
when I catch up with her.
See that barricade, my boys?
At midnight on the dot, it's got to be closed,
and, of course,
the enemy can't get through before,
because why?
- Because...

ALL:

- What's the objective, sir?
- Royal Bathers' Club.
What about Mata Hari?
We'll beat her to it. I know a couple of short cuts
after Marble Arch.
There she is!
Get the other trucks to close up.
See if you can pass her.
Blast that taxi!
Steady.
Keep right on his tail.
Keep straight on.
Second left. We've got her!
Come on, Section. Number two? Number three?
- You have your orders. Sergeant Hawkins.
- Sir.
Yes, 1...
- Is General Wynne-Candy here?
- He left an hour ago
with Brigadier General Caldicott
and Air Vice Marshal Lloyd-Hughes.
- Did he say where he was going?
- What is your business with him?
I have an urgent message.
If you give me the message, I'll see he gets it.
Damn it all, man! Are you in the Home Guard?
Why, sir?
The password is Veuve Clicquot 1 91 1.
The General and his staff
are in the Turkish baths, sir.

Sergeant Hawkins?

You're in charge. Stay with him.

And you're a prisoner of war.

- It doesn't start till midnight.

- That's what you think.

- That girl under the desk, she's a prisoner too.

- Sir.

All right, boys, this is it.

Brute force and ruddy ignorance!

Come on. After him! Double up.

(Telephone buzzes)

You're a prisoner.

Guard this man.

And answer that damn telephone!

Yes? Yes, miss? Warn General Wynne-Candy?

Can't do that, miss.

Sorry, miss.

The General's a prisoner, and so are you.

Oh! The war's over.

(Confused shouting)

Quiet!

MAN:

Quiet, please!

This is an Army exercise. You're all prisoners.

Now, stay where you are.

- Come here. Where's General Wynne-Candy?

- Who, sir?

- You heard.

- In the steam room.

Come on, then, show me the way. Go on.

This is it.

Sir?

Sir?

Go away.

General Wynne-Candy?

Eh?

What? Who is it?

Lieutenant Wilson,

2nd Battalion, the Loamshires, sir.

What do you want?

Well, sir... I'm afraid, sir, we've...

Well, say it, man, say it. I've no time to waste.

Oh, yes, you have, sir.

I beg your pardon, sir?
You've got all night, sir.
Attendant!
I'm afraid he can't come.
Why?
- He's a prisoner, sir.
- What's going on here?
Invasion, sir.
But, you damned young idiot,
war starts at midnight.
- Haven't you been told?
- Oh, yes, sir. That's why we're here.
But may I ask on what authority?
On the authority of these guns and these men.
Authority?! Authority?!
How dare you, sir! How dare you!
Get out of here, sir,
you and your gang of awful militia gangsters.
Get out!
- Popeye. Guard this man. Stuffy?
- Sir?
Go to the cubicles. Find the General's.
You'll find a pigskin case there.
Yes, sir.
But you can't do that!
Look, the code is in that case.
The whole exercise'll be a farce
- if you have that code.
- Oh, no, sir. This is going to be the real thing.
But war starts at midnight!
Oh, yes, you say war starts at midnight.
How do you know the enemy says so too?
But, my dear fellow, that was agreed, wasn't it?
Agreed, my foot!
How many agreements have been kept
by the enemy since war began?
We agree to keep to the rules,
and they go on kicking us in the pants.
When I joined the Army,
the only agreement I made
was to defend my country,
not only by the National Sporting Club rules,
but by every means that have existed
- since Cain slugged Abel.

WYNNE-CANDY:

They're counting on us to keep to the rules.
They openly boast about it!
Stop it!
Lieutenant...
..Watson, or whatever your name is,
you are not in Hyde Park,
with an audience of loafers.
I am Major General Wynne-Candy.
These other gentlemen have all seen service.
Distinguished service with the British Army.
When Napoleon said
that an army marches on its stomach...
I'd better stop, sir.
You're an extremely impudent young officer,
but let me tell you that in 40 years' time
you will be an old gentleman too.
If your belly keeps pace with your head,
you'll have a bigger one than any of us.
Maybe I shall in 40 years,
but I doubt it, and I doubt if I'll have time
to grow a moustache like yours, sir.
But in 1983, at least I shall be able to say
that 40 years ago I was a fellow of enterprise.
I'll punch your head for that, young fellow!
You young puppy! Put 'em up. Take that.
I'll teach you!
Think you can say what you like to an old 'un,
do you?
Do you know how many wars I've been in?
I was fighting for my country
when your father was still in bumfreezers!
Puppy!
Gangster!
You laugh at my big belly,
but you don't know how I got it.
You laugh at my moustache,
but you don't know why I grew it.
How do you know what sort of a fellow I was
when I was as young as you
40 years ago?

DISTORTED VOICE:

40 years ago...

- Everything you want, Mr Candy, sir?

- Yes, thanks, Peters.

Da da da

Da dum bom bom bom

Bop-a-bop-a-bum

MAN:

Da da da-da da

Da da da, da-dum bom bom bom

Da da da-da da

BOTH:

Quiet!

Quiet! People are trying to sleep.

- Suggie!

- Hoppy, my old horse!

- Since when are you in London?

- Yesterday. Sick leave.

I say, I've been searching for you
all over the city.

- Yes?

- I'm terribly sorry to hear about your leg.

Jumping Jehoshaphat! It is there!

- What did you think I was standing on?

- I thought you had a wooden leg.

- Why should I have a wooden leg?

- They told me they cut off your left leg.

Can't have, old boy. I'd have known about it.

Quiet!

(Horses outside)

- Call a cab, porter.

- Yes, sir.

Boy.

- A hansom. Growlers barred.

- He knows, sir.

I could have done with a nap myself.

I'm going to the theatre tonight.

- Can't you sleep there?

- Invited. Two ladies.

- Can I come?

CANDY:

Your cab, sir.

Ah. The opera singers, eh?

Hm. No wonder

civilians are grumbling about the Army.

Ought to be ashamed of yourselves,

yelling and screaming like some damned...

damned foreigner.

It's a nice state of things.

Officers and men losing their lives

in South Africa,

while young officers are roaring about

public places like drunkards.

Perhaps you are drunk, hm?

- What's this?

- The VC, sir.

- Where did you get it?

- South Africa. Jordaan Siding.

You're Candy. "Sugar" Candy!

Yes, sir.

Good show, Candy.

- Thank you, sir.

- Hopwell, sir.

- Hopwell? Son of Barney Hopwell of the 66th?

- Yes, sir.

- You're very musical.

- No, sir.

- And so are you.

- You mean, Mignon, sir? "I Am Titania"?

- You're what?

- Titania.

We were shut up with her for seven months

near Jordaan Siding.

- I beg your pardon?

- It's an aria, sir.

Mignon. We had a phonograph and broke

every record but that one. We know it by heart.

Well, are you boys going to Piccadilly?

That's where I'm going.

(Old soldier coughs)

- Can I give you a lift?

- No, thank you, sir. We've got a cab.

- St James's Palace.

- Right, sir.

I hope you two boys enjoy your leave.

You've earned it.

Thank you, sir. Mind the door, sir.

Boy!

- Another hansom.

- The old horse thief.

(Horn)

- Have you ever ridden in one?

- Rather. All the way to Epsom.

- Lovely lines, hasn't she?

- Topping.

- A hot potato, sir?

- No, no. We've just come over for a warm.

The same beastly drizzle.

The same fog and soot. Good old London.

Now, listen, Suggie. You remember that interview you gave The Times?

- You don't mean to say you read it?

- Me? No.

But I have a niece who has a governess who has a sister.

- Pretty?

- Never laid eyes on her, but she read it.

- Who?

- My niece's governess's sister. In Berlin.

She wrote to her sister over here who gave the letter to my niece to give to me to give to you.

Who do I give it to?

Nobody. It's for you, and there it is.

- Why?

- Well, read it, you big ape.

You'll find out. It's interesting.

OFFICER:

- Thank you, sir.

- Fire away.

Well, sir, I have a friend...

Good. Not everyone can say that. Continue.

This friend of mine, sir, has a niece.

Cut it short.

You say here something about a letter.

One:

Three:

Four:

One?

A girl wrote it from Berlin, sir. Edith Hunter.

She's a governess there.

Rather an uncomfortable billet just now.

That's just it. They hate us in Germany.

They're spreading propaganda all over Europe

that we're killing women and children

in South Africa,

starving them in camps,

shooting mothers, burning babies.

You wouldnt believe what they've invented.

Conan Doyle thinks

something ought to be done about it, too.

About what? And what's all this about a letter?

And who's Conan Doyle?

The author chap. Writes

the Sherlock Holmes stories in The Strand.

- This Doyle writes the Sherlock Holmes stories?

- Yes, sir.

CANDY:

BETTERIDGE:

every Holmes story since they started in July '91.

- Reading The Hound Of The Baskervilles?

- That last instalment.

A bit of a facer for poor old Watson, sir.

"Lovely evening, my dear Watson.

I really think

you'll be more comfortable outside than in. '

Sarcastic devil, that fellow Holmes.

I once had a CO just like him.

He must be a rather good fellow as authors go.

He is collecting material about our campaign

in South Africa to counter German propoganda.

The Times printed an interview with me

about seven weeks ago.

Bad. A good rule to keep out of the newspapers.

Still, The Times is a bit different.

Yes, I suppose so.

In this interview, I mentioned a place

called Jordaan Siding.

I was there for seven months.

This girl writes that the worst stories of all are being put about by a fellow called Kaunitz, who says he saw with his own eyes British soldiers kill 250 women and children at Jordaan Siding in order to save feeding them.

- Do you know this fellow...Kaunitz?

- Of course, sir. He's the most awful little rat. He was spying for us and the Boers. He made South Africa too hot for himself and skipped.

- Both sides would have shot him, if they could.

- What do you want me to do?

My leave isn't up for four weeks. Why shouldn't I go to Berlin and confront this rat?

My dear boy.

First of all, it's not done. This isn't Army business, it's Embassy. Leave politics to the politicians. You wouldn't like a diplomat to come charging into the front line.

- It might do him a lot of good, sir.

- Juvenile nonsense.

Sorry, sir.

You were sent home in order to recuperate. Your country needs you.

- Do you play golf?

- Yes, sir.

- What's your form?

- About ten, sir.

- Care for a game?

- Sorry, sir.

I'm invited by Lady Gilpin to Leicestershire.

BETTERIDGE:

- (Telephone rings)

Ml. Major Plumley.

- This author chap...

- Author chap, sir?

Fellow that wrote Hound Of The Baskervilles.

- Conan Doyle?

- Yes.

You didn't happen to ask him

- what happens in the next instalment?

- Just a moment.

Yes, sir. There's another murder.

- Not the baronet?

- No, sir. The baronet's safe.

Good. Good. I'm glad.

- Warm for January.

- Damn cold, I call it.

Take my tip, my boy. You've got
a damn good VC, now keep quiet for a bit, hm?

(Hopwell whistles "I Am Titania")

Well, what did he say?

Do you still want to go to the theatre tonight?

- You told me when I asked you...

- Never mind what I said.

Her Majesty's Theatre. The Last Of The Dandies.

Introduce yourself to Lady Gilpin and Sybil.

Say I've gone on some secret mission.

Make me mysterious.

Girl's pretty. Mother's a gorgon.

- Are you going on a secret mission?

- Yes, to Berlin.

- He send you?

- It's a secret from him, too.

- Morning. You send those flowers?

- Yes, sir.

Oh, there's a postcard for you, sir.

It's from Mr Candy. So, the old boy got there.

- How is Mr Candy, sir?

- Read it yourself.

Das ist die Dame im kleinen Salon.

Mr Candy?

- Miss Hunter?

- Yes.

Thank you for your telegram. It was a great
surprise. I had no idea you were in Berlin.
Nor had I until now. I only arrived yesterday.

Can you possibly mean that you've come here
solely on account of my letter?

- Well, naturally.

- Oh.

- You don't mind, do you?

- No, no, of course not.

Well...shall we sit down?

- Did you have a good journey?

- Excellent. I'm sorry to bring you out.

- I was about to call on you.

- I've changed my address.

My position became intolerable.

I've had to leave.

English people are not very popular in Berlin.

You've lost your job because you're English?

Can you get another job?

Perhaps in a few months' time. Not now.

- What will you do now?

- Go back.

- To England?

- Yes, I'm afraid so.

Cheer up. England isn't as bad

as all that, you know.

That is what we both want to prove,

isn't it, Mr Candy?

Yes, Miss Hunter.

How shall we begin?

- Do you know what Kaunitz looks like?

- No, I've never seen him.

I know a cafe where he holds his Stammtisch -

a table regularly reserved for him...

- Do you know any of his friends, Miss Hunter?

- Yes, one. A student.

The brother of my...ex-employer.

He is a Burschenschafter.

You know what Burschenschafts are?

- No, Miss Hunter.

- Groups of students with political principles.

They assert them by drinking beer

and fighting duels.

- Duelling is very popular here, I believe.

- Oh, yes.

It's a proud father

that has a scarred son, and vice versa.

German girls find scars very attractive.

A book was recently published on the German

colonies, in which it was specifically stated

that one advantage of possessing duelling scars

was that native Africans look with more respect

upon white men who bear them.

I feel like Stanley and Livingstone!

- Surely not both, Mr Candy?

- No.

- Miss Livingstone and the missionary.

- Livingstone was the missionary.

Oh, yes, of course. So he was.

Well, about this cafe,

can you take me there this evening?

- Do you wish me to accompany you?

- Yes.

- Very well.

- It's awfully nice of you.

I should obviously be absolutely lost without you.

Then, Mr Candy, you are Livingstone,

I presume?

Cancan

(Music ends)

Mr Candy?

(Chatter and laughter)

93? Oh, it's a song all the rage just now.

"Die Muhle Ging Rund Und Rund".

"The Mill Went Round And Round", Mr Candy.

Band plays a waltz

Miss Hunter, I'm afraid I've met you here
under false pretences.

Indeed? Why?

There are political complications.

The Prince ofWales is coming to Berlin.

He's invited to the Kaiser's birthday party.

- A goodwill visit and all that sort of thing.

- I know. It was in the papers.

You see, Miss Hunter, I know a chap at
our Embassy here. We were at school together.

His name's Fitzroy.

Only, we used to call him "Baby-Face".

But how are the Prince of Wales
and your friend "Baby-Face" connected?

Well, you see...

..he nearly had a fit when he knew why I'd come.

Baby-Face, I mean.

He lugged me in to see the Second Secretary
and he nearly had a fit too.

The possible scandal, you know.

Are you coming to a point, Mr Candy?

Yes, the point is

that I had to promise to do nothing.

And I went bail for you, too.

Oh.

Apparently, it's a matter for careful...

careful diplomacy.

You can see what they mean.

Yes, of course.

I know nothing about politics.

I rather stuck my head in where I wasn't wanted.

- I could get into the most awful trouble.

- Trouble, Mr Candy?

Well, I'm a soldier. You know that.

I thought you were a soldier this morning.

Or have you joined the Army since luncheon?

Meet Meister von Reumann.

Meet Meister Hoffmann.

- Meine Kommilitonen.

- Meine Herren.

- The table's filling up.

- Whose table?

Don't you remember the Stammtisch?

It's where Kaunitz will sit.

You know, it's a bit staggering

to see a girl take such an interest in politics.

- Politics?

- Well, what else can you call it?

German propaganda against England.

Counter-propaganda.

That's politics, isn't it?

Not for me, nor for a great many people.

You see, Mr Candy, when our Embassy in Berlin

reports to the Foreign Office in London

that "a slight change of attitude is visible in the

German nationals towards the Boer question",

I have to report home that I have lost my position

and am returning to the bosom of my family.

I suppose they'd be rather sick about it.

- They will welcome me with open arms.

- I don't blame them, either.

No, you see, my family were opposed

to my coming to Berlin.

- They said the place for a young girl is home.

- Quite so.

- Why?

- What do you mean, why?

How do you know what is the best place

for a young girl? Are you a girl?

- Have you any daughters?

- I say!

While you men have been fighting,
we women have been thinking.

Think for yourself, Mr Candy.

What careers are there open to a woman?

- She can get married.

- I was just going to say...

Supposing she doesn't want to get married?

She can go and be a governess.

But what does a governess know, Mr Candy?

Nothing, I assure you.

Then what can she teach

the children in her charge?

Very little, except good manners,

if she herself has good manners.

- Good manners are important.

- Did you learn that in South Africa?

My brothers told me that good manners
cost us Magerfontein, Stormberg and Colenso.

6,000 men killed and 20,000 wounded

and two years of war,

when with a little common sense and bad
manners, there would have been no war at all.

(Waltz ends)

(Applause)

The one thing I don't understand is why you
should have to teach German children manners.

- There are plenty of English...

- I'll tell you, if you promise not to laugh.

- I promise.

- My only asset is a fluent command of English.

Hear, hear!

To teach English in England

is to carry coals to Newcastle, and it's ill-paid.

I decided to obtain a post in Germany,

where my English would command a premium,

and, having learnt German,

to return to England...

Well, I'll be sugared!

- That is he?

- It's him, all right, the little skunk.

- Well, shall we go?

- Go?

Oh, yes, I suppose so.

History will remember this as the great retreat
from the Cafe Hohenzollern.

Just a second, please.

Here we are.

Can you get the orchestra to play 1 41?

Why, yes, of course. Call a waiter.

Herr Ober!

- It's Mignon, "I Am Titania". Do you really like it?

- I'll explain later.

Herr Ober!

- Kann die Kapelle 1 41 spielen?

- Aber natürlich.

(Laughter below)

Herr Kapellmeister,

der Tisch dadruben wunscht die Mignon.

Die Dame mit dem Hut.

Kaunitz was a prisoner in our blockhouse.

This was the only record
we had on our phonograph.

I want to see if he remembers it.

Also, Kaunitz, erzahlen Sie mal.

VON REUMANN:

die kleinen Engländer...

I Am Titania

Touched him on the raw, all right.

Diese Musik kann ich nicht leiden.

Wieder diese Musik!

Herr Ober!

He's calling the waiter.

Herr Ober!

Sie sollen aufhoren, diese Mignon zu spielen.

- Is he trying to bribe the orchestra?

- Not with money. Beer.

- Bier fur das Orchester.

- Jawohl!

Herr Kapellmeister, bitte, bitte.

Horen Sie auf, diese Mignon zu spielen.

- Warum das?

- Die Unteren.

Die wunschen es nicht zu horen.

Es geht den auf die Nerven.

- (Music stops)
- Round one to Kaunitz.

VON REUMANN:

MEN AT TABLE:

Reinforcements are coming.

Herr Kapellmeister, Bier für das Orchester.

Das ist grobartig.

Bier.

Von dem Tisch dadruben.

I Am Titania

- Herr Ober!
- Jawohl, Herr Kaunitz?
- Ich habe alle bestochen!
- Ich habe es also getan. Für die da oben.
- Darum hat ein Herr die Mignon gewünscht.
- Er hat eine verdammte Frechheit.

He's coming up.

- Let us go, Mr Candy.
- A bit late now.
- I hope he doesn't see you.
- I hope he does.

Hello, Kaunitz.

Das ist ja eine schöne Überraschung,
Herr Candy.

- Come on, Kaunitz. You speak English.
- I do.

But I prefer German.

Meine Damen und Herren!

- Stop it, Kaunitz. I'm with a lady.
- You should have thought of that earlier.
- Erlauben Sie mir...
- Stop it, Kaunitz.
- Take off your...
- Come on. Be a good lad.

Kameraden!

Get back to your table.

(Onlookers gasp)

Dafür werden Sie Rechenschaft geben.

- Sie Flegel, Sie!
- Hilf mir, Hans.

Herr Kapellmeister, spielen Sie.

Spielen Sie einen Walzer.

- Please tell him that it's all his fault. He started it.

- Englander!

Bitte, meine Herren, kein Skandal.

Nehmen Sie Ihre Platze.

Eine Schande!

Sie dulden englische Schweine in Ihrem Lokal.

- Wir haben gar nichts gemacht.

- Ihnen haben wir nichts zu tun!

Manners!

Ich spreche Englisch.

You will get into great trouble.

You are not now in England.

- You saw very well that he asked for it.

- Was sagt er?

Herr Kaunitz is a friend of ours.

You will satisfaction give.

Please stop shouting. You don't understand.

This gentleman and Herr Kaunitz are old friends.

GERMANS:

- Sie sagt, Kaunitz und ich sind alte Freunde!

It's going a bit far

to call that skunk a friend of mine.

Herr Kaunitz is a member

of der Alldeutsche Verband!

The Alldeutsche Verband

ought to be ashamed of itself.

Was sagt er?

Er sagt, der Alldeutsche Verband

soll was schamt.

(Crowd gasps)

Mein Herr, officers of the Imperial German Army

are members of das Alldeutsche Verband.

Then the officers of the Imperial German Army

ought to be ashamed of themselves, too.

Meine Damen und Herren,

er hat gesagt, die Offiziere der Armee

des Kaisers sollen sich schamen.

(Crowd gasps)

Ein Augenblick, bitte.

Bitte sehr.

- Von Ritter. Von Schonborn.

- Er, Fitzroy.

GERMAN OFFICERS:

- Konnen wir mit Ihnen Deutsch sprechen?

- Natürlich. Was wünschen Sie?

Being on British territory,
shouldn't we speak in English?

Righto. How can I help you gentlemen?

- Won't you sit down?

- Thank you.

Thank you.

We wish some information about a compatriot
of yours in Berlin, a certain Mr Candy.

- Clive Candy?

- Yes, Clive Candy.

You've come to the right man.

We were at Harrow together.

We've lost touch a bit since the war.

He's Army, you know.

- An officer of the British Army?

- Just returned from South Africa.

Oh, this is excellent news.

- Ein Offizier.

- Grobartig!

You have relieved us from great doubts.

We were worried

he might not be able to give satisfaction.

Satisfaction?

An officer of the Imperial German Army
cannot demand satisfaction from an opponent
who is not his equal in position and honour.

Since this Clive Candy is an officer,

- he can be challenged.

- Challenged to what?

- To a duel, Mr Fitzroy.

- Duel?!

Hurry to the Kaiserhof.

Bring Mr Clive Candy here at once.

Don't come back without him.

I told you to hurry, Venning!

Don't argue. Go at once!

Mr Candy has insulted

the whole of the German Army.

I didn't, sir. I only said if the officers belonged
to the Alldeutscher Verband with Kaunitz...

then the German Army ought to be

ashamed of itself. That's what you said.

- 82 Ulan officers want to challenge you.

- Mr Candy's told me the whole story.

By the way, that girl you mentioned,
is she trustworthy?

Oh, undoubtedly, sir.

It's not suggested Mr Candy should fight
the whole officer corps?

They're drawing lots to decide who is to fight
this gentleman...who has not insulted anybody.

Have you any suggestions, Colonel?

Militarily speaking, Mr Candy has no option.

If he cannot fight a duel, he must run away.

Politically speaking, such an action
would be disastrous. Mr Candy must fight.

One moment. Surely you're leaving Mr Candy
out of your calculations.

- I'll fight if necessary, sir.

- Yes, my dear boy. I know that.

- You'd better go to your hotel and stay there.

- Yes, sir.

Could you get in touch with Miss er...

Miss Hunter, sir? I believe I could.

Tell her to give the impression that your
reasons for coming to Berlin were to see her.

- You're in love with her or something of the sort.

- But I'm not.

Mr Candy, you've caused
enough trouble already. Do what I ask.

Meanwhile, I and these gentlemen
will discuss the best way to get you out of this.

And us.

(Whispers) Well, you are a...

VON RITTER:

Thank you.

This is our famous Brown Codex,
Colonel Goodhead.

The code of honour observed by all duellists.

We thought you might not be familiar with it.

Thank you. I shall study it with attention.

We have permission

to offer for the site of the duel

the gymnasium at the barracks of our regiment.

We agree.

We are now in the position to announce who will fight Lieutenant Candy.

Oberleutnant Theodor Kretschmar-Schuldorff.

- May I make a note of that?

- With pleasure.

- His card.

- Thank you.

Have you any suggestions regarding choice of leader for the duel?

We suggest the military attache to the Swedish legation.

Ausgezeichnet.

We agree. His name is...?

- Colonel Borg.

- Colonel Borg.

Regarding sabres, we shall, of course, supply a number to choose from.

- We shall supply a number, as well.

- Certainly, Colonel.

VON RITTER:

will be determined by lot.

You know, of course, that sabres must not exceed the maximum weight of 60 decagrams?

- 60 decagrams.

- We shall make a note of it.

- Bring your own doctor. We shall bring ours.

- We agree.

Do you prefer to strip the upper parts of the bodies of the combatants,

- or do you prefer shirtsleeves?

- Shirtsleeves.

I see here that paragraph 1 33 says,

"A few hours previous to the duel it is advisable to take a bath. "

Only the principals, not the seconds!

It's very strange to be preparing a duel between two people who've never even seen each other.

It happens sometimes.

Marriages also, you know?

Has your man ever fought a duel?

No. Has yours?

Strictly between ourselves,

Theo doesn't really approve of duels.
Then, gentlemen,
is this fight really necessary?
Sir, there are moments in a soldier's life
when his personal feelings do not count.
Oberleutnant Kretschmar-Schuldorff
knows his duties very well.

- We have not agreed upon the time.
- Will seven in the morning be agreeable to you?
- Get it over early.
- I agree.
- Seven o'clock.
- It'd be advisable to meet half an hour earlier.

At 6:

of the barracks of the 2nd Ulans.
Ah, here comes our man.

- Morning. Slept well?
- Very.
- He was still sleeping when I called.
- They forgot to wake me.
- Your nerves are all right.
- Dr Crowther. Mr Candy.
- How do you do?
- How do you do? Oh.

Why wasn't I allowed any breakfast?

- Because the book says not.
- It would.

Ah, you'll do.

- Do you want this?
- I hope you've read it.

Miss Hunter read it.
She says it's a joke, good enough for Punch.

- Where is Theo Kretschmar-Schuldorff?
- He hasn't shown up yet.

I congratulate you on your pronunciation.
I learnt it by heart,
so when my grandchildren say,
"Grandpa, have you ever cut anybody's ear off? "
I shall be able to say,
"Yes, Theo Kretschmar-Schuldorffs."
Nobody could invent a name like that.
Hello, who's this?
Colonel Borg, the Swedish military attache.

He's going to lead the combat.
Colonel Borg. Mr Candy.
I must, of course, use German expressions.
I shall say "los" for starting and "halt" for stop.
Can you memorise these two words?
I'll try. At the beginning,
I'll be sure you mean "start".
During the combat,
you're not likely to say "start" again.
That is true.
Excuse me.
Seven o'clock. Theo Kretschmar-Schuldorff
will forfeit his entrance fee if he doesn't...
I wish I'd brought my uniform.
- How are you with a sabre?
- Oh, I don't know. I know which end to hold.
- We drew lots for them.
- I hope mine's a nice light one.
All sabres weigh the same.
Seconds, please?
Excuse me, please, would you undo your shirt?
Thank you.
Right.
Do you want to roll up your sleeve
or will you rip it off?
- What's better?
- I am not permitted to give advice.
- I think I'll rip it.
- It is definitely better.
Doctor, your scissors, please.
What did he hope to find in there?
Protective bandages.
Good luck, my boy.
Now, you alone will come with me, please.
You'd better rub your feet in the rosin.
Ich werde jetzt das Protokol vorlesen.
I shall read now the protocol.
Sie dürfen den Kampf
erst auf das Kommando "los" beginnen.
You will start only at the command "los".
Sie müssen den Kampf
auf das Kommando "halt" unterbrechen,
wer es auch immer gibt.
You must stop the combat if you hear

the command 'halt', whoever may say it.

Sobald Sie sich verwundet fühlen,
haben Sie den Kampf sofort einzustellen
und durch Zuruckspringen die Distanz
einzunehmen,

auch wenn nicht 'halt' kommandiert wird.

If you feel to be wounded,
you must stop the combat, and by leaping back,
you must regain position at the original distance,
even if no 'halt' has been commanded.

Es ist verboten, die Waffe des Gegners
mit der bloßen Hand zu ergreifen.

It is forbidden to seize the weapon
of the opponent with the bare hand.

Sekundanten, bitte.

Die Stellungen nehmen.

Into fighting position, please.

Fertig?

Ready?

Los!

- They must have started by now.

- You never know.

I heard of one chap whose nerve broke.

Absolutely went all to pieces.

- Poor fellow.

- He was in such a funk, he couldn't lift his arm.

The seconds tried to lift it for him, but as soon as
they let go, it dropped like a railroad signal. Rum!

I say, I hope our chap doesn't get killed.

It'll create an awful stink if he does.

I think you are the most odious man

I have ever met.

If anything does happen to him,

I'll blow up your Embassy.

- I say. Are you a suffragette?

- Never mind. If anything happens to Mr Candy...

Oh, you mean Suggie.

I was talking about the German fellow.

Nothing could possibly happen to Suggie.

He won the fencing shield

- two years running. Do you know...

- Oh, look!

Sie brauchen sich auf keine Weise

zu beunruhigen. Wir werden alles Notige tun.

Vielen Dank.

Natürlich wird der Patient
nicht vor sechs Uhr aufstehen können.

- Afternoon, Miss Hunter.

- Good afternoon.

- You can go in now.

- How is he?

The doctors say six to eight weeks, not longer.

Fit as a fiddle.

- I'm so glad.

- They've given permission for you to stay here.

I'm not staying in Germany,

Colonel Goodhead.

I go back tomorrow.

I've already telegraphed my father.

- Haven't you told her?

- No.

Now, Miss Hunter, you must be sensible.

We're very fortunate

that everything has gone off so well.

- You wouldn't want to spoil everything.

- Spoil everything?

The duel was generally supposed
to be about you.

What would people say if you left him now,
wounded and alone in a nursing home?

Naturally, I thought you understood all this,
otherwise why have you come here?

- To say goodbye to Mr Candy.

- Go in now, Miss Hunter.

Don't bother about the bills.

They have orders to send those to the Embassy.

- Good afternoon.

- Good afternoon.

GOODHEAD:

Well.

NURSE:

Guten Tag.

Good afternoon, Miss Hunter.

You are Miss Hunter, are you not?

My name is Erna König,

and I speak excellent English.

- Oh, that's splendid. How is he?
- He can neither hear nor speak.
It will be very difficult for a day or two
until we take the bandages off.
He has a fine cut.
His upper lip is very nearly severed.
It is really almost 1 0cm in length.
A knife could not have done it better.
Is he in great pain?
Oh, but certainly. He is a very lucky man
not to have glass splinters in the wound.
- Glass splinters?
- It is a common accident in winter.
The snow freezes on the boot,
the warm room melts the ice,
and the little piece of slippery ice
lies in wait for the hurrying foot...
But to fall right through the glass window of
the British ambassador, that is not so common.
No, indeed.
And would you believe it?
We have another accident, in the next wing.
An officer. He is cut to the forehead. 1 2 stitches.
- Quite a coincidence.
- I go now to prepare your room.
- You are staying here, don't you?
- Yes, Nurse Erna, I do.
If you wish to speak to him,
please to shout.
(Shouts) I have got you into an awful mess.
Awful mess!
You've got me into a mess, too.
I forgive you.
Do you want me to write to your people
in England?
Parents?
Brother? Sister?
Fiancee?
Oh, you want your wallet.
Oh, your aunt.
What's the address?
Your aunt seems to like short letters.
What shall I tell her? The truth?
Accident. Hunting accident!

Do you know

Oberleutnant Kretschmar-Schuldorff is here?

He has a very bad cut on his forehead.

Eight stitches.

Oh, he has 1 2 stitches.

Here is refreshment, Miss Hunter,

- then you must depart for today.

- When can he have visitors?

- Wednesday is visitors' day.

- Every Wednesday?

Every Wednesday from 3pm to 5pm.

At 5pm,

a bell is rung for the end of visitors' hours.

(Bell rings)

Auf Wiedersehen, Liebchen.

Auf Wiedersehen, Onkel.

(Marching)

WOMAN:

O, die wunderbaren Ulanen!

- After you, sir.

- Bitte sehr.

Nach Ihnen!

What did he say, Aubrey?

- I think he wants us to go first, sir.

- We can't do that, can we?

Er, you and I,

you know, together.

Bitte sehr.

Wie nett.

- Was können sie bloss sein?

- Keine Ahnung.

- Engländer.

- Oh, danke. Danke, Fraulein.

I had thought that no-one could smoke so much
as a German officer.

Now I see that a British officer can surpass him.

And not only in smoking, my dear Nurse Erna.

And in what else, also?

Eating, drinking, making love,
growing moustaches.

Miss Hunter, I am going to grow a moustache.

What is your opinion?

- Excellent. Our dragoons gave you the idea.

- You always find me out.

I saw them cross the vestibule,
preceded by their moustaches.

They nearly caused a diplomatic incident.

They collided with a party of Ulans
coming from...

My dear Miss Hunter,

soldiers cause military incidents.

They leave diplomacy to the diplomats.

A German officer would shave off his moustache
to show that he had a scar.

That's just one of the points where we differ,
my dear Nurse Erna.

- Will you like me with a moustache?

- How do you know you can grow one?

Nurse Erna, Nurse Erna,

is it permissible to insult the patients?

What view, if any, do you take

of my great moustache plan?

You are the moustache type.

(Plays tune)

Thank you.

Ooh!

She's taken away... Always tidying up.

Nurse Erna, where are my... Thank you.

- Is the British Army enjoying itself in Berlin?

- On the whole, yes.

They had lunch yesterday in

the regimental mess of the 1 st Dragoon Guards.

- The Kaiser and the Prince ofWales spoke.

- Spoke about what?

- Nobody could remember.

- When do they return to London?

In a week.

Would you care to accompany them?

- They'll have a special train.

- We could try,

or you could stay another five weeks

and come back with me.

- Great care must be taken of me.

- No doubt.

No answer at all. Will you or wont you?

- If you stay on, you may get another job.

- We'll see. Oh, are we going to play cards?

I asked Nurse Erna to fix up a bridge four.
We don't want to get bored.
The head nurse is finding a suitable couple
for you to play with after dinner,
but you must not stay up after 10:30
at the very latest.

- I promise you, Nurse Erna.
- You do play?
- Only whist.
- Oh, it's simple.
- Let's have a trial game of double dummy.
- I will bring a lamp.

You're a good pupil, Edith.

That's \$32,000 I owe you. Toss you,

- double or quits.
- Agreed.
- Well, what is it?
- Heads. No, I mean tails.

Heads it is. Ha! We're quits.

Cigarettes, but please do remember, Mr Candy,
that smoking is bad for you.

- Ich liebe Sie, Nurse Erna.
- You are an angel, Nurse Erna.
- (Knocking)
- There are our guests. Would you let them in?

Frau von Kalteneck.

Oberleutnant Kretschmar-Schuldorff.

Miss Hunter. Mr Candy.

Ich hoffe, Sie werden sich gut unterhalten.

How do you do?

- Kretschmar-Schuldorff.
- Yes, I know.
- Um zehn Uhr werde ich Sie wieder abholen.
- Danke.

I'm very glad you've come.

I promised Theo to make a little speech.

He would like to have made it himself.

Very much.

Theo knows only two English expressions -
"very much" and "not very much".

Stimmt, Theo?

- Very much.
- He would like to have come before.

Very much.

Only he was afraid
nobody could translate to you what he says.
Miss Hunter speaks German.
- She sprechen German.

THEO:

Nicht sehr gut.
Ich finde, Sie reden ausgezeichnet.
Theo has heard that you took part
in the South Africa campaign.
- Ja, ja.
- And that you have won a very famous medal.

THEO:

- Victoria Cross.

THEO:

He envies you because a German officer
knows about war
- only from the newspapers.
- And mostly wrongly.
And mostly wrongly.
Let's have a drink, shall we? Sherry?
- I would love a glass of sherry.
- Would you like sherry?
Not very much.
Port?
Was nehmen Sie, Fraulein?
She and I, we drink Kirschwasser.
- Oh, Kirschwasser!
- Yes, that's right. Kirschwasser. Do you like it?
Very, very much.
Let me help you.
Do you know Berlin, Mr Candy?
The Hotel Kaiserhof, the British Embassy,
the Cafe Hohenzollern,
and the gymnasium
of the barracks of the 2nd Ulans.
I hope
we shall be able to show you more than that.
- Eine Zigarette, Oberleutnant?
- Danke sehr.
Do you like the opera? Concerts?
I prefer riding, hunting or polo.

I adore hunting, and I love sports.

Interessieren Sie sich für Sport, Fraulein?

Nein, ich habe keinerlei Talent für Sport.

Cut for partners.

- You and I.

- Sie und ich.

Furchtbar nett.

Ich hoffe, wir spielen jeden Abend.

- What's he saying?

- I hope we shall be able to play every night.

- Oh, yes, rather!

- Very much.

I say.

Oh, Baby-Face, I want you a moment.

- What is it? Those nursing home accounts?

- Yes.

Would you kindly explain
what the deuce this item means?

40 packs of playing cards!

- It's enough for the casino at Monte Carlo.

- I spoke to Miss Hunter about it.

The evenings were so long,
there's nothing to do at Stolpchensee.

Very well. Don't you ever do any work?

What? Oh, this.

First time this year. After all, it's mild.

Well, don't catch a cold. These nursing homes
are an expensive business.

- Is Miss Hunter returning to England?

- As far as I know.

- Well, not at our expense, I hope.

- Good heavens, no. She was going anyway.

Well, so was Candy, for that matter.

I know. He had a return ticket. It's expired.

Very well, buy him a new one.

- Righto.

- And get Candy to give you that old ticket of his.

We'll claim a refund at Cook's.

Half a mo, those things belong to Theo.

Put them with the alarm clock.

How's your own packing going?

- Not fast.

- Well, you'd better hurry up, then.

- I'll be all right.

- Don't you be so sure.

We've only got half an hour and we've got to call at the Embassy first. Stop mooning about.

- I'm not mooning about!

- Keep your hair on.

I say, old girl, what's up?

Edith, I say, what's the matter?

It's not because I didn't call for you yesterday, is it?

- Frau von Kalteneck left for the south last night.

- Did she?

- You knew she was going.

- I'd forgotten.

It's not my fault if you don't like horses, is it?

We went to see her riding stables.

She's got some fine beasts.

They're a bit fat, though.

I say, old girl, do stop crying.

Suppose somebody came in.

- Nobody will come in.

- Look...

I promise to take you out

the first night we get back to London.

Her Majesty's Theatre, The Last Of The

Dandies. They say it's an awfully good show.

- The paper said...

- What paper? What do you mean?

Is that what's making you cry?

No, the paper said there was a play

at Her Majesty's called Ulysses.

Oberleutnant Kretschmar-Schuldorff

returns your books, Mr Candy.

He is on his way to see you.

Oh, I must hurry.

You'd better. I'll meet you in the hall.

Well, what am I to do with them?

I don't read German.

- Miss Hunter got them for me.

- You can present them to our library.

Clever Nurse Erna,

but I must write my name in them...

so Clive Candy's name will live for ever

in a corner at Stolpchensee.

(Cheery whistling)

May I come in?

Come in, my old horse, my old steeplechaser.

Wo ist Edith?

Packing.

Wieso packing?

- Wieso packing?

- Of course. Und Sie? How much longer Sie?

Oh, ich eine week,

oder...

- Two weeks?

- Two week.

Ja.

- Clive, Edith come here translate.

- I can translate.

- Nein, danke. Das ist viel zu wichtig.

- Don't interrupt Edith. She'll never be ready.

Shall I fetch Miss Hunter?

Ich müssen call at Embassy, old man,

get my ticket nach London.

Ja. Bitte, wollen Sie das Fraulein hierher holen.

- Drink?

- Nein.

- Not now.

- All right.

What the blazes is up with everybody today?

Clive...

you...und l...

friends, yes?

Or no?

Well, of course we're friends.

We must...

..duel again.

Where's your dictionary, old man?

You must have got two pages stuck together.

I...Iove...

..your...

Ich habe das Wort vergessen.

Your...Miss Hunter.

Say that again.

I...Iove...

your...Miss Hunter.

You're cuckoo.

No...nein. Ich...

Ich nein cuckoo.

You cuckoo...

because Miss Hunter...

I loves me.

Congratulations! When did it happen?

Why don't I know about it?

- No duel?

- Duel? I?

Ich fight anyone who tried to stop it.

- Now will you have a drink?

- Double drink!

You know, old boy, Edith was never my fiancée.

Ah, fiancée! Das ist das Wort,
das ich nicht finden kann.

No, not my fiancée. Lovely girl. Sweet girl.

But not my fiancée. Cheers.

Bottom up.

(Knocking)

Come in.

Ah, Nurse Erna. Come and have a drink.

- Where's the fiancée?

- Sie will nicht kommen.

- Sie will nicht kommen?

- She won't come down?

- Then we'll go up. Come on, Theo.

- Moment. Moment. Die Flaschen.

Und the glasses.

(Knocking)

CANDY:

Come in.

Edith, my child. I feel like a proud father.

Do you, Clive? Why?

- I have to give you away, don't I?

- Who told you?

- I told.

- In fluent double German.

Das einzige Wort, das ich nicht finden konnte.

- Fiancée.

- Fiancée, ja.

A toast. Here's to the happiness of my fiancée
who was never my fiancée,

and here's to the man who tried to kill me
before he was introduced to me. Prost.

- Prost.

- May I kiss the bride?

Why ask? I did not ask.

- Goodbye, Clive.

- Goodbye, Edith, old girl.

I hope we'll meet again sometime.

I'm sure we shall.

Now, listen to me, you son of a gun,

you won't understand a word

of what I'm going to say,

but I came to Berlin to find a rat, and I found

two of the grandest people I've ever met.

I leave to you,

you Prussian stiff-neck you, this girl in trust,

and if you dont take care of her,

I'll raise the whole of England against you.

The Navy will steam up

your stinking Stolpchensee,

and I'll lead the Army down Unter den Linden,

and we'll...

Clive...

..my English is not very much...

..but my friendship for you...

..is very much.

- I hope it's taughtyou a good lesson, Candy.

- Yes, sir.

The trouble with you young fellows is you want

to go changing everything. What's the result?

You spent all your leave in a nursing home

full of foreigners.

You cost the Treasury a lot of money.

You make the Foreign Office very cross.

Yes, very cross.

And what do you get for it?

Your beauty's spoiled.

You weren't any fashion plate before.

I'd be surprised if any woman

would look twice at you.

- So would I.

- When you were here in January,

I told you very clearly it was not your concern,

it was an Embassy job.

Well, sir, I thought I'd take a chance.

A chance? A chance?!

You can't afford to take a chance

with your career, my boy.

You are in the Army as a career, aren't you?

Not for five minutes?

You were putting up a pretty good show.

You go barging in on this nonsense,

and you come very near

to getting yourself kicked out.

- You don't want to get kicked out, do you?

- No, sir.

Well, let me tell you one thing.

Don't bother your head with things you don't understand and you won't go far wrong.

Never go off at half-cock. Keep cool.

Keep your mouth shut

and avoid politicians like the plague.

That's the way to get on in the Army.

Thank you, sir.

Care to dine at my club tonight?

- Sorry, sir. I'm taking someone to the theatre.

- Pretty?

I haven't met her yet, sir.

Oh, you're still a bit cracked, my boy.

Well, I hope you improve as you get older.

And cheer up, my boy.

Yes, sir.

Fanfare

Father,

whose oath in hollow hell is heard, whose act is lightning after thunder-word. A boon!

A boon - that I compassion find for one, the most unhappy of mankind.

- How is he named?

- Ulysses.

He who planned to take the towered city of Troy-land.

- What wouldst thou?

- This!

That he at the last may view

the smoke of his own fire curling blue.

Where bides the man?

Calypso this long while

detains him in her languorous ocean-isle.

Father of gods, this man hath stricken blind my dear son Polyphemus.

And with wind, with roaring waves,
by me let him be hurled from sea to sea,
- and dashed about the world.
- Peace, children,
and from your shrill reviling cease!
Hermes, command Calypso to release Ulysses,
and to waft him over seas.
Ulysses shall return.
Cloud-gatherer, stay!
Yet canst thou work in mischief on the way.
Yet ere he touch at last his native shore,
Ulysses must abide one labour more.
Thank you. Where's the bar?
Darling, do control yourself.
..breathing, face amid the breathless dead,
the track of terror and the slope of doom.
I say, there's old Suggie.
Really, darling? Where?
(Whispers) Suggie? Suggie?
-.. is hungering still...
- Suggie!
..oh, Father, in thy youth,
didst feel at least for mortal women ruth.
To Leda, Leto, Danae, we are told,
didst show thee on occasion tenfold...
Who's the girl with Clive, darling?
Do you know her?
- As a matter of fact, I do.
- Well, darling, who is she?
I believe he met her sister in Berlin.
Darling, why all this mystery? Who is she?
My niece's governess. A Miss Hunter.
Wonders will never cease. Sybil Gilpin
out without her mother, and with Hoppy, too.
Didn't you know, Mr Candy? They're married.
- Hoppy and Sybil?
- Over a month ago.
The family were quite taken by surprise.
It was very romantic and sudden.
And they met here in this very theatre.
I know. I seem to be a born matchmaker.
- Hello, Pebble.
- Master Clive!
- Your aunt is asleep.

- All right. Don't disturb her.
- I didn't feel like going to the club.
- You're not sick, Master Clive?

No. I say,

Pebble, how did you feel
when you buried Mr Pebble?

Oh, it wasn't so bad at the time, Master Clive,
there was so much to do.

It was after that it got bad, if you understand me.

I hope you haven't come from a burial, sir.

No, from the theatre,

but it was the same thing, in a way.

Was it a sad play?

On the contrary, it was a musical play.

Is the bed in the den made up?

No, but it won't take a minute

if you don't mind sleeping in blankets.

There isn't time to air the sheets.

- Lady Margaret has made changes...

- Pebble! What is going on down there?

- Am I staying?

- I suppose so,

since there's no man here to throw you out.

I say, who put up my South African heads?

- I don't know.

- They don't look half so bad, do they?

No.

Pebble, stop fussing like an old hen,
and go to your bed.

Yes, my lady.

- Good night, Master Clive.

- Good night.

Now, even money

that some catastrophe has brought you here.

- You're on.

- Debts?

- No.

- A woman.

Not exactly.

- Explain.

- I went to the theatre tonight.

- Alone?

- With a girl.

And why, pray, is she "not exactly"?

Oh, it was nothing to do with her.

Perhaps. See anyone there you knew?

- I met Hoppy and Sybil Gilpin. They're married.

- Why not? A very suitable match.

He has money, and she has land,
and neither of them has any brains.

You surely weren't in love with her.

- With Sybil? Oh, no.

- I'm glad of that.

She has the muscles of a prize fighter.

She'll hit him one day.

- Hoppy could give her a couple of stone.

- She'll soon make that up, I assure you.

Who is this girl you took to the theatre tonight?

- A Miss Hunter. I met her sister in Berlin.

- Is she nice?

Very. I mean the sister.

Which sister?

The one that stayed in Berlin.

Then the one in London is not so nice, I take it.

- No.

- I see.

Now, listen, Clive. I have 18 rooms here,
a bone-idle staff eating their heads off,
and when you come home from South Africa,

- you go straight to your club.

- I know, it's awful.

I want you to remember that whatever you do,
and wherever you are,
you've always got a home here...

and, whatever you shoot,

there's always room for them here, too.

Look how much room there is.

(Gunshot)

(Gunshot)

(Gunshot)

(Gunshot)

(Gunshot)

(Gunshot)

(Gunshot)

(Hunting horn)

(Gunshot)

(Gunshots)

(Machine-gun fire)

(Heavy artillery fire)

(Shellfire)

This is Dead Cow Crossroads, sir.

The question is

whether that's the church with the double tower
or the Estaminet du Pont.

Damn it, Murdoch,

you're supposed to know the road.

I know it at night, sir.

In the daytime it looks different.

Eh? Got a scent?

Yes, sir. Yon's our road, sir. I can smell
the two horses those sappers didnae bury.

- Hark away, then.

- Hark away, sir.

(Shellfire)

Glad to see you, sir.

I've got another umbrella for you.

You've a marvellous eye for loot, van Zijl.

- Learnt from the English in the Boer War, sir.

- Where did you get them?

Off the Jerries.

1 1 of them brought in an hour ago.

Lord knows where they stole them.

They were using them for camouflage
against aircraft.

Music playing on gramophone

- Good evening.

- Good evening, sir.

Evening, sir.

Can we get through to the RTO
at Dupuis-sur-Something?

Dupuis-sur-Croix. The Yanks are down there.

How about it, Paddy?

I'm afraid the line's down between us
and Mile 1 4, sir. I can send a runner.

- What message, sir?

- Tell him to hold a place on the leave train.

- When can I leave here?

- Not before dark.

They're plastering the road
between 1 -7 and 1 -9 with shrapnel.

- Right. Someone look after Murdoch.

- Nobby.

- Very good, sir.
- Mind the leak, sir.
- Freddie, get that runner away.
- Yes, sir.

If any of you have any important letters or messages home, I'll take them.

- Thank you, sir.
- Paddy?

Just now I'll see the prisoners again.

All right, sir.

What are these prisoners?

Ulans. 2nd Regiment.

- That's all I've got out of them so far.
- I'd like to question them.
- Certainly, sir.
- Paddy?

The 2nd Regiment of Ulans.

- Sir?
- Bring in the prisoners,
- and tell the orderly to light the lamp.
- Any officer with them?
- Not so lucky.
- Where did you nab them?

Floating down the river early this morning.

I had a boom across,
and netted them like salmon.

They had 1 00lb of dynamite with them.

My guess is they were after

the new pontoon bridge below St Mangy.

How the devil did they get to know about that?

They took one of our patrols prisoner
the day before yesterday.

Are you suggesting that our fellows talked?

The Germans know how to make them talk.

Oh.

Well, if they are, they're cracking, my dear chap.

It's a sure sign.

Nobody starts to fight foul

till he sees he can't win any other way.

I quite believe Hindenburg,

who I heard said the other day

that until now,

Germany has used her arms with honour.

I admit he said nothing about her legs!

Halt!

Left turn!

CANDY:

- in the morning.

- Certainly, sir.

Do any of you know

Oberst Kretschmar-Schuldorff?

Dont play deaf. He was an Oberst

in your regiment the last time I heard of him.

Oberst Kretschmar-Schuldorff,

2nd Regiment of Ulans.

- Which of you can speak English?

VAN ZIJL:

You spoke English an hour ago.

Answer the Brigadier.

I do speak.

CANDY:

Now, listen to me.

We don't use the same methods

that I hear you use on your prisoners,

but I assure you we have means

to find out what we want.

What was this explosive

- found on you intended for?

- I don't know.

- Don't lie.

- I do not know.

You took three men prisoner two days ago.

- No.

- Then how did you know about the bridge?

I know nothing about a bridge.

Then why were you carrying dynamite?

Quite safe to go now, sir. Your car's waiting.

- Won't you stay for dinner, sir?

- What have you got?

- Macaroni. We found it in the cellar.

- Beastly stuff.

And the usual corned horse.

Oh, I think I'll take my chance at Dupuis.

It's a pity I've got to go.

I'd like to have another shot at those prisoners.

Oh, I think I've got the idea, sir.

I'll tackle them for you.

- Right. Make your report to Brigade.

- Very good, sir.

Now, listen.

I am in command here now.

And I know how to deal with you scum.

I'm not a simple English gentleman.

I'm a simple South African.

And I can assure you

that I have means to get what I want.

What was the dynamite for?

How many of you got away?

What happened to the three men

you took prisoners?

30 seconds to reply.

- **US SOLDIER:**

- **US SOLDIER:**

- **8:**

- **8:**

Hello! Hello! Dammit.

The lousy line's dead, sir. I can't get Beechwood.

- Keep trying. And what do you want?

- I'm Brigadier General Candy.

I'm sorry, sir. Sit down.

Take the load off your feet.

I couldn't see your brass for the mud.

- What can I do for you?

- You're the railway transport officer?

I run trains, if that's what you mean.

- That is, when there are any trains to run.

- Did you get my chit?

Will you, for the Lord's sake,

get me through to Beechwood?

The Colonel's having kittens.

Try the other circuit. You said "chit"?

- Yes.

- What's a chit?

A message, man. A message.

I want transport to London. It's urgent.

There hasn't been any message
since I've been on duty.
I'll see what we can do for you.
Jake, get RTO at Ami-le-Bon, will you?
- Yes, Colonel. Yes.
- OK, sir.
Yes, we're trying to get through, sir.
We're trying the other circuit.
Yes, I'll let you know.
A merry little madhouse we've got here.
Yes, very. When does my train leave?
Where do I change?
And where can I get some food?
I thought so. Thanks very much.
Yeah, it's what I thought.
You'll have to go through to Ami-le-Bon.
I've come from Ami-le-Bon to catch a train here.
- My motorcar is stuck in the mud...
- What's that? What, Colonel?
TRANSPORT OFFICER:
The hell, you say? Thanks a lot.
- That's that.
- What's what?
A German delegation is on its way
to see General Foch. They're going to
- sue for an armistice.
- Yippee!
Nonsense! German propaganda.
Old trick to put us off our guard.
What about my train?
There's not a train, or a track,
or a locomotive to pull one, sir.
In this war, I've seen ammunition dumps
without ammunition,
field kitchens with no cooks,
motorcars with no petrol to run them on,
so I suppose I shouldn't be surprised
to find a railway transport officer without trains.
But let me tell you this, young man,
that in the Boer War or in Somaliland,
this sort of inefficiency wouldn't have been
tolerated for a second. Not for a second.
Now, where can I get some grub?
The Crown of Thorns is good for a hand-out

at almost any hour.

- What is it? A pub?

- A pub, sir? I don't get you.

Oh, dash it. We don't speak the same language.

Er...a cafe?

No, sir. It's a convent.

It's on the way to Ami-le-Bon.

- Show me the way, will you?

- (Motor)

I think I hear Armstrong
coming with a bathtub now.

Armstrong, I want you to take the General here
over to the Crown of Thorns.

Yes, sir. Yes, sir, General. I sure will do that.

ARMSTRONG:

It's kinda damp, but I'll get you there.

- You're off.

- Poor show I couldn't get a train tonight.

I've wasted 24 hours of my leave.

You can step on it, Armstrong.

The General's in a hurry.

I sure will do that.

Well, goodbye, General.

What were those other wars

he was talking about, Captain?

The Boer War and the Somi-something?

I never heard of them.

Those weren't wars.

Those were just summer manoeuvres.

Here we are, General.

The Convent of the Crown of Thorns.

- Let me give you a hand.

- I can manage. Thank you.

(Bell clangs)

WOMAN:

- Bonsoir, Sister Jacqueline.

WOMAN:

- I've brought you a real live colonel.

- Je suis un general anglais.

- Mais entrez donc, mon general.

Good night, General. Bon appetit.

Good night, Sister Jacqueline.
Bonne nuit, Napoleon.
Que desirez-vous, mon general?
Merci, madame. Les Americains...
Moi... Je suis...
J'ai... Manger...
Monsieur le General a mange quelque chose
qui lui aurait fait mal?
- Oui. Manger.
- Mais venez donc, mon general.
Venez, mon general. On vous guerira bien vite.
Ma mere, il y a un general anglais
qui vient d'arriver.
Je viens avec toi, mon petit.
Le general est malade.
- Bonsoir, madame.
- Good evening, General.
Ah, Matron. For heaven's sake,
tell your girls to sit down.
- Sit down, nurses. Sit down.
- Il faut enlever ces choses mouillees.
And your coat.
General, you have fallen on your feet.
I was beginning to think so.
I have 62 freshly trained nurses straight from
England, and all dying to nurse someone.
- Now, what's the trouble?
- Trouble, Matron?
Well, the nun said you'd eaten something.
She got it wrong. I want to eat.
- I'm hungry.
- Oh!
C'est qu'il veut manger!
(Laughs)
Soyez le bienvenu, General.
- Merci, ma mere.
- Il va rester avec nous.
C'est bien, ma mere.
Well, that's settled.
We shall be delighted to have you with us.
Thank you.
You've been in the front line?
I suppose you have.
I was with the Italians. I was lucky.

I came through Caporetto without a scratch.
Good heavens, Matron.
What insect powder do you use?
(Laughs)

MATRON:

Come and sit over here, General, will you?
Move along a bit, my dear.
Une assiette, s'il vous plait.
Could you pass the water?
We have macaroni.
- Splendid.
- Thank you, Nurse.

CANDY:

the Indian rope trick?
No, General. Have you?
It must be an incredible sight.
Yes, but I've never heard of anybody who's
seen it, unless he heard he was going to see it
I beg your pardon. I don't quite understand.
You hear about a thing,
you hope to see it, and then you see it.
Yes, General. Will you excuse me?
One moment, Matron.
Do you know that girl over there?
I'm afraid I don't.
I only met them here at the station.
Come along, nurses. Bed, everyone.
Bed, everybody. Come along.
Come on, Wynne.
- Ou est le matron?
- Qui? La matrone?
- Oui.
- Vous desirez lui parler encore?
- Oui, parler quick.
- Restez. Je m'en vais la chercher.
Nurse, do you know the name of the girl
sitting at the end of that table?
- Dark or fair?
- Fair.
Oh, I don't remember.
Can you describe her better?
Well, she was fair.

I didn't see the colour of her eyes. Slim.
Sorry. Well, it might be anyone.
Excuse me, General.
Where do you come from?
What detachment are you?
Yorkshire. West Riding, most of us.
Good night, General.
Good night.

CANDY:

MURDOCH:

- You've said that ten separate times.
- I know, sir.
- Well, hurry. The train leaves at 1 0:30.
- I know, sir.
- I need time at Ami-le-Bon. I'm going to GHQ.
- I know, sir.
Stop talking like an infernal parrot, Murdoch.
How do you know?
- I was told, sir.
- Who told you?
- Major van Zijl's batman, sir.
- What did he say?
That you were up in the air because the Major
got information from the Jerries - the prisoners.
Your misinformation, Murdoch, is typical.
- Thank you, sir.
- Four pages of confessions
not worth... Kretschmar-Schuldorff?
There can't be two of them
with a name like that, eh, Murdoch?
- No, sir.
- You don't know what on earth I'm talking about.
No, sir.
Haven't I told you about the time
I was in Berlin in 1 902?
When you grew your moustache, sir?
And yet you can't remember
the name Kretschmar-Schuldorff.
You ought to bequeath that brain of yours
- to Guy's Hospital.
- Oh, I remember now, sir. He married the girl.
Yes.

He married the girl.
Last night, Murdoch, I saw a girl,
a nurse, straight from England.
I've never seen a more striking resemblance.
She must have been a very common type of girl,
sir. The young lady in Berlin, I mean.
She was the most uncommon...
What the devil do you mean, Murdoch?
Well, sir, there was that girl in the film.
You remember? You went nine times.
And that girl in the group out of the Bystander.
We lost it in the big push, didn't we?
And then there's...
Despatch rider coming, sir.
- General Candy?
- Yes.
Urgent message from Major van Zijl, sir.
Came over the wire from Mile 1 4.
They've mended the line, sir.
Any answer, sir?
No. No answer.
Anything wrong, sir?
Murdoch,
the war is over.
Is it, sir?
The Germans have accepted
the terms of the armistice.
Hostilities cease at ten o'clock,
and it's nearly that now.
Murdoch, do you know what this means?
I do, sir.
Peace.
We can go home.
Everybody can go home.
For me, Murdoch, it means more than that.
It means that right is might, after all.
The Germans have shelled hospitals,
bombed open towns,
sunk neutral ships, used poison gas...
and we won.
Clean fighting, honest soldiering have won.
God bless you,
- Murdoch.
- Sir.

(Silence)

(Birdsong)

Miss Barbara!

Lunch is ready!

Barbara!

(Dog barks)

- Oh, dear.

- Don't listen to them.

Now, you listen to me.

There I was, asleep.

You'd never seen me before.

You never even spoke to me then.

How could you be so sure?

Can I ask you a question first?

You're wriggling.

All right. Fire away.

How can you be so sure?

I'm 20 years older than you are,
and I'm a soldier.

When other people are thanking God
the war is over,

I'm going to the War Office to ask,

"Where is another war where you can use me? "

You asked me that once before, and I told you.

I'm asking you again,

because I want to hear it again.

And again.

I'm marrying you because I want to join
the Army and see the world.

I'm marrying you
because I love watching you play polo.

I'm marrying you for 50 different reasons,
and they all mean

that's how I imagined my future husband.

Same here.

That's how I imagined my future wife.

(Gong)

Oh, the gong's the final appeal.

Darling, we must go.

We've got the bishop for lunch.

I hope he's tender.

And now,

in conclusion, l...

Oh, yes. I should like to say a few words

to General Candy.

We members of the Church Militant
can admire the heroes of the war,
but in our hearts we are men of peace.
And so I am glad to have met you
for the first time, as I did, sir,
on a simple and heart-warming occasion,
rather than at some military ceremonial.
When I first heard
that a general of the British Army
was arranging a ball for the benefit
of those nurses of the West Riding
who had taken part in the four-year struggle,
I said to myself,
'There is a man
whose heart is in the right place. '
And I am glad to be able to tell you
that one result is
that the sum of one hundred
and thirty-one pounds, two and sixpence
will be handed over
to the War Nurses' Benevolent Fund.
My Lord Bishop, I want to make a confession.
I first saw Barbara in Flanders
on the last night of the war.
She was a nurse among 70 other nurses.
I never knew her name,
but I found out that most of the nurses
came from Yorkshire, and the West Riding.
And, of course, she was a nurse.
So, I thought to myself...
Well, Yorkshire's a big place,
my Lord Bishop.
So, I thought,
'How can I find a nurse in Yorkshire? '
You understand who I'm driving at,
I suppose? What I mean?
I understand exactly what you mean, darling.
- That window is the den.
- Wrong. Next floor's the den.

CANDY:

BARBARA:

They're here.
Is yon grey head Murdoch?
His idea of greeting the conquering hero,
I suppose.
I think I shall like Murdoch.
And I know I shall like this house.
Clive, let this whole house be our den,
where we can always crawl,
whether we return with rich spoils,
or badly mauled from our roving,
or just to change our spots.
Aunt Margaret would have loved you for that.
(Horn toots)

BARBARA:

Hmm. It's a fine, solid-looking property. Like you.
Clive, you won't change, will you?
And don't ever leave this house.
No fear! And even if there's a second Flood, this
house shall always stand on solid foundations.
- We'll have a private lake in the basement.
- That's a promise.
- You'll stay just as you are till the floods come.
- Till the floods come.
- And this is a lake.
- And this is a lake.
I'm sorry, ma'am. Mrs Candy.
I was at the top of the house.
I wasn't expecting you so early.
- Well, Murdoch, this is the wife.
- So, you're Murdoch.
- Yes, madam.
- The first time I've heard anything but "Yes, sir".
Everything is under control.
I've had the telephone installed.
- Good.
- The agency has a lot of cooks for you...
Come along. Let's get inside.
(Whistles) Come on.
We'll have some fun with this.
The tradespeople called. They'll call again.
That's all right. Not staying this time. Off tonight.
Eight weeks Paris.
Then we'll put our feet up,

- and have a big party.
- Yes, sir. I got your letters from the club, sir.
- They're on the wee tray.
- Ah.

I'm so sorry, Murdoch.

You took such a lot of trouble.

Oh, that's all right, ma'am. We're used to it.

I told the porter the General
wouldn't be using the club so much.

Oh, what did he say?

Well, go on, Murdoch. I can bear it.

Yes, ma'am.

He said, "They all say that at first," ma'am.

I say! Barbara? Here's an answer
from the Prisoners of War Committee.

- Oh, have they found him?
- Yes, Oberst Kretschmar-Schuldorff,
2nd Regiment, Ulans of the Guard.
Camp VII, Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire.
Poor old Theo.

- Darling?

- Mm-hm.

Let's postpone Paris.

I'd love to meet him.

SCHUBERT:

Message, sir, from the commandant's office.

No answer.

(Whispers) Excuse me, sir, but...

No answer!

- Well?
- He said no answer, sir.
- No answer? What else?
- Nothing, sir.
- He refused to come?
- If that was the message, madam.

Why is "very much"
printed like that?

It was a joke we had.

- Where was the Oberst?
- Listening to the band, sir.

All right, Higgins.

I was thinking...

..how odd they are.

Queer.

For years and years, they're writing and
dreaming beautiful music and beautiful poetry.

All of a sudden they start a war.

They sink undefended ships,
shoot innocent hostages, and bomb
and destroy whole streets in London,
killing little children.

And then they sit down
in the same butcher's uniform,
and listen to Mendelssohn and Schubert.
There's something horrid about that.

- Don't you think so, Clive?

- Mm.

Perhaps I should have written in German.

MAJOR DAVIES:

They all learn English while they're here.

(Distant applause)

Do you mind if we had a try?

Perhaps it was because of the music.

There's an interval now.

By all means try, sir,

but Mrs Candy had better remain.

Yes. I can't understand it. I've written to him
before the war and he's written to me.

They stopped English lessons
on 11th November.

On Armistice Day.

(Low murmur of conversation)

Oberst Kretschmar-Schuldorff?

Over there.

Theo!

(Conductor taps baton)

MENDELSSOHN:

- Ah, Davies!

- Hello, Candy.

I hope your wife will forgive me.

- You didn't read the invitation.

- Bachelor party, eh?

If I'd known your charming wife wasn't here,
I wouldn't have hurried.

- We'll get you something.

- I had dinner on the train. I came from Victoria.

- Leave?

- No, duty.

- Come and have a glass of port.

- (Phone rings)

This is Brigadier General Candy's residence.

- May I speak to the General, please?

- Whom may we ask is speaking?

Oberst Kretschmar-Schuldorrf.

I'm at Victoria station.

Tell him I'm leaving London tonight.

- Do you mind repeating the name, sir?

- Oberst Kretschmar-Schuldorrf.

Thank you, sir.

(Theo whistles 'I Am Titania')

Can't he phone tomorrow?

Where's he speaking from?

Victoria station, sir. He's leaving tonight, he said.

- What name?

- It sounded like Wrenchbar something, sir.

- Kretschmar-Schuldorff!

- That's it, sir.

Murdoch, that brain of yours

ought to be in a bottle. Theo!

Yes, it's me, Theo.

How are you, my friend?

Yes, I'm going home.

If there's such a thing left in Germany.

Hm? There are scores of us here.

Can't you hear them?

We have an extra train. It leaves at 11:30.

Yes, yes, we are under guard.

Er, Clive...

I may still call you Clive now you're a general?

Cut the cackle.

What have you got to say for yourself?

Look, I'm sorry, I'm terribly sorry...

..because of our meeting at the camp.

I was a silly fool.

Yes. I felt I had to tell you before I leave.

I must ring off now. Good luck to you all.

- Major Davies.

- Yes?

Come here a moment, will you?

I'll send you back to Derbyshire
if you're not careful.
You just sit tight and we'll come and get you.
All right, all right. I won't run away.
Would you mind, Lieutenant?
You Prussian stiff-neck.
The only way to get you is to kidnap you.
Let's have a look at you.
Ah, you've worn well, old chap.
- You've still got my mark, I see.
- You still need a moustache.
- When were you captured?
- July '16.
- You were lucky. You missed the worst.
- I'd rather be unlucky.
Have you heard from home?
Have you got any children? How about Edith?
What shall I answer first? Edith is all right as far
as I know and, yes, we have two children.
Boys, eh?
- Now, that one's exactly like Edith.
- Karl. He is, isn't he?
- I almost wish we had no children.
- What?
- What future do they have in a beaten country?
- You Germans are all a bit crazy.
Barbara will tell you what's what.
- Who?
- My wife. Oh, you don't know I'm married.
- You'll get a shock when you see her.
- Shock? I'm sure she's charming.
I don't mean that. You wait and see.
Oh, you won't see her.
She's gone to the theatre with her mother.
Never mind. Have you got any more snapshots?
Tell me about yourself.

GUEST:

Gentlemen, this is my friend
Oberst Kretschmar-Schuldorff.
Sir Archibald Blair,
shining light of the Foreign Office.
- How do you do?
- General Betteridge.

How do you do? I've heard about you, Oberst.

CANDY:

- How do?

CANDY:

and his brother Major...

- John.

-..John Cornish.

Admiral Sir Merton Barrow

of the so-called Senior Service.

- Commodore Brandon-Crester.

- Ditto.

Major Davies you know.

- Intimately.

- Yes.

Colonel Hopwell,

aide to the Governor of Gibraltar.

How do you do, my dear fellow?

- Sir William Rendall, on the Viceroy's staff.

- How do you do?

George Metcalf of Uganda.

- Sir John Bembridge, just back from Jamaica.

- How do you do, sir?

Colonel Mannering, known to the press

- as the uncrowned king of Southern Arabia.

- How do you do?

Mr Christopher Wynne

- of Bradford, England, my father-in-law.

- How are you?

- How do you do?

- Embodiment of all the solid virtues.

Sit down, Theo. What will you have to drink?

- Port, please.

- Port.

BETTERIDGE:

BLAIR:

- Cigar? Cigarette?

- Cigarette.

- They're both on the table.

BLAIR:

- Virginian.

HOPWELL:

I don't suppose you remember me...

- but we met in Berlin in '02.

- Oh, did we?

Ah, Barstow. Colonel Barstow of the Royal Air Force - Oberst Kretschmar-Schuldorff.

- How do you do?

- Don't get up.

BETTERIDGE:

- Thank you, sir.

HOPWELL:

in England.

I don't think it is much good anywhere.

Oh, my dear fellow, in this country people poke their nose into everything.

- Did you get any letters from spinsters?

- Yes, we have.

They started a campaign to write to prisoners of war.

- Not our chaps, mind you.

THEO:

We had books, concerts, lectures.

I'm sure your camp was well run.

German organisation is very thorough.

A bit too thorough for us.

WYNNE:

- It was English cooking.

- (All laugh)

He's got a sense of humour.

My daughter Joyce started a campaign to better the food of the German prisoners.

I remember the Government was also charged with overfeeding them.

Oh, we're not too bad. Drink up, Theo.

Gentlemen...your health.

WYNNE:

- Good luck.

- Good luck.

By the way, what have you done with Tiger Blomfield?

At Victoria, in the Grosvenor bar.

He was hostage for the Oberst.

Where is the sense of guarding officer prisoners

- a year after the fighting's over?

- I imagine it is more to protect us.

- Against what?

- People.

- What people?

THEO:

How do you mean?

They can't be adjusted from war to peace as easily as you can, gentlemen.

- (All mutter)

BETTERIDGE:

CANDY:

would attack you in that uniform?

I tried to kill Englishmen in this uniform.

BLAIR:

that's rather a gloomy point of view.

CANDY:

- The war's over.

- There's nothing to bear malice about.

You're a decent fellow and so are we.

I am not a decent fellow, I am a beggar.

Like the rest of all the professional soldiers in our army.

A beaten country can't have an army,

- so what are we going to do?

- There'll be a great deal to do.

But not for us.

We know a bit about horses.

We can become stableboys.

- You'll feel differently when you're home again.

- Mm, home.

But what will the home be like?

Another prison camp.

HOPWELL:

We're going to have foreign troops occupying our cities for years.

- For years? I like that.
- I've never heard a man more wrong.
- We don't want to make beggars of you.
- We're a trading nation.

We must have countries to trade with.

Surely you realise that the reconstruction of Germany is essential to the peace of Europe?

I can't see our taxpayers keeping an army in your country, can you, Candy?

No, of course not. Read the papers, man - the English papers.

We can't ask you to be our friends if we'd rob you and humiliate you too.

- That's how we all feel, eh?

ALL:

We want to be friends.

"We want to trade with Germany," said one.

A general said, "We don't want to keep an eye on you just to occupy your country."

A general!

Oh, they are...children. Boys playing cricket.

They win the shirts off our backs and now they want to give them back.

Because the game is over.

War is a most unpopular thing in England.

They are already organising pacifist societies.

Their newspapers are anti-milita....

Wait a moment.

Here we can get to something.

Anti-military.

This childlike stupidity is a raft for us...

..in a sea of despair.

Do you know

what my friend General Candy said?

"Don't you worry, old chap, we'll soon have Germany on her feet again."

I think we made an impression on him.

The last thing I said to him was,

'Dontyou worry.

We'll soon have Germany on her feet again. '

- And he believed it?

- Theo? I believe so.

I...hope so.

(Hums "I Am Titania")

- Darling.

- Hm?

Don't hum.

Was I humming?

Mm-hm. It's a little habit you've got.

Mm.

What'll I do if I don't hum?

(Giggles) Oh, Clive.

(Gunshot)

(Gunshot)

(Gunshot)

(Gunshot)

MAN:

THEO:

MAN:

Your registration book and identity card, please.

Please.

Sit down.

When did you arrive in this country?

The 6th of June, '35.

- From?

- Paris, France.

I arrived in France the 15th of January '34.

- From Germany?

- Yes.

Why did you leave Germany?

My outlook of life is against the Nazis.

Most refugees left Germany early in 1933
when Hitler came to power.

I had nothing to fear from Hitler.

At least, I... I thought so.

It took me eight months to find out I was wrong.

Rather a long time.

Don't you think so?

Please, I mean no offence,

but you in England took five years.

Yes, quite right.

Have you been in England before?

Yes. I was prisoner of war in the last war.

I see you were an officer.

When did you leave the Army?

In 1920.

Eight out of ten officers had to retire when the German Army ceased to exist...

- as a large army.

- You prefer the existence of a large army?

Not any more.

In '20 I chose a new profession.

I became a military chemist.

- I worked for 13 years in a factory in Mannheim.

- Are you married?

My wife is dead.

Children?

Two.

I have no connection with them.

They are good Nazis.

As far as any Nazi can be called good.

I am afraid, Mr Kretschmar-Schuldorff, that doesn't sound very much in your favour.

I've tried to answer correctly.

Personally, I don't doubt your good faith, but I'm here to safeguard my country's interests.

You may be an anti-Nazi, you may not be.

In times like these, one enemy in our midst can do more harm than ten across the Channel.

If you were here to work for the enemy, what would you tell me now?

Exactly the same.

That you were a friend of England.

That our enemy was your enemy.

I know this is hard on those

who are really with us,

but it should be their best assurance

that this time we mean business.

If you are a friend,

our precautions are your precautions,

and our interests your interests...

because our victory will be your victory.

Is there anything else you'd like to say?

- If you don't mind, sir.

- No, go ahead.

In earlier years, the most important principle of my life used to be "never lie,

- always tell the truth. '

- A very good principle. I hope you stick to it.

Oh, I have not told a lie, but I...

I also have not told the truth.

A refugee soon learns

that there's a big difference between the two.

The truth about me is that I'm a tired old man who came to this country

because he is homesick.

Oh, please, don't stare at me like that, sir.

I am all right in the head.

You know that after the war

we had very bad years in Germany.

We got poorer and poorer.

Every day retired officers and schoolteachers were caught shoplifting.

Money lost its value.

The price of everything rose...

except of human beings.

We read in the papers that the after-war years were bad everywhere.

That crime was increasing

and honest citizens were having a hard job

to put the gangsters in jail.

Well, I needn't tell you, sir, that in Germany the gangsters finally succeeded

in putting the honest citizens in jail.

My wife was English.

She would have loved to come back to England.

But it seemed to me that I would be letting down my country in its greatest need.

And so she stayed at my side.

When, in summer '33, we found...

that we had lost our children to the Nazi party, and I was willing to come,

she died.

None of my sons came to her funeral.

Heil Hitler.

And then, in January '35, I had to go to Berlin on a mission for my firm.

Driving up in my car,

I lost my way on the outskirts of the city,
and suddenly...the landscape
seemed so familiar to me.
And slowly I recognised...the road, the lake...
..and a nursing home
where I spent some weeks recovering...
..almost 40 years ago.
I stopped the car and sat still...remembering.
And... You see, in this very nursing home, sir,
I met my wife for the first time.
And I met an Englishman
who became my greatest friend.
And I remembered the people at the station
in '19, when we prisoners were sent home...
cheering us, treating us like friends.
The faces of a party of distinguished men
around a table,
who tried their utmost to comfort me when the
defeat of my country seemed to me unbearable.
And...very foolishly...
..I remembered the English countryside,
the gardens, the green lawns,
the weedy rivers and the trees...
..she loved so much.
And a great desire came over me
to come back to my wife's country.
And this, sir, is the truth.
(Traffic outside)
Haven't you got anyone in this country
who knows you well? A British citizen?
The doorman at the chemical works
where I offered my services.
The police officers at the Aliens' Department
at Bow Street.
Sentry.
Don't you know
Major General Clive Wynne-Candy?

THEO:

Did you ask him to come here
and testify on your behalf?
Yes, I did send him a letter,
but I suppose he...
Theo, my dear chap.

Let's have a good look at you.
By God, you've kept your figure
better than I have.
Bit of a bay window, what?
You see, sir,
I wouldn't be surprised if this fellow disliked us.
He comes to England twice in his life.
The first time he's a prisoner,
and the second time he's about to be one.
May I talk to him, sir? I haven't seen him for 19...
- 20.
-..20 years and a bit.
Not here, General.
We have many Kretschmar-Schuldorffs waiting.
Do you mean to say that I've travelled 11 hours
from...mustn't say where...
and you won't allow me to have a word
with a condemned man?
- Do you have to go back this minute?
- Tomorrow. Infernally early.
That's all right. You can talk to him
all day and all night, till midnight.
Aliens' curfew, you know.
- And I can take him with me?
- If you say you know him.
- Do I know him?
- And will stand surety for him?
With everything I have, sir.
(Clock ticks)
(Clock chimes)
- It's time I was going.
- The night's young yet.
Don't you remember? Curfew for aliens.
- Oh, yes.
- I have to be at home by midnight.
Don't forget, sir, you've to be up at six.
- Early parade, eh?
- Aye.
How lucky you are, Clive.
Yes, they put me on the retired list in '35,
but I knew they'd want me again.
Back I went on the active list like a shot.
I mean...
Why don't you stay? I've 18 rooms.

- Murdoch, rally round.

- Thank you.

I'd better not.

I would need a special permit anyway.

All right, Murdoch, as you were.

Stay a little longer. I'll send you home by car.

Murdoch, tell Miss Cannon to be here
by quarter to twelve.

- Very good, sir.

- Who is Miss Cannon?

Miss Cannon? My driver. MTC.

Do you remember, Clive, we used to say,

"Our armies are fighting for our women,
our children and our homes"?

Now the women are fighting beside the men.

The children are being trained to shoot.

What's left is the home.

But what is the home

without women and children?

You never met my wife.

Would you like to see a picture of her?

Very much.

Do you remember when that was

all I was able to say in English?

Very much.

- You got further with them than I ever got.

- In what respect?

Dash it, don't tell me you didn't know.

Knew what?

Well, you make me blush.

I don't know what you're talking about.

I thought it was written all over my face
when I left Berlin in '02.

Don't forget, I never saw your face after you left.

I was in love with her. Your wife.

She never told me.

She never knew.

But I seem to remem...

Oh, Clive, that last day in Berlin when I told you,
you seemed genuinely happy.

Dash it, I didn't know then.

But on the train I started to miss her.

On the boat it was worse.

By the time I got back to London,

well, I'd got it properly.
My Aunt Margaret got onto the scent right away.
Women have a nose for these things.
Besides, I did a stupid thing.
The first night back, I took out her sister.
- Aunt Margaret's?
- Edith's.
- Who? Martha?
- Yes.
What's stupid about that?
Thinking her sister would be like she was.
Like Edith?
Yes.
Well...you got over it.
That's just it. I never got over it.
Theo, this may sound a damned silly thing
to say to you, but...
I never got over it.
You may say that she was my ideal...
if you were some sort of
sickening long-haired poet.
All my life
I've been looking for a woman like her.
So now you know.
Well, er...I never thought it possible
that an Englishman could be so romantic.
And your wife?
You don't mind me asking you...
but you loved her?
Yes...dreadfully.
She was exactly like Edith. I'll show her to you.
Oh, she's very lovely.
But isn't she like Edith, eh?
See the resemblance?
Yes, there's something very striking.
But you must not forget,
I saw Edith 31 years later than you.
We grew old together.
- You understand?
- Ah, yes, of course.
But she was exactly like her.
Mm.
It's a strange place to hang such a lovely picture.
She wanted it. I call this my den, you know.

She always knew why I used to come back here.
We had a joke about it.
All my stuffs here.
It'd be an awful gap without her.
Have a peg, what?
It must be terrible to lose someone
very dear to you in a foreign country.
It wasn't a foreign country, it was Jamaica.
Bye, Clive. Have a nice journey.
Don't worry about anything. It's under control.
- Can you close the door, sir, please?
- Shut up, Murdoch.
Good luck, Murdoch.
Thank you, sir,
but I'm staying behind to look after things here.
- You know the way, Angela?
- Yes, sir.
(Engine starts)
The door, sir, please.
- Did you see the warden?
- I'm the warden of this district, sir.
It must be very difficult to drive in the blackout.
It's not as bad as it looks, sir.
I suppose you've done a lot of night driving.
No, sir. I never drove before the war.
- What made you learn it?
- My boyfriend taught me.
But not at night.
Is he a good driver?
First-rate. He's one of the Bentley boys.
Just now he walks on his two flat feet.
He's a private in training.
What was your job before the war,
Miss Cannon?
- Photographic model.
- Oh, interesting work.
Not bad. A bit hard on the feet.
How did you know my name, sir?
The General talked about you.
Oh, did he?
- Mind if we try and beat the light, sir?
- No, not at all.
Oh... Sorry, sir, couldn't make it.
Do you like being the General's driver?

Of course. Who wouldn't?
He's such an old darling.
I could have done a handstand
when he asked for me.
Do you know, he chose me out of 700 girls.
Some odds, isn't it, 700-1?
For crying out loud, look at that light.
He ought to be reported.
Come on, don't be all night.
Ah.
That's what causes accidents.
- Long odds, weren't they, sir?
- I beg your pardon?
700-1.
Makes me a bit of an outsider.
What is your first name, Miss Cannon?
Angela.
That's a lovely name.
Comes from angel, doesn't it?
I think it stinks. My friends call me Johnny.
Is it this crossing or the next, sir?
Oh, this will do here.
- Good night, Angela.
- Good night, sir.
- I'd like to see your boyfriend one of these days.
- Me too.
Good night, sir.
(Buzzer)
He's on his way down now.
For the love of Gielgud, go and stop him.
If you let him put one whisker in the studio,
you are out.
- This way, General.
- Thank you.
- General Wynne-Candy?
- This way to Studio 5, sir.
- Mr Marsh wants to see you.
- Never heard of him.
- He's heard of you, sir.
- Has he? Good.
- This way to Studio 5.
- What time does my broadcast start?
- Almost at once, sir.

- At 21 :

- Plenty of time.

- Excuse me, miss.

Oh, shut up.

- A regular warren, eh?

- Yes.

- Beehive of industry.

- Yes, sir.

- Do you like it here?

- Yes. You meet such interesting people.

You can tell that from the programmes.

General Wynne-Candy.

Pheew.

- I don't think we've met.

- No, I've not had that pleasure.

- Do sit down.

- Thank you.

- Cigarette?

- Thank you.

Very snug quarters you've got here. And deep.

- Yes, we have to be deep these days.

- I quite agree. Back to the Stone Age.

I don't think I'll light this at the moment.

Bad for speaking. Makes my throat dry.

General, I'm afraid we've been having some trouble about your broadcast.

Well, I'm used to trouble. I'm a soldier.

Yes, the er...authorities...

..think that it's a little ill-timed and might be better postponed.

Think it's a little ill-timed?

Who has been saying that? Why?

Well, General, you know in times of war...

Don't talk to me about war.

No, of course, that would be...grotesque.

I have been asked to describe in this broadcast my views on the cause of the retreat and its aspects for the future. There they are.

I've served my country for 44 years.

What was your position before this?

- I was a lawyer.

- What?

- A lawyer.

- A lawyer? Well, I was a soldier.

And before that I suppose you were at college.
And I was a soldier.
And I was a soldier when you were a baby.
And before you were born, sir,
when you were nothing but a toss-up between
a girl's and a boy's name, I was a soldier.
I'm deeply sorry, sir. I know it's not you.
No, I'm afraid it isn't.
I'll make the necessary enquiries
through the War Office.
I'll have a light for this cigarette now,
if you please.

RADIO:

since Italy entered the war last Monday.
It's not known if there was any damage
or casualties.
Cigarette, soldier?
In yesterday's raids one civilian was killed
and eight were wounded.
That brings us to the end of the news
and to tonight's Postscript,
which is given by Mr JB Priestley.
What on earth can have happened?
- Murdoch, do you think he's had an accident?
- I cannae think.
- I was expecting it.
- Why?
I read his speech. I thought they would cancel it.
(Distant muttering)
It's him.

RADIO:

Now here is Mr Priestley.
Where can I go?
The General mustn't find me here.
- Let me handle it.
- Oh, no fear. You let me out of here.
Hello, Theo.
If supper's ready you can serve it, Murdoch.
I'm very sorry, sir.

CANDY:

- I shouldn't be here.

I asked Miss Cannon in.
She was anxious to hear your broadcast.
Cancelled at the last minute.
Pity we hurried as we did, Angela.
We didn't leave the War Office
till five-and-twenty to nine.
There's a War Office letter, sir.
It came this afternoon.
Paul Reynaud has resigned.
Petain is Prime Minister.

THEO:

- What?
Oh, yes, bad news.

MURDOCH:

Er...yes.

MURDOCH:

- Sherry, Mr Sch... Sir?
- Yes, please.
Thank you.
How is your fiance?
- He's not my fiance.
- Oh, beg your pardon.
- How is your boyfriend?
- He's getting a commission.
Oh, congratulations.
- I ought to go, you know.
- No, no. Stay a bit longer.
Cheers.

Down the hatch.

Any news about your application?

- Turned down. Enemy alien.
- But you're an expert.
- Why didn't you ask him? He knows everybody.
- He was away.

MURDOCH:

Yes.

ANGELA:

Do you want the car any more?

MURDOCH:

Sit down, Angela...Theo.

- Sit down, both of you.

- Thank you, sir, I've had my dinner.

Have another one, Angela.

If you're worried about sitting down
with your general, then stop worrying.

I'm not a general any more.

Clive, what has happened?

Retired again. Axed.

They don't need me any more.

I'm sorry, sir.

I...I know how that feels.

No, you don't.

I was barely 45 when it happened to me.

Different kettle of fish. You were made to do it.

But we're not finished.

Nor am I. Just starting.

I've often thought, a fellow like me dies -
special knowledge - awful waste.

Well, am I dead?

Does my knowledge count for nothing?

Experience, skill?

You tell me.

It is a different knowledge they need now, Clive.

The enemy's different,

so you have to be different too.

Are you mad? I know what war is.

- I don't agree.

- You...

I read your broadcast up to the point
where you described the collapse of France.

You commented on Nazi methods -

foul fighting, bombing refugees,

machine-gunning hospitals,

lifeboats, bailed-out pilots and so on -

by saying that you despised them,

that you would be ashamed to fight on their side

and that you'd sooner accept defeat than victory

if it could only be won by those methods.

So I would.

Clive, if you let yourself be defeated by them

just because you are too fair to hit back

the same way they hit at you,

there won't be any methods but Nazi methods.
If you preach the rules of the game while they
use every foul and filthy trick against you,
they'll laugh at you.
They'll think you are weak, decadent.
I thought so myself in 1919.
I heard all that in the last war.
They fought foul then
and who won it?
I don't think you won it.
We lost it, but you lost something too.
You forgot to learn the moral.
Because victory was yours,
you failed to learn your lesson 20 years ago.
And now you have to pay the school fees again.
Some of you will learn quicker
than the others. Some will never learn it.
Because you've been educated to be a
gentleman and a sportsman in peace and in war.
But, Clive...
..dear old Clive...
..this is not a gentleman's war.
This time you are fighting for your very existence,
against the most devilish idea
ever created by a human brain.
Nazism.
And if you lose...
..there won't be a return match next year.
Perhaps not even for a hundred years.
Oh, you...
you mustn't mind me, an alien, saying all this.
But who can describe hydrophobia better
than one who's been bitten...
..and is now immune?
Well, you see, Angela,
even one's best friend lets one down.
I don't think so, sir.
You too, eh?
Kick a fellow when he's down, what?
Nobody would ever kick you, sir.
You've just got to change over, that's all.
Change over? To what?
Well, a new job. It's easy enough for a man.
You think so, eh? Swap horses in midstream.

A lot of people have had to do it in this war, sir.
- It's better than drowning.
- Bravo, Angela. I shall call you Johnny in future.
She's hit the nail on the head.
I don't know you.
You shouldn't give up so easily, my boy.
Is this the same man
who took Berlin by storm 40 years ago?
Look at me. Nobody wants me, but do I give up?
Nobody wants you and you're an expert.
I don't know anything but soldiering.
Not even that, apparently.
What about the Home Guard, sir?
They need leaders. They're becoming an army.
- If we're invaded, they're our first defence.
- There you are. You know everybody.
You could get them arms
and instructors and equipment.
Oh, what a job.
- Forming a new army.

CANDY:

Yes, sir. I was going to tell you myself, sir.
You're drunk, Murdoch. Tell me what?
That I joined the Home Guard, sir.
- You?
- Yes, sir. Anything wrong with the soup, sir?
How should anybody know
if they haven't touched it?
Take it away, Lance Corporal Murdoch.
Sergeant Murdoch, sir.
What have you been doing, sir, all this time?
Nothing, you blockhead, except talk.
But watch now.
(Explosion)

SOLDIER:

There's no place like home...
Hello, what's this?
Come out.
Hm. Do for hoopla, anyway.

WOMAN:

Oi, missus. Two basins for me and my old china.

- Ooh.

- Get your skates on.

See this? Major General Clive Wynne-Candy.

Blimey, what a moniker. Fill it up.

Removed to Royal Bathers' Club, Piccadilly.

He'd need a bath after this.

Good luck to the old bustard.

- Still here?

- Just off, General.

- Don't be late.

- No, sir.

- What's that?

- A gun, sir. Brother's a gamekeeper.

That's the ticket. Load with No.4.

We'll soon have Tommy guns.

Know which end is which?

- Oh, yes, sir.

- That's right.

Break it up, chaps.

Good afternoon.

By Gad, we'll have the proper weapons

or I'll know the reason why.

I won't leave that damned doorstep.

I'll make a stay-in stroke or a sit-down strike,
or whatever it is.

We'll show 'em, Angela, eh?

A real army, eh?

The men are all right. Keen as mustard.

Organisation, general staff,

offices, general headquarters -

that's what we want and, by Gad, we'll get them!

- Do you hear, Angela?

- Yes, sir.

Give me one year. Six months.

I'll show 'em.

- Take the afternoon off.

- Thank you, sir.

- **Club, 7:**

- Very good, sir.

Point to the throat, my boy.

Gentlemen, this is der Tag, what?

The most vital and comprehensive exercise
in which the Home Guard have taken part.

Defence of London.

We've trained for it, we can tackle it.

- We'll put up a good show, eh?

- We will, sir.

We'll show these youngsters

there's life in the old dog yet.

Gentlemen, war starts at midnight.

Five minutes easy, Sergeant.

Foxtrot on jukebox

Tea for two.

No.9, doctor's favourite.

- Got to go in a minute.

- Why?

- Got a job on.

- Oh, you would have.

Come and have a look.

- See that?

- What, those trucks?

- My private army.

- Well, what about it?

Remember what you told me last night...

amongst other things?

Yes, and I wish I hadn't told you.

Why do you think I wanted the lowdown

on Sugar Candy's movements?

Why did you? What's the mystery?

- We're off to see him.

- Who?

- The wizard.

- What for?

Because of the wonderful things he does,

ta-ra da da-da da da-da!

- Shut up, Spud. What do you mean?

- We're going to teach him total war.

- How?

- Capture him.

War starts at midnight,

but we'll bag him hours before that.

- Nazi methods, you know.

- You're not a Nazi.

- We're not training to fight Englishmen.

- You can't!

- Watch me.

- I won't let you. He's a dear old man.

So will I be when I'm over 1 00. Ah, tea.
But, Spud, how can you do it?
I know what it would mean to him.
Within an hour, the Wizard
will be the captive of my bow and spear,
not to mention the toughest troops
between here and New Zealand. Drink up.
Spud, I gave you the information
and it's mean to take advantage of it!
Don't be a sissy. In war, anything goes!
Oh, no, you don't.
Here, stop that.
(Music stops)
Oh, darling.

WALTRESS:

Spud!
Swing band
- Spud.
- Come on, sir, what happened?
- She got me.
- Who?
Mata Hari. Come on, quick.
Oh, no.
- Any luck?
- Not a hope. She's halfway to London by now.
She's gone to warn the Wizard.
Get my tin hat. Get after her, quick!
- Who's going to pay for the tea?
- The Sergeants' Mess.
- Yes.
- Oh!
Mr Marshall!
(Tyres screech)
- It's impossible.
- Get him on the phone.
- But, miss...
- Oh, go on, man.
Very good.

SERGEANT:

SOLDIER:

His driver wishes to speak

to General Wynne-Candy. Yes, it's...

SPUD:

- No, sir.
- (Whispers) Get General Wynne-Candy.

PORTER:

SPUD:

- What is your business with him?

SPUD:

- Give it to me. I'll see he gets it.
- Damn it, man.

SPUD:

PORTER:

SPUD:

PORTER:

are in the Turkish baths.
(Blows whistle) Hawkins, you're in charge.

SPUD:

PORTER:

SPUD:

SPUD:

She's a prisoner too.

SPUD:

Brute force and ruddy ignorance.
Hello? Hello?
Hello?
Well, warn him, then.
Can't you understand English? Tell him to hide.
Gentlemen, the war will soon be over.
We agree, it's very fine to win the last battle.
We much prefer to win the first.
You will be kept prisoner in this building till 6am.

ANGELA:

Hello, Clive.

Hello, Theo. I'm glad you've come.

I couldn't have stood anybody else.

Oh, that's all right.

- You've heard, I suppose.

- Yes.

Johnny told me.

And?

Well, I think it is a dirty trick, but...

I can't help finding it a bit funny too.

It is. That's the worst of it.

What do you think is going to happen now?

Officially, this fellow would be brought up
before a court of inquiry

and the exercise repeated some other time.

Will there be an inquiry, sir?

No, there won't. I'll see to that.

- Where is he now?

- Spud, sir?

He's with his men.

They're marching into London.

- Did you see them?

- Yes, we saw them

when we came across the Cromwell Road.

The whole army. With bands.

How did they look, eh?

- Well, Clive, I must say they...

- They looked OK.

Distant military band music

CANDY:

ANGELA:

there too, sir.

I've been thinking this over all night.

I don't want to get this young fellow into trouble.

I think I'll invite him to dinner instead.

Wasn't I just as much of a young fool as he is?

- Of course I was.

- Yes.

But I wonder if he's going to be
such a grand old man as you are.

When I was a young chap I was all gas
and gaiters with no experience worth a damn.
Now, tons of experience
and nobody thinks I'm any use.
I remember when I got back from Berlin in '02.
Old Betteridge gave me the worst wiggling
I ever had.
And then he invited me to dinner.
I didn't accept. Often wish I had.
Yes, I think I will invite him to dinner.
- And he'd better accept, you hear?
- Yes, sir.
- (Military band approaches)
- Here they come.
(Band stops playing)
(Marching feet)

BARBARA:

till the floods come.

CANDY:

- And this is a lake.
- And this is a lake.
Now here is the lake and I still haven't changed.
Sir?