



Scripts.com

Waterloo Road

By Val Valentine

(Whistle blows)
Barrel organ plays
(Street vendors shout)
- Morning, Doctor.
- Morning, Jake.
- Nice, healthy weather.
- Afraid so.
(Thinks) Mrs Foggerty's medicine. Don't say I...
That's a relief anyway.
Not that it'll do the old hag any good.
Why didn't I bring my sweet points out with me?
Ah, well. Only give me indigestion.
Knot. What the devil's that for?
Ha. Remember tying it.
- I beg your pardon.
- OK. No harm done.
Americans eh?
Funny how we take them for granted now.
Just as if they were our own boys.
Now, what the devil did I tie that knot for?
(Baby cries)
- Just listen to that child.
Bless my soul, woman, don't bounce it.
Babies! Of course.
The Colters' baby. Buy it a birthday present.
Toys, eh
I've brought a good many babies into the world.
but I never thought I'd forget that one,
having played quite a part in his story, myself.
Gosh, I feel that here I'm walking in a battlefield.
Here in London the people waged
a whole campaign and won it.
Yes, and there were other battles too.
Folks battling with themselves.
Little people like Jim and Tilly Colter.
It seems only the other day
that all this looked very different then.
Winter 1940, 1941.
What days.
What days.
(Air-raid siren)
Take down the blackout, Ruby,
while I light the stove.
OK, Mum.

Oh, well, another day.

Still here aren't we? That's something.

- Any letters for me?

- Any letters for Wilma?

Hold on. You can get them on the counter.

- Dole them out will you, love?

- Very well.

Oh, please. You mustn't do that.

- That's for Ted Purvis, ain't it?

- Yes, but you're not him. Are you?

That's right.

Cup of tea, Ted.

Here's a letter from the income tax.

Mark it "not known" or "lost in the Blitz"
or something.

- Shove it back on the pile quick.

- OK Ted.

Don't forget our date, will you, Tilly?

- Quarter to one under the clock.

- Yes, all right. Hurry up, Vera.

Hang on a minute, Till.

I'll walk along with you.

Afraid I can't wait, Mr Purvis.

- Do come on, Vera.

- All right.

Play that on your Aunt Kate's piano, Mr Purvis.

I bet you half a dollar

she'll look round to see if I'm coming.

- Half a dollar you owe me.

- I never took it.

Wise girl.

- Surprised at you, Ted.

- What?

Not the type you usually go for.

Oh, I like 'em hard to get once in a while.

M a kes a change

- Shirt.

- Yes, Ted.

(Sizzling)

- We bring any down last night, Fred?

- Don't say.

Here's the lodger, Ma.

- Ah, bacon.

- Morning, Tom.

Hello, Mrs C. Morning, Tilly.
How's the loving couple?
Meeting only to part, as usual.
Fred's off to bed and I'm off to work.
When it's not that, it's the other way round.
Talk about romance.
- Why not try and get on the same shift?
- No use asking Fred.
If I left it to him
we'd never have even got married.
Hardly worthwhile
the way things has turned out.
Here's your breakfast, Vera.
What, no bacon?
Suppose the lodger gets my ration.
Get on with it or you'll be late for school.
Gertie, Gertie, Gertie, Gertie.
(Whistles) Come on, old girl.
It's your last day here.
Better make the most of it.
Come on. Hop it, the lot of you.
(Sighs) That's right. Do yourselves a bit of good.
- Off to bed?
- That's right.
Your day off, isn't it?
Yes.
Doing anything in particular?
- Dunno.
- Well, I can guess.
She's got a date.
You shut up and get on with your breakfast.
Do you have to talk in front of her,
with her big ears?
- Time she was at school.
- Do leave Tilly alone, Ruby.
You know she's been upset
since Jim's leave was put back.
- Upset? Pleased, more like it.
- You've no right to say that.
I'm not the one to make trouble
but I can't just say nothing.
You 've been hinting for days.
Why don't you say what you mean?
Last time Jim was home

you had words all the time.

That was... Anyway, that's no business of yours.

- I'm Jim's sister, aren't I?

- And I'm his wife.

You wouldn't think so

the way you hang around Ted Purvis.

Ruby, leave her be.

I don't happen to be doing

what you'd like to think.

Think I don't know Ted Purvis?

You might give a thought to your husband.

I always have. You can't say I haven't.

I couldn't help noticing, that's all.

owe?

I'm sick and tired of it. You can't expect me to

shut my eyes to it with the reputation he's got.

I don't care what you say.

You're playing with fire and you know it.

- Sorry, but...

- Ruby, please.

Tilly, don't take any notice of her.

She can't pretend it's not him she's meeting.

- He's got a silk dressing gown.

- You go to school.

- I only want...

- It doesn't matter if I'm late.

Any more sauce from you

and back you go to your Aunt Maud's.

She won't have me.

- You go to school this minute.

- I haven't finished my fried bread.

Fried bread or no fried bread,

here's your school bag, now off you go.

All right, but I shan't learn nothing.

I'm sick of being the youngest in this house.

(Door slams)

(Whistles)

Looks like being quite a nice day.

Anyway, Ted Purvis ought to be in the Forces.

He was turned down at his medical.

Sticking up for him, now.

Carrying on like that and Jim away in the army.

I'm not carrying on, though it's enough

to make anyone the way you keep harping.

It's not my fault if someone looks at me twice.
No-one gives you a second look, that's all.
Or you'd have landed someone better than Fred.
How dare you talk to me like that?
I was only thinking of Jim.
You ought to be ashamed of yourself.
I don't know how you dare.
Eat your breakfast, Tilly, it'll be cold.
It's all right.
Don't you mind what Ruby says.
She's not herself these days.
Same with most of us, I suppose.
People's nerves aren't what they used to be.
- Let me warm it up for you.
- Doesn't matter.
You must eat. Anything else you fancy?
You go upstairs and have a lie-down.
I'll see if I can find you an aspirin.
How about that?
Leave me alone, for heaven 's sake!
I'm fed up, see!
- Tilly.
- I'm tired of everybody watching me all the time,
imagining things, getting at me.
Nagging, nagging, nagging!
Jim...
An 'andsome couple I'd call 'em. Not half!
You ought to be getting into the carriage.
Just nice time to kiss the bride.

WOMAN:

Oh. This ain't Waterloo, it's heaven itself.
I told you not to have another glass.
If you're hinting I'm sloshed, you're wrong.
That's a pleasure to come when they open.
Come on, lads, kiss the bride. That's right.
Very nice, too. Good luck, Tilly.
- Can I throw it now?
- No.
(Whistle blows)
- You're off.
- Bye, Mum.
- All aboard now.
Come on, young Colter.

You're holding up the railway.
Come on, guard, lock 'em in.
- Lummy, look here.
- A present from the company.
Three cheers for the Southern Railway.
Gertcha.
Have a good honeymoon.
Don't be late in the morning.
If you can't be good, be careful.
Have I said anything?
Stand away now.

ALL:

I knew a bloke got rumbled
a whole week after his wedding.
That better?
Yeah. Turn around.
OK.
What are you thinking, Jim?
Er... I don't know.
I was just... wondering.
What?
What are we going to do with this?
We could leave it under the seat.
Yeah, I suppose we could.
What were you wondering, Jim?
Do you feel the same as I feel?
When I look at you, I mean?
How do you feel?
My stomach sort of turns over.
Oh. Does it?
Same with me too.
Honest?
- I never knew love went to the stomach before.
- Neither did I.
You live and learn, I must say.
- We must be nearly passing the house now.
- Yeah, that's right.
Any minute now.
Another 50 yards, Till.
There it is, see?
That's the one, next to the end.
It looks good, doesn't it?
It'll be lovely having a place of our own.

Pity we've got to wait before we can move in.
They'll soon have it ready for us, Till.
Funny being in the hands of so many people,
isn't it?
How do you mean, Jim?
I don't know. Hire purchase for all those years.
Ansells for the furniture and the building society.
Who cares? We'll manage, you'll see.
The Electric Light Company and the wireless.
Maybe a pram sooner or later.
Yeah. Yeah.
I suppose we will have to take that into account.
I'd like to get my family over
while I'm young, Jim.
Then you sort of grow up with them.
- (Laughs)
- What are you laughing at, Jim?
Nothing. Just you...
...Mrs Colter.
It might have turned out that way
in spite of the war.
Only Jim...

JIM:

had to give things up.
It isn't as if times was normal, Tilly.
Supposing anything was to happen to me.

TILLY:

I'd have someone to remember you by, Jim.
We had all that out when I joined up.
We agreed then it wasn't much of a world to...
to bring kids into.
It hasn't exactly improved since, has it?

TILLY:

the world'd just stop.
Good job too, if you ask me.
A woman wants a home and children, Jim.
It's only natural.
I wouldn't mind if it was only a room.
So long as it was our own.
If you 're fed up living with Mum and Ruby,
come out in the open and say so.

TILLY:

Oh, I don't know what I want
You 're right there. The moon, I should think.
Well, I don' look like getting it, do I?
I'm sick and tired of this sort of life,
if you want to know.
Not doing this and not doing that,
just because of the war.
I've had about as much as I can stand
of your mum and Ruby.
If we're going on like this,
I wish I'd never met you.
I'm sorry you had to say that, Till.
I've done my best.
If that's how you feel...
Oh, Jim, I never meant it.
I hope you didn't mean it.
Why do we have to say things we don't mean?
You don't want to worry about Tilly.
She's all right.
Wants her husband. It's only natural.
I don't know what's come over her and Jim.
They never had a quarrel, even, till that last time.
Jim's a fine lad. Bit cautious, like.
Tilly takes after her dad.
Liked to take chances, he did.
He can't do that, as he found out. Poor bloke.
She'd have taken chances too,
started a home of her own,
brought up a family, war or no war.
But Jim...
I expect there's a lot to be said, both sides.
Don't let it get you down, old girl.
Yes, but Ruby's written to Jim
about her and... Ted Purvis.
(Low whistle)
(Low conversation)
I've got to get home, sir.
A few hours is all I want.
I'm sorry.
Never done this before.
I'll report back here as soon as you like.
You've put yourself in the wrong by absenting

yourself from your unit without leave.

- I had to come up, sir.

- You should have applied to your CO at camp.

Just couldn't talk about it, sir.

You understand I have no option in the matter.

What is the trouble exactly? Family bother?

Hm. There it is.

Look here. Your train 's still at the platform.

Can I put you on your honour to go back on it?

Very well, I'm sorry.

Corporal, see this man on his train as far as Clapham Junction and make sure he stays on it.

- Yes, sir.

- That's all.

In here. Corner seat.

Well, anything for a break.

Fag, Jim?

Thanks, Bob.

Come up to see the girl?

- Married already, perhaps?

- Uh-huh.

- Children?

- Nope.

You're in tanks, eh?

What was your trade? Motor mechanic?

No, I worked here. Locomotive repair shop.

Studying to be an engineer.

Doing nicely till the war.

Hard lines.

It happened to plenty of others.

We were going to move into a little house

down the line. Own patch of garden.

It'd have been a change

from the Waterloo Road.

Yes?

Nice day, innit?

- Here, let me.

- Oh, thank you very much.

- That's really very kind of you.

- There you are.

(Whistle screeches)

- Anyone sitting here, chum?

- No, that's OK.

Cigarette, pal?

- Yeah, thanks.

- Help yourself.

Yeah, me too.

Canadian Red Cap right behind your guy.

Follow me.

- How long have you been playing hooky?

- Since this morning.

Hell, you're only a beginner. Follow me.

I've been absent without leave six weeks.

Stick to me. I've got the whole situation taped.

Go ahead.

Act normal, fellas. MPs.

Keep your head down and make a dive for it.

OK.

Let's beat it out of here.

- OK, go ahead.

- Thanks.

All in a day's work.

Where are you headed for?

Waterloo Road.

I guess they're watching all the exits.

Is that so? OK, follow me.

I've got my own private exit. Close the door.

Got blitzed in here.

Condemned, they say. Unsafe or something.

Hop through there and you're on the street.

You can take care of yourself then.

- OK, thanks a lot, Canada.

- Duggan 's the name. Mike Duggan.

Say, don't get me wrong. I'm no shirker.

Gosh, I joined up for action.

Recruiting day in Toronto.

Bagpipes and the maple leaf forever.

What do I get? A whole year of square-bashing
and making daisy chains.

Felt the same myself. Be seeing you.

I stick around here.

Dodging Red Caps gives me an interest in life.

- So long.

- So long. Good luck.

See you in the clink.

(Knocking)

- Jim!

- Hello, Mother.

How are you, Mum? OK?

Jim...

Why, Mum.

- Now, now, now, there's nothing to cry about.

- I can't help it, Jim.

I know, I know. You're just pleased to see me.

There there, you silly girl.

Come on, turn it up.

Gawd, you're a fine one, and no mistake.

Here. There, that's better.

Come on.

Give us a smile. Come on.

You would have to take the hankie

I've only just ironed.

That's more like you.

Haven't changed a bit, have you, eh?

(Laughs) Feel better now?

I was a bit tired. I'm sorry, Jim.

I'll get you something to eat.

You must be hungry.

Never mind about that now.

You come and sit down.

Right here. Where I can keep an eye on you.

- Where's Tilly?

- She's got the day off.

- She's out, eh?

- Mm.

- Shopping or something?

- I don't know. I expect so.

You know I had a letter from Ruby?

- Yes, Jim.

- What about it, Mum?

I don't know.

- It's not true, is it?

- I don't know really, Jim.

Her and Ruby's been getting on
each other's nerves just lately.

Ruby's got this idea into her head and...

Tilly?

Tilly? I...

(Knocking)

I'll go and answer the door.

- Just a minute.

- I don't know who it can be, I'm sure.

- They may have come for me, Mum.
- What, Jim?
- I didn't wait for a pass. They're looking for me.
- Jim! The police?
- Yeah.
- Then they'll have to go on knocking.
You haven't seen me.
I don't want you in trouble.
- But, Jim...
- Wait a minute.
Jim!
Go ahead and open it. I'll be OK. Go on!
(Insistent knocking)
- Mrs Colter?
- That's right.
Sorry to worry you
but we're looking for your son.
- Has he called here yet?
- I haven't seen him.
Do you mind if we look around?
- You won't find him here.
- It's just a formality, Mrs Colter.
The constable's got a warrant
if you want to see it.
- I'll take upstairs.
- Right.
Has he done anything wrong?
Absent without leave.
He gave me the slip off his train,
so I've got a strong personal interest.
Well, he's not here.
Whose room is this?
My lodger's
Corporal!
- Hello.
- Someone up here.
What's the idea, waking me up?
No, no, that's not him.
Bad enough with the blitz, without
the police force clumping all over the house.
No privacy anywhere these days.
- A man's not safe in his own bed.
- Sorry, chum.
- He don't seem to be here.

- Not a sign of him.
Why don't you leave our boys alone?
They're doing their bit, aren't they?
Always badgering 'em.
Sorry, but if they did things right
we wouldn't have to do it.
OK, we may as well push off.
When your son comes back, tell him to be
a good lad and come and see me.
I told you, he's never been here.
You weren't quite quick enough
with that belt, lady.
I don't want to see your boy get into
serious trouble.
Don't forget. He knows where to find me.
Oh, that was my lodger's belt.
He's in the Home Guard.
Sorry, Mum, but the Home Guard's never been
issued with webbing belts.
Jim! Hurry, Jim.
Get away from that window.
They know you've been here.
Got to find Tilly
before they catch up with me again.
- Where is she, Mum?
- I don't know where she is.
There's one thing I do know.
You're not leaving without a bite of something,
not as long as I'm your mother. You sit down.
I've got to see Tilly.
- Do I have to change anywhere?
- Not on the 1.10.
- Are there any more trains?
- Just a minute.
Ruby?
- Can I have a word with you?
- Kindly take your turn.
- Just a minute.
- Is there a restaurant car on the 1.10?
No, it's been taken off now.
Really. The comfort of paying passengers
is quite the last consideration.
I came straight up as soon as I got your letter.
Better know what you were driving at

before I see Tilly. Who's Ted Purvis?

You must know him. Used to fight
in the old days at The Ring, Blackfriars.

- How far has it gone?
- Excuse me, but I have a train to catch.
- I don't know. Not for certain.
- Why'd you write me that letter?
- When 's the next train to Basingstoke?

- I didn't want to make trouble.
I've been so worried. Heaven knows how many
people I've given the wrong trains to.

- She's meeting him today, isn't she? Where?
- Basingstoke?
- I don't know, Jim.
- Where can I find Purvis?

He might be at his pin table saloon.

The Lucky Star it's called.

Lucky Star? OK, see you later.

Jim!

Young lady, heaven forbid I should intrude on
your affairs with my petty concerns
but I want to go to Basingstoke.

Basingstoke? There's a train leaving now.
Platform 12.

- What?!
- Oh, I'm sorry.

(Whistle blows)

Hiya, Till.

- Afraid I'm late.
- That's OK. Woman 's privilege.

I knew you'd turn up, anyway.

I only came because

I couldn't let you wait for nothing.

Why, what's up?

- I'm not going out with you, that's all.
- What's the matter?

Nothing, just that I've changed my mind.

- I'd better be going.
- OK.

Thanks for coming along and letting me know.

- Cheerio, Till.
- Goodbye.

Which way are you going?

- Home.

- I'll walk with you as far as the Lucky Star.
- All right.
- We might have a quick one at the Canterbury?
- I'd rather not, if you don't mind.
- OK. I get it.

(Street vendors shout)

(Rifles pop)

Tell Ted Purvis I'd like a word with him.

He ain't in.

- You sure?
- Course. Why?
- Boss around?
- No.
- Told you so, didn't I?
- Where is he?
- Out.
- Expect him back?

Maybe. What do you want?

I'll wait.

There's no use waiting, chum.

You just tell me where he is and I won't.

- We can't, cos we don't know, see.
- Cagey, aren't you?

Look here, what do you want?

Mr Edward Purvis.

(Whispers)

You Jim Colter?

Yes, that's right.

(Chuckles)

What's so funny about it?

He's asking me...

- Better get out, soldier.
- I'm waiting for Ted Purvis.

Get going now unless you want a roughhouse.

Proper roughhouse, over at the Lucky Star.

Oh.

All right, I'll take a look.

Come on.

What, over there?

What's all this about, eh?

I understand there's been a roughhouse.

Nothing like that, Officer.

We gave him fair warning, didn't we?

That's right.

He puts his penny in that machine there.
The next I know he makes out it's been fixed.
Sees me doing this repair job.
"Look, he's fixing that," he says.
As if they need fixing.
I'm an old man, I am.
Have I got to be knocked about by drunks?
My pal tries to stop him going for the old man
and gets a packet in the derby instead.
I come up and push the soldier away,
strictly in self-defence, like.
He loses his balance and hits his napper
on this machine.
We done our best.
We saw he was out for the count.
Yes. What about you?
Didn't see nothing.
Nasty
Can I use your phone?
We'll have to get an ambulance.
Er... no, no.
There's Dr Montgomery a couple of doors away.
- Can you walk?
- Sure.
All right. Give me a hand with him.
Hi. Hey, you.
- Me?
- Don't you want your prize?
- Eh?
- You've knocked up 11,000. Highest this week.
Not just now.
You stay in that saloon. I want a word with you.
- OK.
- In here, Officer.
Careful of the step.
Here's a chair.
I'll soon put that right.
Knocked him a bit silly, I expect.
- Bless my soul.
- Hello, doc.
- You know him, then?
- Yes, he's one of the lads of the district.
- You say this happened at the Lucky Star?
- Yes.

I'll just take his name and number,
if you don't mind.

There might be an assault charge
come out of this.

- You on leave?

- Er... yes.

Got your pass?

- Got your pass?

- Er, Officer.

Give him a minute to get his wits back.

Besides, I can tell you anything about him
you want to know.

I'm glad to hear you're going to take
proceedings.

- It's time these pin-table parasites had a lesson.

- It's him I mean, not them.

What? Surely it's obvious he's the injured party.

- Look at him.

- The evidence is all against him, you know.

These fellas would swear away their
grandmothers for a packet of Woodbines.

It's our duty to bring them to court.

If this young soldier's willing to make a charge.

Are you?

You mean you've no complaint whatsoever?

That's right.

There you are, Officer. If he won't, he won't.

As you said yourself,

it would be absurd to charge him.

Nothing much more you can do about it.

No, I suppose not.

Look, you leave him to me.

You've enough on your hands these days.

I'll patch him up in a jiffy.

If there's anything you want to know afterwards,
you come to me.

- Oh, thank you, Doctor.

- You know your way out.

Right you are.

Well, Jim Colter, I gather from your attitude
just now you're playing truant.

- Yes.

- Would you say that was wise?

Hm?

I'd better get you fixed up, I suppose.

(Buzz of conversation)

Come on. Drink up.

- Have another?

- No, thanks.

- I'd better be going.

- Why not grab a bite here?

You're not expected back, are you?

No, but

Now, don't get me wrong.

You stood me up - OK,

and I'm taking it like a lamb,

but you've got to eat sometime and I'm grabbing

a bite here, so why not grab one with me?

- No, Ted, really.

- Why not?

- I don't think I ought.

- I know. You've been warned off me, eh?

So's everyone in skirts within a mile of
the Waterloo Road.

Sure, sure. You know what all the old dames
tell their daughters around here?

Ted Purvis'll get you if you don't watch out.

I'd like half the chance.

You don't think I'll make a pass at you
over George's roast beef and two veg, do you?

Go on. What's the harm in it?

None, I suppose.

That's right.

It would make a change.

Well, then?

All right, then, Ted.

- George?

- Hello.

- Can I have the table in the corner?

- Of course. Anything for an old customer.

Well? What's the matter?

If you ask me, the youngsters are having
the toughest time in this war.

What war? I ain't found it yet.

Females the problem all round.

Blooming crossword puzzle.

That's a great discovery.

La donna mobile.

- What's that?

- Italian.

What does it mean?

What's it mean?

It means that women is... mobile.

Who said that? Mr Bevin?

Give me pigeons every time.

Not so blinking whimsical.

I haven't seen your mother lately.

Or your sister, for that matter.

- How are they?

- Fine.

And the little wife?

Tilly, isn't it?

All right, thanks.

War's an unsettling business.

Especially for the womenfolk.

They've more of the beaver instinct in them than the men.

Give them a chance and they'll build a home out of an old plank and a rusty nail.

And a cradle out of an old orange box.

Keep your head still.

Deny it to them, and repressed and rebellious nature runs amok in a big way.

- Do...

- Yes?

Are you going to take much longer?

No.

Just a patch and it'll be all over.

Not the first time there's been a bust-up at that Lucky Star place.

I ought to pay a commission to the fella that runs it.

What's his name? Purvis, isn't it?

- Yep.

- Ever met him?

Not yet. Why?

Just a perfect example of the type that's determined to have his cake and eat it.

Popular with the local lads.

And lasses.

Why do you keep going on about Ted Purvis?

He's a symptom of a general condition.

Head down, please.

Hope he's still not having his cake and eating it when the war's over.

- Finished?

- Yes. Your cap'll cover that nicely.

- Do you feel all right?

- Er, yeah. Thanks, doc.

You know, Colter, I sometimes think the remedy's in your hands.

- What are you driving at?

- The hands of the people that you represent.

You're making the sacrifices, you fellows in the Services.

You don't want the Ted Purvises of this world to reap the benefits when it's over.

Or now, for that matter.

I don't know who's going to stop them, if not you.

- Look, doc, do you know about...

- My dear fellow, I was only thinking aloud.

Any fool can punch somebody in the nose.

That doesn't require intelligence.

The point is, does it achieve anything?

Does it do any good?

I think it would do Ted Purvis a lot of good.

- Thanks, doc.

- There'll be no charge.

Feed your pigeons for a couple of months, one of those sacks would.

- I wish I'd known sooner.

- T'ain't too late.

I've given my word now.

But, Tom, you've had pigeons for years.

Cheers me up to see them flying off in the morning.

That's right.

It's different now, though.

They'll be a lot better off where they're going.

- I'll give you a hand with them tonight.

- OK.

- So long.

- So long.

Tom?

- Hello, Tom.

- Hello, Jim boy, fancy seeing you.

- Come up on leave for the blitz?

- Only for the day.

Well, well, this is a surprise.

- Have you been home yet?

- Uh-huh.

- Seen your ma?

- Mm. Didn't see Tilly, though.

Looking for her now.

I see. Well, I'll be getting along.

Must get a bit of shut-eye.

I suppose you didn't happen to have run into her, by any chance.

- Saw her at breakfast as usual.

- Seen her since?

I wasn't noticing, Jim.

Just having my usual pint.

Well, I'll get along.

- You've seen her, haven't you?

- I took French leave. I've got to see her.

Well...

As a matter of fact,

she's in the old Canterbury Arms.

- By herself?

- Listen, son...

That's all I want to know. See you later.

- Ted Purvis in?

- Table in the corner. Lunching with a bit of skirt.

- Ted Purvis here?

- Just this minute left.

- Know where they went?

- I couldn't say.

I've got something for him.

Any idea where he might be at this time?

I don't know, I'm sure.

Unless he's dropping in at Tony's shop.

- Where's that?

- Ladies' hairdressing, off Wellington Street.

Ted often pops in to cart the takings to the bank.

- Morning, Corp.

- Morning.

Oi! Colter!

- Hey, Sherlock.

- Duggan.

How are you, stupid?

What are you gonna have?

You stay there. I want you.

(Gasps and shouting)

- Hiya.

- Goodbye.

- Look out.

- Sorry.

Hell, he's gone.

Good afternoon, young man.

All men of His Majesty's forces welcome.

Hope it pleases the girlfriend. Come again, Jack.

Step inside, sir. Don't be bashful.

Any particular line you fancy? Take your pick.

There's plenty to choose from.

The wife. When I can't sleep

I turn over and look at the pictures.

There's years of tattooing in that, sir.

Calls for a lot of patience. On both sides.

Now, what can I do for you?

As a matter of fact,

I dropped in to have a look around.

We have a nice range to choose from.

Mottoes and emblems of all nations.

Females draped or in a state of nature,
as preferred,

and a selection of the animal kingdom.

Actual or mythical

I used to do a nice fire-breathing dragon.

I had to drop that line owing to the lack of
colouring materials due to the war.

- How's that, eh?

- What?

Oh, take a long time, anything like that?

There's a lot of work in these artistic jobs.

How about something quicker, less showy?

What about a bleeding heart,
transfixed by an arrow?

Looks a treat on the forearm. Pretty effect
of heartbeats when you move the muscle.

Very pretty indeed.

Sit down. Have name of a girlfriend underneath.

- More like it.

- Very popular line, that.

Cheap but tasteful.

Excuse me.

About here is usual.

- This may prick a bit.

- Just a minute.

You ever tattooed yourself?

- No.

- Now's your big chance.

Thought you might like a dance with your tea.

OK? Do you good.

I always seem to be doing

what I never intended, somehow.

It's OK by me.

All right, Bill. Call back for us later.

I bought a couple as soon as war broke out.

There's going to be a big demand for taxis

before it's over.

WOMAN:

I said we're closed.

Quite startled me you did.

We don't often get gentlemen around here.

- Afraid we just closed.

- Time for a quick perm, haven't I?

- Ted Purvis been here?

- Ted Purvis? Who told you?

The barman at the Canterbury.

He said he usually drops in here about this time.

I see. Are you a friend of his?

- Yeah, that's right.

- Then you can get out and stop out.

Any pal of that dirty, double-crossing cheapskate
can do the same.

If he has the nerve to turn up here,

I'll tell him so to his face.

Not that his lordship would come here
these days.

Got something better to do, he has,
the lying snake.

I thought I told you to get out.

Just a minute. I'm no pal of his.

Come off it. You just told me.

I'm taking it back.

- What is all this?

- Never even met him. But I'm going to

- Oh, it's like that, is it?

- It's like that

What's he done? Sold you a pup,
fiddled your dough or pinched your girl?
I listened to that phoney Romeo myself once.

- What you gonna do? Sock him?

- Shouldn't be surprised.

With your bare hands? Seems a pity when the
government hasn't called in all the lead piping.

- Do you know where he is?

- Hasn't been here for some time. The rat.

I'd like to help you but I've got to get to the
tube shelter or somebody will pinch my place.

Look, give me a break, will you?

Tell me the places he goes to and I'll try them all.

OK. Now, let's see. Ted might have taken her
to the dogs, only there's no dogs today.

He might be at the pictures
picking up hints from Victor Mature,
or at the Alcazar jitterbugging.

That about covers his war effort.

- The Alcazar.

- Do you know it?

- Yeah.

- Well, I wish you luck. You'll need it.

If you're thinking of that medical certificate of his,
it's a phoney.

He bought it off a foreign doctor at the docks
for 20 smackers. Strong as a horse he is.

- You're cute. Have something before you go?

- Not now, thanks.

- I make you a cup of tea.

- Thanks. Can't wait. You're pretty cute too.

Oh, well, it was a beautiful friendship
while it lasted.

Lively tune

Enjoying yourself?

I'd forgotten about places like this, almost.

The band and dancing,
seeing people enjoy themselves.

You ought to get around more.

This is your life. You're wasting it.

- I'm beginning to think you're right.

- Sure. All work and no play.

- Any more if you squeeze the pot?

- I think so.

Live with your in-laws, don't you?

Yes. Why?

Oh, nothing.

It's not the same, is it? It's not like being your own boss, having a home of your own.

Ta.

We were going to have all that, Jim and me.

- I don't know.

- Tough.

You know, Till, you and me, in a way, we're the same sort of people.

I'd never have thought that.

I started out when I was a kid fighting six-round bill-openers, five bob a time and glad of it.

You don't want to end up slap-happy with tin ears.

You've got to scream out how good you are, but on an act

But it's not the real one.

Maybe we want the same things, you know, Till.

You remind me of what I've missed.

What?

You'd laugh if I told you.

Nice little house, roses in the front garden.

Bit of grass, lettuces, tomatoes, home-grown.

It'd be great to have someone like you waiting for me to come home.

- If you ever did come home.

- There you are. I knew you'd laugh.

See, Till, I've never had a home.

Not what you'd call a real one.

Or a house, a wife, kids maybe.

Hark at me. You must think I'm talking like a fool.

No, Ted, things like that aren't foolish.

Till, I've often wondered about you.

Sometimes I think you're not... happy.

- I'm all right.

- If I can help in any way?

Strictly as a pal, mind.

OK.

OK.

Dance?

Wotcher, Ted.

How's it going?

Slow waltz

- Ted?

- Yeah.

Let's sit the rest of this out, shall we?

OK.

Come and have a drink.

By yourself, soldier?

- Yeah.

- Cheer up. You won't be for long.

Here you are.

I wish I didn't have to keep on reminding myself
you're a married woman.

Well, wish me many happy returns.

- Why?

- It's my birthday.

- Didn't I tell you?

- No.

- It's a fact.

- Well, happy birthday, then.

Thanks. It has been.

(Drum roll)

MAN:

Sorry to break into the fun,
ladies and gentlemen.

We're here to check all identity cards
and leave passes.

No-one can leave until they're dealt with.

Round up the dodgers, I suppose.

Oh, I'm OK.

If all of you will form an orderly queue,
we'll soon get this business over.

Civilians line up on the left.

members of the forces on my right.

Over there, chum. Forces on the right.

Queue up early and avoid the rush.

That's the idea. Thank you, everybody.

Now we'll carry on.

All right?

You take the cloakroom.

It's all right, boys, it's only a military cop.

Can't touch us.

I wouldn't. Not with a bargepole.

OK, Sergeant.

Thanks, soldier. Come on.

OK.

All blinds down, please.

Draw all blinds. All blinds down, please.

Will all passengers please draw all blinds.

- Hello, Tom.

(Birds coo)

- Sending your birds off, then?

- On the nine o'clock. See them off, will you?

- OK, Tom.

- Guard them with your life, cock.

You leave it to me.

- Hello, Ruby.

- Fred. Come on early, haven't you?

I've got a lovely surprise for you.

Just been up to get my rota shifted.

I go on days on Monday instead of nights.

So now you and me...

- Fred.

- What's up?

I've done the same. They put me on nights.

Oh.

I never thought you'd move.

You'd have to go and muck it up.

Puts us back where we started.

- That's right.

- Better be getting on duty.

Yes, you had.

- If you ask me, Fred's a bit done.

- I'm not asking you.

I never knew such a pair of ears.

- What are you doing here?

- Mum said I was to go with you to the shelter.

What's up at home, Ruby?

- Why?

- When I asked Mum, she nearly flew at me.

"You mind your own business, big ears,"
she said.

I'm sick of hearing about my ears.

If a bomb sent me stone deaf,

I suppose you'd be happy.

OK, boys. Relax and have a cigarette.

- How are you, Matt?
- Well! You old son of a gun!
- Haven't seen you in weeks.
- Where are you fellas going?

Recalled from leave.

- Ceremonial drill?
- Looks like the real thing this time.
- They don't drag us back from leave for nothing.
- Maybe a raid on jerry, eh?

This is what I've been waiting for.

When do you go?

A couple of minutes.

- Hold it, fellas, I'll be right back.
- OK.
- Private Duggan reporting for duty, Corporal.
- What? Duggan?!

So you finally came to your senses, huh?

- OK, come along with me.
- Where are we going?

I've gotta go back on that train.

Without an escort? Don't make me laugh.

Escort? Say, you can't do this to me.

I've given myself up. I'll miss the show.

Come on. Will the sergeant be glad I...

(Train roars by)

(Scuffling)

- Tilly come back?
- No.

Not since she went out this morning.

I was hoping that you'd be bringing her along with...

I saw her, Mum. Ted Purvis.

She never saw me.

They went off in a taxi and I couldn't get to them.

Oh, Jim.

There can't be any harm in it. She wouldn't.

- What are you going to do?
- Find her if it takes all night.

(Air-raid siren)

- There it is.

Jim, the station shelter.

She's sure to come back there.

We go there most nights.

If you go anywhere else, you'll miss her.
May as well start there as anywhere.
We'll go out through the scullery.
They're watching the front.
Alert, ladies and gentlemen.
All I could manage, Ted.
One of gin and one of Empire port. OK?
Have to be. Thanks, George.
Got a bit of a do on tonight.
- Very nice, too.
- You bet.
Have one yourself with the change.
- Thanks. I will. All the best.
Sorry, Till, but he kept me a bit.
- The siren 's gone, Ted.
- OK. Hang onto me.
Evening, doc.
Oh, it's you, Mrs Wilson. Going to the shelter?
No, to the pictures to see Mickey Rooney.
You can't stay cooped up.
You can have too much of a good thing.
In my opinion,
one can have too much of Mickey Rooney.
- Oh!
- Sorry.
Beg yours. Dark, ain't it?
Mind, Till, kerb over there.
I'll just drop these bottles in here,
if you don't mind.
You'll come up for a minute, won't you?
Ted, I've got to get home sometimes.
I've asked the boys and girls to drop in,
a birthday party.
- You can't let me down on my birthday.
- I spent most of it with you.
No harm in rounding the day off nicely, is there?
- Oh, all right.
- That's the girl.
Just for a minute, then.
Where's the Doctor got to?
I'm coming, Mrs Wilson.
Got quite a nice little joint upstairs
over the old shop.
- Hey-ho.

- Hey, mate.
That's right, Mugsy. Help yourself.
Well, this is Tilly.
- Hello.
- How do.
Make yourself at home.
- Where are all the others, Alf?
- Others?
I asked some of the boys and girls to drop in.
I expect they've gone to the shelters.
Not like them if there's drinks going.
Sticking to mother's ruin, Till?
- I think I've had enough.
- You can make this one last.
- Many happy returns, Ted.
- Many what?
- Didn't I tell you? It's my birthday.
- But I...
What do you think the party's for?
Let's have some music.
Okey-doke.
Till, what about a dance?
(Dance music on wireless)
Go it, Ted. Go it!
(Buzz of chatter)
MAN there he is.
Late again, is it?
You're always late.
You want reporting, you do.
Hello, Jim. Are you on leave?
Never you mind.
Seen Tilly?
Him neither.
Don't go, Jim, it's only just started.
She'll be here in a minute.
(Music plays)
- Talk about Betty Grable!
Tilly, you're good!
Little bit of practice and you'll be in my class.
Erm... cigarette?
- Thanks.
- Catch.
Hm? None left?
That's me all over.

Called in at the pub and clean forgot.

Alf?

- Bring a couple of packets from the saloon.

- If you want fags...

I think you'll find a carton in the office.

(Distant explosions)

- OK.

May'll show you where... won't you, May?

Right-o.

Oh, half a tick.

You may need the keys.

(Distant rumbling outside)

(Forceful explosion)

The old gun 's going, eh?

(Music volume increases)

- That's better.

Well, cheers.

(Explosion)

Getting noisier.

- Yes.

- Frightened?

That's right, what do we care? Fatalist, me.

If something's gonna happen, it'll happen.

That's what I always say.

The others are a long time, aren't they?

Hm? Alf and May?

Give 'em a chance, they've only just gone!

Hadn't you better see?

- They'll be OK.

- Ted.

All right. I'll give 'em a shout.

Alf? May?

Where are you?

Alf?

Well, doesn't seem to be any sign of them.

Perhaps they couldn't find it downstairs,

so they went to get a packet

from the shop on the corner.

It's pretty hot outside.

Maybe they've taken shelter somewhere.

- Ted?

- Hm?

You told them to go, didn't you?

What?

Don't be silly, Till.

You did, didn't you?

Get some funny ideas, don't you?

Why should?

OK.

All right, I did.

So what?

Honest, Till... you know how I feel about you.

I knew you'd told them to go.

You knew?

Yes.

You didn't say anything.

And you didn't go.

No.

I suppose I should have, but I didn't.

Tilly, you're the tops.

Let's have another, eh?

This time we'll drink to you and me.

- I can't stick this.

- You can't go out in this, Jim.

- Jim.

- Where's he off to now?

You shut up and go to bed.

Hello there. How's the head?

- All right, thanks, doc.

- Where are you going?

I don't know.

- Look, can you take a hint?

- Sure.

If I were you,

I'd pay another visit to the Lucky Star.

- What?

- Now. Right away.

- Thanks.

- One moment.

Jim...

you know, we'd all like to think people

we're fond of suddenly change their characters.

- They don't really.

- Sure.

That something that we've loved in someone

doesn't vanish overnight.

It's still there.

Awfully good thing to remember, that.

- Is it?

- Oh, Jim...

I once saw Purvis fight in a Blackfriars ring.
He was pretty good, but a wee bit too fond
of a right hook that left him open.

Good luck.

(Explosions outside)

- I don't love you, Ted. You know that?

- Never mind.

- This doesn't mean anything really.

- I know, it's just platonic.

ANNOUNCER:

by Haydn Wood.

(Giggles)

What's the matter?

I can't help it.

You look so funny.

(Laughs)

Now, stop it, Till!

I'm sorry, Ted.

I don't know what's the matter with me.

I'm all in a muddle.

(Sobs)

What is the matter?

What's come over you, Till?

I just can't do that to Jim, that's all.

- He'd never know.

- I tried to kid myself this didn't mean anything.

Even if you quarrel with someone...

...and you've prayed every night

he'll come back safe when it's over,

you feel if you do anything wrong, he...

...he mightn't...

That's all.

So I'm going home, Ted.

See?

You left it a bit late, didn't you?

(Explosions continue outside)

- Hey, wait a minute.

I've been tagging along after you all day -

having lunch, dancing,

giving you a good time all round.

You lead me up the garden path and walk out?

Do you take me for a mug?
I'm sorry you haven't had your money's worth.
You're cheap, Ted Purvis, that's what you are.
I don't know why I never saw it before but...
you look cheap, too.
I look cheap?
Hey!
Oh, Jim!
Get your coat on, Tilly, and wait downstairs.
Come off it, soldier,
I'm just in the mood to sock somebody.
So choose someone in your own class.
I know my stuff.
Besides, if it hadn't been me
it'd have been somebody else.
Ohh!
I told you what you'd get, didn't I?
Come on, get up.
Uggh!
(Panting)
(Whistle of approaching bomb, then explosion)
(Fire engine bell rings)
Come on. Get going.
Oh!
Ughh!
(Explosion nearby)
Delayed action, couple of doors away.
Two minutes to clear the street. Anybody...
Fine time to choose that sort of thing.
Who's that?
Not Ted Purvis?
That's right.
That's OK by me, but make it snappy. You've
only got a minute. You'd better get a move on.
Jim... Jim, quick!
(Flames crackle)
Hurry!
- You know one or two of the answers.
- Yeah, went to night school.
(Buzz of chatter)
- Blimey, what a mess, eh?
- Sssh.
- I'm OK. Just a bit out of condition, that's all.
- Keep still.

I had that chap licked, too.

Fancy falling for an old trick like that.

I certainly asked for it.

- That's right.

- What do you know about it?

What could I know?

You wouldn't say I'll be marked for life?

- Scarcely.

- Leave a scar?

I shouldn't think so. You've a thick skin.

That's all right, then.

It'd be too bad to spoil the old profile
after ten years in the ring.

It might be worse. I'm lucky - I always was.

- How did you get this medical certificate?

- How do you think?

According to popular report, you paid
quite a sum to some quack at the docks.

Libelling another medical man?

Dog eating dog, that's what I call it.

I'd have given you exactly the same certificate
for five bob.

What are you driving at?

Only that his diagnosis happened to be correct.

What, that my... ?

Yes. I'm afraid from now on,

wine women and song must play

an increasingly unimportant part in your life.

Of course, doc. Hey.

OK. OK.

Are you still cross with me?

No.

Why not, Jim?

I don't know.

- You ought to be.

- I know.

(Snoring)

Perhaps I'm beginning to understand you.

More my fault than yours in the first place,

- and then...

- What?

Well, I saw the way

you looked at me when I got there.

How did I look, Jim?

I don't know.
I just knew then and there it was all right,
that's all.
I've been a lot of trouble to you today.
Not half.
Sorry, Jim.
OK, Till.
(Rumble of distant bombs)
What? Of course!
You send that ballast
and we'll get it right by breakfast time.
OK.
(Whistle of approaching bomb)
(Explosion)
Another bleeding hole to fill up!
(Explosion)
(All-clear siren blares)
(Bird coos)
Blimey!
Hello, Gertie, old girl.
Made it home.
I don't know how you got here,
but now you are here, you're going to stay.
Jim!
What days. What days!
(Baby cries)
Many happy returns, Jim.
Look what I got. What do you think of that?
Puff-puff. Goes choo-choo.
I see. I'll put it there.
(Jim cries)
How many times have I told you?
Don't cuddle him.
The more they're cuddled, the more they cry.
It's a vicious circle.
Probably explains Hitler. Heard from Jim?
Yes, had an airgram from him yesterday.
He's fine.
Nothing much wrong with Colter Junior, either.
Be a good citizen
if you bring him up like I tell you.
We'll need good citizens when this is all over.
Millions of them.
The more the merrier.

I wonder what they'll think of
their mums and dads.
Probably never understand
why they allowed all this.
And yet maybe they'll have to admit,
that taking it all in all...
...they didn't come through so badly.
Well, Jimmy, my boy...
you've got the future.
It's all yours.
(Gurgles)