We Dive at Dawn

By J.B. Williams
- Nearly at the boom, sir.
- Yes, we'll be in by tea if you don't hit it.
- Keep her on the same course.
- Aye aye, sir.
- What's the weather like, Coxswain?
- Oh, so-so, sir.
- Well, another pleasure cruise over.
- Yes, sir.
Can I give you a hand, sir?
- What are you doing this leave, sir?
- Depends on the bank balance.
Are you due for leave, Coxswain?
Yes, sir. We've got a wedding in our family.
The TI's getting spliced to my sister.
Really? Oh, that's fine.
Don't forget my piece of cake.
OK, sir.
- Flunkey, try and get the salt out of these.
- Leave it to me.
It's got to be faced.
One of us has got to miss his leave.
What's that?
Oh, hello, Dicky. We were just talking
about Arnold going sick.
- It was his turn to stay behind this time.
- Thinking of taking his place, were you?
Who, me? Not at all.
But somebody's got to stay behind.
I know that. Tonsils at your age! Why didn't
you have them out when you were a kid?
My mother didn't believe in it, sir.
Well, we've got to fix this. Let's see.
You're already staying, aren't you, Nobby?
Yes. How about Tiggy?
He doesn't mind missing his leave.
Oh. And what about the TI here?
And yourself, Coxswain?
Mike's getting married this leave.
As he happens to be marrying my sister...
You two and this wedding!
This is the third time it's cropped up.
It's not my fault
that something always happens to interfere.
Nothing's going to interfere this time.
That's right, Coxswain, get him all tied up.  
Shut the hatch, flood the boat.  
- You're done for this time, TI.  
- Who asked you to butt in, Hobson?  
I like to take a look at the petty officers 
now and again. It's good for discipline. 
I wish he was one himself. I'd have put him 
down for this. Don't take any notice of him. 
Just because he's mucked up his own life. 
I'll put Williams down for this job, 
and he can lump it.  
We ain't all got your sex appeal, Canada.  
Aw, it's easy. Anybody can pick up a dame 
outside a factory.  
Sit still, jellyfish. 
I found a nice piece of homework last leave. 
Works in a fag shop. 
Ought to be good for a packet of 20, then. 
- I suppose you'll be seeing the wife.  
- What?  
I was talking to Dowsley.  
She'll be parked outside the dock gates now.  
- Can't get a female under 40 in my village.  
- Why not, Oxford?  
- The Poles are billeted there.  
- (Laughter)  
You almost make me sick.  
Nothing else to think about on leave 
but females, dames, homework.  
With all the ugly fizzogs here, 
what can you expect?  
You're safe enough, Spud.  
The women won't worry you.  
- And why not?  
- You've got no brass.  
By the time you settle your bets, 
you won't have any left.  
I don't need money to enjoy my leave.  
You wouldnae need much.  
I doubt it'll be more than 48 hours.  
- Like to bet on that?  
- I'm not betting.  
- But dinnae bargain on more than 48 hours.  
- Ah, go boil yourself!
Go and jump in yer oil tank.
- Sound off, Coxswain.
- (Shrill whistle)
Stand to attention on the casing.
- Slow astern, starboard.
- Slow astern, starboard, sir.
Hello, Freddie. A nice quiet trip?
Yes, worse luck. I see you've sunk another couple of fishing smacks.
Yes, just a 10,000-tonner and a 4,000.
What the hell do you work with?
Old Moore's Almanack?
(Horn blasts)
- Hello, Taylor. No luck again?
- Afraid not, sir.
- Any to fix?
- No, sir.
- Crew all right?
- One case of tonsils.
Very well. The usual notice for sea.
Give leave to one watch.
Yes. Excuse me, sir.
Gordon? Are you going to the wardroom?
Get me Grosvenor 2777, will you?
- Yes, sir.
- Who are you seeing this leave?
- Your Aunt Margaret again?
- I can't risk it, sir. Her husband's on leave.
Here, one for you.
And three for the skipper.
Wild violets, jasmine.
Fish and chips?
- Fish and chips.
- Hello, Freddie.
- Have a drink?
- Pink gin, please.
- Hello, sir.
- Hello.
- Nice trip?
- Very boring.
- (Buzzer)
- Close shave.
Yes, I'm using a cutthroat.
- Your call's through, sir.
- Thanks.
- Two pink gins, please.
- I'll bring them right away, sir.
That you, Drake? How's the gout?
Good. How's the old man?
Good. And how's the bank balance?
Oh. Oh, well, I'll have to manage on my pay.
Now, listen carefully.
I want you to ring Miss Seymour
and make a date for lunch tomorrow.
- Yeah. Get a four-pound box of chocolates.
- Four-pound box of...
- There is a war on, sir.
- Is there? I haven't seen much of it lately.
Well, use your influence, Drake.
Book two seats at the Hippodrome in the
evening and a table at the Grill afterwards.
Now, Tuesday. Miss, erm... Carter.
No, no, wait a minute, wait a minute.
Erm... Miss Davis, I think.
- No, no, hang on, Drake.
- Make your mind up, Freddie!
That'll be all for the present, Drake.
I'll fix the rest with you tomorrow. Goodbye.
If you two baboons had
the elementary instincts of gentlemen...
- (Coughs)
- That's a nasty cough you've got, TI.
- Yes, sir. Erm... No, sir.
- Something you want to see me about?
- I wanted to see Lieutenant Brace, sir.
- I'm afraid he's not here. Anything I can do?
Erm... Well...
- Well, what is it?
- It's about Petty Officer Arnold's leave, sir.
Somebody's got to stay and take his place.
- Yes, I think it's arranged Williams stays.
- Yes, sir. Well, that's just it.
You see, it's very hard on poor Williams, sir,
with his domestic troubles, sir,
and his two youngest in hospital, sir.
- Williams isn't married, is he?
- Oh, yes, sir.
How else would he have two youngest, sir?
You're not offering to forgo your own leave, are you?
- Erm... Yes, sir.
- But I thought you were getting married.
What's the matter, TI? Cold feet?
Oh, no, sir.
There isn't a nicer girl in London, sir.
It's just that... I think a man shouldn't rush at matrimony, like.
I quite agree.
I think I'd like just to think it over a bit longer, sir, if you know what I mean.
- Very well, TI. I'll fix it.
- Thank you, sir.
Oh, TI, tell Hobson I want to see him in my cabin, will you?
- (Knock at door)
- Come in.
Oh, it's you, Hobson. Come in.
I wanted to have a little talk with you unofficially. Cigarette?
No, thanks, sir.
You know, I've often wondered about you, Hobson,
your haven't gone higher in the Service.
I mean, you've knocked about the world a bit and you speak a couple of languages.
It seems a pity, really, that a man like you should mess up his life,
just because...
Hobson, I've had a letter from your brother-in-law.
I think the best thing I can do is to hand it to you.
I don't have to read that to know what's in it. It's about your wife. She wants a separation.
Why can't he stick to his fish and chips and keep out of my business?
Yes, I'm inclined to agree with you.
I don't like the sound of your brother-in-law.
On the other hand, you can hardly blame him if your wife...
He's always trying to separate us. Never out of the house the whole time I'm at sea.
Why do you give him so much leeway?
It appears you went home tight again
on your last leave.
He made the most of that, I'm sure.
I see he calls it "the deadly sin".
Anyway, If I were you,
I'd try and get home sober this time.
Your wife will probably...
I'm not going to join the Band of Hope
to please any hymn-singing fish-fryer.
If my wife wants a separation,
she can have it.
Is that what you really want me to say?
Yes, sir.
- Anything else, sir?
- No. That's all, Hobson.
- # Speak to me, Thora!
- That's Mike, isn't it?
# Speak to me, Thora!
# Speak from your heaven...
Oh, well, it only goes to show.
Yes, they always say the happiest day of a
man's life is the day before he gets married.
Yeah, that's right.
What do you mean, the day before?
Marriage is the finest thing in the world
for a steady fellow like Mike.
Especially when he's going to marry
a steady girl like our Ethel.
Then why haven't you tried it yourself?
Well, that's different.
Here... Here, Mike. Mike!
Mike, your name's down on this duty list
to stay behind.
- No!
- It is, I tell you.
Here, Williams. You were fixed
to do this duty. Well, you're going to do it.
- My name is not on that list, is it?
- That's beside the point.
Well, that's good enough for me.
- There must be a mistake.
- See for yourself. It's there all right.
But I can't believe it. Everybody knows
I was going to get married tomorrow.
- I've got enemies in this ship.
- Something's got to be done about it.
Ah, what's the use? An order's an order.
Every time we try to fix something up,
something happens to spoil it.
We're powerless, Dicky.
Playthings in the hands of an unseen fate,
that's what we are.
Yeah, well, playthings, my foot!
Don't you worry, I'll fix it. I'll see to that.
But, Dicky, I...
(Coughing)
That's pretty wicked tobacco, Sid.
What is it, carpet slippers?
Well, Jock, you were right about the leave.
48 hours.
- Aye, it's not worth going ashore for.
- I knew you wouldn't mind staying behind.
- No, but... Staying behind?
- I put you down in Arnold's place.
- I knew you wouldn't mind.
- Nothing of the sort. I'm entitled to my leave.
Now, Jock, Jock, I wouldn't ask you
to do something for nothing.
Mike, I've fixed it.
Jock's volunteered to take your place.
- Come on, there's a boat just leaving.
- I can't go like this. I... I haven't got my kit.
That's all right. Tug's looking after it.
Come on, hurry.
Have a good time, Mr Coxswain.
But keep off the beer!
Lucky for you he didn't take that bet, Spud.
- What bet?
- About the leave being 48 hours.
Lucky? It's the only bet I'd have won
on the whole trip. Don't be barmy.
Barmy?
- Hey, Tug, how long is this leave?
- Seven days.
Seven? Seven...
That'll be enough for that boat.
(Silent)
Well, I'll be...
- Wotcher, me old Gladys!
Oh...
Excuse me, have you any ciga...
Oh. No, thank you.
- Hello, Ethel.
- Dicky!
Look what I've brought you.
- Hello, Mike.
- Hello, Ethel.
(Man) Put that light out!
- Good morning, Mrs Metcalfe.
- Good morning.
- Fish and chips for dinner?
- That's right, Mr Hobson.
It's no use knocking. She's gone.
- Gone?
- Aye.
- To the shop?
- Aye, over a week ago.
- Here's a present for you.
- For me?
- Hello, Mr Hobson.
- Here you are, son. A football for you.
Well, sir, Sunday morning
is the only time we have free now.
Except for a slight gap after tea
on Wednesday.
Well, we must remedy that,
mustn't we, Drake?
(Gasps) Are you trying to pick a fight, Rudolph?
Listen, Drake, this is important.
When Miss Lake calls... Yeah, Miss Lake...
...have her put through here right away,
will you? Right.
I wish I could get the same kick out of life
that some of you fellows get.
- Seven days' leave, sir.
- Just started, eh?
- I have.
- Army?
- Navy.
- Ah.
(Telephone rings)
Hello, my darling. How are you?
Wonderful to hear from you again.
Is it, Freddie? Oh, that's very sweet of you.
This is Browning, depot ship, here.
Bad news, I'm afraid, old man.
Order from Captain S, report back at once.
Of course I'm not joking.
There's a recall list, the Sea Tiger.
Get busy on it.
Yes, sir.
How do I know, old man? Probably
wants you to make up a four at bridge.
Now, listen. There's a train leaving London

at 2:
All right, all right,
you can look it up yourself, then.
You've got to be back here
by nine o'clock at the latest.
Right.
- Finished, sir?
- Yes, I'm finished.
Very first day of my leave.
- First I've had for months.
- What's the trouble?
Leave cancelled, just like that.
After all the trouble I've gone to,
all those dates I've fixed.
Everything blown sky-high!
Trouble's at the top.
Silly old dossers who couldn't run a regatta,
giving orders one day
for the sake of cancelling them the next.
Quite right, my boy. I've had to fight
against that sort of thing all my life. Goodbye.
Look here, Dusty, my boy,
this slate ain't elastic, you know.
Ah, but it will stretch till next Saturday,
won't it, guv?
I've got a treble coming up then,
and it's a stone certainty.
You're telling me.
Here comes old Slim. He's always good
for a dollar. You watch me tap him.
Hello, me old Slim. You're just in time. I'm in the chair and here's a pint of the very best.
Oh, thanks, Dusty.
I'm glad I found you here. Flunkey.
Well, all the best.
- Er... Slim, old man, we was just saying...
- I've got some bad news for you.
- Report to the ship immediately.
- (Laughs)
- And you. Both of you.
- (Laughs)
- What is this? A joke?
- It's no joke, it's an order.
- You're sailing tonight, so get a move on.
- But, Slim...
Always good for a dollar, eh?
Hello, customers.
Hello, you old grease spot.
- Still frying the same old dogfish?
- (Laughter)
What have you come for?
- I've come for my wife.
- She doesn't want to see you.
- That's for her to say.
- She's out.
All right, all right, I can wait.
In the meantime,
I have a few chosen words for you, my lad.
Look here, Hobson, don't make a scene.
Can't you see I'm busy?
- OK, Sid, OK, I'll give you a hand.
- Don't bother.
It's no bother at all. What's yours?
A sixpenny and two penn'orth.
I brought my paper.
That's the stuff.
- Here!
- Fish is good for the brain.
- Aye.
- Looks as if you could do with an extra bit.
(Laughter)
- Here you are, tuppence the lot.
- Eee!
Service and civility, that's my motto.
Service and civility.
- Now look here, Hobson...
- There you are, love. A penny back for you.
Now, who's next?
What about you, young lady?
- Have you got all you want?
- (Woman) Here, come on, sailor. Serve me.
Hello, Daddy.
Hello, son.
I've come to take you home, Pete.
What do you think of that?
- Have you been in your submarine?
- Have I been in my submarine?
- (Man) Hey, three sixpennies, mister!
- Better than that. I brought it home for you.
- Here. What do you think of that?
- Ooh, Daddy!
Go back in the kitchen, Peter, there's a good lad.
Alice, just a minute.
I'm on my seven days.
I thought perhaps we might...
Oh, Jim, couldn't you have come home sober just for once?
It was the same last time, you know.
- Why weren't you at our house?
- Look here, why don't you go?
You keep out of this.
- You're coming home.
- Don't you know when you're not wanted?
Greasy old hypocrite!
You've always tried to separate us.
It's been the same since the day we were married.
You've always tried, haven't you?
From the first day.
(All shout at once)
- Here, get off him.
- Leave me alone, do you hear?
Leave me alone!
Now, then! Now, then!
What's going on here?
What's going on here?
- Break it up! Break it up!
- He started it.
- Quite right. He did, Mr Briggs.
- You don't waste much time, do you?
Are you Leading Seaman James Hobson?
- I am.
- You'll come back to the station with me.
Can't a chap see his wife and kid without being run in?
It's the railway station I'm talking about.
You've got to get back to your ship.
So if there's anybody you want to say goodbye to, you'd better be sharp.
There's nobody here wants anything of me.
Come on.
- (# Piano playing)
- (Men) # Here's the last rose of summer
- # Left blooming alone
- (Car horn toots)
He's early with the taxi.
Come in, Ernie, and have a drink.
Here, it's time you and Tug got along to the church.
- We've half an hour yet. There's no hurry.
- Sure, there's no hurry.
What do you mean, no hurry? Plenty of blokes would change places with you, Mike.
Now, look here, Charlie, he won her fair and square, so that's that.
Sure.
Just pipped me on the post, didn't you?
Well, there's still hope.
Old Tug here might lose the ring.
- Never catch me losing nothing.
- No?
What about that little lady you brought here, from the fag shop?
What about her?
You didn't see the coxswain going in the scullery, did you?
No, I...
Mind you don't burn them pretty fingers.
- You're getting in my way, Mr Dabbs.
- Oh, come off it.
You've got me, hook, line and sinker.
Now then, ducky, what do they call you?
I've told you. Miss Harcourt.
Blimey, I can't keep on calling you
Miss Harcourt. It sounds barmy.
Of course it does. Think of having "Love
to Miss Harcourt" tattooed across his chest.
- Sissy.
- Has the beer gone already?
- I'm only trying to be helpful.
- You square-headed...
So that's what he does, does he?
He has girls' names tattooed all over him.
Well, I wouldn't say all over him,
but he's got a few. Eh, Dicky?
Show her that one on your wrist.
I'll show you something
at the end of my wrist.
- Now, I'm only trying to be helpful.
- Miss Harcourt, he's the biggest...

- (Piano:
- That'll be her coming down.
Lovely, darling.
- It's beautiful, Ethel.
- Thank you.
- Very nice. Very nice, indeed.
- Looks dandy, doesn't she?
- Well, Mike?
- Well, Ethel, you look fine in that... hat.
I never felt so nervous in all my life.
- Have a glass of port, ducks. Buck you up.
- Thanks.
Oh, Ethel, I do believe in this light...
How awful, it's green.
Come, we ain't superstitious here.
I was just reading your congratulations
when you came down.
Ethel, one here for you.
"A long and happy married life to both,
"and don't forget to name
the first one after me."
"Auntie May."
She's decided what it's going to be.
"Best wishes, and don't forget to name the first one after your Uncle Fred."
Looks as though you've got to have twins, Mike.
"Torpedo Gunner's Mate M Carrington."
- "Return to ship at once. Sailing tonight."
- It's a recall!
At least, it sounds like it.
Let me have a look.
There's one here for you, Dicky.
Yes, it's a recall, all right.
Oh, isn't that just my luck?
Oh, there must be some mistake.
No, there's no mistake. There nearly was.
What do you mean, Ethel?
Gave yourself away, didn't you, Mike?
What are you getting at?
It's not Mike's fault we've been recalled.
Mike knows.
Don't you, Mike?
- But, Ethel...
- She can't...
What's the matter with her?
- I don't understand.
- What did she mean, gave yourself away?
- I don't know.
- You didn't get somebody to send these?
- What, me do a thing like that?
- No, no, they're genuine, all right.
Well, boys, you'd better be going.
England expects, you know.
You're in a terrible hurry to get rid of us, aren't you?
No, no. No offence, Mike.
We've all got to do our bit. You in your sub and me in my reserved occupation.
It's "submarine", twerp.
Get your kit, Mike.
- And you, Wilson.
- There's no recall for me, Dicky.
You don't expect it to come here, do you?
Get a move on.
And not so much of the Dicky!
You're under the coxswain's orders now.
- Oh, all right, all right.
- Hop it.
Well, I'll be seeing you.
Come on, Mike.
We can't hang about here all night.
(Hooter)
(Seagull crying)
Now lower away handsomely.
Check lines. Slack off, aft.
Now let her come.
All right.
- Engine room all present, Chief?
- Aye.
Have you had a bonny leave, Mr Coxswain?
For myself, I wouldn't have thought
it was worth going ashore for.
Leave? I nearly ran into myself coming back.
- Are you satisfied now?
- What do you mean?
You accused me
of sending those telegrams.
I said there was something fishy about it.
How do you think I feel about it?
I'll fix it up with her on my next leave,
you see if I don't.
Do you expect to find her
waiting for you when you get back?
Huh! A lot you know about us Dabbs.
- OK for grub, old Panfry?
- OK, 'Swain.
- Engine room all right, Coxswain?
- We filled up with three from Spare Crew.
You couldn't tell us where we going?
No, I could not. Secret orders to be confided
to nobody below the rank of Coxswain.
They'll expect somebody below the rank
of Coxswain to carry them out, sir.
- All hands on board, sir.
- Very good.
Excuse me, sir. I suppose you haven't
got any idea where we're going?
- Afraid not. Something hush-hush.
- Yes, sir.
You'll have a more interesting time
this trip, Taylor. Good luck.
- Thank you, sir.
- Cheerio.
- If you bring it off I'll stand you a Scotch.
- Make it a double and it's guaranteed.
All right.
- I hope I do have to buy that double, sir.
- I hope so.
- Take this down.
- Aye aye, sir.
- All set?
- Ready for sea, sir.
- Let go, forward.
- Let go of your forward spring.
Let go, aft.
- Slow astern, starboard.
- Slow astern, starboard, sir.
Slow ahead, port.
- May we dive to trim, sir?
- Just a minute. I want to talk to the crew.
Do you hear there? Do you hear there?
Stand by for the captain.
This is the captain speaking.
Well, as you've probably guessed,
it's a special job this time.
And what's more, it's not a long one.
In fact, we're due to be back
in four or five days. We hope.
The Admiralty has learnt that the new
German battleship, the Brandenburg,
is about to leave Bremerhaven
for her trials in the Baltic.
To get to the Baltic, the Brandenburg
will have to pass through the Kiel Canal,
and to get to the canal
she'll have to hug the coast past Cuxhaven,
and into the Elbe.
We are expected to intercept and sink her.
Now, there's only one thing more,
and I hope you're listening in the engine room.
We must be in the Heligoland Bight
within 48 hours at the most.
We shall need
every ounce of steam we can get.
Do you hear that, you lazy beggars?
This also means we must risk
sticking on the surface as much as we can,
even in daylight.
So every one of us must be right on his toes
every moment he's on duty. That's all.
(Taylor) Continued but surfaced...

13:
Spotted plane approaching.
Looked like one of ours...
so dived at once.
No wonder they're cutting dog racing.
Sparker says enemy transmission getting
louder. We're in the danger zone now.
Oh, blimey, and us on the surface!
That's to keep up speed,
like he said when we started.
I'd sooner we were underwater.
That's what a submarine's for.
"Sub" for under, "marine" for water.
Marine for water?
Not any of the marines I've ever known.
- Grub up!
- Come on, Tug, what kept you?
- Oh, ta.
- I'm starved.
- I'd like a word with you, TI.
- Uh-huh?
Remember that girl in the fag shop, Gladys?
- Well, what about her?
- Well, I was thinking.
As you won't be needing this ring,
we might be able to do a deal.
- Who says I won't be needing that ring?
- Of course you won't be needing it if...
Now, look here, Mike, you never kidded me.
I always knew you never liked the idea
of marriage, and neither did the bride.
You didn't have to look far to see the reason.
What do you mean,
you didn't have to look far?
- Why, that bloke at the piano.
- What about him?
Mike... Why, didn't you see the way that he...
Oh, hello, Coxswain.
What did he want?
He was trying to do a deal
on my wedding ring for his girl.
The less you say about weddings,
the better.
- His girl...
- His girl?
Did he mean the girl at the tobacconist?
The conceited son of a... You ought
to have seen the look she gave me.
What are you trying to do? Pinch her?
Pinch her? Don't have to pinch her.
She knew who the best man was, all right.
If he gives you any trouble, you can
easily buy him off with a box of cigars.
Can't you, Mr Dabbs?
- (Klaxon blares)
- Diving stations! Diving stations!
(All) Diving stations.
(All shouting)
German rescue buoy, sir, at Green 3-0.
I don't think we need worry, sir.
They seem to think we're a U-boat.
They're bound to report us
and the German Admiralty will soon check.
Sie haben uns gesehen.
- Haben sie uns gesichtet?
- Jawohl.
Verflucht, ein Engländer.
They've rumbled us, sir.
They'll be wirelessing.
- Sheff.
- Yes, sir.
As soon as you're ready,
help yourself to that aerial.
- Du bleib oben...
- Zu Befehl!
Stop! Stop! Halt!
Stop! Wir kommen, wir kommen!
- Take those two below, Sheff.
- Aye aye, sir.
Is this your international law? To shoot helpless airmen from their rescue float?
You weren't, of course, using your radio to give us away?
I'm sorry we shot down the aerial before you could get anything through.
- You were very quick, Herr Kapitn.
- Sir, listen.
(Engines droning)
- Very quick, Herr Kapitn!
- Down, everybody.
- Come on, down you go. Come on.
- (Klaxon blares)
Hey, out of the way.
- Take the prisoners forward.
- Come on, you two.
Come on, you.
Up periscope.
Whoa.
Down periscope.
- Was it Jerry, sir?
- Didn't have time to see.
Probably one of our Brylcreem Boys.
(Depth charge explodes)
- We're well below now. Keep her at 90.
- 90 feet, sir.
This'll do for you. Sheffield Wednesday.
And these'll keep them quiet.
Use this, Hobson, if they give any trouble.
Now, what have you got for him?
Have you got something natty for this little lad?
What about this?
I bet this grub's cold.
- Yeah, thought so. Wilson?
- What do you want, 'Swain?
I want to have a word with you.
About that girl. "Love to Miss Harcourt" wouldn't look right across a man's chest.
Remember you suggested I show her this?
That's just what I'm going to do, but it's not going to read the same.
Suppose you get your tattooing outfit and change it?
- Oh, is that what you want?
- I'll pay you for it.
Yeah, but you can't expect anybody
to alter Nelly into G... Arabella.
Arabella? So that's her name!
- What, the girl in the fag shop? I thought...
- Yes, that's the one, Mike. Arabella.
It's going to cost you. Two bob a letter.
Arabella's a long name. A-R-A...
The missionaries taught me to spell!
You can use these.
Change the Y to an A, the N to a B
and put ARA in front.
Ah, yeah, but you'll want some twiddly bits.
- I'll give you a quid for it.
- A quid? Done.
That's just about how much
your love for her was worth.
You can start to work on it
as soon as the changeover comes.
And get some more sausages,
and make 'em hot this time.
Why to be so secret when I know?
It is a battleship which you go after.
All right, all right, I'll take your word for it.
Get this inside of you.
I'll tell you also which it is.
It is the Brandenburg.
Brandenburg?
That's a kind of cheese, isn't it?
- Was sagt er?
- Dass Brandenburg 'ne Sorte Kse ist.
- Kse...
- Der ist selber ein Kse...
Das ist doch fr den englischen Magen
nicht so leicht zu verdauen.
(Faint rumbling)
Slow port. Stop starboard.
Slow port, stop starboard, sir.
- (Bell strikes)
- Well, we're up to time, anyway.
There's a nasty patch coming, sir.
- (Rumbling)
- Group down. Watch your depth.
(Rumbling)
Was war das?
- What was that scraping?
- We're under a minefield.
- That'll be a cable.
- Was sagt er?
- Die Kabel von Minen.
- Minen?
The real fun'll start when we meet the underwater barrage.
- Was sagt er schon wieder?
- Ach, halt's Maul, der macht nur Spa.
Glaub ich nicht.
Wir mssen dem Kapitn sagen, dass wir die Brandenburg gesichtet haben.
Nichts wird gesagt!
- Warum denn nicht?
- Natrlich, damit umgekehrt... Wollt ihr endlich das Maul halten?
Wir haben nur zu sagen, dass wir die Brandenburg gestern bei Cuxhaven gesichtet haben und dann wird...
(Grinding)
Schon wieder. Ich geh zum Kapitn...
Lass mich los, ich geh zum Kapitn
Bitte holen Sie den Kapitn, bitte rufen Sie den Kapitn.
- What's the matter with him?
- Oh, he's only nervous.
I'll get you some more grub.
- Mike, look after these birds, will you?
- I'd be delighted to.
I'll get you some too.
Ah, sure, what are you worrying about?
They're your own minefields, aren't they?
- Captain, sir.
- Yes, what is it?
Report on the prisoners, sir.
They say they saw the Brandenburg before they were shot down.
It was then passing Cuxhaven, sir.
- How do you know that?
- One of them got scared.
He wanted to tell you so we'd turn back.
I see. They want us to turn back, do they?
If she was passing Cuxhaven,
she'll be in the Kiel Canal by now.
By the time we get anywhere near it,
she'll be into the Baltic.
That's what they want us to believe.
That's why they told Hobson.
They didn't tell me, sir.
I didn't let on I knew German.
(Grinding)
Herr Kapitn! Herr Kapitn!
Herr Kapitn!
(All shouting)
Hey!
Just about done him in, sir.
- Steward, get the coxswain to fix him up.
- Aye aye, sir.
Was, er... war es, erm...
(Clucks fingers) Erm...
- Ask what the other bloke was trying to say.
- Was wollte er sagen?
- Ich werde es ihm sagen, Herr Kapitn, dass...
- Halt's Maul.
...die Brandenburg heute früh bei Cuxhaven...
Sie muss schon dicht bei Kiel sein.
It's what I told you, sir.
They saw the Brandenburg
near Cuxhaven this morning.
He said she should be near Kiel by now.
Du feiger Hund.
Well, we've missed the Brandenburg.
She's probably well inside
the Kiel Canal by now.
- Looks like the end of the trip, sir.
- Hmm? Yep.
No, it isn't. We're going after her.
We're going into the Baltic.
It's a hell of a trip. Smack through the nets.
For speed, we'll have to chance
every hour we can on the surface.
- What do you say? Can do?
- (Both) Yes, sir.
Right.
Five.
Four. Back you go again, my boy.
Control Room, what are you steering?
Make it 015.
- Can't you be more careful?
- It's the rolling. You can't blame me.
- You haven't finished one letter yet.
- Blotting the old ones takes the time.
The daft things men do for women.
Oh! Steady, you twerp.
- I'll get cross with him one of these days.
- Up spirits!
I can do with a tot after this torture.
I didn't know it was as late as that.
Must be the pleasure of doing you, 'Swain.
(Wind howling)
Ta.
- What's that you're making, Oxford?
- A brooch.
I thought I might use it as bait
on my next leave.
A nice piece of work
for a nice piece of work, eh?
All right, lads, sit down.
Did your boy like that model
you made for him, Hobson?
- I didn't give it to him, sir. I lost it.
- Oh, hard luck.
- That's the lot, sir.
- Oh, right.
I've got plenty more of this stuff,
if you want to make another.
I've something better to do
than make gewgaws.
Blue watch, patrol routine.
Wish I was in the army.
Bet it's raining like stink.
- How is it, sir, apart from lousy?
- Low visibility.
Getting in the big stuff soon,
keep your eyes skinned.
Bridge, permission to ditch gas?
- Everything's all right.
- OK.
- How is he, Stew?
- Pretty bad. Poor little bastard.
That one caught you a bit of a oncer, didn't he?
All right, Steward. How is he?
- I'm afraid he's worse, sir.
- Poor little bastard.
- I'm afraid he's for it.
- Yes, looks like it.
Tell me, Tug, how's the tattooing going?
- Oh, all right.
- Uh-huh.
Arabella's a long name, isn't it?
- A bit longer than Gladys.
- Uh-huh.
Erm... Tug...
you know you were saying something about
Ethel being interested in that piano fellow?
Oh, yes. I expect she just wanted
a bit of music, Mike, that's all.
- Do you think so?
- Yes, of course, that's all it is.
Uh-huh. Mm.
Stop boat.
- Full astern together.
- Stop boat, full astern together, sir.
Full astern together!
- How is it now?
- Still fouled, sir.
Group down. Slow ahead.
Group down. Slow ahead.
- Well, what next?
- Wait and see, my boy.
Full astern together.
- Full astern.
- Full astern.
- Group up. Full ahead together.
- Full ahead together, sir.
What's the betting
we get through next time?
You know me.
I don't even bet on certainties.
Full ahead together there!
Full power to go full ahead.
- I'll bet you five bob we don't.
- You're on.
She was going to do it
when that telegraph flashed.
Him and the skipper's got
a working agreement.
- Anyway, Spud, five bob.
- Chalk it up.
- Group up. Full ahead together.
- Full ahead together, sir.
- She's made it. Group down, slow boat.
- Slow boat, sir.
- We're among the rough stuff now.
- We'll be fine till we get into the Baltic.
We're going to need all our luck
for the next couple of hours.
- Keep your fingers crossed.
- Aye aye, sir.
No sign of a ship, sir.
- What kind of a gewgaw is that, Hobson?
- Another Sea Tiger?
No, it's the Brandenburg.
Probably all we shall ever see of her.
(Birds squawking)
- (Klaxon blares)
- Diving stations!
Diving stations! Get a move on!
- Morse flashing, sir, some distance away.
- Up periscope.
- Prepare to dive, 'Swain
- Prepare to dive, sir.
I left your pot with a low heat on but I ain't
done nothing about your perishing plates.
No sign of it now.
There it is.
Wish we had more light.
Can't see a thing of the ship herself.
- Soon be full daylight now, sir.
- Mmm.
Still see a light flashing.
Seems to be moving. Ship's head?
080, sir.
- Starboard, 15.
- Starboard, 15, sir.
15 astarboard on, sir.
No more Morse. If she holds her course, we ought to be closing on her.
Down periscope.
Stop starboard. Full ahead port.
Stop starboard.
Full ahead port.
- Port motor going full ahead.
- Full ahead, eh?
I bet it's the real thing this time.
Just because the captain sees a wee flash, you think it's the Brandenburg.
And I'm not betting with you, Spud, so don't ask me.
(Clicks fingers)
Stop starboard, slow port. Destroyer, maybe a screen. Are you getting anything?
No, sir. Wait a minute.
Picking her up now. Two of them.
- Up periscope.
- Bearing Green 5-0.
Plates. Plates!
It's her, the Brandenburg.
- Blow up all tubes.
- Four ends, blow up all tubes.
Blow up all tubes, sir, blow up all tubes.
All tubes? Blind O'Reilly, it must be the old Brandyballs herself!
Not too much rise, Coxswain, for the love of Mike!
Cut down the light.
Right, start the attack.
Start the plot.
Keep the confounded boat level, Number One.
She's bouncing about like a pea in a blasted drum.
Enemy bearing.
- Read it, somebody!
- Green 4-0, sir.
Enemy bearing, Green 4-0.
I am seven degrees on her port bow.
No, eight.
No... 12.
No. Why can't these ruddy Huns
steer straight when I'm looking at 'em?
Make it... eight degrees on the bow.
Range...
Number One, can't you keep the basket level
for five seconds? Down periscope.
Let me know when you have
some sort of a trim, Mr Brace.
That's better, Coxswain.
Call the range 7,000 yards. Can't see
much more than mast and funnels yet.
Keep her up now.
Bit of a rise, Coxswain.
Don't wring her neck off!
- Pump on A.
- (Pump whirring)
Take 'em up, Coxswain.
- Stop the pump.
- (Whirring continues)
I said stop the bloody pump!
Will you keep awake?
(Whirring stops)
Steady at 35 feet, sir.
(Clicks fingers)
Now, let's see.
Ah.
- Bearing?
- Green 6-0, sir.
11 degrees on her port bow.
- 11 degrees on port bow.
- Enemy's course, 260, sir.
Range now...
...17 minutes in high power.
- Hard aport.
- Hard aport, sir.
- Full speed starboard.
- Full speed starboard, sir.
I hope the destroyers stick to their course.
- Are you getting anything, Hobson?
- Not now, sir.
Looks as if we've got it on a plate.
- Stand by, all tubes. Depth settings.
- Swinging to port.
Stand by, all tubes. Depth setting.
Don't forget what I told you, Number Two.
Go through the drill,  
same as if we were in Blackhouse Creek.  
And keep your eyes on  
that reservoir pressure.  
OK, Chief. Blinking DSM for him  
if we make a hit, and well he knows it.  
Perhaps they'll make him mayor!  
- Stand by, all tubes.  
- Now we're off.  
What's happening?  
Keep your face out of this.  
Leave it to me and the captain.  
He gives the orders and I get 'em there, see?  
- Slow boat. Steer 010.  
- 010, sir.  
Bearing Green 6-0,  
doing 270 revolutions.  
Steady on 010, sir.  
There she is.  
One lovely battleship.  
- Bearing?  
- Green 6-0, sir.  
Range... 23 minutes...  
...15 degrees on the port bow.  
- 50 feet, Number One.  
- 50 feet, sir.  
Last range 3,000, sir.  
Gives you a speed of roughly 30 knots.  
30? Bit much. Make it, er, 25.  
Right, bring the boat up.  
Clear away attack periscope.  
- Group down.  
- Group down, sir.  
- Hydrophone bearing?  
- Bearing Green 5-9, sir.  
- Bearing on.  
- Green 6-5, sir.  
30 degrees on the bow.  
Destroyer, port wing of screen, 1500 yards.  
Next time's going to be troublesome.  
Stand by to take her down low, Number One.  
We shall be bloody close.  
800 yards off track, sir. On the same course.  
Right.
Well...
- Looks faster than 25. Give her 28 for luck.
- 28, sir.
- Control Room. All tubes ready.
- Captain, sir. All tubes ready.
Good.
Watch your steering and keep her down.
Dive helm, Coxswain. Open bow buoyancy.
- Well?
- Victor angle, 17 degrees, sir.
17 degrees.
- Stand by...
- Stand by.
Stand by.
- Fire.
- Fire.
(Muffled thuds)
Two gone.
- (Thud)
- Three gone.
- (Thud)
- Four.
- (Thud)
- Five gone.
- (Thud)
- Six gone. All torpedoes fired, sir.
All six running, sir.
Take her down, Number One.
Pass the word, stand by for depth charges.
(Klaxon blares)
Torpedos! Steuerbord voraus.
Should have our first strike
in a few seconds, sir.
Keep her right down, Number One.
Stop boat.
- Stop boat, sir.
- Steering planes in hand.
- Steering planes in hand, sir.
- Pass the word, all hands keep quiet.
- Keep quiet in the boat!
- Damned if I know if we hit her.
- Hobson?
- I wouldn't swear to it, sir.
- It's hard to tell with these depth charges.
- (Loud blast)
What's all the fuss about?
Don't half shake us up, those bangs.
Shut your mouth
and mind your ruddy pump.
All right, chum. Only if I've got to die,
I want to know how it happened.
Matter of interest.
Listen all round carefully.
Something on Red 3-0, sir.
Coming this way.
Increasing speed.
Coming in to attack.
- Steady bearing.
- Damn.
- Stand by for a burst of speed.
- Passing very close, sir.
Passing overhead now.
(Explosion)
(Explosion)
Pump on engine room bilges.
Secondary lighting.
Hold her up, Coxswain.
Can I use speed, sir?
We're dropping down astern.
- Half ahead together.
- Half ahead together, sir.
Captain, sir, we've got a nasty leak
and we can't get suction on the pump.
- Get a bucket team going.
- Aye aye, sir.
Get all the buckets you can find
and bring them along.
You need more plugs. Fetch some more plugs!
(Explosion)
Come on, boys! Bail out with these.
- Don't forget the divers!
- Here you are. More coming along.
- Aye, just in time.
- Here you are. Come on, chain up!
TI, the main line's gone off. We've got
to dump this stuff in the fore-end bilges.
All right, we'll make a chain.
Tom, Ted, come along.
- There you are.
- Du, Hans. Ich glaube der Fritz stirbt.
- Na und wenn schon.
- Du brutaler Kerl, sag's dem mal.
- Here.
- What's the matter with you now?
It may not interest you, mister,
but I think the patient is dying.
Oh. You take my place, then.
Go on, come in there.
(Explosion)
Right, don't you be worried by them bangs.
There never was anybody...
I'm afraid he's finished dying.
- He's dead. I'll report to the captain.
- OK.
Still fill the bilges at this rate.
Don't worry, chum. We got four teetotallers
drinking 'em at the other end.
Getting near now.
Heading faster.
Speed increasing.
Right overhead now.
Captain, sir. I have to report
the death of German prisoner Fritz.
- Oh.
- (Explosion)
- Coming up, Number One.
- Stern's beginning to rise, sir.
- What did you say, TI?
- German prisoner dead, sir.
Oh, yeah, I'll pick that up later.
Keep working on that forward pump there.
Water dropping, sir. If we keep this up for
another hour, we'll have broke the back of it.
- That's the stuff. Keep them at it.
- Aye aye, sir.
Coming in to attack again. Increasing.
Hope he makes a muck of it.
What about all our sweets, Coxswain?
- Beg your pardon, sir?
- Sweets.
Sweets? I'll send for them, sir. Lofty.
Go forward and open up the magazine.
Next to the ammo
you'll find a tin marked White Lead.
They're suckers. Bring them here.
If you're after fuel, sir,
that last package done it in.
Barely 500 gallons left
and we're still losing it.
Apart from losing oil,
we must be leaving a trail on the surface.
Destroyer coming in to attack, sir.
So it's only a question of time...
As I was saying, it's only a question of time
before they hit the bull's-eye.
Until these Jerries think we're a goner,
they're going to keep at it.
Talking of Jerries...
I wonder.
Coxswain.
Come on, hurry up, we haven't got all day.
- Talk about Bundles for Britain.
- That's not funny.
What are you taking that up for?
That won't float.
I want to wash it.
- You put those papers in his pocket?
- Yes, and that old stopwatch too.
OK.
Was machen sie mit dem?
That's all right, cock. Don't worry.
- Leave it to me. I'll manage for you, sir.
- Fine.
Warn everybody we're taking a big angle on.
Take over, Number One. I'm going forward.
(Explosion)
- Everything set?
- Yes, sir. Body's in number-one tube, sir.
In the navigator's coat and cap,
Coxswain's underclothes and my trousers, sir.
Fix another tube full of water.
I want a really good splash.
- Wait for the order, hang on like grim death.
- Aye aye, sir.
Pass the word.
Watch out, we're taking a steep angle.
Pay attention there. From the captain.
Look out for standing on your ruddy heads.
- (Explosion)
- Stand by. Fire, blow out oil.
Fire one.
Number-one tube fired, sir.
Open valve oil, Ted. Flood A. Flood B.
Flood tubes.
That's what I call a nice quick funeral.
(Man calls out)
- Watch up.
- Half ahead together.
Half ahead together, sir.
10... 12... 15.
Lovely.
- Stern's well out of the water now, sir.
- Stop blowing aft.
Flood after-tanks. Let her go down.
(Cheering)
(Man) The latest example
of the British Admiralty's foolhardiness
is witnessed by the fate of the submarine,
Sea Tiger.
This unfortunate vessel entered the Baltic
to make a senseless attack
on an unarmed fishing smack.
It may interest the wives of the crew
of the Sea Tiger to know
that she is now lying a total wreck...
You ought to be ashamed of yourself,
listening to that pack of lies.
I hope you're right, missus.
No, no news from the Admiralty.
- Well, cheers.
- Cheers.
- Have a drink, Scratch?
- No, thanks.
Oh, come on, it'll make your beard curly!
Hobson?
What's the longest time
you've ever been down?
We can last the night if you'll put a sock
in that jaw of yours and save oxygen.
Jack?
- What's that?
- It's a fly. It's known as the Whirling Dun.
In my part of the world, 
the blighters fairly fight for it. 
I believe in a cod's head on a big hook. 
Yank 'em in. No arguments. 
Do you hear there? Do you hear there? 
Stand by for the captain. 
This is the captain speaking. 
Well, there's no need for me to explain 
the situation to you. You all know it. 
I intended searching for a tanker 
and hijacking the oil. 
But we haven't even got 
enough fuel left for that. 
We are down to our last gallons, 
and we've only enough food 
to last until tomorrow. 
In fact, just about one decent meal for the TI. 
Now, I've gone into the matter very carefully, 
and what I propose to do is this. 
About 20 miles to the northwest 
is the Danish island of Haego. 
I shall bring the boat close in 
during the night, 
give every man a chance of getting ashore, 
and then blow her up. 
I'm sorry it's come to this, 
but I'm afraid there's no alternative. 
Thank you for your loyalty and help. 
That's all. 
Right, come forward, Number One, will you? 
Let's figure something out. 
You know what this means? 
Internment for the rest of the ruddy war. 
Perhaps... 
Perhaps a prison camp in Germany. 
Go on, cheer us up. Why don't you 
make it a concentration camp? 
What's up, Hobson? 
Where do you think you're going to? 
What's biting him, I'd like to know. 
- It's just a question of these tides. 
- (Knock at door)
Come in.
- Excuse me, sir, may I have a word?
- What is it, Hobson?

Just a minute.
It's about what you've just been telling us, sir.
If I remember rightly, there's a port
called Frihaven on the island of Haego.
I called there once on a Baltic run
just before the war.
- Well?
- Well, what I was thinking, sir...

it's bound to be busy there and there's almost
certain to be oil somewhere about.
If I could slip ashore, I could sneak into
Frihaven and find out the lay of the land.
And if there's any oil handy,
I would flash you a signal,
you could bring in the boat
and we could hijack the juice.
Even if we didn't get away with it
we couldn't be any worse off.
I wonder.
I could use one of those Jerries' uniforms.
I could get by anything in that.
You thought it all out, didn't you, Hobson?
Supposing you were stopped,
what sort of story could you tell?
My plane might have crashed in the sea,
both my mates killed,
and I could have got ashore in the dinghy.
Why not?
If you're caught in a German uniform,
it won't just be a question
of being taken prisoner.
- You know that, don't you, Hobson?
- There's nobody to shed any tears over me.
Hmm, it's not going to be easy,
getting into a strange harbour at night.
We'll take a crack at it.
All right, Hobson, ask the coxswain
for the prisoners' uniforms.
Pick one out and be ready by dark.
I wish I could come with you.
Your German might not stand the strain, sir.
No, maybe you're right. All right, Hobson.
Oh, er... Thank you, Hobson.

Sir.

Good, he's made it.
- Monkey Orange King.
- Monkey Orange King.
- James Monkey Yorker.
- James Monkey Yorker.
Sugar Charlie.
- Sugar Charlie.
- That's the lot.
- Keep a sharp lookout, Number One.
- Aye aye, sir.
Halt! Wer da?

Hauptmann, ich bin der Luftwaffen-Offizier.
Bitte der Ausweis von Herrn Hauptmann.
- Bitte schn.
- Wenn der Herr Hauptmann mitkommt.
Ja was ist denn los...
Immer... Verzeihung, Herr Hauptmann.
Guten Abend...
- Zu Befehl, Herr Feldwebel. Ausweis.
- Ich bin abgeschossen worden.
Oh.
That's the lot, sir.
"Have located loaded oil tanker,
port end of the pier."
"Depth, eight fathoms everywhere."
Good, he's remembered everything.
That means we can go slap in
at periscope depth. Come on.
Herr Hauptmann, abtreten!

(Telephone rings)
Wachposten drei... Jawohl, Herr Major. Jawohl.
Ein Signal, Herr Major.
Ein Lichtzeichen?
Nein, das ist ganz ausgeschlossen.
Herr Major, ich...
hab meine Taschenlampe hier auf dem Tisch.
Nein... Nein, die Wache hat nichts bemerkt.
Nur ein Hauptmann der Luftwaffe...
Ja, er ist... eben angekommen.
Ja. Jawohl, Herr Major ich...
werde mich persönlich vergewissern.
Jawohl, sofort!

(Telephone rings)
Hallo! Was ist denn da los?
- (Groans)
- Hallo, hren Sie.
Antworten Sie doch.
Was ist denn los mit der verdammten Einheit.
Hrt dasjemand?
Danke. Gute Nacht.
Wache.
Hauptquartier? Wo?
- Sehen der Herr Hauptmann den Schuppen?
- Ja.
Also wenn Sie rechts in die Strae einbiegen...
(Splash)
Can't see a damn thing.
If you feel a bump, you'll know we've arrived.
(Bells tolling)
We must be well inside the harbour now.
- Bring her up, Number One.
- Stand by to surface.
Stand by, engines. Look out, landing party.
What a game!
Turning us into ruddy commandos!
- Surface.
- Surface. Blow two, blow G.
Lord, we left it pretty late.
Starboard 20, easing to 15.
(Man shouts instructions)
Argh!
Sounds as if Hobson's in trouble.
Get your party ashore and keep the jetty clear.
Captain, come on.
The Kapitn, savvy? Come on.
Got a couple here, sir.
What shall I do with them?
Keep 'em quiet.
- The captain, sir.
- Do you speak English?
- I do.
- This is the British Navy.
We want oil and stores,
and we've no time to argue.
There will be no argument. The British Navy
is always welcome in Denmark.
- Now you're talking!
- Take what you want. My men will help.
- Axel! Hans!
- Get these pipelines fixed up.

(Gunfire)

(Gunfire)

That's one of them.
Wait. He's firing inshore.
That might be Hobson.

That's Hobson, sir. I helped dress him up.
- Yes, I believe you're right.
- That's-a-boy!

Good man!

Wait there.

(Gunfire continues)
- Well done, Hobson. Had a good time?
- Fine, sir. About time you blokes turned up.

There's another ruddy machine-gun.

(Shouting orders)
- Dusty, tell the captain it's coming through.
- Right, Chief.

Things are getting hot. Gordon,
take three men and back the other party up.

Hang on till you get one blast on the whistle,
then beat it back here.

If we can't hold them,
I'll give you one green Very light.

It might help you to get clear, sir.
- (Gunfire)

...hear the whistle.

If you can't,
give them a green one with the Very light.

- Are you all right?
- Yeah, I think so, sir.

Good man.

We'll be in trouble soon. That warehouse
is full of oil. Floor's covered with it.
We won't half cop it if that lot goes up.

- Are you all right? Shall I take over for you?
- No cause for panic.

Control Room?
Find out how we're going now.

- Captain wants to know...
- We want a lot more yet.
Never mind that.
Ask what his gauges are showing.
- Ronnie, we're out of ammo.
- How much have you got?
There's about enough
for a couple of bursts, sir.
- Better save them.
- Aye aye, sir.
Nothing else for it, I suppose.
1200 gallons. All right, we'll risk it.
That's just his Scot's caution.
Tell him we're going to take a short cut.
(Whistle blasts)
Get your party going.
(Shouts instructions)
They're coming. Get going, TI.
Hobson!
Lend a hand here.
- Is that the lot?
- I'm afraid the cook won't be coming.
Let go aft.
Half astern together.
- Goodbye, Captain. Good luck!
- Goodbye, sir. Thanks for the oil.
(Shouts orders)
Please... report...
Sea... Tiger...
returning... to... base.
- Get that off to C-in-C.
- Aye aye, skipper.
Probably surprised at seeing us.
What are they saying?
Congratulations...
...on...
...sinking...
- What?
Well, I'll be b! The Brandenburg, sir.
- Blimey!
- Blimey! Control Room?
- Control Room, sir.
- We sank the Brandenburg.
- We got the Brandenburg!
- Blimey! We got the Brandenburg!
We got the Brandenburg. What do you know, we got the Brandenburg! (Horn blares) (Cheering)

Captain, sir, they're putting out pennants. "Well done, P61."

Stop boat. Stop boat, sir. (Cheering continues)

Grand job, Taylor. Thank you, sir.

Better than my fishing smacks. You really must have used Old Moore's Almanack. Well, actually, it's all done by mirrors. I'm just pushing off, so you'll have to wait for that double.

Goodbye, sir.

Good luck, Humphries.

Good luck, David.

Thank you.

Nice work, Freddie.

Well done, old man.

(Lively chatter)

Hello, Mike.

Hello, Gladys.

Mike!

Oh, Mike, it's lovely to have you back, safe. Ethel! Me darling!

Hello, Arabella.

Arabella?

Arabella?

Gladys!

Tug, isn't this wonderful? It's exciting, isn't it?

Well, so long, Dicky. You must show Gladys your new tattoo sometime.

Gladys?

You heard.

Daddy!

Hello, Pete.

I saw your submarine.
- Did you?
- Yes, Daddy.
- Did you see her coming in?
- Yes, Daddy.
You didn't know she brought a battleship with her, though, did you?
No, Daddy.
Look what I've got for you here.
- Ooh, Daddy!
- Hello, Jim.
- Hello, Alice.
- Mummy, Mummy!
Look what Daddy brought me.
A battleship.
Yes.
Better be getting home.
Aye.
Well, enjoy your leave. This time
I suppose you will be seeing your aunt.
Yes, all of them, sir. Excuse me.
Gordon, are you going to the wardroom?
- Get me Grosvenor 2777, will you?
- Yes, sir.
There's the Sorceress.
Just going through the booms.
One comes in, another goes out.
Just like running a ruddy bus service!