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Bert & Dickie

By William Ivory

You're off, then?
Yes, I, er... We did agree.
It's Henley. They're going
to select the Olympic team.
And I'm bang up to date.
Mr Bushnell, you are never anything
other than up to date.
I'm merely lamenting that your...
inclination
does not match your diligence.
And that you do not take as much
pleasure from your employment
as you do from rowing your boats.
I scull them. I beg your pardon?
I'm a sculler, sir.
A rower's a bloke who has one oar.
I have both. So...
I'm really not that interested,
Mr Bushnell!
And nor is anyone else,
if you read today's Daily Mail.
A rather perceptive editorial...
I'll make my time up, of course, sir.
What? In lieu...
You can rest assured. Only...
I should be heading off.
Let's just hope you're selected now!
For goodness' sake! Sorry!
What time do you call this?
Bert!
I thought I'd miss you...
Mr Bushnell.
I just wanted to wish you luck.
Go.
I've got to get back anyway...
Yeah... I, erm...
Thanks for coming, though.
I appreciate it.
Do your best!
Has she finished at secretarial
college, then?
Margaret? Is that how come
I'm seeing so much of her?
You aren't seeing so much of her!

She only stopped off to wish me luck.
Well, you're going to need it,
by the time we get there.
That isn't her fault!
That's Hawkin's...
keeping me in
to the last bloody second!
God, you don't know
what I'd give to leave him, Dad,
come and work with you. Yeah, well,
you can't. You know that!
Look at it! It's a complete
wasteland still.
Everything is rationed.
But we've already agreed!
What Lord Aberdare means, sir,
is that we gave our word
to the International Olympic
Committee.
We said, unequivocally, that
we could still stage the Games.
Why? Because the bloody Yanks
were after it!
What? They said they could step
in to help us out.
Rather as they had done in the war.
Well?
I... I wasn't sure if you
wanted me to say anything, sir.
This is Harold Wilson. He's
my Secretary for Overseas Trade
and somewhat of your persuasion.
Tell me again...
Tourism, sir!
We will never have a better
opportunity
to develop our tourist trade
than this.
We need hard currency
to stimulate the economy.
And I firmly believe that
the 1948 Games could bring that in!
The treasury is bare...
Remember that!

'Passing the mile signal,
'Winstone and Burnell
'of Kingston and Leander.
'Just maintaining their lead
'ahead of...'
Bert, where have you been?
Albert, don't you start, please!
Right, well, I won't, then.
She's all ready.
Me and Frank have got her perfect.
You just get limbered up
for your big moment!
No pressure, obviously.
'The result of the final of
the double sculls challenge cup...'
I'm sorry, Richard.
'..beat RF Winstone and
RD Burnell of Kingston Rowing Club
'and Leander Club by two lengths.
'Time seven minutes, 54 seconds.'
Richard!
Father.
Bad luck, old boy!
Are you all right? Not really.
It was a damn fine effort.
That's the proof.
You should shower.
I'll buy you a drink. Cheers.
Gentlemen.
Beresford. Richard, this is...
Jack Beresford. Of course.
It's an honour.
And congratulations.
I gather you're to oversee
the training
of all the British Olympics?
Indeed. A great honour,
as well as chairing our final
selection panel.
Ah...
Right.
Well, I'm sorry Dick and I won't
be featuring in your deliberations.
We've been rather off colour

all summer.

I should shower.

That's the thing, though, Mr Burnell!

I'm looking for the best oarsmen,
not necessarily any existing
formation.

I believe that our greatest chance
of winning medals
will come not from sticking
with what is familiar but...

rather by trying out
one or two new formations.
Placing the best with the best.

Do you see?

'The results of the
Diamond Challenge Sculls.

'MT Wood of Australia beat BH Bushnell of Maidenhead Rowing Club.'

Great race, mate! Jeez,
the way you went off,

I thought you'd be in the bar
before I was halfway down!

See you back here
in five or six weeks, eh?

It's unbelievable!

Suddenly discovering reverse gear
in an Olympic trial.

And that was Margaret's fault,
was it?

You know, she was waiting for him,
after work,

even after he promised
he'd stop seeing her.

I don't remember that.

That's because I never said it!

Incredible!

He's been looking to have a go at her
ever since he picked me up.

Oh. And I wonder why! Stop it
both of you, for goodness' sake...

What's done is done.

He can call round for half an hour,
surely?

He knows he can't stay out
all night.

He's got work in the morning.

"Come Per Me Sereno"

by Maria Callas

Got it! It was by the oven!

You see. I do not throw
everything out.

I do not have a mania for cleaning.

See you later.

Father. Richard! How lovely!

I was just passing by...

Sorry, are you rushing?

Do you mind?

I, erm... forgot my copy.

The editor's screaming blue murder.

Of course.

They said at your office
you were frantic.

So... You weren't just passing by,
then?

You were looking for me?

I wondered if you'd had
any further thoughts.

All of that... chopping and changing
that Beresford was mentioning.

You know, I was thinking on the way
over, "Poor old Winstone..."

"If only he knew he might be
about to be sacrificed

"at the altar of modern sport."

Yeah, I know! I'm a relic, Richard.

Time moves on.

I'm well aware of that.

Oh, take no notice of me, old boy.

I was merely... interested.

And of course, you must make
your own decision.

You're the one who's got to live
with it, after all.

I was certain I'd get a letter
in the post today. Bert.

It's fine.

It's all going to be fine.

You'll hear soon enough.

They can't not pick me!

Even though Henley was...
I'm the fastest single we've got!
I should get cracking.
Wait!
I've brought you something.
Oh.
Help you with your training.
Oh! It's tripe and onions.
I've made it into a sandwich.
Can you do that?
Aye. As long as you squeeze
the sides together.
Thank you.
It's the stuff of champions!
All right, Albert? Five medals.
Five Olympic medals.
Eh? Beresford!
Jack Beresford? He's in there?
What did I just say?!
Here you are. Hold that.
You're in.
You've been selected for Great
Britain's Olympic Rowing Team. Yes.
Yes!
I want you to row
in the double sculls.
What?
The committee is selecting you,
on my recommendation, to row
in the double sculls competition.
But... I'm a single.
There's no-one better than me!
Merv Wood beat you
just the other day. I beat him...
out in the Argentine.
I... Look, look.
It's what I've trained for,
Mr Beresford. All this time.
Tony Rowe will be our single scull.
He has that seat.
If you wish to compete
in the Olympic Games,
you must do so
in the double sculls.

Before you do that, Mr Bushnell...
let me say my piece. If I may?
You might win the single. Then...
However, you might lose.
And I don't like to lose.
I know that.
I won Olympic medals in Antwerp,
Paris, Amsterdam,
Los Angeles and Berlin.
But the greatest of these, Bert,
was in Berlin,
in front of Hitler himself,
overcoming a German crew
and winning the gold.
That was double sculls.
That was the last Olympics.
We have a reputation to maintain
in that event.
And I believe we can maintain it...
What, in five weeks?
In five weeks, I can put together
a crew that will be very fast.
Very fast indeed. And which will win
the gold medal for Great Britain.
Now, I want you to be
one half of that crew.
I want it.
The question is...
do you?
Who with?
Who'd my partner be?
I've arranged for you to meet him
this evening.
Excuse me, sir. Are you a member?
I beg your pardon? Of Leander?
No. I'm in the Great Britain squad.
I'm here for training.
I understand, sir.
However, if you're not
a member of the club itself,
I can't grant you access
to the club rooms.
But I've got to get my kit on!
Of course!

And there is direct access
to the changing rooms
around the back of the building.

Hello.

Richard Burnell. You're...

Bert Bushnell.

I saw you win the Wingfield Sculls
last year.

I covered it, actually.

Yeah, I heard that.

You write for The Times, don't you?

I don't read it myself.

Well, it's... just the rowing...

I actually work
for the British Council.

Oh.

Anyway, it was a terrific effort.

I'm a good sculler.

How long have you been doing it?

Oh. Not long, really.

It was always eights for me.

Couldn't find a crew
after the war, so...

I mean, I'd always done a bit.

Just, you know, not competitively.

Sounds like you weren't

that competitive

when you went out with Dick Winstone.

Then again, you got rid of him,

didn't you,

which shows you've got some ambition,

I suppose. Excuse me!

Winstone is a good man and I most
certainly did not get rid of him...

I don't care whether he fell

on his sword

or you stuck it right between

his shoulder blades.

All I care about is whether a bloke
can scull or not.

Well, I can!

Good!

Excellent!

You've met.

We'll get straight to it, then,
shall we?
We'll take it down to Hambleton
and back.
Nothing too strenuous, too soon.
All right?
What are you doing?
I'm taking my socks off.
Is that all right?
Well, you might get blisters.
I don't.
Then I can feel
how the boat's running.
All right, lads. Let's get going.
What are you happy with?
What?
Rate. Don't need to go mad.
No... I tell you what, though...
Dickie. Can I call you Dickie?
It seems to suit you.
Why don't we give it a quick burst
to start off with, eh?
Blow the cobwebs away.
Fine. You call it.
Yeah. Course.
Right.
Now!
Now, now...
Bloody hell!
Now, now, now!
Arrgh! Arrgh! Arrgh!
There you go. Not too bad.
Take it back, yes?
What?
Jack said there and back.
No. Wait!
Wait!
Arrgh! Arrgh! Arrgh!
What the bloody hell was
that all about?
You don't win
if you don't pull together.
It's that simple.
Now, grow up.

Both of you!
Back here tomorrow morning,
six-thirty.
On the question
of inspiring the nation...
One or two gold medals?
Lift the spirits in these somewhat
difficult times. Hmm?
Well, we're very hopeful in sailing.
Is that it?
Well, and rowing, too.
And we think we've got a fair
chance in the etching.
Olympic Etching?
Poetry, possibly too.
Gentlemen, I'm sorry,
I didn't realise there were Olympic
competitions in such things.
Oh, yes. We did check the rules.
The thing is, sir,
we have had to slim down the scale
of some aspects of the Games,
necessarily, because of the cost.
So we're looking to plump out
the schedule in other areas.
And you're sure people will go?
Absolutely.
Come on!
The speed's there -
I know the speed's there.
But there's no... finesse.
You're not recovering smoothly
and the re-issue's awful,
never mind the check you're...
It's our second outing, Jack.
And your first race
is in five weeks.
The boat's... The boat's fine!
It's your rhythm!
You need more time on the water.
Let some smoothness in.
Long, slow paddles,
any chance you get.
I'll see you back here tonight.

'It needs re-rigging.'
No, it doesn't!
Bert, the boat is... the best.
All right? I saw to that.
And if we start fiddling
with it at this late stage,
you know what happens.
It's like a golfer changing his
swing on the eve of a competition.
It always turns out badly.
So let's just do what Jack says.
And spend some extra time
on the water.
No, not that.
That's the worst idea.
We're too tired after Henley.
I know I am.
Well, we have to do something.
We work on our technique.
Jack's right. It's a mess.
Only, that's you.
Especially the re-issue.
You gotta cock your wrist more,
like a dog raising its paw.
That's what I was always taught.
By whom?
Someone who coached me
for a while.
Dan Cordery.
So, he's a professional. So what?
We're amateurs.
We like it that way.
Dickie...
I have never taken
a penny for getting in a boat.
That's an amateur.
Nothing else matters.
And, after that, it's all about
winning, by any means possible.
See? You think differently,
don't you?
Amateur, to you, it's a bloke
who loves his sport
and who uses nothing to gain

advantage over his competitors,
except his own determination
and those gifts God has happened
to bestow upon him. Mm.
The only problem with that, Dickie,
"six foot four inch tall" Dickie,
"bred from the best stock there is
in England" Dickie,
with your Eton and your Oxford
education... Mm.
And your Times newspaper job,
Dickie.
The only problem with that...
is that when God was doling out
them gifts
and setting up the natural order
of things...
he wasn't always that even handed,
was he?
I read in this report there's still
no floor for the basketball court,
that the British team
can't afford a kit...
Dealt with!
Yes, we have, as Lord Aberdare
points out,
already solved those...
particular problems.
Have you?
And how have you funded
that, precisely?
The Finns are giving us the timber
for the basketball court,
free and gratis.
Cooper's, the outfitters,
have agreed to provide
every British male competitor
with a free pair of Y-fronts.
They'll wear shorts as well?
Harold, we're not staging
a bloody nude revue, man.
Of course they'll wear shorts.
They will have to supply those
themselves, however.

I'm afraid the budget
didn't quite stretch to that.
Oh! Damn... My back.
Do you want a flag on them? What?
The shorts. It doesn't say.
It just gives the general
measurements.
Frankly, the way I feel...
I think you might be
wasting your time.
Is it really bad?
It's the starts.
We're trying to blitz it.
Somewhere near 40, 41.
I'm not used to it.
Tell Bert. I have told him.
But he reckons we'll need to be
doing at least that.
No... Tell him it's hurting you!
No flag. Thank you.
They look wonderful.
They are terrific, they are.
Terry towelling, so they won't slip.
Good thinking!
Always gotta look for the edge.
Ooh! I've got something else
for you. Eh?
Here.
Ooh, Mum. Oh, yeah, this is perfect.
I mean, my old one's too warm
in this sunshine.
And they reckon it's going to be
red hot right across the competition.
Well, you were all right
in Argentina.
I wasn't pulling behind Dickie,
then, was I?
Anyway, I'll be the best-dressed
bloke in the final. Oh!
Oh, I'll get to the final, Mum,
don't you worry.
You won't if you stay out until
God knows what hour every night.
John... He was supposed to be home,

watered and in bed by nine-thirty.
Well, I... You've been down
The Gaumont again, I know.
It's not much after half past now.
It's after it!
There. You may as well have that...
if you're up.
It's bread, you can have
a dripping sandwich.
Where's it from?
We've had our ration this week.
Yeah. I... It's extra.
You've been to see Lewis.
He's a crook, John!
He made all of his money
on the black market
and we're not going to help him get
any richer now. Mum! No! Lena!
There is a right way to behave
in life and there is a wrong way.
And it matters. Mum... Mum!
Next door's dog!
Dad...?
'The metropolis becomes cosmopolis.
'For the Olympiad, the world's
athletes are pouring towards Wembley.
'Among them, the American swimmers.
Or from America,
'the United States women contingent
arriving at Southampton.
'And they're not just athletic,
but good-looking too.'
Er, thank you, Wilson.
So... We have them here, anyway.
Absolutely.
Well, what about Wembley Stadium?
Track's down, scoreboard's up.
And we've found somewhere to hide
the pigeons
for the opening ceremony.
So they won't have to be taken
over to the stadium
until the actual
afternoon of the event.

No more hanging around
all day in the sunshine.
What?
We... had a bit of a hiccup
when we had the rehearsal yesterday.
What happened?
When we... erm,
dropped the lids to release them...
several hundred of the birds
had, erm... had cooked, sir.
Good God!
Good God, indeed!
We are blinking in the light
of a new dawn, Lord Burghley.
We are not engaged in the wholesale
slaughter of innocent avians.
No, sir.
And about poetry?
Etchings, sculpture?
Have we shifted any tickets there?
Yes, sir, we have.
How many?
So far?
Yes.
19,500.
Agghh!
What's up?
Nothing.
It's a... twinge, that's all.
It's going. It's going already.
Hey, Bert! Over here!
Ha! Jack!
Jack Kelly.
Oh, c'mon! As long as you're...
I'm fine! I told you - it's gone.
Oi! Mr Kelly! They are training!
As you should be, actually.
Good to see you!
You too. How are you? Yeah, good.
This is, er... Dickie Burnell.
He's... Your partner, yeah.
I heard you'd changed your mind
about taking me on in the singles.
Pleased to meet you. Welcome!

Ah, great to be here.
Where are you staying?
I don't know exactly.
We're getting billeted!
Bert! Bert!
Anyway, I reckon you'll be
all right. We should get going. Yeah.
Good to see you. Thank you.
Good luck. Nice to meet you.
Nice to meet you. Best of luck.
You too.
Here, Dickie. Give it a wipe.
Agghh!
Right.
Now, tell us the truth.
Is it going to torpedo us?
No! No...
I've had it before.
It eases off after a day or two.
It's painful but...
It won't affect the competition.
It won't make any difference!
You're getting worse.
What are you on about! We were
miles quicker to the barrier.
Through brute force you were! So you
were knackered on the way back,
which means you finished two seconds
slower than last week,
with a rating of four strokes
higher!
If you two don't discover
some kind of rhythm,
you'll do well
to get beyond the first round.
Except we know the answer.
Long, slow... No! We can't...
paddle through it!
Bert's right, Jack.
We haven't the energy.
Fine. Then solve it your own way.
But solve it!
It's the boat. No. Look, Dickie!
Please. Just, just listen to me...

A bad workman... Yeah, I know that!
But we're both struggling.
And it isn't getting any better.
It's the reason your back's
knackered.
It's knackered due to the number of
starts you've put us through.
They are a problem cos that's when
the rigging gets the most hammer.
I've been sculling like that
for the past eight months.
With a bloke who was 14 stone!
I'm ten and a half!
I'm too high out of the water which
means you're beating up the sculls
to get through the stroke, which you
can because you're so strong,
but at the cost
of wrecking your back.
The truth is, if we dropped
the work by half an inch,
you'd be taking the right amount
of strain
and we'd increase the span
on the stroke! Look... I'll do it.
What?
I'm saying... I was thinking
about it, you know.
It occurred...
What, that I don't know how
to do a re-rig? I don't know.
Captain of boats at Eton.
Blue at Oxford...
I assume they have people.
I can rig my own boat!
The only reason I'm not doing this
one is because it doesn't need doing
and if we start messing around
with it now
we're going to ruin everything!
If it isn't running properly,
might I suggest that
rather than blaming the silver spoon
you forever see in my mouth,

you take a good look at the chip
on your own shoulder,
and ask yourself, honestly,
whether it and blind ambition,
are really enough in themselves
to make a man a good oarsman,
or might he require one or two
other attributes as well,
like skill?!

Where are you going?
Nowhere. I... Just for a walk.
I won't be long.
Yeah. And we know who with,
don't we?
It makes sense.
And I apologise...
for what I said to you.
No-one likes to be found out.
No.
Thank you, gentlemen.
Mr Bushnell, I...
Margaret, I, er... I didn't mean
to surprise you,
but I... remembered Bert said
you'd come home for your lunch.
I need to talk to you...
on a matter of some urgency.
What about this, er...
rationing business?
Well, apparently a couple
of our weightlifters
passed out yesterday.
One egg a week, you see,
it's simply not enough.
It's the same with
the distance runners.
They say a shilling's worth of meat
a week, they just can't train on it.
Well, that's how it's going
to remain!
If our Olympians can manage,
then so can we.
But they're not managing!
That's a chop in the middle.

Barnsley chop.
You get double meat on one of them.
That's... Very kind of you.
Except, am I the only one who's
actually...?
We've had ours!
Yeah, sorry, there was some...
confusion
about what time tea was actually
served,
so we got stuck in before
you arrived.
And aren't they delicious?
Mm... Those Barnsley chops.
So you just enjoy yourself,
Mr Kelly.
You're our guest and we want you
to go back to America
with good memories.
The King and the rowin' and...
that chop.
We're happy to watch.
Great oarsman such as yourself.
That is magnificent.
All right, Dad?
Bert?
Need some Fleetwax.
Have you got any?
Dickie says we're on the water
that much,
the boat could use an extra coat.
Yeah, he's right. You should.
I'll get you some.
How'd it go today?
Yeah, good. Quicker today
than we were at lunch time.
So... Still a way to go, though.
Well, the Danes are the ones
to watch. But the Dutch...
Yeah, yeah! We know, Dad.
We've done our homework,
so don't worry.
And I'll be... I'll be out
by the time you get home.

But I'll be back by nine. I promise.

She ain't there.

What?

You're goin' over to Margaret's,
aren't you?

Yeah. And I'm saying
I'll be back by nine.

Yeah, and I'm just sayin' to you,
she isn't there,
she's gone back to her mum's.

She's taken the train to Dumfries.

What are you on about, her mum's?

She... She said she'd meet me
at The Gaumont.

How do you know?

You told her to leave.

I did no such thing.

You forced her!

I did not!

She accepted it, you know.

She appreciated you need
a clear run now.

No distractions whatsoever.

I'd say shame on you,
but you don't know
the meaning of the word.

You don't have to go into digs.

It's easier.

I can... focus.

Not sure I'd be much company
for a few days anyway.

'London, 1948.

'The 14th Olympiad of the modern era.

'Here, the athletes of the nations
'gather to pit their strength
and skill.

'Physical perfection competing
in international friendship.

'Britain is set.

And so her King declares...

'I proclaim open
the Olympic Games of London,
'celebrating the 14th Olympiad
of the modern era.'

Which line does the Mexican
diving team
need to take for the Empire Pool?
Metropolitan. Can anyone speak...
What do they speak in the Lebanon?
Hello. Yes.
Er, oh, just a second. Matt Busby?
Something to do with a soccer team?
Right.
Mr Busby, good afternoon.
Yes, I see.
No. No, no.
I can appreciate that.
Hello. I'll sort it out
straightaway.
Yes! Er, two dozen footballs
to Enfield, please, straightaway!
Yes, of course, of course.
I'll get onto that straightaway.
Richard!
Father. I, er...?
I thought you wouldn't mind.
No.
Of course.
You're welcome.
Been far?
Five miles.
On top of your work on the water?
It's fine.
We go at a slow pace.
It, er... oxygenates the muscles
apparently.
Long and slow.
It's something Bert picked up
in the Argentine.
Ahh... Overseas technique.
They produce some terrific oarsmen.
Absolutely. I wasn't...
If you're going to go with that
sort of approach, then...
What sort of approach?
Here. I brought you something.
Single malt.
Help you relax.

Thank you. It's terrific.
You are allowed the odd nip,
then, are you,
on this regime of yours?
You're a Burnell.
That's all the impetus you need.
Let battle commence.
Burghley.
Oh, Prime Minister.
Right. I see.
Well, good night, then, sir.
Mr Attlee.
Yes, I gathered.
He's at the Savoy Grill.
There with Wilson.
Having to wait for a table,
apparently.
Place is...
Place is packed with foreigners.
Well, he's delighted.
Wanted to say, "Well done."
We're doing it, Clarence...
just about.
The world has come to London and...
we're bloody well doing it.
Mrs Bushnell?
Mm. I'm... Richard Burnell.
Oh.
I...I need to talk to Bert...
about tomorrow.
Oh, of course. Come in.
He's gone out.
Nerves.
He'll be walkin' round somewhere.
Shouldn't be long, I imagine.
Why don't you come in, anyway...
have a cuppa,
now you're here?
What's the problem?
Excuse me?
You're all over the shop.
What is it?
It's nothing. I...
Oh, come on!

You've got something on your mind.
That's why you're here, isn't it?
I'm someone you don't know well
who you can talk to
without it bein' embarrassin', so...
I'm scared we won't win.
I mean, I...
I've never thought that before.
Because I want to... so much,
only... suddenly, this evening,
when I was in my digs,
I... It's not Bert. It's me.
I just thought,
I'm not sure I'm quick enough.
You know, I'm really not...
Shhh!
You don't say that again. All right?
You've told me and I've heard you.
Only that's it, all right?
Because you ARE going to win.
You know why?
Because you deserve to.
You know why you deserve to?
Cos you're here now,
panickin' and worryin'.
I just...
Who doesn't want to win gold
at the Olympics? Eh?
Every oarsman does.
It's the pinnacle.
Yeah, I wanted one!
But I... I didn't know you rowed.
Right.
You come with me.
I won three coats and badges,
scullin'.
I was good.
Only, it was always a gold medal
I wanted, Olympic,
ever since I was a kid,
but soon as I started
up the boat yard, that was that.
I lost my amateur status.
Yeah, I could've waited,

I could've...
To get the boat yard goin'...
I could've given myself
the ultimate test.
But I didn't, cos...
I got the fear, too.
You know, "What if I'm not
good enough?"
Everyone gets it.
Question is...
what do you do with it?
You know, I walked away.
Told myself I could have won
if, you know,
if the rules for amateurs
hadn't been so tough.
I walked away.
But you're going
to get in the boat.
I can see you are,
even feelin' how you do now...
and because of that,
you're going to win, Dickie Burnell.
Dickie?
Anyway, I should...
We've said all we need to, eh?
I'll leave you to it. Mm.
What did he mean?
You've said all you need to say?
I...came looking for you.
Your father invited me
to stay for a cup of tea.
Oh. We had a good chat.
He said he's not going to watch
until the final.
No... he never does.
Says there's only one race which
matters, so why watch the others?
It's a fair point. Mm.
Great Britain has drawn
the Bucks station.
Italy on Centre
and France on Berkshire.
Good draw, lads. Italy and France.

Put down a marker, eh?
'We're going to lose, Bert.'
Nah, not against these.
Don't worry.
That's just the jitters, come on!
No!
We're going to make sure we lose.
What are you on about?
We're going to...
The draw doesn't favour us.
If we win,
we'll get the Danes too soon.
If we come second,
we'll be in the repechage.
Win that and we still
carry on through the competition
but we'll be on the other side
of the draw to the Danes.
We won't meet them until the final.
If we win the repechage. What if...
We will win it!
It's still a risk. It's...
Well, of course it's a risk!
But it's one worth taking.
You know that!
Trust me, Bert.
Please.
What the hell happened there?!
Came out the blocks like, er...
It was beautiful!
And then, all of a sudden,
it was like someone threw an anchor
over the side!
I got a bit of cramp. What?
My legs cramped up.
Oh, no. I'm not poorly.
It was just... temporary.
I'm certain!
It's all right, Jack.
We hung onto second.
We'll be in the repechage.
Ha! What? It'll be fine.
We'll win the repechage.
Against the Dutch!

No. Hang on. They're European
Champions. That isn't right.
They had a disaster. What?
Bow caught a massive crab and
they never got their rhythm back.
Just made second. So it's them
and you and, moments ago, Argentina.
Argentina?! What happened?
God knows. Somebody said that
they did it deliberately.
To avoid the Danes in the semis.
I know.
Apparently, the coach punched
the bloke who suggested it.
Don't blame him.
It's the Olympics, for God's sake.
The point is, boys,
the repechage will be no procession.
And if you don't win that,
there are no more second chances.
You're out.
The Dutch are goin'.
Beat it in, Dickie!
They're goin'. The Dutch are going!
I don't want to know!
Go on, my son, come on.
Breathe in, Dickie. Go on. Go on!
More!
More!
Yes!
Keep going! Keep going!
Come on!
Bury 'em!
Bury 'em, Dickie!
Yes! Go on! Go on! Go on!
They made it. They're through.
In the semis.
I say, they're through
to the semis.
I don't care.
Richard.
Well done!
Thank you.
I was hoping I'd see you.

Let me take you for some supper.
No. Thank you.
I'm going out with Bert.
Ah. Good idea.
Let off a bit of steam together!
Well, I'll leave you to it, then.
I thought you were terrific today.
Thank you.
Really dominated.
Not sure about that show-boating
at the end but...
Sorry?
You'd won, Richard.
It was clear, long before
you crossed the finishing line.
There really wasn't any need
to humiliate your opponents
quite so thoroughly.
Ah.
I'm being churlish.
It was a magnificent row.
All I mean is...
it's a gentleman's sport, Richard.
It would be a shame to forget that.
How'd you get on?
Won.
Good.
Says here, the Belgians' time
from their first round
nearly broke the course record.
They're looking very quick indeed.
Flippin' heck.
He'll be here in a minute.
We could always pretend...
No, we can't!
He made a special point,
"I'll be there at seven-thirty.
"Don't all start without me
this time."
I'm back!
Hello again!
Guess who's through
to his semifinal?
It's spam and salad!

That's all we've got.
And the spam's disgustin'.
Potatoes aren't that good.
Oh, I see.
In which case...
maybe all this stuff that gets
flown in from LA could be of use.
I've got 35 sirloin steaks,
four bags of rice,
two bunches of bananas,
and three lemon cheesecakes.
Now, the steaks will keep, as long
as you ice 'em for a day or two,
but the cheesecakes,
they gotta go,
and cos of that,
I hope you don't mind, I've, er...
invited some friends around.
Hey, fellas! Fellas!
Hello, Bert!
Oh! Was an effort today, wasn't it?
More than I thought it'd be.
Think the occasion,
that saps you a bit an' all.
Either way.
Certainly felt it in the end.
Did you?
Legs are like lead.
All right, well...
That's all right.
We've got enough in the tank,
as long as we don't waste
anything in the semi.
There's a way we can win it, Dickie,
where we keep a bit back.
I've worked it out!
Belgium will get away fastest,
except they'll drop off about 750,
be the Yanks
we need to keep an eye on,
and I know with them,
they don't race!
It's even splits all the way.
I've looked at their times.

So all we gotta do is pick up
their rate at the start,
sit with them to 1,500 and then
crank it up in the last five...
38, 39, and that'll do it.
They won't be able to respond.
They haven't got the speed,
which means we'll win it and we'll
have something left for the final!
As long as they haven't got
the speed,
as long as they haven't been
holding something back.
I'm right.
I know I am.
Come on! I trusted you first round.
Eh!
It's my turn now.
Besides,
we're too tired for anything else.
She won a gold in the discus
this very afternoon!
She's apparently
a concert pianist.
Attended the Paris Conservatoire.
Micheline Ostermeyer.
She can knock out a tune, can't she?
On the old Joanna.
Here, um... Have you got any change?
What?
For the phone box.
How much do you need?
How much you got?
Hello.
'Margaret? It's me... It's Bert!'
Oh... Right.
I wanted to ring and... apologise
for not getting in touch sooner.
Apologise? I just assumed you were
busy with your training. 'No, no.'
I was upset. You'd let my dad
persuade you to leave and...
Point is, I should've called
and I didn't.

But then, just now, I was watching
this discus thrower and...
she was amazing.
'I thought of you straightaway
and it hit me...
'whenever I'm... anywhere where...'
I dunno, where I feel inspired,
you know,
'you always come into my head.'
And I think I must love you.
'I really must.'
You got that from watching
a discus thrower?
'Yeah.'
I know. It's complicated.
The thing is, I do!
Well, you're silly!
You're silly cos if you were upset
you should have called me.
And you're silly because
your dad was right.
'You did need to concentrate.'
What?
'He never persuaded me, Bert.
'I left because I thought
it was for the best.'
And you're through
to the semifinal now,
which is all that matters,
and that you love me.
That's quite good, too.
It's... mutual, by the way.
Margaret, er...
I've got no more money. I miss ya.
'I wish you were here.'
All right! Stop shovin' at the back!
Somebody's gonnae get hurt!
Here, Tam, you need to dae a rota.
So long in front, then move 'em on.
You've been here for two hours. You
should be the first tae clear off.
Will you all just shut up?!
I'm tryin' to watch my fiance here!
What? He's rowin', is he?

Aye. And it's called scullin',
as a matter of fact...

Oooh! Scullin'!

Right. Wait here.

Come on!

Right! Let her through.

Let the lassie through tae the
shop. Come on, then, out the way.

Oh, thank you! Thanks.

All right! All right!

Tell us what's goin' on!

USA one length ahead
after seven 750 metres.

The commentator says the wind is
an enemy to Great Britain.

The Belgians are droppin'
right aff.

Britain are comin' back!

Her fiance, he's a bloody giant,
by the way.

Is he fae the Gorbals?

He's not that, he's the other one.

She's engaged to the one
who looks like Harold Lloyd.

Never mind, the bigger one's picking
it up right now! Yes, come on.

Britain and the Yanks.

Neck and neck.

Come on!

Britain edgin' it!

Our boys have got another gear!

They're giein' it the hammer!

Come on, Bert.

They've opened up a gap!

Great Britain wins!

Yes!

USA second!

And who cares who's third?

We're through to the final!

Good, lads! Thought you'd gone off
too slow but timed it just right.

Just. How you feelin'? Good.

Good.

One more to do. Just... rest tonight.

That's the key.
One more.
Good show, chaps.
Wonderful performance.
Sheer guts.
I do beg your pardon. Charles
Burnell. But everyone calls me Don.
How do you do, Don? Bert Bushnell.
Well, you're there! You've made it.
You're Olympic finalists.
Incidentally, I don't know
if you got the finishing times.
Er, Parsner and Larsen, the Danes,
they won their semi
in seven minutes, 48.3 seconds.
You beat the Americans
in seven minutes, 55.1.
Tremendous effort!
Your best time so far...
but still a good seven
seconds off the Danes.
Perhaps another rasher of bacon
in the morning, eh, Bushnell?
So lovely to meet you. Best of luck.
Seven seconds. Christ!
Well, they weren't being pushed,
were they?
There was no-one near enough
to push 'em by the sound of it.
We can beat them.
Yeah, but...
Don't listen to him!
I'm sorry. I...
I respect my father very much,
but he has a most...
particular sense
of good sportsmanship,
which I find a little troubling
at times.
I beg your pardon. I really do.
I'm...
I need to rest.
Yeah, me too.
You all right, sir?

Yes. It's, er... fine.
Right.
Well, er... it's your battery.
You didn't have the radio on
for ages, did you, sir?
Oh...
It's all right. I can arrange
to have you towed back.
Won't be a problem.
What won't be a problem?
Bert... What are you doin' here?
I've just been rowing
in an Olympic semifinal.
What about you?
Actually, I saw you. Yeah. We was
comin' along and your mum said...
"Look, they're rowin'. It must
be the Olympics," so we stopped.
He's through to the final.
Double sculls.
Oh, congratulations!
Ta.
And you're his dad? Ha-ha!
Well, you can have the new battery
free, compliments of the AA.
Yeah? Why didn't you tell me?
What? You was watching!
Have you seen them all?
Have you seen them all? Have you...
Have you seen all my races?
Have you been doing this for ages?
It ain't something to get upset
about, you know. We was proud.
We wanted to watch you.
So, why didn't you tell me?!
How come you're hiding here?
Why didn't you sit with
everyone else?
You didn't want to be around
if I lost, did you?
No. Yeah, you wanted to be able to
make a quick exit! That's...
You're unbelievable!
You're unbelievable.

That ain't right.
Bert! Come back here.
I just didn't want to put him off.
Cheerio.
Mr Burnell!
Bert! Still here?
Yeah. I, er...
I was just
thinking about tomorrow and...
is there any chance that
I could have a word with you...
in private?
Cheers.
He never told me he was still
reporting...
during the event.
Oh, I think
he likes the routine of it.
Stops him from worrying too much!
I don't think of him
like that at all - Dickie.
I mean, to me, he's...
He's a rock.
I want to say that, actually,
Mr Burnell... Don.
I want to say,
he's a credit to you, Dickie is.
How you brought him up.
Thank you, Bert.
It's why I wanted to speak to you.
I...
need you to do me a favour.
I need you to look me in the eye
and tell me
it's going to be all right tomorrow.
Bert...
I'm...
I'm exhausted!
I...don't want Dickie to know, but...
We finished that race today,
I could hardly get out the tub
when we got to the side,
I was that knackered.
I'm sure it's there...

one last effort...
even though...
I'm tired.
I just need someone to help me
unlock it...
someone I truly respect.
It's a gold medal.
Olympic gold medal.
It's mine.
1908. Men's eight.
If Richard manages
to come through first,
we'll be the only father-and-son
gold medallists
in the entire history
of the Olympics.
I...
Why didn't he say anything?
Why didn't you?
A gentleman doesn't boast, Bert.
I've always impressed that
upon Richard.
It is a fact, nevertheless,
that I have my medal
and he has yet to win his...
despite all the training
he puts in and the diet
and God knows what else...
but now, we'll find out...
is the son the match of the father?
I hope so. I really do...
except one can never be certain.
That's the glory of sport -
its unpredictability.
So...
while I can and will tell you
everything will turn out exactly
as you hope tomorrow...
the truth is, it won't actually
make a blind bit of difference...
you're either made of the right
stuff or you're not.
I got you sardines.
You need fish oil.

You look knackered.
In fact, you should be in bed
by now.
You're as white as a sheet.
Do you know what time is it?
Bloody hell, Bert. You've got
an Olympic final in the morning.
What are you playin' at!?
Yeah.
Yeah.
I'm sorry.
Right. Well... Never mind, you know,
except it's same as your mum says...
certain things matter...
like not havin' any regrets
in your life. That's one of 'em.
And you've worked too hard all these
years to take any chances now, son.
So...
eat your food.
I'll have it in my room.
All right, love. I'm ready.
Love?
You've not changed.
I'm not coming.
What?
I'm staying here. But...
But nothing. I've made up my mind.
You gotta come.
No, I can't bear it!
You know how it upsets me.
I've managed up until now...
only not today,
not the final.
I daren't.
You tell me how it went
when you get back.
How are you feeling?
Good. Good?
Good.
This is it, then.
You're top men.
Get away quick...
We know what to do.

We gotta pull together, Dickie,
if we're going to do this.
Two gotta become one.
Only we are one! Already!
Cos of our dads. What?
Trying not to let them down
and hating them one minute
and loving them the next.
What are you on about?
My dad! And yours - Don!
I went to see him last night.
I'm not sure now's quite
the time to... Yes, it is.
It's exactly the time.
That's what I'm saying.
Cos we've both spent our whole lives
dealing with them and how they are.
Only, now, it's just us in the boat,
Dickie.
It's just you and me,
and that's enough.
It's more than enough,
cos we're a bloody good team.
Prime Minister.
I hardly dare tell him
how well the advertising's worked.
All that stuff in the programme? No.
I thought it was unlikely.
No... Amazing what these
companies will offer.
I can see it catching on.
'Sculling magnificently
'and past the finishing post,
'the winner by five or six lengths.
'The result of final
for the single sculls...
'MT Wood of Australia,
takes the gold medal,
'EG Risso of Uruguay, second,
and Catasta of Italy, third.'
Here you go, lads.
She's all ready.
Don't be sick.
Don't be sick.

Just breathe deep.
Look at your clogs,
you're all right.
Just breathe.
Big start. 40.
Settle.
Go when they go.
You call it.
Yep.
Smile.
Etes-vous prêts?
Ready.
Partez!
The race is under way. Great Britain
are giving it a fair lick.
The Danes are there too.
Maybe even inching it, in fact.
And Uruguay are not exactly
hanging about either.
They're catching them.
They're catching them.
Neck and neck. Neck and neck!
Bert!
Wait!
Soon. It's gotta be soon!
Don't bully it!
Now!
Hammer it!
They've overtaken them!
Sing...
Sing...
Sing...
Yeah!
Yes!
Yes!
Oh, yes! Oh, yes!
My dear old man.
'Result of the double sculls...
'BHT Bushnell and RD Burnell of
Great Britain win the gold medal.'
Lads!
You... buggers!
All down to you, Jack.
Great effort, great effort.

Not bad, lads. Not bad at all.
Enjoy it, Bert. Losing doesn't feel
so great. Congratulations.
Bad luck, mate.
Congratulations.
Well done, Richard.
'The medal ceremony,
for the men's double sculls...'
'Ladies and gentlemen,
'please stand for the national anthem
of Great Britain.'
Here, Dad.
Take this.
Take it!
I want you to have it...
please...
as a thank you.
We should go.
Hmm.
You keep saying that.
We should.
We'll never get to do this again,
will we...
walk out of a changing room
after we've beaten the world?
No.
But we can't stay here for ever.