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Dunkirk

By David Divine

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ANNOUNCER:

So Britain welcomes
the members of the new
French government
and the commanders
of her forces
and the new French Premier,
Monsieur Paul Reynaud.
After the meeting,
Britain and France issue
a solemn declaration
binding their two peoples
still more closely.
It declares to the world
that the change of government
in France
will mean no change
in the cooperation
between the two nations
and there's perfect
cooperation too,
between the heads
of the allied forces.
Our armies will fight
side by side,
so look out Hitler,
here we come.

[MAN SINGING ON-SCREEN TEXT]

You're no match

[MEN LAUGHING]

[MAN SINGING ON-SCREEN TEXT]

[MEN CHEERING]

You've no idea how you run

[FANFARE PLAYING]

ANNOUNCER:

Foreign Press Association
are on a visit to
the British Air Forces
on the western front.
They represent

many of the newspapers
in neutral countries.
Apart from military secrets,
we have nothing to hide.
We are fighting our war
in the open.
Our propaganda is true.
Belgium too is showing off
her preparedness.
This is one of her
coastal batteries
where the men live
in bombproof block houses
and can be ready for action
within a few seconds.
And German warships will hardly
dare to operate in seas
that are policed
by the Royal Navy.
There lies Belgium's
best hope of security.
And here's
somewhere else where
they're shooting at birds from
every angle.
2050... I mean 250
Pacific Boast cuties...
I mean
Pacific Coast beauties.
What a picture. What a job.
Ain't it gorgeous?
[FANFARE PLAYING]
At the Mansion House
in London,
Mr. Chamberlain
makes a statement
on the progress and prospects
of the war.

CHAMBERLAIN:

The oceans of the world
have been swept clear
of German shipping.
There's a flap on.

No, they're just off
to another party.
The members of that government
do not hesitate to say...
Come on. Let's see what's up.
Come on, you two.
...that they desire to achieve
the ruin
of the British empire.
I told you
there was a flap on.
There's a flap on every week.
They save 'em for Wednesdays.
The brig.
seems in a heck of a hurry.
Aye, but I bet he noticed
you didn't salute him.
I can see you being dropped down
to a Lance-Jack again.
Ah, make that a promise
and I'll never salute
the old basket again.
Anyway, he doesn't
know me from Adam.
Ah, come on. Let's go down
and have some vin blanc.
Yes, but don't go pinching
Claudette's behind again.
The locals don't like it.
[CHUCKLES]
You think the people
back home
believe all that stuff
in the newsreel?
What stuff?
All that gaff
about being prepared.
Why shouldn't they?
It's what they're told.
Besides,
it keeps them happy.
My missus says
they don't know
there's a war on back home.

Lucky blighters.
Oh, thanks, Barlow.
Fresh landings have taken place
in the area.
And our forces
are firmly astride
the road to the north.
The Norwegian forces
are cooperating
with the utmost gallantry.
Uh, in France, there had
been patrol activity
in the Rhine area
to the south of
Strasbourg.
Any questions?
Uh, may I ask, sir,
if there's any confirmation
of the reports
that have been coming through
all day today
about heavy
enemy concentrations
along the Dutch
and Belgian frontiers?
I have nothing to add
to the communique.
Are you prepared
to deny these reports?
I have nothing to add
to the communique.
If large troop movements
develop during the night,
will a new communique
be issued?
As far as I know
there is no intention
to issue any further communique
before tomorrow.
Is there any truth in the report
of heavy air reconnaissance
over eastern Belgium, sir?
Nothing to add.
Is there

any security objection
to our using the reports
we've received,
or shouldn't the German's
be told what they're doing?
That's a matter for the Censor.
Thank you, sir.
Well, Jouvett,
what do your people think?
Have you heard anything from
any of the Dutch boys?
I was talking to young
Van Blerck of the Handelsblad.
They reckon they have got half
a million Germans opposite them.
Brouwer, do you know
Charles Foreman?
Delighted.
How do you do?
Have you heard anything
from Brussels this evening?
Nothing.
You've heard nothing
of the 500 thousand Germans
sitting on the border?
Has your paper printed it?
No.
Well, I don't get it.
Here are the biggest
troop movements
since the war broke out.
Nobody says anything,
nobody attempts anything,
nobody knows anything.
What do they think they're
there for, maneuvers?
Patrol activity.
Utter bilge!
[]
Evening, Mrs. Jones.
Ah, evening, Mr. Holden.
Hello, girls.
Well, how did you get out?
Seventy grams.

Machine broke down
just after 7 for half an hour.
Frankie mended it.

MAN [ON RADIO]:

Germany calling.
Germany calling.
Switch that blasted row off.
No, let's listen
to what he says.
Don't tell me you listen
to all horse twaddle.
How do you know
it's twaddle?
It must be said again
that Germany
has no intention
to use military might
against small countries
unless they seek
to aid our enemies.
If Britain or France
were foolish enough
to invade Belgium
we on our side will be obliged
to march and protect Belgium.
He makes me sick.
Rotten traitor.
All the same,
he may be right.
Perhaps
they don't want war.
Eh? Don't want war?
What happened
in Norway and Denmark?
They went in there
quick enough, didn't they?
Hmm, I suppose you're right.
Of course I'm right.
It's a lot of
blasted propaganda.
Still, they don't let him say
it on the radio, don't they?
Oh, there you are,

Frankie.

Awkward evening,

Mr. Holden.

What was wrong
with the machine?

Oh, the die got jammed.

I reset it same as last time.

Oh, let's have a look.

Oh, that's fine there.

Yeah.

How's Mrs. Holden
and the baby?

Did you see them today?

Oh, yes, I did.

They're grand.

He's gained another 3 ounces.

Terrific he is.

Heh, go on.

You'll be telling me next
he's had his call-up papers.

Yes, that's the only blight
in the picture.

He had to come along
when there's a war on.

Don't worry.

It'll be all over
before he's out
of his nappies.

Heh.

I hope you're right.

All right, girls.

You can lock up now.

Will you lock up by yourself
tonight, Frankie?

Sure, I'll do it myself.

If you want me I'll be
over at the Queens Head.

Goodnight, girls.

GIRLS:

Goodnight, Mr. Holden.

Don't forget
to blackout.

No, I won't.

How about a drink, Alfred,
or do I serve myself?
Serve yourself, Mr. Foreman.
I must put up this blackout.
It's okay, Alfred.
Don't worry.

[]

Charles,
do you have to do that?
I have a great, I might say,
monumental thirst.
I've been
to a press conference.
Any news?
Oh, the usual.
Leaflets raids over Hamburg.
Patrol activity
along the entire front.
The usual claptrap.
A light ale, dear?
Please.
Evening, all.
Hello, Alfred.

ALFRED:

Evening, Mr. Holden.
Evening, Mrs. Foreman.
Hello.
How's Grace and the baby?
Oh, fine. Just fine.
Wet the baby's head, Holden.
What'll you have?
Scotch, if I may,
please, Mr. Foreman.
Right.
Alfred,
the whisky's run dry.
Well, you'd better go easy
on it.
If I don't get anymore
by Monday
I'll have to ration you.
No more doubles.
Oh, come off it,

Alfred.

You can always get some
on the side.

I can't do
without my Scotch.

What are you kicking
about?

You could always turn a little
petrol into a little whisky
couldn't you?

Well, wouldn't you? Heh.

It's a lovely war.

How many buckles
have you turned out this week?

200 gross,
I shouldn't wonder.

The Army's got to
have buckles, hasn't it?
Especially if it's caught
with its pants down.

Still, I suppose somebody's
got to make them.

Thank our lucky stars
we're not wearing them, eh?

Charles!

Give us another pint,
guv, will you?

Well, one does
what one can.

They made it a reserved
occupation. I didn't.

Anyway, would I have done any
more by sitting on my backside
in France
for the last six months.

Well, would I?

A new baby,
200 gross of buckles,
unlimited petrol
and all the whiskey
you want.

You're sitting pretty,
aren't you, Holden?

Yes, it is a lovely war.

Well, wouldn't you
if you were in my place?
Wouldn't everybody?
Doesn't everybody?
The war's a blasted
phony anyway?

MAN:

I'm a bit tired of that.
Tired of what?
This "phony war" business.
Well, isn't it?
No, it's not.
I've just come
out of hospital
after 10 days in an open boat
off the Faroes
and I'm sick and tired
of blokes like you
with soft jobs ashore!
Come outside!
Now, don't be silly.
I've lost two fingers off
that hand
but I'm gonna take you
outside
and knock your block off
with my right.

ALFRED:

There's no need for that.
I'm sorry. I apologize.
I'll come outside
if you insist.
That won't do any good.
It's not his fault.
It's the fault
of all of us.
You make me sick.
All of you!
It may be a phony war
to you,
but it's not
to all the boys at sea.

It never has been.
Come on, Charles.
We'd better be getting home.
Goodnight, Mr. Holden.
You treat this whole thing
as a personal issue.
That was nearly a fight,
And poor little Holden
would have got it.
To blazes with
poor little Holden.
He makes me sick!
He's like a lot more
in this country.
It's the same everywhere.
Is this supposed to be
a war effort?
You know, you're getting to be
a bit of a pain in the neck
about this war effort.
You don't see it anymore
than anyone else.
This debate in the House,
where's it got us?
Chamberlain's settled in
as comfortably as ever,
patting us on the head
and saying
that everything's
going to be all right
so that little squirts
like Holden
can sit back
on their fat subcontracts
and make more money than
they ever did in peace time.
What'll it be worth
if we lose this war?
We haven't lost it.
Now don't tell me next
that we're always at our best
when we're nearly beaten,
backs to the wall,
and all that bilge.

If you ask me,
we are nearly beaten.
Oh, Charles,
for goodness sake be human.
I know you feel we're making
a mess of things
but that's not the fault
of people like Holden.
They're doing their best
and they're
doing what they're told.
Of course he fusses
about his wife and baby.
There's nothing much wrong
with that.
It's no use tearing yourself
to pieces, Charles.
Yes, but we're being
such fools.
Poor old Charles.
You'd like to get at 'em
with your bare hands,
wouldn't you?
As far as I can see
that's about all we've got
our bare hands.
[]
I suppose they're flags
left over from the last war.
Aye, they just bring
'em out every 20 years.
Says a lot for the popularity
of our fathers, doesn't it?
You're right there,
Tubby.
That good looking piece
could be your half sister,
except that
she's too good looking.
What her? She's as ugly
as Punch's sore eyed dog.
[CHUCKLES THEN WHISTLES]
Oi! Oi!
It seems strange having

to leave prepared positions.
You'd think
we'd have to sit here
and wait for Jerry
to appear.

As far as I can gather
we're going up
to the River Dyle
to hold a defensive position
there.

Yeah, that's right.
We sit up on the end
of a line
held by the French
to connect up
with the Belgians.
Like closing a door.
And we're the door, eh?
Yeah, that's right.
At least so the Major said.
Yeah?

Well supposing someone
puts their foot
in the bloody door?

[BELL TONGS]

We're going to hang out the
Washing on the Siegfried Line
Have you any dirty washing
Mother dear?

We're gonna hang out
The washing
On the Siegfried Line
' Cause the washing day
Is here
Whether the weather
May be wet
Or fine
We'll just rub along

BRIGADIER:

of the communiqu.
Any questions?
Has the Belgian front broken,
sir?

Is it true that
they have attacked
in force on either side
of Sedan?
Are German tanks
on the outskirts of Brussels?
Now, gentlemen, gentlemen,
one at a time, please!
The situation is fluid
in the highest degree.
The main fighting
has not yet begun.
The information that
I've given you is...
[BOMBS BLASTING]
We'll just rub along
Without a care
We're going to hang out the
Washing on the Siegfried Line
If the Siegfried Line's
Still there
[BOMBS EXPLODING]
Orders to pull back, sir.
Pull back?
Tell the others, Sergeant.
Yes, sir.
We're pulling back, sir.
Get moving.
We're pulling back.
All right, Corporal,
pack it up.
We're pulling back.
Why?
Don't ask me. Ask the blinking
generals. I don't know.
Well, we're holding them,
aren't we?
They're still the other side
of the river.
I don't know I tell you.
All I know is
we've got to be out of here
by 1900 hours.
Now, get moving!

We're gonna hang out the
Washing on the Siegfried Line
'Cause the washing day
Is here
Whether the weather
May be wet or fine
We'll just rub along
Without a care
We're going to hang out the
Washing on the Siegfried Line
If the Siegfried Line's
Still there
[BOMBS EXPLODING]
I'm sorry, gentlemen,
I have nothing further to say.
It has been reported
that Calais has been
heavily attacked.

BROUWER:

that Boulogne has fallen?

REPORTER:

What is the true position
of the
British Expeditionary...

[]
Let the first car
get on the bridge.
Blast, he's twigged it!
Well, let him have it! Now!
Right! Get your gear
together and run!

BINNS:

Come on, boys.
[GUNFIRE]
Okay, all of you?

BIRTHS:

Yes, sir.
Well, that should
hold them for a bit.
Let's get back to the unit.

Double up and quick! Keep low!
There's nobody in the forward
observation post, sir!
What's that?
There must be.
No, sir!
Nobody in the
trenches either, sir.
Looks empty.
The vehicles are there.
That's C Company's second truck,
sir.
It's US. Transmission
went last night.
That Bren's US too, sir.
There's nobody there.
Nonsense.
They've gone to ground.
There's nobody there, sir.
All right, Corporal, get the
stuff up as quickly as you can.
I'll go ahead.
Very good, sir.
Come on, lads.
Pick 'em up.
Rum go.
I wonder what's happened.
Division pulled out
last night, sir. Midnight.
Where to?
West, sir.
Concentrating between Arras
and Lens, the Major said.
Told me I was to wait
for you, sir.
[FIGHTER PLANE WHINING]
Look out! Get to cover!

BELLMAN:

You all right, Tubby?
Yeah, yeah. I'm all right.
What about the others?
Where's Mike?
He ducked down somewhere

over there, I think.
Come on, let's have a yell.
Mike, where are you?

MIKE:

I'm here.
You all right?

MIKE:

Of course I'm all right.
Well, what are you doing
down there then?
I'm trying to get out
of this bloody hedge.
Everybody okay?
That was quick.
Yeah,
but where's the company?
Where is everybody?
Pulled out.
The trucks have gone.
Everything's gone.
Yeah, but where?
Mr. Lumpkin.

MIKE:

Can you get him, Barlow?

BARLOW:

It's too hot.

MIKE:

Let me have a go.

BARLOW:

I can't get at him.
[MIKE COUGHING]
He's dead.
Oh, my God.
He's dead.

MIKE:

No, I can't.
Poor devils, they hadn't

a chance in that fire.
It wasn't the fire
that killed them.
They got it before that.
Well, what do we do now?
You've got the stripes,
Tubby.
You tell us.
Yeah.
Yeah, I suppose
you're right.
Then what do we do then?
Well, one thing's certain,
the trucks are U/S.
I suppose
we'll have to hoof it.
Well, come on.
Let's get cracking
before Jerry comes back.
I never wanted the blasted
stripes in the first place.
Too late now, Tubby.
You're stuck with them.
Hello, Jouvét.
What on earth's the matter?
We have lost the battle.
Don't be a fool.
They have broken through.
What?
Well, that's not
the end of things.
Look, it can't be
as bad as all that.
You don't understand.
You are an Englishman.
It is France
that is being torn.
It is my country.
You English,
you can never understand.
My home is at Rheims.
You have never known what it is
to have a German in your home.
Even now,

they are in my house
tearing things open.
Tomorrow they will be
in Paris.
In Paris!
Rubbish!
You're talking nonsense.
They've broken through
and the situation is bad.
That's obvious.
We all know that.
We've all known it for days.
But Gamelin must be getting
his reserve into position now.
What reserve?
The strategic reserve,
of course.
When I was in Rheims
in February
the 7th army was the heart
of the strategic reserve.
There was almost
nothing else.
Gamelin sent
the 7th army to Holland.
What is there left?
But you can't mean that.
The whole principle
of the Maginot Line
was to build up
a strong reserve.
What have your generals
done with them?
Generals.
They sacked 15 front line
generals three days ago.
Did you know that?
But you called up
two million men.
What have you done
with them?
Who are you to talk?
What have you British
sent to France?

Two hundred,
three hundred thousand?
Now don't be a fool.
What about the Navy
and the Air Force?
What will they do for you when
you have lost your army?
We haven't lost it yet.
It is the one virtue
that we French have left.
We are realists.
This battle is lost.
What will you fight with?
Those?
Sometimes there's a lot
to be said for
not being
too much of a realist.
MAN [IN DISTANCE]:
Left, right, left, right, left.
Squad will retire.
About turn.
Swing your arms.
Make your dressing
by the left.
[SPEAKING IN FRENCH]
[SPEAKING IN FRENCH]
Dead stupid. Don't understand
their own ruddy language.
We'll never get far
with this lot.
Let's get moving.
[SPEAKING IN FRENCH]
[SOLDIERS LAUGHING]
Let's get off the road.
We'll never get through
this mob.
Come on, this way.
What did she want
to do that for?
That's one brush
with a French girl
your old woman won't mind.
[LAUGHS]

Planes.

Jerry planes!

[CROWD SCREAMING]

[SPEAKING FRENCH]

[SCREAMS]

[FRENCH PEOPLE SCREAMING
AND CRYING]

[CHILDREN CRYING]

[SPEAKING IN FRENCH]

What about

going back to help them?

What can we do?

We can't do any good.

Didn't use their bombs.

They didn't need to,
the bastards.

Can only mean one thing.

They're saving the road
for their tanks.

Come on, let's get back
to the unit.

[CROWD SPEAKING IN FRENCH]

Got a fag, Mike?

Aye. And I'm keeping it.

Got a fag, Barlow?

Mike, they'll kill you.

Get down quick!

[CAR ENGINE WHIRRING]

If it's a Jerry,
don't miss.

You can shoot me if I do.

Can you see it?

Not yet.

He's wearing a uniform.

I hope it's a Jerry.

He's a Dunn Hour.

He's one of ours.

SOLDIER:

I believe he's right.

Who are you?

What's your lot?

B Company, Wilshire,
13th Brigade.

Where's your unit?
That's what
we want to know.
Thought perhaps
you could help.
Who is top
of the league this year?
Top of the league?
Darned if I know.
There was no league
held this year.
Everton won it last year.
You'll do.
He thinks
we're running fifth column.
Well, you can't be
too careful these days.
Do we look like
fifth column?
No, you don't.
And neither do they.
Blasted Jerrys everywhere.
Never mind about that.
Whereabouts
will our unit be?
I don't know.
There's an RA battery back
there in those woods.
Perhaps they can tell you.
I'd look slippy
about it too.
There's some Jerry tanks
a few miles back.
I only just missed them.
Sounds like
good advice to me.
Well, we didn't check whether
he was fifth column.
Don't be a mug, can't you tell
a DR when you see one?
Well, he couldn't tell
what we were
when he saw us,
could he?

Well, uh...
Come on, let's find
this battery.
What's your ammo state,
Jock?
50 HE, 12 AP.
All right.
Corporal.
Where do you think
you're going with that heap?
Home sweet home.
Stand to attention when
I'm speaking to you.
All right. Don't tell me,
don't tell me.
You got left behind
when your unit pulled out.
You've been astray
and it's not your fault.
Yeah, that's right
Sergeant Major. We...
You're a shower.

SERGEANT:

Sir?
Get your men
down to the cookhouse.
When you've eaten,
report to me.

TUBBY:

Come on, lads.
We've had our orders,
Sergeant Major.
Taken them long enough
to make up their minds.
When do we pull out?
We don't.
We stay.
How long
do we have to hold, sir?
The situation
is very confused.
Until it's been sorted out

we've just got to stay put.
Until the ammunition runs out,
I reckon.
I always did say
we were overdrawn on ammo.
Yeah, my name's Miles.
He's Harper.
He's a moaning bleeder.
But don't take
any notice of him.
He just likes it.
Been astray long?
Too long. And you?
[GRUNTS]
One tin between two.
Have you not got
anything hot?
You're lucky to get that.
We're on half rations.
Still don't worry. You'll get
something hot before long.
Only it won't be grub.
What's the Sergeant Major's
name, Sarge?
They've all got the same
name, haven't they?
Ha ha.
Good. Good.
We'll let them get to
the culvert as we planned.
Keep me informed.
Sergeant Major.

SERGEANT MAJOR:

Take post.
Mixed column coming up
the road, Ser Major.
Two armored cars,
six tanks, a mobile 88
and some lorried infantry.
Better get your odds and sods
into the slit trenches.
Very good, sir.
Take post!

Tank alert!
Sector B!
Right section, engage!
What's going on,
Sarge?
Stand to.
Jerry's coming up.
The muck will start flying
soon.
Get into the slit trenches,
all of you.
What, me?
Yes, you too, dream.
Why don't you forget it?
You'd have been mad
yourself in her place.
Dumping all those bags.
They seem to hate us.
Refugees hate everybody.
Wouldn't you?
Well, they don't need
to hate us.

SOLDIER 1:

Soldier 2:

SOLDIER 1:

Fire!

Fire!

SOLDIER 2:

Fire!

SOLDIER 3:

two boxes of ammo.

[GROANS]

Stretcher bearers!

You two, come on.

Number four gun's had it,
sir.

Smashed side bracket.

Three men killed, sir.

Number one's all right.

What about two and three?
All right too, sir.
Good.

SOLDIER:

Fire.
Right. Put him down here.
Corporal Benskin,
hypodermic.
Anything else we can do,
sir?

SOLDIER:

Stretcher bearer!
It's Fraser, Corp.
He's wounded bad.
Shut up.
Bad!
Get ahold of yourself.
Where's Bellman,
you seen him?
He's helping
with the wounded.
It was horrible.
Fraser was just
Just looking, and then...
And then...
It was so sudden.
All right, son.
All right.
Keep a grip on yourself.

MIKE:

Right, Tubby.

TUBBY:

Right.
Barlow saw Fraser cop it.
It must have been
pretty grim.
I'm worried about that kid.
He's a bit young
for this lark.
What's that?

Say again?
Good. Good.
They've pulled out
Sergeant Major.
Good. There are more
casualties, sir.
Another killed
and three more injured.
And that's not
the end of it.
They weren't
expecting anything.
We took them by surprise.
What do you think
they'll do now, sir?
Pull back.
Keep our heads down with
an occasional shell
and whistle up the Stukas.
That's what they learned
in Spain and Poland.
That's what
we're learning now.
And we just wait?
Yes, Sergeant Major.
We just wait.
I'll see the men
get a hot drink, sir.
Just a moment,
Sergeant Major.
I'd get the odds
and sods away if I were you.
I doubt whether they'll use
the infantry now.
They'll wait
for the dive bombers.
Very good, sir.
I'll do that.
I'm not badly hurt,
am I corporal?
I'm not badly hurt.
No. No,
I don't think so, son.
The MO didn't spend a lot

of time over you, did he?
No, he didn't. Did he?
I don't feel any pain.
I don't feel anything
at all.
It can't be bad if I don't
feel anything, can it?
No, no, of course it can't.
Of course it can't.
Just a little flesh wound
I reckon.
[COUGHS]
All right, son.
All right.
Now lie back and rest.
Corporal?
Sir?
Get your men together.
Those two as well.
Well, come on, man,
get somebody moving.
Private Russell,
get our party together.
Look lively.
Right, corporal.
You're to take your men
and head north, corporal.
Try and connect up
with your unit. Understand?
What's the idea,
sergeant major?
Never mind why. Just do as
you're damned well told.
Smarten yourself up.
Keeps your wits about
you and move. Fast.
Very good, sir.
Keep going round
to the left, Mike.
Come on, boys.
Good luck, Corporal.

BINNS:

Thank you, sergeant major.

I wish I were with them.
So do I by God.
Yeah. What'd they send us off
for, corp?
Did you want to stay?
Not on your blinking life.
Is Frazier badly hurt,
corp?
He's dead.
[FIGHTER PLANE WHINES]
Stukas! Run for it!
So that's why
he send us away.
Do you think he knew?
He knew all right.
That's murder.
That's sheer bloody murder.
I hope somebody knows
what they're doing.
Has Lt. Johnson seen
the C&C as it is?
Oh, I do hope Ron.
Things the way they are
he must be a very worried man.
Any news of the 5th and 5th
Division pushed to the south?
No, not really.
They're putting out
the usual probes,
but so far the main attack
hasn't gone in.
Yet, thank goodness.
You know,
it's an impossible scheme.
But it's Viscount's plan,
isn't it?
Yes, it is.
So we've gotta try
something.
We are in a pretty awful
mess.
Of course we're in a mess.
Shouldn't we be?
With the French breaking down

the mirs,
we're wide open
on our right flank.
If the Belgian crack
on our left,
we'll be in real trouble.
If that does happen we need
the 5th and the 50th
and any others we
can scrape up
to stop Jerry having a clear
run to the north.
What was the outcome
of Dills' visit?
That didn't help much.
As far as I know the push
to the side it still goes.
Kevin is putting pressure on
Gort to carry it through.
How he'd sort it out
I wouldn't know.
How come he'd sort it out?
He's a subordinate commander.
He can't overrule
the French High Command.
He can't go over
the head of the CIGS
let alone defy the Cabinet.
Henry?
I've come to a decision.
I'm going to call off
the 5th and the 50th Division
from the attack
to the south
and send them to the left.
Sir, that's against
all orders we've had.
The French First Army
will never attack
without their support.
I know that.
I know that only too well.
Anyhow it's got to be done.
We've got to protect our

escape route to the north.
I'm very worried
about this Belgium sector.
If they crack,
and from my summing up of the
situation, I'm sure they will,
our chances of withdrawing
to Dunkirk are nil.
And I am now
perfectly certain
that is what
we shall have to do.
Very good, sir.
Our only hope of getting
back is to reinforce Brooking.
And to do that,
I shall have to withdraw
the 5th and 50th Divisions.
in spite of any orders
that we've had.
It's 1800 hours.
Have the orders
drafted at once.
[PEOPLE MURMURING]
Kelly is seeing
very heavy shell from west, sir.
We're six hours so
she can have support.
What's that she's doing?
Engaging in battles
on the San Gab Road, sir.
A grey hounded Belgium
should be with her
in half an hour.
Say about 6.00 now.
And I'm afraid
that's the end of Kelly.
That leaves only Dunkirk.
Ostend and Zeebrugge?
No, I don't think
we should use them
when the time comes.
Dunkirk was heavily bombed
last night, sir.

The French lost another
destroyer, Shark Ell.
That makes two
of their tiger class gone.
How soon can you start moving up
your Dutch from the servant?
Well, think we could move
the first four at about 1800.
Do so.
Can your ministry start the
Aleman U-Boat moving at once?
Yes, sir.
And I have not yet
had the report
from the Cardiff area.
I want everything
from there started.
Very good, sir.
What information do you have
about the Portsmouth tugs?
Two on the way, sir.
Four more to follow.
Good.
Sorry, boys.
They want it cleared tonight.
Who wants her?
Why didn't you tell us before?
You know the rules.
This is different.
The Navy want her.
What, a sky like this?
Sorry. But we must have her
out in tonight's tide.
We need her
across the other side.
Scraping the bottom
of the barrel, aren't you?
Afraid so.
Anything that can float.
What's it all about?
Sorry. I can't tell you.
Take my word for it.
It's important.
I'm sorry, skipper,

but my orders are to transfer
you and your crew
to the drifter as soon as
she comes alongside.
We've come down
to make certain
that every available ship
sails tonight.
But how can I sail tonight?
My chief engineer
is ashore and half my crew.
I'm afraid
you'll have to find them.
Sorry, captain, but you must
sail for Dover tonight.
Captain wants to see you
on the bridge, sir.
Right.
Operation Dynamo
has commenced
and we will proceed
with those orders.
I see, sir.
They've got
the other's names.
Doesn't it
have something to do
with large scale
evacuation of troops?
Yes, I suppose
they're going to try
and bring the Army away.
There's not a chance,
you know.
Two twenty rifts,
port fifteen.
Jerry was well past
Cari City
and Dunkirk's been bombed
to blazes.
What do they think
we can do about it?
Pick them off the beaches,
sir?

Take an Army off
the beaches?
Don't be a fool, James.
Hey, we're all right,
Tubby.
Where there's
a farm there's some eggs.
Wait a minute.
Looks too quiet
to be safe.
Let's take a gander.
That should fetch 'em
out if there's anyone there.
Seems quiet enough.
Come on!
I don't like it much.
Why not?
Well, everybody's gone.
The whole blasted place
is deserted.
They wouldn't have done that
if Jerry wasn't coming.
All right. But we've gotta
catch somewhere, Tubby.
All right.
Yeah. Yeah.
Barlow, live upstairs
and keep a lookout will you?
Keep an eye keen.
All right.
Mainly on the east.
Stay there
till somebody takes over.
I'm going to try
and scrounge some eggs.
I'll come with you.
I'll take a look around.
You two better check
the back out.
We'll need a light
in a minute.
Shove the whole screen
on the door, will you?
There's a little siren

going on over there.
Good. That tells us
what direction they're in.
How come?
Usually that's
where the fighting is.
That's where our lot
will be I reckon.

BELLMAN:

You found any yet, mate?
No, I haven't,
but gives us a chance.
Oh, you haven't?
Hey! Where did
you get those?
I wasn't born in the country
for nothing, you know.
I'm glad
this isn't my place.
Why?
Having a lot of strangers
like us
walk in and scrounge around.
Doesn't seem right somehow.
No, it don't do it.
Funny. I've never thought
of us as strangers.
Shut that blasted door!
All right! Keep your head on!
Clumsy klutz!
Well, how would we know
you put that thing up?
You should have told us.
How was I to know
you'd come tearing in here
like a pregnant camel
with it's hump on fire?
No sense of gratitude.
That's your trouble.
What'd you find?
Two loaves of stale bread
and some butter.
I found a couple of bottles

of vino if it ain't vinegar.
What's the difference?
It'll taste the same.
Quiet and listen.
[WHINES]
Can you hear that?
What is it?
Somebody's gonna cop it.
How many do you think
there?
Too many for my liking.
I wonder who's gonna be on
the receiving end of that lot.
As long as it's not us,
I don't mind.
Yeah. You did right there.
Should be some grub up soon,
I hope.
Where do you think
they're going to? London?
Your folks there, son?
My mother.
So is my missus.
Oi, oi! Posh innit?
Looks like
a tart's dressing table.
Here we are.
Sunny side up.
Ta.
More to come if you're lucky.
Thanks mate.
Dave, pop up
and relieve young Barlow
when you're finished,
will you?
Righto, corp.
How long ago
since we went to Belgium?
Is it 10 or 12 days
ago?
Bloke if I know.
Did you notice
how all those flags disappeared
when we pulled out?

Aye.
Flyers on the way in.
Raspberries on the way out.
It's a funny thing
about those flowers, Mike.
I used to like
the smell of lilac.
I hate it now.
Got a fag, Mike?
You'll be lucky.
Aw, don't be lousy.
Give us a fag.
Typical NCO.
Always on the raid.
All right, Dave.
Up you go.
What's the time now?
About half past eight?
Yeah.
Right. Well, if we do, uh,
an hour and a half each,
that should get us away by
round about, uh, well,
round about first light.
Bloody marvelous.
We'll be deadbeat
before we start.
Match?
Get up! Quick! Jerry's here.
Get up! Up! Out!
Hey! Hey! Jerry's here!
Get up!
Come on boys! Hurry! Quick!
Jerry's here!
Come on! Quick!
Keep going!
Where's Bellman?
He's coming.
Bellman!
Over here!
Dave! Quick!

DAVE:

Righto, corp.

Dave! Quick. Get in here!
[GRUNTS]
Mike here! Quick!
[SPEAKING IN GERMAN]
Go on!
I'll keep their heads down.
You get Dave.
Look out!
[ALL GROAN]
Go and give them a hand.
I'll keep Jerry under cover.
[SPEAKING IN GERMAN]
Can you hold them there
for a bit?
Yeah. I reckon I can.
He's got it right through
the chest.
We'll never get him away
like this.
We'll have to leave him.
We cannot do that.
We've got to get him away.
Don't you blasted fool!
He'll be dead in no time
with us trying
to lug him around.
We won't be able
to hold them much longer.
There are too many of them.
We've got to leave him.
Tell Miles to give him another
burst and get back here quick!
Get moving. Quick!
Don't you understand?
We've gotta leave him.
It's the only chance
for him.
They'll find him
and they've got doctors.
They'll look after him.
Now come on! Get moving!
Get moving!
Don't stop!
Keep on after them.

Dave! Dave!
Can you hear me?
I'm sorry, Dave!
We've gotta do it.
We've gotta.
[SPEAKING IN GERMAN]
They'll look after you, Dave.
Good luck!
Tubby?
Mike?
Oh, Lisa.
Farewell, Wilma.
[SPEAKING IN GERMAN]
Tubby?
Private Harper!
Here. It's about time you
had a go with this innit?
You all right, Mike?
I'm okay.
You should never have left him,
Tubby.
Forget it!
It's over and done with.
Not for him. It isn't.
Come on! Run!
Through here! Quick!
[]
What do they want
with a water boat?
The buffer says the water
mains are busted at Dunkirk.
Bet the Army's thirsty.
Huh, me too.
Blimey. They're not gonna
send that.
A roll on the Rodney
The Nelson renowned
That one final dinghy
Is bound to go down
Okay. She's free.
Let her go, Stern.
What are you doing
with my husband's boat.
Bring it back at once!

I'm sorry, ma'am.
She's commandeered.
[]

HOLDEN:

Oh, Mr. Foreman!
Oh, hello Holden.
Did Tough ring you too?
No. He didn't.
He just sent one of his men
to pinch my boat
from its moorings.
So he pinched it,
did he?
Yeah. He did. Blast him.
What's the idea?
I supposed it's got something
to do with a BBC broadcast
about registering boats
of 30 foot or more.
Mine's not 30 foot.
Not since our own Sappington
turn into lock it isn't.
I took six inches
off the stem.
So you didn't register it?
I don't know. Fools at the top.
Fools at the bottom.
There are times
when I don't think
we ought to win this war.
What's it all about, Mr. Tough?
We have a right to know.
Why don't you give it
to us straight?
By whose authority is this
high-handed action being taken?
I can't tell you any more
than I have already.
That's precisely nothing.
There must be some reason.
They're our boats
you've taken.
Perhaps the commander

can tell you.

I can't.

I'm sorry, I'm not allowed
to tell you the reason,

but I can assure
you it's official.

That's as may be, sir,
but we know nothing
about this at the station.

You will, constable,
you will.

Mr. Foreman?

Yes?

"Vanity"?

Yes?

I see you registered
your boat.

Are you prepared to help us
a bit further, Mr. Foreman?

Certainly.

Would you take it down
to Sheerness,
starting at dawn
tomorrow?

Sheerness?

Well, yes, of course.

Thank you, Mr. Foreman.

Now, here's your pass
for the lower river.

Get your petrol from Mr. Tough.

Thank you.

Thank you.

Next, please.

Holden, Heron.

She's not registered.

Why not?

Well, it doesn't seem
to make any difference.

You've got her
just the same.

That's right, Mr. Holden,
we're requisitioning her.

But you have no right.

Are you prepared

to take her to Sheerness?
My wife just had a new baby.
Sheerness is not at
the North Pole, Mr. Holden.
I'm sorry. Sorry.
I haven't the time.
I've got responsibilities.
So have many men,
Mr. Holden.
I understand
you're a motor engineer.
We need them
to keep the engines going.
Are you sure
you can't take her?
I can't spare the time.
Uh, Excuse me.
Mr. Holden!
There wouldn't be any objection
to young Frankie
taking the Heron
to Sheerness?
Who? Young Fra--?
No, there wouldn't be
any objection.
He's pretty good
with engines.
Yes, I'll let him know.
[CRYING]
John?
John, is that you?
Hello, darling.
Oh, John, you should've
been here earlier.
Why weren't you here?
The ARP people
have been here.
Well, what of it?
They brought this.
Well, what is it?
It's a gas mask for baby.
A gas mask for baby?
I tried to put him in it,
but he screamed,

he was so frightened.
He went red in the face.
Now, look, darling.
You cant just shut
your eyes to it.
You must know how to use it.
Come on, let's try it again,
shall we?
You go and fetch the baby.
Come on.
Now where are
the book of words--.
Uh, "Lay the helmet down,
open the screw to the back
and turn on top...
The window."
Yes, I see. Like that.
"Place the baby in the helmet
so that its seat rests
in the curve
of the tail press."
That's it.
Well, now, show him in.
And put his bottom there.
Then, uh--
[MURMURS INDISTINCTLY]
Oh, I see. Yes. Right.
Now let me try.
Now, then.
Pull that back like that.
Tie the tapes over.
Tight, like that.
Okay, just start pumping.
[BABY CRYING]
Don't. Don't!
I'll never be able to do it.
I couldn't.
You'll have to be here.
I can't always be here,
Grace.
John, promise me
you'll never go away.
Never leave baby and me.
I don't think I can,

Grace.

I don't feel right
about things sometimes.

What do you mean?

Well, about this war.

I don't really
feel I'm doing enough.

Sometimes I feel terrible.

Like the other night
in the pub with that navy--.

Navy bloke.

I hate this war.

I hate it!

Yes, well, uh,
there are plenty of others
with reason to hate it
more than we do.

I don't think I can make
you that promise, Grace.

[BABY CRYING]

Is that Tough's Yard?

Hello, darling.

Hello, dear.

Had a good day?

Mm-hm.

I heard they're taking over
the boats.

Yes.

I suppose that's why
they asked us to register them.

When do they collect her?

They don't.

I've got to take her down
to Sheerness
tomorrow morning.

Well, that's asking
rather a lot, isn't it?

Oh, I don't know.

Some of the other
chaps are going.

Be rather like
a club outing.

Good excuse
for farewell celebrations.

What do you mean?
Farewell to the boats.
After all,
they're being conscripted,
they're going off to war.
Yes, of course.
You'll be back
by Wednesday?
Be back tomorrow night.
If you weren't
going to be back,
I'd ask you
to ring Michael.
You promised to go to the school
for Founders Day.
All I've got to do is to take
the boat to Sheerness
and catch a train back.
Yes. It's just that
he'd be disappointed
if he didn't hear from you
and--
I'll be back tomorrow night.
Yes.
It doesn't take long
to Sheerness and back.
What time do you want
the alarm set for?
[]
Did you have a good trip,
Frankie?
Smashing, Mr. Foreman.
[FOGHORN BLOWS]
How did it go?
Pretty well.
Chief, call in
the boat owners.
You men there!
Will all boat owners report
to the office, please.
Will all boat owners
report to the office, please.
Where's the office?
Across the bridge,

that building there.

Thanks.

Have you reported yet?

Yes, we have.

And got railway warrants
for the return.

They still won't tell us
why they want our boats.

I think I can guess.

So can I. But you won't get it
confirmed by them.

Hey, look, Mr. Foreman,
look.

Come on, pal.

Go over there,
straight over the bridge,
right over
to the other side.

We got everything
you want there.

Good, boys.

Come along now.

OFFICER:

Come along, sir. Go now.
Straight over the bridge.
Right over the other side.
Everything's there.

So that's it.

They'll need all the boats
they can get
over there to do any good.
And every man they can get
to take 'em over.

Well, they're our boats.

OFFICER:

Straight over the bridge,
right over to the other side.

[]

All right, thank you.

Now, will you collect
your railway warrant
at that table over there.

Yes?

Come on. Come on.

Name, please?

Charles Foreman.

Foreman, Charles.

Name of boat?

Vanity.

Vanity. Right.

Will you fill out that form,

sign at the bottom,

and then

collect a railway warrant

at the table over there.

Right.

Next, please.

Name?

Holden.

Holden. Name of boat?

The Heron.

Will you fill out one of these,

sign at the bottom,

and then you collect a railway

warrant from the table there.

I'd like to go over with her,

sir.

Well, you can't.

But you can't possibly have

naval crews

for all the boats

coming in.

Well, I know my own boat, sir.

Nobody better,

Don't be a fool. It's no place

for civilians over there.

Nevertheless,

I'd like to go.

I expect some of you feel

the same.

ALL:

Yes.

We know our own boats,

sir.

We can handle them

better than anyone else.

Now, why can't we go
with them?

Because this is
a naval operation.

Have you the slightest idea
what it's like over there?

We've lost two--

We've lost two ships
already today.

I still want to take
my own boat over, sir.

I have no authority on that.

Who would have?

All right.

I'll ask the commodore.

But I don't think
he'll agree.

We asked him
and he brushed us off.

Wouldn't listen.

Of course they can't manage.

MAN 1:

handle small boats.

MAN 2:

Where would they get crews?

MAN 3:

our own boats best.

MAN 4:

How far is it across?

MAN 5:

working from now?

MAN 6:

I hear.

MAN 7:

I suppose.

MAN 8:

lost out in that lot.

MAN 9:

I doubt if they'll let us go.

You win, but the commodore
has asked me to emphasize
that it's--

Well, it's dangerous
over there.

And you'll have to sign
T124 articles.

What does that mean?

Well, it's Merchant Navy
serving under
Royal Naval command.

Are you prepared to do that?

I'll sign.

Well, I can't sign.

MAN 10:

on my own.

MAN 11:

Well, I can't go, either.

Well, its crazy, most of them
have never been to sea

What about the mines?

How will they know where
the mines are?

They're mad.

I suppose you're right,

Mr. Holden,

but I'm gonna try.

You can't go, you're only s--.

And what can I do for you?

I want to sign, sir.

How old are you?

Uh, 19, sir.

Old for your age,
aren't you, son?

Have you got a boat?

I brought him down
in my boat, sir.

He can go across with me.
All right.
Oh, what Grace will say. I

COMMANDER:

Mr. Foreman?
You'd better draw
steel helmets
and duffel coats
and charts right away.
The first convoy of boats
will leave at dawn for Ramsgate.
Can't we go now, sir?
At dawn.
You're under orders now.
And thank you all.
Do you mind collecting
our gear, Frankie?
Right, Mr. Foreman.
[PEOPLE CHATTERING
INDISTINCTLY]
How long's it been dark?
Not long. Why?
We've got to get started.
What's the hurry?
Barlow? Barlow.
Wake up, we're moving.
Come on, Miles,
up on your feet.
Hey, what for?
On your feet!
Ah, go chase yourself.
What's the matter
with you lot?
If we don't move
while it's dark,
we may not be able
to move at all.
Well, that suits me.
Me too. I'm fed up
with the army, anyway.
Dopey blasted fools,
you can't buck the army.
What, you want to end up

in Jerry's hands?
Well, do you?
Have you had a good look
around here? Look.
Jerry trucks.
Lights on 'em and all.
Well, that just proves
what I said, doesn't it?
We gotta move
while it's still dark.
Ah, with that lot out there we
don't stand a blinking chance.
Look, why don't you
go back to sleep?
What about you,
then, Barlow?
You chucking your hand in too?
Well, are you?
I'll go with the others.
I don't care one way
or the other.
Whatever they do,
I'll do.
Oh, what's the use?
Mike. Mike.
How do you feel?
Me? I'm fine.
We gotta push on.
All right.
Say the word, corp.
Where's Davy?
You feel all right?
Aye. Why?
We had to leave Dave
yesterday.
Aye, so we did.
I must've lost a day
somewhere.
Well, come on, then.
They've gone yellow.
They're turning it in.
What do you mean?
Packing it up.
Well, let 'em.

Why should we worry?
We'll be okay.
Easier with the two of us
anyway.
They're your lot, Tubby.
You mean they were my lot.
Aye, they still are,
so long as you got these.
Always told you
I never wanted 'em.
You're still stuck with 'em.
They just hate my guts.
Oh, of course they do.
You got the stripes.
Now listen, you lot.
I'm gonna give you one more
chance to come to your senses.
I've never kicked a man
lying down before,
but this may be the moment
to start.
Now get on your feet,
we're moving!
That's an order!
Fine, as long as
you know your own mind,
we'll have a bash.
Come on, quick.
Make for those fires.
Come on.
Keep it quiet.
What's the trouble?
I don't know.
I feel lousy.
Let's take your rifle.
No, it's all right.
I'll manage.
Hold it!
What is it?
[SPEAKING IN GERMAN]
Ruddy nerve, using lights.
Which way now, corporal?
We'll swing to the right,
go around 'em.

Come on.

Wait! Get back!

Well?

We'll go right through 'em.

Come on.

Wait!

We'll go under cover
of Jerry aircraft.

Come on.

[PEOPLE LAUGHING]

[]

[SPEAKING IN GERMAN]

[GUARD SHOUTING IN GERMAN]

[GERMAN GUARD GRUNTING]

[WHISPERS]

Run for it, quick.

[SPEAKING IN GERMAN]

[]

[ALL PANTING]

Where now, Corp?

[WHISPERING]

Come on, quick.

Bear to the left

and keep going. Keep going.

Where's Mike?

Mike? Mike! Mike!

Mike!

BINNS:

Get him into the ditch, quick!

Come on, shift him, quick!

PROOME:

Brown jobs.

We thought you were Jerries.

Could you give us a lift?

Pile in. Make it snappy.

Things aren't too healthy
around here.

Got room in the cab for him?

He's hurt.

Okay.

Better get a bit of sleep in.

Got too near a grenade,

then we had to run for it.
Concussion, I reckon.
He'll be all right, now.
Where've you come from?
Well, originally,
we started from outside Arras.
We've been dodging Jerry
all day.
How'd you get through
the last lot?
Oh, I don't know. We drove.
Just drove.
They must have been busy.
[]
Joe, take the wheel.
Very good, sir.
[WHISPERING]
Hey, look at this.
Well, what do you know?
Pheew, what a to-do.

MAN:

Get off the road!
This is as far as you go.
Leave her where she is,
but wreck her.
Wreck it?
But this is an RAF...
Now, don't you start.
This truck's got to me
made unserviceable.
Just empty the sump
and run your engine
until it seizes up,
that's all.
Aye, you don't need to tell us,
Sarge.
He can wreck cars, all right.
He used to work in a garage.
Well, what do we do then,
Sarge?
Hoof it into Bergues.
You'll get further
orders there.

All right, boys,
let's wreck the blasted thing.
It breaks my heart,
but it's jolly good
for my inhibitions.
[PEOPLE CHATTERING]
Sir?
What is it?
Where are we, sir?
This is the Dunkirk
perimeter line.
Well, can you tell me
where the 5th Divare, sir?
Up in the line near Ypres,
I think.
Well, how do I get there?
You don't.
Get your men to the beaches.
But we gotta get back
there, sir.
How long
have you been adrift?
Oh, about six days.
Well, you've made it.
Good work, Corporal.
Take 'em on.
Sir.
[SPEAKS INDISTINCTLY]
Just like home.
I said that once,
a long way back.
Didn't do us much good.
It ain't gonna do no good
here, either.
And it won't be much
like home on them beaches.
Why?
Why?
Where've you been these
last few days?
Jerry don't like it here much,
but the Luftwaffe do.
Interesting.
I've seen thousands

go past here.
But I've never heard
of any getting through, though.
Oh, stuff it. What have you
got to gripe about, anyway?
We're the bloody rear-guard.
That's what I've got
to gripe about.
It's all right for you
if you get there...
And if you find a blasted
boat when you do get there.

[]

[MAN SHOUTS IN FRENCH]

Ammo!
Haven't got any left.
Didn't open up on us.
Better targets on the beach,
that's why.

[SHOUTS IN FRENCH]

MAN:

Come on!
The whole town is burning,
Joe.
Can people
be living in that?

MAN [ON PA]:

Keep moving. Keep moving.
Plenty of room up front.
Keep moving.
Keep moving.
Plenty of room up front.
I think we better
thin them out, Colonel.
The ships alongside
will barely take this lot.
There'll be a jam here
in a few minutes if we don't.

[FIGHTER PLANES WHINING]

CAPTAIN:

Where's she hit?

LIEUTENANT:

She's been hit amidships.

[MEN SCREAMING]

SOLDIER 1:

chance. Bastards.

SOLDIER 2:

in one of them things?

[SOLDIERS CHATTERING]

Here, what's on, then, chum?

They're gonna take us off

in ships, so I heard.

Take this lot off in ships?

The whole bloody army's

here.

It ain't, you know, love.

Some of them went days ago.

Days ago? How'd they get

them away, then?

The navy, of course.

Good old navy.

MAN:

They ain't that good.

I've had two tries,

ain't got away yet.

How far does this beach go?

Twenty miles.

Don't I know, I walked it.

Runs right through here

to Belgium.

Belgium started it,

did you know?

Where's the HQ, then?

What HQ?

Why, God's, of course.

In the pan, ain't it?

No, he's gone. He hasn't,

you know, he's still here.

Did you hear that, Tubby?

Old God's still here.

Ah, don't talk soft.

He is, I see him today.
Nah. Eh, aye. It's just jolly
you've seen him.
Looks like a pier
over there, sir.
But it can't be. It's open
beaches all the way along here.
It's men, sir. Men.

MAN:

up to it here,
we'll steady her.

MAN2:

How many can you take?

MAN 1:

Perhaps more.

MAN 2:

First 20 men, forward!
Come on, lads, keep in line,
there! Get back in line!

MAN 2:

as many of you can get in.
Wait up for the rest of you.
Come on, move along, there!
[UNINTELLIGIBLE DIALOGUE]
What's the matter with you?

MAN 1:

Shake it up in the front, there.

MAN 2:

Jerry hole, isn't it?

MAN 4:

I'm doing here?
Come on, move on.
Move on, now!

MAN 5:

that's the lot.

Right. Stay clear.

MAN 6:

Fall ahead.

Civvy, wasn't he?

No, navy, he must've been.

OFFICER:

I'll be back.

SOLDIER:

Thank you, sir.

All right, boys,

we'll hang on.

Blasted cold, sir.

SERGEANT:

On your feet.

Get moving along the dunes
to the mole.

Take all your orders
from the navy.

BINNS:

Come on, lads.

SERGEANT:

On your feet. Get mobile.

Now, keep together,
all of you.

Understand? Keep together.

NAVAL OFFICER [ON PA]:

Get those boats cleared
as quick as you can, sir.

Hang on for me,

Mr. Foreman!

NAVAL OFFICER [ON PA]: Coxswain,
move those troops up forward.

Keep 'em moving.

Get the wounded to the
sick-bay as quick as you can.

How many did you bring
off, Mr. Foreman?

Thirty.

Fifteen for us.
Right. Speed it up, lads.
Thank you,
we're pulling out now.

CHARLES:

But you're not full yet!
I know.
We've been ordered back.
We just hung on
to pick up this lot.
But why? What do we do now?
There's nothing else about.
Well, there still seem
to be some old destroyers
working down by the mole.
I'd try there,
if I were you.
There's only one ship
alongside, here.
We'll never get aboard her.
Be ruddy lucky if you did.
It's my fourth try.
Go on, chums.
Close up there. Close up.
Go on, keep moving, lads.

YEOMAN:

I think, sir.
I can't get her
pennant number.
I think she only came in
half an hour ago.

SUB-LIEUTENANT:

What's that, chief?
Tell Commander Clouston, sir
Another of the "I's"
has just pulled out.
Could be Impulsive or Intrepid.

CLOUSTON:

Intrepid was damaged yesterday.
Oh, that's right, sir.

Must be the Impulsive.
That's four of the big ones
gone in the past hour, sir.

CLOUSTON:

full, neither.
I can't make it out, sir.

CLOUSTON:

to make sense of anything.
We take what comes.
But I'll say they're pulling
the big destroyers out of it.
[SOLDIERS SCREAMING]

SOLDIER:

I can't see! I can't see!
[SCREAMING]
[EXPLODING]

SOLDIER:

Come on, let us through.
Now. Right, catch!
Hup! Stand back.
Heave. Heave.
Keep moving, keep moving.
[SOLDIERS CHATTERING]

LIEUTENANT:

Come on, let's have you.
Close up down the end, there.
Get a move on.
Come on, Corporal, get on board.
Wait a minute. I've got to see
my lads on first.
How's it going, chief?
Well, we can still
take a few more, sir.
We were lucky.
We just made it.
And it's flat calm, at that.
I shall be sick,
just the same.
Well, you can't.

I can be sick on
Finsbury Park Lake. I have.
All right, that's it!
That's enough!
[SOLDIERS CHATTERING]
Tell the engine room
to stand by.
Engine room, stand by.

CAPTAIN:

Let go aft, chief. Let go aft!

MAN:

All gone aft, sir.

CAPTAIN:

Let go for'ard.

ALL:

All gone for'ard!
[ALL CHATTERING]
[FIGHTER PLANE WHINING]
[SOLDIERS SCREAMING]
Christ almighty!
There'll be hundreds
of them in the water.
[SOLDIERS GROANING]
[SOLDIERS CHATTERING]
You all right, Tubby.
I can't take
any more!
Hang on to these!
[GROANING]
[]

SOLDIER:

Harper! Harper!
Back where we started now.
Bad luck, Corp.
Barlow!
Niles! Niles!
You still with us,
Corporal?
Seen the others?

Where's Barlow?
I don't know.
He's bought it, I reckon.
Barlow!
Barlow!
Corporal Binns!
Corporal Binns!
Corporal Binns!
Corporal Binns!
Tubby!
Tubby! Over here!
Harper's calling you, Corp.
Over there.
Perhaps the others
have turned up.
Everybody here?
Good.
Reckon were just
lucky, that's all.
We had to get back to you,
Corp.
We knew you couldn't get
by without your glamour boys.
Glamour!
Do you think we'll get another
ship, Corp?
What, after that lot?
Don't make me laugh!
I heard they lost three ships
in the last two hours.
Well, I think we've had it
now, Sergeant.
Let's get ashore
and try and dry out.
Okay, sir.
[]
Come on, on your feet!
Hold on!
Who's gonna do it
if you don't?
I'm all right.
B Company, about turn!
[SHOUTS INDISTINCTLY]
Come on, lads.

Off on the beach.

We're gonna get off,
sir?

They'll come in again
tonight.

The navy won't let us down.

FIRST SEA LORD [OVER PHONE]:

First Sea Lord speaking.

DOVER:

This is Vice-Admiral Dover, sir.

Ah, Ramsay.

What's this protest of yours
about the big destroyers?

I've got to have them back,
sir.

We can't do that, Ramsay.

We've considered
the whole position.

We've lost too many destroyers
already.

We've got to have them,
sir.

There are nearly 200 thousand
men ashore still.

You've only left me ships
enough to lift 40,000 a day.

The perimeter's breaking
already, sir.

Ramsay, you know that we've got
to guarantee the convoys
that there's a possibility
of invasion.

If we get the army
back to England, sir,
we shall have a chance of
standing up to the invasion.

If I have the big destroyers
we'll get the army back.

If you lose the destroyers...
We've got to take that chance,
sir.

We've got to balance chances,
Ramsay.

There are 30,000 men on the
open beaches at this moment.
There are 50,000
in the dunes behind them.
There are 100,000 men
in the country
between the dunes
and the canal.
We've got to get them out,
sir.
The French are doing
everything they can.
They've lost heavily in ships,
too.
Abrial's doing
his damndest in every way.
Wait.
Very well, Ramsay.
You'll have them.
Thank you, sir.
Thank God for that,
sir.
That means
we've still got a chance.
Order Ivanhoe, Impulsive,
and Icarus to Dunkirk.
Harvester and Havant to
La Penne, with all dispatch.
Very good, sir.
Gee, there's more of us.
It's getting closer
every time.
If we don't get off by tonight,
we'll be in the bag.
I don't fancy we're gonna
bank on that
blasted mole again.
I reckon we've had
the big ships.
We'll try
the little boats next.
Take a chance
from where we are.

SOLDIER:

Take cover!

Take cover!

It's the Vanity.

They've got her, Mr. Holden.

They've got her.

SOLDIER:

Stretcher bearer.

Over here! Here!

Where's Joe?

We never saw him.

I don't think

he stood a chance.

Small boat out there,

Captain!

Just like that!

One minute there,

next minute gone!

Doesn't Jerry ever let up?

What's there to stop him?

A squadron of two

of your blokes might.

Where are they?

Sleeping it off!

We've knocked out plenty.

Yeah, and plenty left.

Sky's full of the swine.

Where is the Air Force?

Ah, they've got no guts.

They've got as much guts

as you or anyone here.

Where are they then?

Cut it out! Cut it out,

I tell you!

If they got so much guts

they'd be here, wouldn't they?

Well, wouldn't they?

I haven't see an aircraft

I can recognize for three days.

You mustn't blame the boys.

They've got

a lot to gripe about.

Why don't you change

into battle dress or something?
It's blasted wicked, Sam,
and you know it.
We only had four fighter
squadrons in the forward area.
What do they expect
to get over here?
There are only about
three airfields in England
that can send fighters
this distance.
I said, I know.
But they don't.
And there a lot like them.
If I were you
I'd get that battle dress.
No, thanks.
Well, suit yourself.

SOLDIER:

Incoming!
Here we go again.

BINNS:

Field dressing, quick!
There's a casualty
clearing station over there,
behind the dunes.
[SOLDIER SCREAMING]

BARLOW:

Welsh guards, close on me!
Come on over here,
all the Welsh guards!

BARLOW:

Service corps, close on me!
Over here,
the Service Corps.
Padre.
Orderly.
[PATIENT COUGHING]
Huh, they're closing
in pretty steadily now.

We'd better make up our minds
what we do when they reach us.
Will there be another ship in,
sir?

Well, not in daylight, anyway.
That's definite.

They might try again
tonight.

We're not moving anything
up to the mole
until we get
definite orders.

That's a heavy machine gun.

Must be pretty close
if we can hear that.

It's the first time.

Right, chum.

That's the best
I can do for you.

Next one!

Orderly.

Supposing we don't get
any orders, sir?

Supposing they come in sooner
than we think?

There orders are that
one medical officer
and 10 men stay behind
for every 100 patients.

That means three
medical officers.

30 of the ranks.

I'll stay if you want me to,
sir.

No, we'll draw lots.

SERGEANT:

on slips of paper.

How many medical officers
do we have here?

Sixteen, sir.

Seventeen.

Put my name in with them.

The first three out

of the hat stay.
Put two on the field.
Five to one I'm a loser.
[SOLDIER GROANING]
You better draw, Sergeant.
You're more or less
a disinterested party.
Lieutenant Ripley, sir.
It was a slip at five to one.
You couldn't lose.
Captain Dean, sir.
He was killed this morning.
Lieutenant Kennedy, sir.
He's outside.
Let him know, please,
will you?
Lieutenant Levy, sir.
[GUNFIRE OUTSIDE]
How is he?
Is he gonna be all right?
I don't know.
They're gonna keep him.
That's rotten luck,
isn't it?
Yeah. Yeah.
Hey, Corp! Seen this?
[GUNFIRE AND EXPLOSIONS]
Well, you know what you
can do with that, don't you?
I don't know whether
anybody's interested.
But there's a small boat
on the beach.
That's ours.
Where?
Down there.
But it looks as if somebody
thought of it first.
Come on.
[ALL CLAMORING]
Get off it, lads.
Keep off, please.

SOLDIER:

What's wrong, sir?
Those blasted fools
rushed us.
We're half full
of water anyway
and not in working order.
We've drifted ashore.
Anything we can do?
I doubt it.
Jammed up solid
coming across.
Mike! He used to work
in a garage.
I own a garage
but I expect we could do with
some expert help, though.
Want any more, sir?
No, no, two would be enough.
Well, can I go ashore,
Mr. Holden?
We'll both go ashore.
I'm not much good
with engines, anyway.
What's the trouble, Mac?
Ah, it's the gears, I think.
They're jammed up solid.
I never thought
I'd see a sight like this.
Us neither, sir.
What a mess!
What a shambles we've made
of this rotten affair.
When was it we went into
Belgium?
May 10, wasn't it?
Yes, that's right.
Less than three weeks
and now this.
One can hardly credit it.
Takes a bit of believing,
doesn't it?
[]
What do they think
about all this at home?

I don't know.
They weren't thinking much
about it when we came away.
They didn't know much.
Things look very different
from the other side, you know.
I suppose they think
we've made a muck of it?
Somebody's made
a muck of it.
But I don't think
it's the army.
What do you mean?
Listen!
I can't hear anything.
The guns have stopped.
Do you suppose they've chucked
their 'and in?
Don't be a clot!
They've certainly stopped.
Maybe it's like
that leaflet said.
We can't have packed it in!
Listen!
There it is.
It's their bombers again.
That's why
they've stopped shelling.
They're sending
in a low level attack.
What do you do? Run?
Where to, son?
You mean, we stay put?
What else?
Get your head down.
Come on, son.

SOLDIER 1:

Can you see them?

SOLDIER 2:

No.

SOLDIER 1:

they're coming for us?

SOLDIER 2:

you blasted mug?
[PRAYING IN FRENCH]

BINNS:

Keep counting.

SOLDIER 3:

Five, 10, 15, 20, 25...

SOLDIER 4:

stinking drunk.

BINNS:

keep me through this night.
Oh, Mother of Mercy,
keep me through this night.

SOLDIER 5:

I don't wanna die!
I don't wanna die!

SOLDIER 6:

You might have to.

SOLDIER 5:

I don't wanna die!

SOLDIER 6:

have to, chum!
Oh, God!

MAN:

Stretcher bearers.
Stretcher bearers.
Stretcher bearers! Over here!
Is it always like this?
Like as not it won't happen
again tonight, son.
I should kip down
and get a bit of sleep.
[ALL MURMURING]

What happened?
What caused all this?
Stupidity.
Everybody saying
that war was so damnable
it couldn't happen again.
Shoving our heads in the sand
like a lot of ostriches.
Well, the Germans
didn't think that way.
To them,
war meant guns or butter.
They chose guns.
We chose butter.
No, you can't blame
the Army.
They had what we gave them,
last war weapons,
last war methods.
This is the result.
What happens now,
after this?
If we're lucky,
we'll get another chance.
Heaven knows
we don't deserve it.
Got the best men
in the right jobs.
You think we made a start,
with old Churchill, I mean?
Yes. Yes,
I think we've made a start.
We found the trouble.
What was it?
A rope around the prop.
It must've stopped her
with a jerk
and then jumped the gears.
We can't do anything about it
in the dark,
but Mr. Holden says there'll be
plenty of time in the morning.
The tide won't be
in for hours.

That's right,
it won't.
Will I try it?
Might as well.
We're lucky.
Give it a swing.
[ENGINE REVS]
We've done it.
You'll need to go easy,
though.
There's a three-inch crack
in the casing.
Will she run?
We'll try her
when the tide's in.
[ALL CHATTERING]
[HARMONICA PLAYS TUNE]
[MEN CHEERING]
Church parade?
Yeah, Sunday morning.
Sunday?
Yes, of course,
I should've known.
I'm glad I came,
Frankie, very glad.
[MEN CHATTERING]
Our Father...

ALL:

Our Father...

PRIEST:

Who art in heaven...

ALL:

Who art in heaven...

PRIEST:

Hallowed be thy name.

ALL:

Hallowed be thy name.

PRIEST:

Thy kingdom come...

ALL:

Thy kingdom come...

PRIEST:

They will be done...

ALL:

They will be done...

PRIEST:

On earth as it is in heaven.

ALL:

On earth as it is in heaven.

PRIEST:

our daily bread...

ALL:

our daily bread...

PRIEST:

Forgive us our trespasses...

ALL:

Forgive us our trespasses...

PRIEST:

that trespass against us.

ALL:

that trespass against us.

PRIEST:

Lead us not into temptation...

ALL:

Lead us not into temptation...

PRIEST:

But deliver us from evil.

ALL:

But deliver us from evil.

PRIEST:

For thine is the kingdom...

ALL:

For thine is the kingdom...

PRIEST:

The power and the glory..

[FIGHTER PLANE WHINING]

He's a civvy.

Must be a Frenchman.

No, he's not.

He's Mr. Foreman.

Are you hurt bad, Mr. Foreman?

Oh, my back!

[GROANS]

Get to the boat, Frankie.

Tell Mr. Holden....

Stretcher bearers!

Stretcher bearers!

MAN:

Stretcher bearers!

Stretcher bearers!

Get to the boat, Frankie.

Tell Holden...

Tell my wife...

We'll get you away with us.

I don't think so.

[WHIMPERING]

Is he a civvy?

What's the difference?

Well, it won't be long now.

Where's the corporal?

You'd better tell him

to get his men together.

[WATER SPLASHING]

What's the matter,

Frankie?

[WHIMPERING]

Frankie, what's the matter?

Where's Mr. Foreman?
He's dead, Mr. Holden.
He's dead.
He's dead all right.
That last Stuka got him.
We were at church parade.
He said you were
to tell his wife, Mr. Holden.
Poor Diana.
Oh, God.
We had to leave him,
Mr. Holden.
We had to.
You'd better get
your men together, corporal.
How many of them are there?
Seven altogether.
No. No, only six now.
I'll take 12. We can't carry
more than that on a long trip.
Get the anchor in, Frankie.
I want six of you,
six and no more.
Six.
Sorry, that's the lot.
[MEN SHOUTING]
All right, lads.
Shove the bows round.
Jump aboard, lads.
Jump aboard, Frankie.
[ENGINE STOPS]
It had to happen.
Must be the gears again.
Let's have a go anyway.
What do we do now?
Here, what's
that town over there?
Calais, must be.
Well, we're drifting
into it fast.
It's the tide.
The tide's taking us in.
Well, so long as
it's dry land.

Don't be a mug!
Jerry's got Calais.
He's had it for a week now.
How's it going,
Mr. Holden?
It's not.
It's okay, lads.
Here comes the ruddy Navy.
[]

OFFICER:

green 2-0, sir.
Very good.
Small boat, bearing green
2-0, sir.
[]

[PEOPLE CHEERING]

England, I don't believe it.
You wouldn't, would you,
you moaning bleeder.
We're home, Tubby.
Yeah.
I never thought
we'd make it.
We wouldn't have made
the beaches
if it hadn't been for you.
All right, soldiers,
come on, keep moving.
Get up on the pier.
They'll give you tea
and something to eat
in the fish sheds.
Keep moving, soldiers.
All right, soldiers,
keep moving.
Soldiers.
[]

NARRATOR:

This was Dunkirk.
Over a third
of a million men
were lifted from the mole

and the beaches.
But for others,
there was no escape.
Some thousands, mainly the sick
and the wounded,
were held in the captivity
that was to last
five long years.
Many remained,
never to return.

Those that were saved
straggling ashore,
dazed and resentful
found, almost
to their astonishment,
a new reality
waiting for them.

[CROWD CHEERING]

Dunkirk was a great defeat
and a great miracle.

It proved,
if it proved anything,
that we were alone,
but undivided.

No longer were there
fighting men and civilians.
There were only people.

And nation
had been made whole.

[FOOTSTEPS MARCHING]

SERGEANT MAJOR:

Parade, halt!
Parade will retire.
Left, turn!
Order!
Come on, come on,
smarter than that! Wake up!
Slope, arms!
Order, arms!
Stand at ease!
All right. Look, from the way
you're going on,
anyone might think

we just won a war.
But you may as well know it
we came darn near
losing one!
You got a long way
to go yet.
And the quicker you get
going, the better!
Parade, shun!
Parade will advance!
About turn!
Slope, arms!
Parade will move to the right
in threes!
Right turn!
By the left, quick march!
Left, right,
left, right, left!
[]