

THE LIFE AND DEATH
OF SUGAR CANDY

Retitled to:

THE LIFE AND DEATH
OF COLONEL BLIMP

Screenplay written by
Michael Powell & Emeric Pressburger

Based on the cartoon character
created by David Lowe

Pre & Production Draft
June 1942
Contains Revisions using
square brackets [[]] & []

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THE RESURRECTION OF 'BLIMP'

A NOTE ON THE SCRIPT AND FILM

Michael Powell believed that 'Emeric's screenplay for Colonel Blimp should be in every film archive, in every film library.'^{*} The question is, however, in what form? The text printed here attempts something that is still rare in the publication of screenplays and scripts. Usually these are transcripts of what finally appeared on screen, based either on the approved release script or simply on a description of the dialogue and action. Occasionally an 'original' script is published, although this is more common in cases where that script has not been filmed and is therefore offered as 'literature'. The inevitable differences between script and finished film are due to many factors, some creative, others practical and circumstantial. A comparison of the original and the result would therefore often be of little interest, without a lengthy commentary on the production itself. In a few cases, however, script and film remain relatively close and the reasons for variation are interesting and comprehensible. The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp is one such case. There is only one known 'full script' version, entitled 'The Life and Death of Sugar Candy' (clearly dating from some time in June 1942, when it was hoped this concession would win War Office approval). Subsequent memos identifying scenes that were to be cut, changed and added indicate that this remained

* A Life in Movies, p. 409.

The basis of the film's production (and its indications of sequences already cut have been retained). What makes it specially valuable is that it goes well beyond mere dialogue and action, often describing location, character and atmosphere in a highly suggestive way. Hence the decision to present this script as written, together with a notation of the film as it appears today. The system used is similar to that devised by Bambi Ballard for her edition of Abel Gance's script of Napoleon. This involves using double square brackets [] to enclose original script material which does not appear in the final film, and single square brackets [] for material added during production. This means that in some cases two variants of essentially the same speech appear consecutively, which is not ideal, but hopefully the chance to compare versions and trace shifts will compensate for any local irritation. Names and titles which were changed in production (such as Mullins to Murdoch, Colonel to General, Die Walkure to Mignon) are given in their final form after the first indication of a change.

What of the film 'text' itself? This was originally released in July 1943, running for 163 minutes. By the early 70s, the only known versions of comparable length were two original

nitrate copies held by the British Film Institute Deposit Print Collection and screened occasionally at the National Film Theatre.* All other copies appeared to be, at most, between 130 and 140 minutes. The Radio Times, billing the first UK television transmission on Boxing Day 1972, quoted BBC sources: 'this is the longest version we could find. But rumour hath it the original ran over three hours!' The slot allocated indicates an anticipated length of about 130 minutes.

* One of these was donated by Powell and the other by Rank, apparently in the late 50s. I am grateful for this and other information about versions to David Meeker, Keeper of Feature Films at the National Film and Television Archive.

When, how often, and by how much was Blimp cut? These are the questions which still lack definitive answers, but some reliable evidence and explanation can now be given. The US Motion Picture Almanac lists Blimp for three consecutive years, from 1944-45 to 1946-47, as belonging to 'Archers-General' and at its original length of 163 minutes.* Correspondence in the Powell papers indicates that there was considerable speculation about how to release it in the United States; but despite the pleas of specialist independent distributors, it was eventually assigned to United Artists under Rank's overall deal with that company, and released by it in May 1945. The running time listed in the Motion Picture Herald review of 24 March 1945 was 148 minutes and the title is given as Colonel Blimp. Four years later, Blimp resurfaced in the trade press with a report that Rank had initiated action by the Federal Trade Commission to restrain UA from showing a version of 91 minutes, cut from the 'original' of 143 minutes. + The outcome, it was stressed, was academic, since the film 'had been out of circulation for over a year'. By the early 50s, it appears that either the US version had become the only one available in Britain, or that the film had been further shortened - possibly in order to fit into a double-bill. Running times of 140 and 120 minutes have been quoted by various sources. All of these shortened versions (if there was more than one) seem to have had the Prologue removed, so that the action started in 1902 and moved forward to the Turkish Bath in 1942-43. This, at any rate, was the version that I first saw in a nitrate print in 1971, but unfortunately did not time.

In 1976, the BFI Deposit Collection was handed over to the National Film Archive, which took the opportunity to 'cannibalize' the three prints it now held, making a nitrate viewing copy of some 160 minutes. This was first seen publicly in 1978 at the FIAF Congress in Brighton and at the National Film Theatre's Powell-Pressburger retrospective in October-November 1978. A first phase of restoration then started, with support from the BBC, to make a printable safety negative, based on the original Technicolor separations. The result was unsatisfactory technically, but capable of being enhanced electronically for a TV transmission on 11 October 1980, billed as allowing the film to be 'seen tonight on

television for the first time in its full original version'.

Work continued at the NFA, supervised by Paul de Burgh and with help from the Rank Film Laboratories and a grant from the Sainsbury Charitable Trust, which resulted in a new safety negative. This provided the basis of a reissue of the film by BFI Distribution in 1985, after a Gala Screening at the Screen on the Hill on 18 July, attended by Powell and Pressburger. It has been used as the basis for annotating the original script.

* Rank's original distributor, General, still existed in the US; and The Archers seem also to have been active in trying to place their film. Hence this 'holding' designation.

+ Motion Picture Herald, 15 January 1949; Kinematograph Weekly, 13 January 1949, p. 22. Geoffrey Macnab refers to these reports, but claims in his J. Arthur Rank and the British Film Industry (London, 1933) that the film was reduced 'to only a little over a tidy hour', thereby adding further confusion to an already tangled tale.

FADE IN FIELD MESSAGE:

[[FROM: CORPS COMMANDER

TO: ALL UNITS

16:00 HOURS

MESSAGE BEGINS

EXERCISE BEER-MUG

TIME CAFE DE PARIS

MESSAGE ENDS

10 JUNE

(Added in pencil at the bottom: 'Make it like the real thing' and initialled by the C.O.])

[4BDE BMI DATE:

BEER MUG STOP BUTTERFLY

23.59 HOURS]

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 1

A series of shots, composed and edited, to produce the maximum

effect of speed, efficiency and modern equipment. Locations must be chosen roughly between Staines and Elstree, along line of the Green Belt and the arterial roads, giving composite impression of the approaches to West London. Some air-shots will be necessary. The intention is to create, as simply as possible, an impression of the mechanization and resources of the modern British Army.

EXTERIORS: DESPATCH RIDERS

A small army of motorcycle despatch riders, several hundred of them, are tearing along an arterial road at full speed.

At a roundabout they divide into three columns, one going right, another left, the third straight on. We follow the third column.

The by-pass ends at a T-road. The column divides again, one column west, the other east. 'We follow the eastbound column. The eastbound column divides again, one half going south. We plunge, with the southbound column, into a country road. The riders are now about twenty in number.

The column dashes through a water-splash and divides again into two parties. We follow the smaller group of riders. Three are left as they race into a picturesque village occupied by troops. One of the riders stops at a strong-point where an eager officer grabs the message.

Now there are only two riders.

At a farm, one of the two riders turns off the lane through a farmyard.

[[We follow him, through the farm and down a bumpy cart-track which leads to the headquarters in the field of 'B' Company, the 2nd Battalion, the 4th Brigade, the 2nd Division of the 6th Army Corps.]]

SEQUENCE 2

Exteriors: H.Q. 'B' Company

'B' Company is a rifle company. [[Headquarters is a field, well situated strategically but damnably uncomfortable. The Company has been dug in by itself for four days. It is in touch by runner with Battalion H.Q.

It is a fine evening now but for the past three days it has rained, which has made enthusiasm difficult, and living, cooking and sleeping impossible. They have done all the proper things, camouflaged their vehicles, and taken advantage of the surrounding terrain, what there is of it.]]

[They have made their headquarters in a farm.] The men are half-starved, trained to a hair, ready for anything and bored stiff. That goes for the officers too.

COMMANDING OFFICER'S BILLET

LIEUTENANT 'SPUD' WILSON is shaving under difficulties [[and a hawthorn hedge]] [in a barn]. He is a very large, tough, rude, young officer. But he has a manner. He gets away with murder. He is popular with his Company and stands well with his Colonel.

He has one creed in war: he believes in winning the FIRST BATTLE.

The DESPATCH RIDER rides up and [[starts to open his wallet]] [is toppled from his motorcycle by a rope stretched across the yard].

['STUFFY' GRAVES, a platoon commander, is keeping watch from high in the barn.

[[D.R.
Message from the Corps, sir.]]

STUFFY
Message has just arrived, Spud.

The ambushed DESPATCH RIDER picks himself up.

RIDER
What's the ruddy idea?

SOLDIER
It's total war, isn't it? What do you want?

RIDER
Message from H.Q. Where's the C.O.?

SOLDIER
In the barn. Follow me.

The DESPATCH RIDER continues on his bike through the farm.

Inside the barn, SPUD is still shaving. The SERGEANT-MAJOR enters.

S.M
Message from H.Q., sir.]

SPUD
Read it, [Sgt. Hawkins].

S.M.
[It's in code, sir.]
(He reads.)
'Message begins: Exercise Invasion of London Area by Regular Army, Home Guard defending. War starts at

midnight. Message ends.' The C.O.'s
put in pencil [here], sir, 'Make it
like the real thing.'

SPUD

[[Platoon Commanders]][Oh, he has,
has he? Section commanders!]

SERGEANT-MAJOR puts fingers in mouth and gives special
whistle. Sound of men coming from different directions.
SPUD continues shaving, communing with himself.

By now the platoon commanders are before him: 'STUFFY' GRAVES,
'ROBIN' HOOD, 'TOMMY' TUCKER and the SERGEANT-MAJOR.

SPUD addresses them sardonically.

SPUD

[[Gentlemen!]] [Message from H.Q.]
War starts at midnight. You have
your orders. Tell the men!

TOMMY

Ay, ay, sir.

SPUD

And tell them to make it like the
real thing.

STUFFY

What do they mean by 'like the real
thing', Spud?

SPUD

(Savagely)

[Well,] obviously [[prisoners must
be bayoneted to death, women must be
raped,]]our losses divided by ten
and the enemy's multiplied by twenty!

[[STUFFY

Yessir.]]

[S.M.

Anything else for me, sir?

SPUD

No.]

He and the others see that SPUD is in no good humour and
they turn to go. SPUD goes on shaving, still communing:

SPUD:

'War starts at midnight'. We know.

[STUFFY

(Joining in the chorus

rhythm)
They know.]

SPUD
We attack.

STUFFY
They counter-attack.

SPUD
Like the real thing - my Aunt Fanny!
Like the real thing--

Suddenly a great idea strikes him, his voice changes, he rises from his seat transfigured.

SPUD
LIKE THE REAL THING! Sergeant
Hawkins![[Stuffy, Robin, Tommy]]
[Section commanders!]

By this time they are all around him again. He starts to wipe the soap off his face as he speaks.

SPUD
So War starts at midnight, does it?
[[Sergeant-Major!]]

S.M.
Sir!

SPUD:
We attack at six! [[We'll]] take
all the [tommy-guns and][Brens and
three - no]] four [no, three] trucks.
Section leaders with tommy-guns. Arm
the men with [bombs,] rifles,
bayonets.[[fifty rounds of spare,
pick handles. I'll need all the
officers]].

S.M.
Yessir.

SPUD
Tommy, [from your section] - Rice,
Unsworth, [yes] the Owens, Nobby,
Toots and Cochrane?

[TOMMY
Not Cochrane, sir.

SPUD
All right, I leave it to you.] Stuffy,
who are the biggest toughs in your
lot?

STUFFY
Bill Wall, Wimpey, Popeye, Wizard...

SPUD
Yours Robin?

ROBIN
Frank, Skeets and Duggie Stuart
[Taffy, Geordie and Dai Evans.]

SPUD
([In mock Welsh accent])
We must have him, look you. All
right. Get going! [[We'll make it
real for them.]]

[S.M.]
Excuse me, sir.

SPUD
Yes.

S.M.
Did you say that we attack before
war is declared?

SPUD
Yes, like Pearl Harbour. Now get
going. Oh, by the way, there's just
one stop, at the Bull. I've got a
date there with Mata Hari.

STUFFY
Careless talk...

SPUD
Yeah. Now scram.]

SEQUENCE 3 OUT

SEQUENCES 4, 5, 6, 7

Exteriors and Interiors of Spud's Commando

Dashing down Western Avenue towards London and passing through
a barricade.

[The Trucks pull in at the Bull. SPUD goes towards the
building alone.

SPUD
Five minutes easy, Sergeant.
(Calls to another
truck.)
Five minutes easy, Stuffy.

RAPID FADE TO BLACK:

Soldier swatting outside as before.

TOMMY

I wonder what's keeping Spud?

ANGELA CANNON (JOHNNY') appears at the door, unnoticed by the soldiers, and moves stealthily towards her car. They see her.

JOHNNY

Afternoon, Sergeant.

S.M.

(Puzzled)

Afternoon, miss.

(Realization dawns.)

Hey!

JOHNNY quickly drives off as the soldiers rush towards her.

S.M.

Back in the trucks!]

INTERIOR: SECOND TRUCK

SPUD points ahead.

SPUD

See that barricade, my [[hearties]]
[boys. Well] at midnight it's going
to be closed.

STUFFY

And [[none of the wicked enemy can
pass]] [of course the enemy can't
get] through before because - [why?]

WHOLE TRUCK

(With relish)

WAR STARTS AT MIDNIGHT!

SPUD grins and waves to the Home Guard on the barricade.

EXTERIOR: BARRICADE: WESTERN AVENUE

The Home Guard waves to SPUD'S commando, who all wave back.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXTERIOR: WESTERN AVENUE

The commando dashes by. Three Bren Carriers form a screen;
then the four 15-cwt trucks at careful intervals of about
100 yards, all travelling at full speed.

INTERIOR: FIRST TRUCK

TOMMY TUCKER sits by the DRIVER as Officer-Navigator to the raid. He has maps of London but he knows the streets by heart. The men crowded in the truck behind him with their weapons all ready are as keen as mustard.

DRIVER

What's the objective, sir?

TOMMY

[[Boodles Club, 28 St James's Street]]
[Royal Bathers' Club, Piccadilly.]
You all know your stuff?

CHORUS

Yessir!

VOICE #1

What about Mata Hari?

VOICE #2

We'll beat her to it.

VOICE #3

I know a couple of short cuts after
Marble Arch.

[[TOMMY

Are the other trucks O.K.?

VOICE

Right behind us, sir.]]

[[INTERIOR: SECOND TRUCK

SPUD, the SERGEANT-MAJOR and STUFFY. His runner, his driver and his batman, three other men armed with rifles. All look grim and full of suppressed excitement. SPUD has a bandage round his head and looks very cross.

S.M.

Barricade ahead, sir.

(Tense pause)

It's open!

EXTERIOR: BARRICADE: WESTERN AVENUE

It is manned and defended but not yet closed as it is only six o'clock. SPUD'S commando is approaching. The Bren Carriers rattle, their crews waving. The defending forces wave back, innocently.]]

SEQUENCES 8 & 9 OUT

[INTERIOR: TRUCK

They see ANGELA'S car ahead in the London traffic.

VOICE

There she is! Get the other truck to close up. See if you can pass her.

A taxi cuts in between the truck and the car.

VOICE

Blast that taxi! Steady, keep right on his tail. Second left. We've got her!

EXTERIOR: SANDBAGGED ENTRANCE OF ROYAL BATHERS' CLUB

ANGELA pauses for an instant at the club entrance, then rushes in.]

SEQUENCES 10 & 11

Exterior and Interiors: Royal Bathers' Club

[[EXTERIOR: STREET SIGN

Impressive building. Street sign on frontage: 'St James's Street. S.W.1.

Sound of violently applied brakes, off, as SPUD'S commando arrives.]]

[SPUD stands at the club entrance, directing his men.

SPUD

Come on, Section No.2.

CHORUS

Yessir!

SPUD

No.3.

CHORUS

Yessir!

SPUD

You have your orders.]

INTERIOR: CLUB

The HALL PORTER glances up. [ANGELA is with him, on the telephone. She dives beneath his desk when -]

SPUD enters from the street, followed by STUFFY GRAVES, who stays in the door where he can command exterior and interior. SPUD comes up to PORTER with the urgent manner of one who carries an important message.

SPUD

(To PORTER)

Is [[Major-]]General Wynne-Candy in
the Club?

PORTER

No, sir. The General left an hour
ago with Brigadier-General Caldicott
and Air Vice-Marshal Lloyd-Hughes.

SPUD

Did he say where he was going?

PORTER

Excuse me, sir, what is your business
with the General?

SPU

I have a message for him - an urgent
message.

PORTER

If you will give me the message,
sir, I will see that the General
gets it.

SPUD

But dammit all, man - !
(Suddenly changes
tone.)
Are you in the Home Guard?

PORTER

[[Are you]][Why], sir?

SPUD

(Low voice)

The password is 'Veuve Cliquot 1911'!

PORTER

(Salutes)

The General and his staff [[have
gone to]][are in] the Turkish Baths,
sir.

[[SPUD signs to STUFFY, who signals to street]]

[SPUD

(Blows whistle)

Right!]

[[EXTERIOR: ST JAMES'S STREET

From STUFFY'S angle we see two of the trucks and the men all
ready for action. STUFFY holds up two fingers. Two men
jump down and come running up.]]

INTERIOR: CLUB

The [[two]] men come in, carrying rifles and bayonets and go up to SPUD and the PORTER.

SPUD

((To SERGEANT)

You're in charge up here.] Stay with him.

(To PORTER)

Don't leave your [[cubby-hole]][desk] or [[answer]][use] the phone. You're a prisoner of war.

[PORTER

But war starts at midnight.

SPUD

Ah ha, that's what you think. Sergeant, that girl under the desk: she's a prisoner too.

SGT.

Sir!

SPUD

Corporal, follow me. Brute force and ruddy ignorance.

CPL.

(To men)

Come on, after him - and double up.

DISSOLVE TO:]

[[SEQUENCE 12

Exterior: His Majesty's Theatre

SPUD'S commando dashes up and passes the Theatre.

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 13

Exterior: Turkish Baths

A GIRL in A.T.S. uniform is telephoning from a public box near the entrance.

SPUD'S commando sweeps up. This is the final objective. They attack in strength, the trucks emptying like magic, the Bren Carriers facing three ways along the street, their crews ready. SPUD is the first out. His quick eye spots the girl.

SPUD

Sergeant-Major!

S.M.

Sir?

SPUD

See that girl in the phone-box?

S.M.

Yessire.

SPUD

Nail her in!

S.M.

Yessir. Owen!

SPUD without waiting to see his orders carried out, runs up the steps of the Turkish Baths, where he stops and turns.

SPUD

Rice! Wimpey! Stand guard!

RICE

Sir.

WIMPEY

Sir.

SEQUENCES 14 & 15

Interior: Turkish Baths

THE HOTTEST ROOM

Through clouds of steam, half a dozen nude pink figures scantily draped in towels, sit or recline at ease.]]

ATTENDANT'S DESK (OUTSIDE)

SPUD and his men crowd the entrance. The ATTENDANT stares horrified at them. The telephone bell is ringing like mad.

SPUD

(To ATTENDANT)

[[You're a prisoner of war!]] [Don't argue!] Wizard! Guard this man.

(He moves off.)

And answer that dam' phone!

WIZARD takes the receiver off, grimly covering the ATTENDANT with his tommy-gun meanwhile. Over the receiver we hear an excited GIRL'S voice. WIZARD plays up.

WIZARD

[Yes, miss.] Warn who, miss? General Wynne-Candy, miss? Can't do that, miss.

(Holds receiver away
from his ear as girl's
voice screams.)

[[GIRL'S VOICE What do you mean? I must speak to him!

Camera tracks swiftly into close shot of receiver. We can
hear plainly the Girl's voice and sound of hammering.

GIRL'S VOICE

(Evidently to SERGEANT-
MAJOR)

What are you doing? Stop it! How
dare you!

(She evidently kicks
the door of the booth)

Help! Police!

(Then back to the
telephone)

Porter! Hullo! Hullo!

WIZARD

Yes, miss.

(He listens)

Sorry, miss,]] the General's a
prisoner of war.

(Listens.)

[[Yes, miss. You're a prisoner of
war too.]] [And so are you.]

(Listens, then suddenly
gets impatient.)

You're NUTS! The War's over!

(He rings off.)

THE HOTTEST ROOM

SPUD and his merry men invade the room, guns and other weapons
in their hands.

They look strange and alarming in their battledress in the
incongruous setting.

SPUD peers through the steam. [[He sees his Final Objective,

SPUD

All right, boys! Surround 'em!]]

The commando at once invests the whole room. Some cover the
waking figures. Others guard the approaches, their backs to
the scene. Still others are seen through the glass partition
rounding up the attendants and some other bathers.

[SPUD

Qu-i-e-t! Quiet, please. You're all
prisoners. Now stay where you are.

(To ATTENDANT)

Where's General Wynne-Candy?

ATTENDANT

Who, sir?

SPUD

You heard. Now show me the way. Come on.]

SPUD, almost frightened now that he has reached his objective, advances with an obvious effort on the Final Objective: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CLIVE WYNNE-CANDY, v.c., D.S.O.

GENERAL WYNNE-CANDY is so like Colonel Blimp in appearance that he must certainly have been the model who inspired David Low.

He IS Blimp.

Here is the great face, the sweeping moustaches, the ivory-domed head, the noble belly, even the little crease on his fat chest.

In BLACK AND WHITE, Colonel Blimp is an awe-inspiring figure; but in TECHNICOLOR! No wonder SPUD hesitates. He is sweating, not only from the heat.

He stands a moment looking down at his sleeping prize. Then he gently taps him on the shoulder.

SPUD

([To himself])

This is it.] Sir!

(Pause.)

SIR!

[GENERAL

(Eyes still closed)

Go away.

SPUD

General Wynne-Candy!]

Do you remember in Kipling's 'The White Seal', when the diminutive Kotick by his barking, wakes Sea-Catch, the great Walrus; how Sea-Catch starts awake, banging his neighbour with his flipper and coughing and spluttering 'Eh? How? What?'

Even so wakes General Clive Wynne-Candy.)

GENERAL

Hm - What - Who is it?

SPUD

Lieutenant Wilson, sir. 2nd Battalion, the [[Devonshires]] [Loamshires], sir.

GENERAL

Hm!

(He is still half
asleep.)

What['s the matter]][do you want],
eh?

SPUD

Well, sir ... I'm afraid, sir ...
('After all, he is a
General.')

GENERAL

Well? - Say it, man! I've no time to
waste!

SPUD

(Relaxes and although
very hot begins at
last to enjoy himself)
Oh, yes, you have, sir!

GENERAL

I beg your pardon, sir?

SPUD

You've got all night, sir.

All round them the other members of the staff are waking.
They see the armed, clothed figures. The GENERAL stares at
SPUD as if he were a dangerous lunatic. He looks around for
help.

GENERAL

Attendant!

SPUD

I'm afraid he can't come.

GENERAL

(Pause.)
[[Can't come! Can't - attendant!]]
Why?

SPUD

He's a prisoner of war.

GENERAL

(Slowly)
What's going on here?

SPUD

Invasion[, sir.]

[[GENERAL

Do - you - know - who - you - are -
talking to, sir?

SPUD

Yes, sir. I am addressing Major-General Clive Wynne-Candy, General Officer Commanding the Home Guard, exercise Beer-Mug, sir. You and your staff are my prisoners.

ANOTHER GENERAL

(To CANDY)

I say, Suggie, this is a devil of a mess!]]

GENERAL

(To SPUD)

But you damned young idiot, war starts at midnight! Haven't you been told!

SPUD

(Inwardly trembling,
outwardly brazen)

Yes, sir. That's why we're here.

GENERAL

And may I ask [[again]], on-what-authority?

SPUD

On the authority of these guns and these men[, sir].

The GENERAL looks around him and takes in the whole outrageous scene suddenly. He nearly has a fit. He gasps:

GENERAL

Authority - authority - how dare you, sir - how dare you - [[I'll have you for this - I'll -]] GET OUT OF HERE SIR YOU AND YOUR GANG OF AWFUL MILITIA GANGSTERS [[I'LL HAVE YOU]][GET OUT!]-

(He suddenly stops a little helplessly.)

SPUD

(He gets things moving)
[[STUFFY!]][Popeye, guard these Men.]

[[STUFFY
YESSIR!]]

[POPEYE
YESSIR!]

SPUD

Stuffy. Go to the cubicles. Find which is General Wynne-Candy's.

[[Threr'll be]][You'll find] a brown
pigskin case there. Bring it.

STUFFY

Yessir.
(Goes.)

GENERAL

But you can't do that! The code is
in that case! The whole Exercise
will be a farce if you have that
code!

SPUD

([[Furious; his men
have been insulted])
It's a farce already!][Oh no, sir.
This is going to be the real thing,
sir.

GENERAL

But war starts at midnight.

SPUD

Oh yes]. You say, 'War starts at
midnight' - how do you know the enemy
says so too?

GENERAL

(Stares; then quite
mildly)
But my dear fellow, that was agreed,
wasn't it?

SPUD

(By now the sweat is
streaming off him
from heat and fury)
Agreed, my - foot! [[What's agreement
got to do with it?]] How many
agreements have been kept by the
enemy since this War started? [[Why
do we believe again and again what
they are telling us? Why have we
always waited for him at the front
of the house while he steals in
through the back door and kicks us
in the pants? Tell me why, sir.

SPUD reckless now, his uniform a sponge, dashes a bucketful
of sweat off his face and sweeps on.

SPUD

I'll tell you, sir! Because]]we
agree to keep the Rules of the Game,
[[that's why]] [and they keep kicking
us in the seat of the pants!][[Don't

forget another agreement]] When
[[we]] [I] joined the Army, [[we
agreed to defend our country by every
means at our disposal!]] [the only
agreement I entered into was to defend
my country by any means at my
disposal], not only by National
Sporting Club Rules but by every
means that has existed since Cain
slugged Abel!

[GENERAL

Stop ...]

SPUD

Don't we know they're counting on us
to keep to the Rules. Don't we know
it's a standing joke with them, that
they boast about it, that they -

GENERAL

STOP [IT]!

His parade voice has so much authority that he actually brings
SPUD to a dead stop.

GENERAL

Lieutenant Watson - or whatever your
name is - you are not [[on a
platform]]in Hyde Park with an
audience of [[tarts and]]loafers.
[[This is General Wyndham Cook.]] I
am Major-General Wynne-Candy. These
other gentlemen have all seen service,
distinguished service, with the
British Army!

SPUD

(Undaunted)

Well, all I can say is, sir, that
when Napoleon said an army marches
on its stomach [he must have been
thinking of old gentlemen like]] -
I'd better stop, sir!

GENERAL

(He is very angry,
but he sees that the
grand manner won't
help him)

You're an extremely impudent young
officer, sir. But let me tell you
that in forty years [time] you'll be
an old gentleman, too. And if your
belly keeps pace with your head,
you'll have a bigger one than any of
us!

SPUD

Maybe I shall. In forty years. But I
[[I'll bet that you were the same in
the last war. And forty years ago!]]
[I Doubt it. And I doubt if I'll
have time to grow a moustache like
yours, sir. But at least in 1983
I'll be able to say I was a fellow
of enterprise.]

This is too much for the GENERAL who drops forty years of
authority and experience like a cloak and goes for his
impudent young antagonist with his bare fists.

SPUD, devastated by heat, emotion and a wild desire to laugh,
weakly defends himself, moving hastily backwards before the
windmill attack of the GENERAL, who all the time is bellowing:

GENERAL

I'll punch your head for that, young
fellow! I'll punch your head! Put
'em up! D'you hear me?

(Grunt.)

Think you can say what you like to
an old 'un, do you? [[I'll teach
you!]] Do you know how many wars -
I've been in? I was fighting for my
country when your father was still
in bum-freezers!

(Smack - thud-grunt.)

[[You set up to teach me what a
soldier should or shouldn't do -

(he gets a bit tangled
up from the foam
like Venus)

- Pah!]] Puppy! Gangster![[I repeat!
Gangster!]]

At this point, SPUD'S retreating feet find air beneath them
and he falls backwards into the plunge-bath. Without
hesitation the GENERAL leaps in on top of him. The battle
continues in three and a half feet of cold water.

Clouds of steam ascend, hiding the combatants as it thickens.
Through the gathering clouds the voice of the GENERAL
continues to boom, but as the clouds thicken, the voice gets
fainter.

GENERAL

(Booming through the
steam)

[[What do you know about me?]] You
laugh at my big belly, but you don't
know how I got it - ! You laugh at
my moustache, but you don't know why
I grew it! -

(His voice grows
fainter.)

How do you know what sort of man I
was - when I was as young as you are
- forty years ago - forty years ago-

Blimp's - beg pardon - CANDY'S last words sound hollow and faint. Already they are no longer real. The words hang in the air, like the thick clouds of steam.

[[For a moment there is silence.

Then a full orchestra plays the opening chords of Brünhilde's great and difficult soprano solo in Wagner's 'Walkury [sic].

The music breaks off.

Then a very real, ordinary young man's voice starts to sing (very flat) the Aria, from somewhere nearby.

This voice belongs to 2ND LIEUTENANT HOPWELL.

Then another young man's voice with a familiar note in it joins in the Aria from the plunge-bath.]] The clouds of steam thin and clear away.

YOUNG CLIVE CANDY emerges from the pool.

SEQUENCES 16 & 17

Interior: Turkish Baths (1902)

THE HOTTEST ROOM

YOUNG CLIVE CANDY heaves himself out of the pool in one movement. He is 26, very fit, full of impatience and enthusiasm.

[ATTENDANT

Everything you want, Mr Candy, sir?

CLIVE

Yes, thank you.]

He knows every twist and turn in the [[Brünhilde]] [Mignon] Aria which he declaims with Great vigour.

[An answering voice takes up the Aria. The curtains of a cubicle part to reveal 2ND LIEUTENANT HOPWELL, in a turban, singing at the top of his voice. They strike a pose together.]

A BLIMP OF THE PERIOD wakes up furious.

PERIOD BLIMP

Quiet! People are trying to sleep!

[[2ND LIEUTENANT HOPWELL stops singing and sits bolt upright

on the slab where he was being pummelled by the attendant.

HOPPY

Suggie?

CLIVE CANDY breaks off the Aria abruptly.]]

CLIVE

Hoppy! My old horse [[my antique stallion]]! Since when are you in London?

By this time they have met.

HOPPY

Got back yesterday. Sick leave. I've been chasing you all over town.

(Awkwardly.)

I say, old chap, I was awfully sorry to hear about your leg -

He has been avoiding looking down but now he does. His sympathetic expression changes.

HOPPY

Jumping Jehosaphat! They're both there!

CLIVE

What the hell did you think I was standing on?

HOPPY

I thought you had a wooden leg.

CLIVE

Why should I have a wooden leg?

HOPPY

They told me in Bloemfontein that they cut off your left leg.

They both examine attentively Clive's left leg. CLIVE shakes his head.

CLIVE

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

They both roar with laughter.

[[The two young men lower their voices but soon forget again.

CLIVE

I got it in the shoulder.

HOPPY

(Peers)

Can't see a thing. Now whose leg do you suppose they really cut off?

CLIVE

It's the other one
(He means the shoulder)

HOPPY

(Looking at the leg)
What do you mean?

CLIVE

(Turning, showing angry scar) Here.

HOPPY

Oh, I see. So it is.
(Professionally)
Stop you playing polo?

CLIVE

Not much. Where are you putting up?

They have both raised their voices again.

HOPPY

Stayed at Horsey Loudon's last night - you know he married little Nancy Thingumabob?

CLIVE

No!

HOPPY

Fact! But I found out this morning that they sport a phonograph. So I said to Horsey - by the way, the old boy's putting on weight - 'Sorry, old man, thanks for the doss down but phonographs are barred!'

CLIVE

(Nods solemnly)
Don't blame you. Serious matter - phonographs.

HOPPY

(Grins)
I'd hate it to burst out one morning with -

He sweeps once more into the Mignon Aria, at the top of his lungs which are good. CLIVE joins in enthusiastically. His lungs are also not negligible.

HOPPY

(During bar rest)

Mouldy pipes, you've got.

CLIVE

Mouldy? My pipes?

(He pulls out all the stops.)

INTERIOR: CUBICLES

PERIOD BLIMP tears open his curtain.

PERIOD BLIMP

(Yells)

Attendant! Attendant! Confound it!
I'll never get to sleep again. Stop
that confounded Covent Garden
CATERWAULING!!

CLIVE

(Very pleased)

See! My pipes!

PERIOD BLIMP'S VOICE

My shoes!

CLIVE

(Shouts)

Don't go, sir! We're evacuating!

(Breaks into song.)

'Cherries so red! Strawberries ripe!

(HOPPY joins in.)

At home of course they'll be storming.

(Linking arms.)

Never mind the abuse!

(Marching off.)

You've had the excuse! You've BEEN
TO COVENT GARDEN IN THE MORNING!'

PERIOD BLIMP'S VOICE

My shoes!

2ND BLIMP

Quiet!

3RD BLIMP

Stop that noise! Attendant!

PERIOD BLIMP

MY SHOES!!]]

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 18

Interior: Royal Bathers Club

ENTRANCE HALL

The inner doors open and the two friends come marching out in the same tempo, very pleased with themselves, in colourful smart uniforms, their great-coats over their shoulders, their caps and swords at a dashing angle, looking as if they had just stepped out of a bandbox. They adjust their gloves.

CLIVE

Call a cabby, porter!

PORTER

Yes, sir.

([Signals to DOORMAN.])

HOPPY

Hansom, mind! Growlers barred.

PORTER

[[Of course]] [He knows], sir.

[[PORTER]] [DOORMAN] runs out and we hear him blow his whistle. There is a blast of cold wind as the door swings. It is a wintry day in January.

CLIVE

(Yawns)

Could have done with a nap myself.

HOPPY

You've got all night, haven't you?

CLIVE

[[Must go]] [Going] to the theatre tonight.

HOPPY

Can't you sleep there?

CLIVE

Invited. Two ladies.

HOPPY

Can I come along?

CLIVE

One is the mother.

HOPPY understands.

Meanwhile sound of clop-clopping, 'Whoa!' etc. The [[PORTER]] [DOORMAN] reappears, shivering and blowing on his hands to warm them.

[[PORTER

Hansom, gentlemen.]]

[DOORMAN

Your cab, sir.]

But before they can move, the inner doors are flung open again and out storms the PERIOD BLIMP, in the uniform of a Major-General, which at that time was even more gorgeous than at present. The two young officers click heels, and give him a terrific salute. He acknowledges and is about to pass when he recognizes them. They remain stiffly at attention. He has them on toast.

PERIOD BLIMP

Ha! The opera-singers, eh? No wonder civilians are grumbling about the Army! Ought to be ashamed of yourselves - yelling and screaming like some damned foreigner! A nice state of things! Officers and men losing their lives in South Africa while young officers are roaring about public places like drunkards -

(A sudden idea strikes him.)

Perhaps you are drunk.

(Goes closer, sniffing.)

[[Let me smell your breath!

(sniffs)

As he speaks, someone comes in from outside. The wind blows CLIVE'S coat aside, where it hangs over his chest.]]

[CLIVE adjusts his helmet, causing his cloak to fall back,] revealing a scarlet ribbon, ornamented with a Maltese Cross.

The MAJOR-GENERAL [i.e. PERIOD BLIMP] stares. The young officers stand like ramrods.

PERIOD BLIMP

Eh? What's this?

CLIVE

V[[ictoria]] C[[ross]], sir.

PERIOD BLIMP

Where d'you get it, eh?

CLIVE

South Africa - [Jordaan Siding], sir. [[Windhoek.]]

PERIOD BLIMP

You're Candy, 'Sugar' Candy?

CLIVE

Yes, sir.

PERIOD BLIMP

Hm! [[Heard of you!]]

(Pause.)
Good show, Candy.

He holds out his hand. They shake hands.

CLIVE
Thank you, sir.

He looks at HOPPY.

HOPPY
[[2nd Lieutenant]] Hopwell, sir.

PERIOD BLIMP
Hopwell-Hopwell! [What,] Son of
Barney Hopwell of the 66th?

HOPPY
Yes, sir.

PERIOD BLIMP
(Shakes hands)
Glad to know you, my boy.
(Surveys them.)
You're very musical[[, you two]]?

HOPPY
No, sir.

[PERIOD BLIMP
(To CLIVE)
And so are you.]

CLIVE
[[You mean the Brünhilde Aria, Sir?]]
[D'you mean Mignon, sir, 'I am
Titania'?)

PERIOD BLIMP
[[Whathlde]] [You're what?]

CLIVE
[[Brünhilde]] [Titania], sir. We two
were shut up with her in a blockhouse
for seven months near Jordaan Siding-

PERIOD BLIMP
(Fogged)
[[With Matilda?]] [I beg your pardon?]

CLIVE
[[Brühilde, sir. Character in opera
by Wagner.]] [It's an aria, sir.] We
had a phonograph and we broke every
record but this one. We know it by
heart.

PERIOD BLIMP
Hahahaha! [[Dashed good.]]
(Moves to the door.)
Well, are you boys going to the
(inaudible word)

CLIVE
Yes, sir.

PERIOD BLIMP
That's where I'm lying.

EXTERIOR: CLUB STEPS

[PERIOD BLIMP
Can I give you a lift?

CLIVE opens the hansom door for him.

CLIVE
No thank you, sir. We have a cab.

The GENERAL gets into their cab.

GENERAL
(To CAB DRIVER)
St James's Palace.

CAB DRIVER
Right, sir.]

PERIOD BLIMP
Well, I hope you two [[lads]][boys]
enjoy your leave: you've earned it.

CLIVE
Thank you, sir. [Mind yourself on
the door, sir.]

[[They give another terrific salute as the GENERAL rolls
out. They prepare to follow. Sound of cab driving away.]]
They [[look out]][look at one another].

HOPPY
The old horse thief!

CLIVE
[[Porter]] [Boy]! Another hansom!

[[Outside, the PORTER]] [The DOORMAN] blows his whistle.

SEQUENCE 19

[[Interior: Hansom Cab.]] [Exterior: In Front of Club]

[[The complete change of atmosphere and period is conveyed
by the leisurely progress and the absence of the internal

combustion engine. All around one hears only the clop-clopping of innumerable hoofs, with occasional snatches of sound, such as a barrel-organ playing 'You are my Honey, Honeysuckle'. CLIVE sits, muffled up, contentedly looking at the pageant of the town. HOPPY is apparently looking for something in his pockets.]]

[CLIVE and HOPPY cross the road to a HOT POTATO SELLER'S cart.

HOT POT SELLER

Hot potatoes, sir?

HOPPY

No, we've just come over for a warm.
(An early automobile
passes.)

CLIVE

(To HOPPY)

You ever ridden in one?

HOPPY

Rather. All the way to Epsom.

CLIVE

Lovely lines, hasn't she?

HOPPY

Topping.]

CLIVE

(Deep breath)

Same beastly [[raw]] drizzle! Same
[[old slush]] [fog] and soot! Good
old London!

HOPPY

([Looks for something
in his pockets])

Now listen, Suggie! Remember that
interview you gave The Times'?

CLIVE

You don't mean to say you read it?

HOPPY

Me? No! But I have a niece[.She] -
[who] has a governess [[and the
governess]] [who] has a sister.

CLIVE

Pretty?

HOPPY

[[I don't know her from Adam.]] Never
laid eyes on her. But she read it.

CLIVE

(Frowns)

Who?

HOPPY

My niece's governess's sister. In Berlin. So she wrote to her sister here, who gave the letter to my niece to give to me to give to you. [See?]

CLIVE

(Concentrates)

Who do I give it to?

HOPPY

Nobody. It's for you. Here it is.

CLIVE

(Takes it gingerly)

Why [[me]]?

HOPPY

[Well,] read it[, you big ape]. You'll [[see]] [find out]. It's interesting.

DISSOLVE TO:

[TEXT OF EDITH'S LETTER:

'... tales of atrocities by our soldiers against the Boers are being printed by these odious newspapers and encouraged by certain high personages who are determined to foment trouble between Germany and England. There is one agent, in particular, named KAUNITZ who is a LIAR and SCOUNDREL! Now this Lieut. Candy sounds a splendid fellow and he is just returned from South Africa. If only he would come to Berlin and TELL THE TRUTH! That would do more good than a hundred interviews! Do you not think, my dear Martha, that Mr. Hopwell would be likely to know this young officer. I seem to remember that he noted the same name in one of his...']

[[SEQUENCE 20

Exterior: Hansom, Her Majesty's Theatre

Effect shot of the facade of Her Majesty's Theatre. The Hansom bowls by with the two young officers in it.

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCES 21, 22, 23

The War Office The War Office has been finished the year before and, besides being brand new, was regarded as the tops in official architecture.

STAIRCASE

One of the great staircases surrounding the cage where the latest thing in lifts had just been installed. CLIVE and HOPPY run up the staircase, three steps at a time.

DISSOLVE TO:

CORRIDOR

One of the interminable corridors. CLIVE and HOPPY arrive at the door of an office. HOPPY gives CLIVE an encouraging gesture. CLIVE knocks and goes in.

DISSOLVE TO:]]

COLONEL BETTERIDGE'S OFFICE [HIS NAME ON THE DOOR]

The COLONEL is about fifty, pleasant but very uncompromising on questions of army etiquette. He detests pauses in conversation. [Another officer, MAJOR PLUMLEY, shares his office and says little.]

CLIVE stands before his desk.

BETTERIDGE

Sit down!

CLIVE

(Sits)

Thank you, sir.

BETTERIDGE

Fire away!

CLIVE

Well, sir, I have a friend--

BETTERIDGE

Good. Not everybody can say that.
Continue!

CLIVE

This friend of mine, sir, has a niece--

BETTERIDGE

(Examines CLIVE'S
application for
appointment)

Cut it short, my boy, you say here
it's about a letter. One, who wrote
it? Two, what's in it? Three, what's
the War Office got to do with it?
Four, I'll tell you. Five, Out!

(He gestures towards

door, fixes CLIVE,
barks:)

One!

CLIVE

(Hurriedly)

A girl wrote it from Berlin, sir.
Her name is Edith Hunter. She's a
governess there.

BETTERIDGE

[Rather an] Uncomfortable billet
just now.

CLIVE

That's just it, sir. They hate us in
Germany. They are spreading propaganda
all over Europe that we are killing
women and children in South Africa,
that we are starving them in
concentration camps, shooting mothers,
burning babies - you wouldn't believe
the things they have invented! I
spoke this afternoon to Conan Doyle.
He thinks something ought to be done
about it too.

BETTERIDGE

About what? [[Where does this letter
of yours come in?]] [What's all this
about a letter?] And who's Conan
Doyle?

CLIVE

The author chap, sir-writes the
Sherlock Holmes , stories in the
Strand Magazine.

The COLONEL at last shows some animation and interest.

BETTERIDGE

This Doyle fellow writes the Sherlock
Holmes stories?

CLIVE

Yes, sir. Conan Doyle. You must have
seen his name.

BETTERIDGE

Never heard of him. But I've read
every Sherlock Holmes story since
they started in July '91.

CLIVE

(Eagerly; he also is
a fan)

Are you reading The Hound of the

Baskervilles, sir?

BETTERIDGE

Am I not! What did you think of the end of the last instalment?

CLIVE

Bit of a facer for poor old Watson, sir.

BETTERIDGE

(Laughs and recites:)

'A lovely evening, my dear Watson. I really think you will be more comfortable outside than in.'

(Laughs.)

Sarcastic devil, that [fellow] Holmes. I once had a C.O. just like him. [[This Conan Doyle]] [He] must be [[a sound sort of]] [rather a good] fellow, as authors go.

CLIVE

(Encouraged)

Well, sir, Mr Conan Doyle is collecting material about our campaign in South Africa to counter German propaganda. The Times printed an interview with me about seven weeks ago -

BETTERIDGE

That's bad. Good rule to keep out of the papers. Still The Times is a bit different.

[MAJOR PLUMLEY

(Murmurs agreement)

Mmm, yes.]

CLIVE

Yes, sir. I mentioned in the interview the name of a place called Jordaan Siding. I spent seven months there. Now this girl writes from Berlin that the worst stories of all are being put about by a fellow called Kaunitz who says he saw with his own eyes British soldiers kill two hundred and fifty women and children at Jordaan Siding in order to save feeding them!

BETTERIDGE

Do you know this fellow Kaunitz?

CLIVE

Of course, sir. He's the most awful little [[skunk]] [rat]! He was spying for us, he was spying for the Boers, he made South Africa too hot for himself and skipped. Both sides would have shot him if they'd caught him.

BETTERIDGE

I see. Now what do you want me to do?

CLIVE

(Enthusiastically)

My leave isn't up for four weeks, sir. Why shouldn't I go to Berlin and confront this little rat? I'll soon-

BETTERIDGE

(Shocked)

My dear boy - first of all, it's not done. This isn't Army business, it's Embassy. Leave politics to the politicians. You wouldn't like a diplomat to come charging into the front line with your company, would you?

CLIVE

It might do him a lot of good!

BETTERIDGE

(Standing up)

Juvenile nonsense, my lad!

CLIVE

(At once standing
also)

Sorry, sir!

[[BETTERIDGE

That's right Candy. Never go off at half-cock, my boy. Keep cool. Keep your mouth shut. Avoid politicians, like the plague. That's the way to get on in the army.

CLIVE

Yes, sir.]]

BETTERIDGE

You were [[given leave]] [sent home] in order to recuperate. Your country needs you. Play golf?

CLIVE

Yes, sir.

BETTERIDGE

What's your form?

CLIVE

About ten, sir.

BETTERIDGE

(Satisfied)

Care for a game?

CLIVE

Sorry, sir. I'm invited by Lady Gilpin to Leicestershire. Start tomorrow.

BETTERIDGE

Well, enjoy yourself.

Telephone rings. MAJOR PLUMLEY answers, but soon : loses interest in the call while he listens to the following exchange. They move towards the door.

BETTERIDGE

By-the-way, [[this fellow]] - this author chap.

[CLIVE

Author chap?

BETTERIDGE

This fellow] who wrote The Hound of the Baskervilles -

CLIVE

[[Yes, sir?]] Conan Doyle.

BETTERIDGE

[Yes.] You didn't happen to ask him, by any chance, what happens in the next instalment?

[MAJOR PLUMLEY

(To his caller)

Just a moment.]

CLIVE

Yes, sir. There's another murder!

BETTERIDGE

(Very concerned)

Not the Baronet?

CLIVE

No, sir. The Baronet is safe.

BETTERIDGE

(Relieved)

[Good,] I'm glad -

He opens the door [[and CLIVE goes]]. [MAJOR PLUMLEY is equally relieved.]

CORRIDOR

[FIRST PASSER-BY
Warm for January.

SECOND PASSER-BY
Damn cold I call it.

BETTERIDGE closes the door, then opens it again to give CLIVE parting advice.

BETTERIDGE
Take my tip, my boy. You've got a damn good V.C., now keep quiet for a bit, eh?

He closes the door. CLIVE whistles 'Titania' as he joins HOPPY.] HOPPY is very curious. CLIVE jerks his head and they walk down the corridor as they talk.

HOPPY
Well? What did he say?

[[CLIVE
(Sardonically)
'Lovely evening, my dear Watson!'

HOPPY
What?

CLIVE
(Same tone)
'You'll be more comfortable outside than in'

HOPPY
You're cracked. Did he say you could go?

CLIVE
(Scornfully)
'Leave politics to the politicians!'

HOPPY
(Exasperated)
Are you going or aren't you?

CLIVE
(Stops)
Yes!

HOPPY

With or without approval?

CLIVE

Well, he didn't say I couldn't.

They look at each other.

CLIVE

If I ask somebody else, they may forbid me to go.

(Pause)])

Look here, do you want to go to the Theatre tonight?

HOPPY

Well I like that you said -

CLIVE

Never mind what I said.

(He shows ticket.)

Here! Box A, Her Majesty's Theatre. 'The Last of the Dandies'. Introduce yourself to Lady Gilpin - tell them I had to go on [[Secret Service]] [some secret mission] - make me out a mysterious romantic figure. The girl's [[nice]] [pretty], the mother's a Gorgon.

CLIVE starts off again at a great pace, HOPPY, dazed but obedient, panting after him.

HOPPY

[[You mean you're going straight away?]] Are you going on a secret mission?

CLIVE

[[Of course.]] [Yes, to Berlin.

HOPPY

Did he send you?

CLIVE

No, it's a secret from him too.]

[[HOPPY

But - how will you go?

CLIVE

Cab, Boat-train, boat, another train - they must have trains in Germany as well as here. Fitzroy is some sort of Secretary at the Berlin Embassy. I'll wire him I'm coming and I'll wire the girl from my hotel.

HOPPY

Hotel...?

CLIVE

Well, they must have hotels in Berlin,
too.]]

[[SEQUENCE 24

Kaiserhof Hotel, Berlin

INSERT: a primitive coloured postcard of the Wilhelmplatz.
CLIVE'S pen makes an X where the Kaiserhof Hotel stands on
the corner of the Mohrenstrasse.

CLIVE'S ROOM

It is not the best room in the hotel but it is all right.
The window looks out over the railway station, from below
comes the sound of locomotives, etc. It is snowing outside.

The room is cold and CLIVE has his overcoat over his shoulders
and a rug round his legs. He is, of course, in mufti. The
time is 9.30 in the morning.

CLIVE is writing picture postcards. Several are lying on the
table beside him. He is whistling: 'You are my Honey,
Honeysuckle, I am the Bee!'

INSERT: postcard. CLIVE writes: 'Dear Hoppy, Have outspanned
at the Kaiserhof Hotel. Berlin is bigger than I thought.
Have not seen Miss You-Know-Who yet but -'

A knock at the door

CLIVE

(Calls)

Come in!

Nothing happens.

CLIVE frowns and hunts on the table. He picks up a slip of
paper on which he has written the most necessary phrases for
everyday use during his stay in Germany. The German is written
phonetically with the English translation opposite.

INSERT: CLIVE'S emergency list.

CLIVE

(Reading from list,
in awful German,
very loud)

Cumman zee hairin!

The door opens. A PAGE comes in with a salver and a card.

PAGE

Das Fräulein wartet im kleinen Salon.

CLIVE

(Understands not one
word but reads card)
Fraulein - Edith Hunter - here?

PAGE

Jawohl - im kleinen Salon - klein!
(Gestures with hand
to show 'klein' means
'little'.)
Klein - Salon!

CUT TO:]]

[SEQUENCE 24

Royal Bathers' Club

HOPPY enters as the PORTER is putting a Berlin postcard on
the letter board.

HOPPY

Morning, Preedy. Did you send those
flowers?

PREEDY

Yes, sir. Oh, Mr Hopwell, there's a
postcard for you, sir.

HOPPY

From Mr Candy, ha.

PREEDY

How is Mr Candy?

HOPPY

Read it for yourself,
(He rushes off.)

PREEDY Reads.

INSERT: 'My dear Watson, Have outspanned at Kaiserhof Hotel.
Sherlock Holmes.']

SEQUENCES 25 & 26

Kaiserhof Hotel, Berlin

LITTLE SALON

It is a pleasant little room, decorated and furnished in
rococo style.

EDITH HUNTER is [[seated composedly on a sofa in the centre
of the room]] [pacing impatiently]. She is very neat; and

well, though not extravagantly dressed. She is what was known in 1902 as a 'New Woman': which meant that she intended to live her own life and knew her own mind. She has character to back it up; and brains. The sedateness of her appearance is mitigated by little crystals of snow, melting and glistening in her hair and on her furs.

STAIRCASE

At the bottom of the main staircase, outside the Little Salon. [[CLIVE comes down at breakneck speed, halts abruptly at the foot of the stairs, glances sharply but with secret approval at his manly figure in a full-length mirror and continues with equal impetuosity into the Little Salon.]]

PAGE

(To CLIVE)

Das 1st die Dame in demkleinen Salon.

LITTLE SALON

CLIVE enters and stops. EDITH standing inclines her head. CLIVE bows.

EDITH

[[You are Lieutenant Candy]] [Mr Candy], I believe.

CLIVE

[[In England. Here I'm plain Mister. You are Miss Hunter?]] [Miss Hunter?]

EDITH

Yes. Thank you for your telegram. It came as a great surprise to me. I had no idea you were in Berlin.

CLIVE

Nor had I until now.

EDITH

I beg your pardon.

CLIVE

I only arrived yesterday.

EDITH

(Stares)

Do you - can you possibly mean that you have come solely on account of my letter?

CLIVE

Well - naturally.

EDITH

(She is rather

overwhelmed.)
Oh!

CLIVE
(Concerned)
You don't mind - do you?

EDITH
(Recovering)
No. Of course not.

CLIVE
Well...
(She still stares,
forgetting her
manners.)
Shall we sit down?

They sit. He waits for her to speak. Neither is a great conversationalist.

EDITH
Did you have a good journey?

CLIVE
Excellent.
(Pause.)
I'm sorry to bring you out in such weather. I was about to call on you.

EDITH
I have changed my address.

CLIVE
Indeed?

EDITH
Yes. My position became intolerable.
I have had to leave.

CLIVE
No.

EDITH
(Nods)
English people are not very popular
in Berlin at the moment you know.

CLIVE
Do you mean that you had to give up
your job because you are English?

EDITH
Yes.

CLIVE
Can you get another job?

EDITH

Perhaps. In a few months' time. Not now.

CLIVE

Well, what are you going to do now...

EDITH

Go back.

CLIVE

To England?

EDITH

(Nods again, very
dejected)
I'm afraid so.

CLIVE

Cheer up! England isn't as bad as all that.

EDITH

(Her eyes flash)
That is what we both want to prove,
isn't it, Mr Candy?

CLIVE

(Stirred)
Yes, Miss Hunter.

EDITH

How shall we begin?

There is a pause. Both frown in concentration.

CLIVE

You mentioned in your letter a man called Kaunitz. Do you know what he looks like?

EDITH

I've never seen him.

[[CLIVE

Because if he's the same fellow I hope he is, I'd like a word with him.]]

EDITH

I know a cafe where he and his friends have their Stammtisch - it means they have a table regularly reserved for them there... a kind of...

CLIVE

(Not interested in
the niceties of
translation, cuts in)
Do you know any of his friends, Miss
Hunter?

EDITH
(A little put out)
Yes, one. A student, the brother of
my employer -
(She smiles ruefully)
My ex-employer. He is a
Burschenschafter. Do you know what
'Burschenschafts' are?

CLIVE
('This girl is a bit
of a blue-stocking.
Pity. She's pretty. ')
No, Miss Hunter.

EDITH
They are Associations of Students
professing Political Principles.
They assert them by drinking beer
and fighting duels.

CLIVE
[[I see.]] Duelling is very popular
here, I believe?

EDITH
Oh, yes. It's a proud father that
has a scarred son, and vice-versa.
German girls find scars very
attractive.

CLIVE is a little shocked by this open reference to sex-
attraction. EDITH is quite detached.

EDITH
A book was published recently on the
German colonies in which it was
specifically stated that one of the
advantages of possessing duelling-
scars was that the natives of Africa
look with more respect upon white
men who bear them than upon those
who do not.

CLIVE
(Gapes)
I feel like Stanley and Livingstone.

EDITH
Surely not both, Mr Candy.

CLIVE

No, of course not. You are Miss Livingstone.

(Laughs.)

I'm the missionary!

EDITH

Coldly Livingstone was the missionary, Mr Candy.

CLIVE

(Rather dashed; he begins to think EDITH a horrid girl)

Ah - yes - of course he was.

(Pause.)

Well, what about this cafe? Can you take me there tonight?

EDITH

Do you wish me to accompany you?

CLIVE

Well, of course.

EDITH

(Rises)

Very well.

CLIVE

(Flounders)

I mean - it's awfully kind of you - I'd obviously be absolutely lost without you.

EDITH

(Having asserted herself is now disposed to be nice to this good-looking but over-assertive young man. She smiles charmingly)

[[Then you are Livingstone after all, Mr Candy.]] [Then, Mr Candy, you are Livingstone, I presume.]

(She frankly holds out her hand. He shakes it firmly.)

DISSOLVE TO:

[[SEQUENCE 27

Exterior: British Embassy, Berlin

A brass plate covered with snow. A gloved hand wipes it clean

revealing the inscription.

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 28

Interior: British Embassy, Berlin

OFFICE OF 'BABY-FACE' FITZROY

It is the smallest and most inconvenient office in the Embassy. It is a very odd shape. It connects by a multitude of doors with the offices of other Secretaries, still minor, but far more important than MR FITZROY.

This statement of fact and opinion is, needless to say, not shared by MR FITZROY, who has a very great idea of his own importance.

As the scene opens, he is seated at his desk, impeccably and officially dressed (above-desk) in black coat, starched collar and cuffs, grey tie, etc. from which we can deduce the neat striped trousers and patent leather shoes (below desk).

A pile of letters lies before him which he is hastily reading and then stamping with the Embassy stamp (but not, of course, signing or initialling. He contrives to make the simple action look portentous and when he pauses and scrutinizes one of the letters and puts it aside for consideration, one feels that the unfortunate Subject involved has practically forfeited his national status.

CLIVE sits, patiently waiting, opposite BABY-FACE, who had been a very junior contemporary of his at Harrow. He is impressed, as was intended, by his host's show of importance. The door to the waiting room opens and YENNING, an old clerk, puts his head in, evidently not for the first time.

YENNING

(Pleading)

Mr Fitzroy!

BABY-FACE

All right, Yenning, I'm coming...

YENNING fades away. CLIVE stands up.

CLIVE

Look here, old man, I'll come back another time. I didn't know you were as busy as all this.

BABY-FACE

Always on Tuesdays...

CLIVE

When can we get together?

BABY-FACE

What about Saturday? We could have a drink or something...

CLIVE

I'll be on my way back by then. Well, Baby-Face,

(MR FITZROY winces)

Pity you're so busy. I wanted to have a talk with you.

He looks round as a Secretary crosses from one door to the other, stepping over MR FITZROY en route.

CLIVE

You must feel like Baden-Powell in Mafeking ...

BABY-FACE

Eh?

CLIVE

... besieged on all sides.

BABY-FACE

Oh! You mean that crowd in the waiting room?

VENNING:

(Fading in)

Five past, Mr Fitzroy.

(Fading out.)

BABY-FACE:

All right, Yenning.

(To CLIVE)

Well, they'll have to wait that's all. I'll tell Yenning to take you out the back way so that you won't be bothered by them.

CLIVE

They don't bother me. They prove I was right to come here.

BABY-FACE

Why? Are you working for Thomas Cook?

CLIVE

What the deuce d'you mean?

BABY-FACE

Well, they all want to go back to England, they? How do I know what you mean?

CLIVE

(Patiently)

If you'll listen I'll tell you. They want to go back because they've lost their jobs. Why have they lost their jobs? Because of anti-British propaganda. Because of liars like Kaunitz.

BABY-FACE:

(Pauses, stamp in air)

Kaunitz? Who's he?

CLIVE

Don't you ever read the papers, man?

BABY-FACE

We have a Press Attache who ...

CLIVE

(Getting warm)

But you ought to know about him yourself. It's his lies that are filling your waiting room. Don't you know that he's accusing us of murdering women and children in South Africa?

BABY-FACE

What do you mean 'us'? I haven't murdered anybody.

CLIVE

US! you silly ass! US, the British Army!

BABY-FACE

(Surprised)

Are you in the Army?

CLIVE

(Furious)

Yes, I am! And I've been in South Africa! And I know Kaunitz, if nobody else does in this place that calls itself an Embassy!

BABY-FACE

My dear Suggie, don't get so excited...

CLIVE

(Parade voice)

Shut up! And STAND UP when I speak to you!

CLIVE has not been through a Subaltern's War for nothing.

Bray-Face shoots to his feet as if he'd been kicked from below, revealing that, below desk, he is wearing a pair of heavy tweed knickerbockers. CLIVE stares then deliberately walks round and inspects him. It is further revealed that he has thick stockings and heavy boots with skates attached to them, which makes it difficult to be impressive when standing.

CLIVE

Ye Gods and Little Fishes! Skates!
What is this! The British Embassy or
a Winter Sports' Club?

BABY-FACE

(Caught bending)

I was just trying them on when you
came in. (He tries to regain his
important tone.) I have to go skating
with the daughter of the Second
Secretary. I'm late already...

He sits down again. But CANDY is still furious. He leans over the desk to within a few inches of the startled young man's face.

CLIVE

(Ferociously)

I hope you break your silly neck!
And the silly neck of the silly Second
Secretary's silly pudding-faced
daughter! And now I'm going to find
Kaunitz and pull his nose for him -
HARD! Goodbye.

CLIVE whirls round and the slam of the door almost rocks the building. BABY-FACE stares after CLIVE, stunned. VENNING re-opens the door.

VENNING

Ten past, Mr Fitzroy.

BABY-FACE

(Blankly)

He's mad! Absolutely mad! We were
at Harrow together, Yenning. All
this nonsense about Kaunitz.

Suddenly his expression changes. He has just realized the implications of CLIVE'S remarks about Kaunitz.

BABY-FACE

KAUNITZ! But I say! He must be
stopped! He's going to make an awful
scandal! Just now, too! Stop him,
Yenning! Stop him!

BABY-FACE rushes forward himself, forgetting his skates, which promptly catch in the carpet and trip him up. He falls.

BABY-FACE

(Wails)

Oh, damn these skates!

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 29

Interior: British Embassy, Berlin

OFFICE OF SECOND SECRETARY

The time is about half an hour later. The SECOND SECRETARY is a diplomat de carriere, cool, reasonable, about forty-five.

BABY-FACE FITZROY sits to one side. CLIVE faces the SECRETARY who is making a note.

2ND SECRETARY

(Looking up and laying
down his quill pen)

Yes - my dear Candy - I think I understand. It's not a bad idea. Unfortunately there are complications.

CLIVE

It seemed clear enough to me.

2ND SECRETARY

(Smiles)

Yet there are one or two things you may not know.

(It is a charming
smile.)

First there is the 'Alldeutscher Verband'.

CLIVE

Yes, sir. I've heard about them.

2ND SECRETARY

Indeed? From whom?

CLIVE

From a young lady who lost her job because of anti-British propaganda.

2ND SECRETARY

Ah, yes, I see. Then she will have told you that the whole propaganda against us is party-politics - a slogan for the banner of this Alldeutscher Verband. The German

Government has officially condemned it.

CLIVE

But how about all these mass-meetings, sir - in Cologne and Dresden - how do we know how the German People --

2ND SECRETARY

Let us leave the German People out of it, shall we? In Germany there is only one man who counts: the Kaiser; and the Kaiser desires only the friendliest relations with England.

CLIVE

He's got a funny way of showing it.

2ND SECRETARY

I assure you it is true. But let me come to my second point. I propose to make you a present of a piece of highly confidential information.

(Impressively.)

The Prince of Wales is coming to Berlin.

CLIVE

(Surprised)

No! When?

2ND SECRETARY

On the 27th of January. I repeat this is strictly in confidence. The official reason is the Kaiser's birthday party. But it has been arranged that both His Royal Highness and His Imperial Majesty will make a speech; and their speeches will put the seal on the agreements of friendship between the two countries.

(He smiles winningly.)

So you see what harm your solitary exploit might do, Candy. Not that I don't admire your pluck - especially, may I say, as a soldier on active service, who certainly needs a permit to cross the Channel...

CLIVE

I am not on active service, sir. I am on sick leave.

2ND SECRETARY:

Oh, we know all about you. There are not many Candys with the V.C.

CLIVE is silent.

2ND SECRETARY

You see, a soldier who has won the V.C. is not an ordinary soldier. His views, like his deeds, receive more attention than those of the average man. So, should trouble result from your actions here, it would be more than average trouble.

(Pause.)

Well?

CLIVE

(Slowly)

Of course, sir, if His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is...

2ND SECRETARY

Exactly. That is the correct attitude and, after all, you could hardly have known about it, could you?

(He has looked at his watch.)

You have missed the afternoon train. Pity. It's an excellent train. But you can take it tomorrow.

(To BABY-FACE)

Why don't you show Candy the town tonight, Fitzroy? You could take him to the Opera!

CLIVE

Thank you, sir, but I have an appointment tonight.

MR FITZROY'S face is an undiplomatic mirror. He is extremely relieved at CLIVE'S refusal. The SECOND SECRETARY stands, bringing the two young men to their feet. He shakes hands with CLIVE.

2ND SECRETARY

It was an idea of yours, Candy. Don't run away with the idea that I think it isn't. But, next time, do ask the advice of some older man.

(He smiles.)

Experientia docet, you know. Take advantage of the experience of age. Goodbye, my boy! A pleasant crossing!

CLIVE

Thank you, sir.

He starts for the door.

2ND SECRETARY

(To BABY-FACE)

Show Candy the way out, Fitzroy, and then come back. I want a word with you.

BABY-FACE

Yes, sir.

CLIVE

Thank you I know the way out.

He is gone, without a glance at BABY-FACE.

SEQUENCE 30

Interior: British Embassy, Berlin

WAITING ROOM

CLIVE comes out of the SECOND SECRETARY'S office, shutting the door behind him. He pauses at what he sees.

There are three rows of benches, all crowded with people, mostly professional classes, business men, schoolteachers, governesses, people who have been compelled to give up their jobs because of the anti-British feeling. They are a lost-looking ' bunch of people. They look up as CLIVE comes out.

After a second's pause, CLIVE crosses the room. He gives the impression that he does not dare to look these people in the face. Fade out.]]

SEQUENCES 31 & 32

Cafe Hohenzollern, Berlin

It is a typical big Berlin musical cafe. It has two floors, an upper and a lower, connected by a wide shallow staircase covered with red carpet. The time is about 9 p.m. and people are crowding in through the wide doors from the wintry street outside. It is still snowing. The Porter outside carries a huge, open umbrella.

The Patrons of the Cafe are mostly from the middle class and upwards. Students are there in their coloured caps (each student organization has a different cap), artists, officers, one or two parties of society people, ordinary townspeople with their families - all sorts. They eat and drink; glasses of hot punch and mugs of beer are the favourites and there is a great bustle everywhere.

On the upper floor, where the landing makes a big bay, there is an orchestra. Their standard of playing is quite high. The orchestra consists of a piano, a drum, a double-bass, a cello, a flute, a clarinet, two violas and four violins; and, of course, a conductor. But the more unusual feature is a wooden frame on a pole into which numbers can be inserted.

Before each new piece, its number is put up, corresponding with the number in a little booklet placed on every table giving the name of the piece and its composer. There is consequently a great turning-over of leaves at every table when a new number is put up, for the cafe habitues are music-lovers; in fact many of the regulars know their favourite numbers by heart and applaud as soon as they are put up.

At the start of the scene, a number is just finishing. There is some applause. Then a new number is hoisted and we see the various reactions of the crowded, noisy colourful cafe. At a table for two, close to the orchestra on the upper floor, sit EDITH and CLIVE. They are drinking punch and eating cakes. The cake-holder is like a little silver tower with different cakes on each landing and is to be seen on many of the tables.

EDITH is looking up the number in her book.

EDITH

[[773]] [93]...It is a song-all the rage just now: 'Die Mull...', The Mill Went Round and Round', Mr Candy.

The orchestra starts to play. EDITH hums it. CLIVE, who is looking very uncomfortable, takes the plunge.

CLIVE

Miss Hunter. I am afraid I have met you here under false pretences.

EDITH

Indeed! Why?

CLIVE

There are - political complications. [The Prince of Wales is coming to Berlin. He's invited to the Kaiser's birthday party. A goodwill visit, all that sort of thing, you know.

EDITH

Yes, I know. It is in the papers.

CLIVE

You see, Miss Hunter, I know a chap in our Embassy here. We were at school together. His name's Fitzroy, only we used to call him 'Baby-Face'.

EDITH

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

CLIVE

Well, you see, he nearly had a fit when he knew why I'd come - Baby-Face, I mean. He dragged me in to

see the First Secretary, and he nearly had a fit too. A possible scandal, you know.

EDITH

Are you coming to a point, Mr Candy?

CLIVE

The point is that] I had to promise to do nothing. [And I went bail for you too.] Apparently it's a matter for careful diplomacy. You can see what they mean.

EDITH

(Flatly)

Yes, of course.

CLIVE

I know nothing about politics. [[I rather flew off the handle, I'm affraid... sticking my nose in where I'm not wanted...] [I stuck my head in where I wasn't wanted] and I could get [[in all kinds of]] [into the most awful] trouble.

EDITH

(Brightly)

Trouble, Mr Candy?

CLIVE

Well - I am a soldier - you know that, Miss Hunter.

EDITH

I thought you were a soldier this morning, Mr Candy. Or have you joined the Army since luncheon.

CLIVE

(Dazed)

[[I beg your pardon.]]

([Purses his lips.]

EDITH

(With sudden animated interest)

[[Look! That is their table]]

[Table's filling up].

Below we see a big round table, reserved for its usual regulars, the first of whom, two students in their caps, are just arriving. CLIVE stares.

CLIVE

Whose table?

EDITH

Don't you remember the Stammtisch?
That is where Kaunitz will sit.

CLIVE

You know, it's a bit staggering to
see a girl take such an interest in
politics.

EDITH

Politics?

CLIVE

Well, what else would you call it?
German propaganda against England -
counter-propaganda - the Alldeutscher
Verband - that's politics, isn't it?

EDITH

Not for me-nor for a lot of people.
You see, when our Embassy in Berlin
reports to the Foreign Office in
London that 'a slight change is
visible in the attitude of the German
nationals towards the Boer question',
I have to report in my letter home
that I have lost my position and am
returning to the bosom of my family.

CLIVE

I suppose they will be rather sick
about it.

EDITH

On the contrary, they will welcome
me with open arms.

CLIVE

(Quite at sea)
[[Oh.]] [I don't blame them either.]

EDITH

You see, Mr Candy, my family was
opposed to my going to Berlin. They
said that the best place for a young
girl is Home.

CLIVE

(Sententious)
Quite so!

EDITH

(Sparkle in her eye)
Why?

A CLIVE

(Flustered)
What do you mean - 'Why?'

EDITH
How do you know what is the best
place for a girl? Are you a girl?

CLIVE
(Embarrassed)
Well, really, Miss Hunter ...

EDITH
(Remorselessly)
Have you any daughters?

CLIVE
I say-really ...

EDITH
(Suddenly relents and
smiles)
[[I know I'm not being fair on you.
But]] [You see,] while you've been
fighting, we women have been thinking.
Think [for] yourself, Mr Candy. What
careers are [there] open to a woman?

CLIVE fumbles.

EDITH
(Answering herself)
She can get married.

CLIVE
(Relieved)
I was just going to -

EDITH
But suppose she doesn't want to 'get
married'?
(She pronounces the
two words with
delicate scorn.)
She can go and be a governess. But
what does a governess know, Mr Candy?
Nothing I assure you. So what can
she teach the children in her charge?
Very little except good manners - if
she herself has good manners.

CLIVE
Still - good manners are important.

EDITH
Did you [[discover]] [learn] that in
South Africa, Mr Candy? My brothers
say good manners cost us Magerfontein,

Stormberg and Colenso, six thousand men killed, twenty thousand wounded and two years of war when, with a little commonsense and bad manners, there would have been no war at all!

At the table below there are by now several German officers present as well as the students and a couple of ordinary citizens. A waiter has just brought beer. The students have a special gesture, making silly-looking circles with their beer-mugs before drinking.

CLIVE continues his conversation with this astonishing young woman who thinks marriage and good manners over-rated.

CLIVE

One thing I don't understand, Miss Hunter, is why you have to teach German children manners. I should have thought there were plenty of English kids who -

EDITH

I will tell you, if you promise not to laugh.

CLIVE

Promise!

EDITH

My only asset is a fluent command of English.

CLIVE

(Greatly daring)
Hear! Hear!

EDITH

(Frowns)

Obviously to teach English in England is to carry coals to Newcastle - and correspondingly ill-paid. I therefore decided to obtain a post in Germany, where [my] English would command a premium; and, having learnt German, to return to England where my German [[would]]--

She stops short, seeing CLIVE is not listening. His eyes are on the entrance-door.

At the entrance, KAUNITZ has just come in and is shaking and brushing the snow from his clothes. He crosses the crowded cafe to the big table immediately below CLIVE and EDITH, where he is noisily greeted by name and introduced to two of the officers who are newcomers.

CLIVE is still astonished at seeing KAUNITZ actually here in the flesh.

CLIVE
Well, I'll be sugared!

EDITH
That is he?

CLIVE
It's him all right, the little skunk!

EDITH
Well, shall we go?
(Gathering together
her things.)

CLIVE
Go? Oh, yes I suppose so.
(He hates to go.)

EDITH
(Rises)
History will remember this as the
great Retreat from the Cafe
Hohenzollern.

CLIVE
(Pleading)
Just a second. Please.

EDITH sits again. CLIVE is rapidly turning the pages of the music catalogue. He finds what he wants.

CLIVE
Here we are! Can we ask the orchestra
to play [[139]] [141]?

EDITH
Why - yes. Call a waiter. Herr Ober!

CLIVE
(Commanding voice)
Herr Ober!

A waiter comes. Meanwhile, EDITH reaches for the catalogue and looks in it.

EDITH
Why it's [[Wagner The Brünhilde Aria]]
[Mignon, 'I am Titania'.] Do you
really like -

CLIVE
Please! Ask him! I'll explain later.
[[One-three-nine]] [One-four-one].
And please ask for the bill.

The orchestra is just finishing a piece. The waiter comes up to the conductor and asks him to play [[139]] [141], indicating where the request comes from.

The leader looks across, smiles and bows.

We see CLIVE and EDITH across the cafe. They smile. Below, two waiters bring a fresh load of beer to the big table. Some people around are looking up at the orchestra. They clap as they see the new number. Others consult their books.

Up at the orchestra, we see [[139]] [141] going up on the pole. At the table above, CLIVE explains to EDITH, while watching KAUNITZ.

CLIVE

Kaunitz was a prisoner in our blockhouse for seven weeks. This was the only record we had on our phonograph. I want to see if he remembers it.

At this moment the orchestra plunges into the opening chords of the Aria. KAUNITZ, sitting with his friends, looks round with a frown.

CLIVE, above, is delighted.

CLIVE

Touched him on the raw all right!

KAUNITZ beckons his waiter.

EDITH

(Excited)

He's calling the waiter!

CLIVE is already waving a twenty-mark note to attract his waiter.

CLIVE

Herr Ober!

(To EDITH)

Is it done to bribe the orchestra?

EDITH

(Her blood is up too)

Not with money! [Beer!]

(To the waiter)

Bier fur das Orchester!

KAUNITZ, with vigorous gestures, has told his waiter to tell the conductor to change the piece of music. The waiter goes across and up the stairs to deliver the message.

EDITH

(Thrilled)
He's going to stop it.

They watch in tense excitement.

KAUNITZ sits frowning impatiently. His friends kid him a little.

Above, the waiter crosses from the top of the stairs to the orchestra, who are in the middle of the piece. The waiterwhispers in the ear of the conductor, who looks puzzled. The waiter persists and points down to KAUNITZ'S table.

The conductor looks down at KAUNITZ.

Below, from his angle, we see KAUNITZ and his friends. The conductor smiles at these important customers, nods and turns to his orchestra. He prepares to bring the piece to an abrupt close.

KAUNITZ smiles, gratified.

EDITH takes this to heart. CLIVE is watching for his own waiter.

EDITH
Oh dear! He's going to stop!

CLIVE
[[Cheer up!]] [Round one to Kaunitz.]
Reinforcements are coming!

From CLIVE'S angle, we see his waiter, carrying a huge tray piled with a dozen beer-mugs, bearing down on the beaming orchestra. The waiter evidently explains to the conductor that the beer has come from the [[Wagner]] [Mignon] fans. The conductor, who was skilfully about to bring the piece to a close, turns and bows in the direction of CLIVE and EDITH, turns back and changing tempo continues to conduct the orchestra in the Aria with greater fire than ever.

KAUNITZ, who has turned his back on the orchestra, satisfied that he has buried Titania, chokes in his beer, and starts coughing. His friends pat him on the back. He turns round, furious, and glares up at the orchestra.

His waiter arrives back and explains with apologies what happened. Some of his friends start to share his annoyance. They all look up at the table over their heads.

CLIVE and EDITH, who have been looking down, hastily draw back just in time.

CLIVE and EDITH exchange grins, safely out of sight above.

[[EDITH
Now what?]]

CLIVE shrugs, but there is a gleam in his eye that would alarm the First Secretary.

KAUNITZ, with a face of thunder, pushes back his chair, crosses the cafe and runs up the stairs to stop it himself.

His table applaud him vigorously.)

[CLIVE
He's coming up!

EDITH
Let's go, Mr Candy.

CLIVE
(Shrugs)
Bit late now.]

EDITH
I hope he doesn't see you!

CLIVE
(Alas for diplomacy!)
I hope he does!

(KAUNITZ arrives at the top of the stairs. He pauses, throws a glance towards his impudent rivals, invisible until now, then is about to cross to the orchestra. A chord of memory vibrates. He stops, looks again.

CLIVE returns his look. KAUNITZ can hardly believe his eyes. Then he comes towards CLIVE, who rises pleasantly and with great nonchalance.)

CLIVE
Hullo, Kaunitz!

KAUNITZ approaches slowly. He has had quite a shock but he controls himself. He makes no attempt at formal greeting and he ignores the girl. He stops at the table and looks at CLIVE with a grin.

People around sense that something is in the air.

Down below the friends of KAUNITZ all stand up and step back to see what is going on, which makes other people look up.

KAUNITZ
[[Das ist ja gut um wahr zu!
('This is too good to
be true. ')]]
[Das ist ja eine schöne Überraschung,
Herr Candy.
('This is a pleasant
surprise, Mr Candy. ')]

CLIVE
Come on, Kaunitz, you speak English!

KAUNITZ
I do. But I prefer German!

He suddenly steps to the balcony rail and at the full pressure of his lungs addresses the crowded café:

KAUNITZ
Meine Damen und Herren!

The orchestra stops abruptly. There is a commotion as people turn round, jump to their feet or ask each other who the speaker is.

KAUNITZ, still grinning like a fox, looks down, waiting for silence.

This is more than EDITH has bargained for. She begins to see the possible dangers.

[[EDITH
Let's us go, Mr Candy!

CLIVE
(Shrugs)
Bit late now!]]

He steps over to KAUNITZ.

CLIVE
(Persuasively)
Stop it, Kaunitz, I'm with a lady.

KAUNITZ
You should have thought of that before you started your little joke!

CLIVE
(Taking his arm)
Stop it, Kaunitz!

KAUNITZ
(Furiously)
Take off your hands!

He tries to strike down CLIVE'S hand from his arm. But the Englishman's grip at once tightens and the blow only hurts his own hand. This makes him livid with anger. Never ceasing to struggle in CLIVE'S iron grip CLIVE now holds him helpless by both arms he shouts for help.

KAUNITZ
Kameraden!

His friends below, joined by others, are already surging

towards the stairs.

SHOUTS

Durchlassen!

('Gangway.')

Platzmachen. Zurzück!

KAUNITZ, still held powerless by CLIVE who, for obvious reasons, is not anxious to let go, is still struggling madly on the verge of a fit.

KAUNITZ

(Screaming)

Lass mich los, du Schwein!

('Let go, you swine.')

Kameraden! - You English swine! -

You English murderer! -

(He spits in CLIVE'S
face.)

This is too much for CLIVE. He suddenly lets go of KAUNITZ. The man staggers, then recovers.

CLIVE hits him - once. It is enough. Up till now his actions have been purely defensive but he has been longing to hit KAUNITZ for days. All that longing is behind the punch which knocks KAUNITZ cold. He falls on the table and showers of little cakes descend upon the upturned faces below.

CLIVE turns to EDITH, who takes his arm and they start to go.

Four friends of KAUNITZ, panting and indignant, bar their way: an Ulna officer, two students, an ordinary citizen. The latter crosses to KAUNITZ and, with help, get's the unconscious man on to a chair.

CIVILIAN

(to STUDENT)

Rasch! Hilf mir, Hans!

('Quick! Give me a
hand Hans')

ULAN

(to CLIVE)

Sie werden dafür Rechenschaft geben,
sie Flegal!

('You will have to
give satisfaction
for this, you loafer!')

CLIVE

(Getting the tone all
right. To EDITH)

Please tell him that it's his fault--
(hepoints to KAUNITZ)

--he started it!

1ST STUDENT

(Surprised)

Englander!

ULAN

(Shocked)

Unerhdrt!

('Unheard of!')

The CAFE MANAGER tries to force his way through the crowd.

MANAGER

Meine Herren! Bitte keinen Skandal!

Bitte, nehmen Sie Ihre Platze ein!

('Gentlemen! Please,

no scandal! Please

return to your

tables!')

2ND STUDENT

(To MANAGER)

Eine Schande! Sie dulden englische

Schweine in Ihrem Lokal!

('Scandal yourself!

Allowing English

pigs into your cafe!')

EDITH

(Getting warm)

Wir haben gar nichts gemacht!

('We haven't done

anything!')

1ST STUDENT

(Rudely)

Wir haben nichts mit Ihnen zu tun,

Fraulein!

(' We have nothing to

do with you, miss.')

CLIVE

(Treads hard on

STUDENT'S toes)

Manners!

CIVILIAN

Ich spreche Englisch!

('I speak English!')

(To CLIVE)

You shall get into great trouble, my

man! You are not now in England.

CLIVE

You saw very well that he asked for

it!

2ND STUDENT
Was sagt er?
(What's he say?)

ULAN
Was sagt er?
(What's he say?)

CIVILIAN
(Ignoring them, shaking
his finger at CLIVE)
Herr Kaunitz is the friend of us!
You [[shall]] [will] satisfaction
give!

EDITH
Please stop shouting! You don't
[[know who this gentleman is]]
[understand]! He--
(Points to CLIVE)
--and Herr Kaunitz are old friends!

CHORUS
Was sagt er?

CIVILIAN translates hurriedly.

CLIVE
(To EDITH)
It's going a bit far to call that
skunk a friend of mine!

CIVILIAN
(Shocked)
Herr Kaunitz is a member of der
Alldeutsche Verband!

CLIVE
Then the Alldeutscher Verband ought
to be ashamed of itself.

CHORUS
Was sagter?

CIVILIAN
(Translates, then to
CLIVE, very excitedly)
Mein Herr! Officers of the Imperial
German Army are members of der
Alldeutsche Verband!

CLIVE
Then the officers of the Imperial
German Army ought to be ashamed of
themselves too!

CHORUS

Was sagt er?

[German anger continues, untranslated.]

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 33

Interior: British Embassy, Berlin

CORRIDOR

Two pairs of jackboots, wonderfully polished, snugly fitting, beautifully in step, marching firmly down the corridor of the Embassy.

They come to a door, halt, stand rigid.

A pair of dark trousers and elastic-sided boots, which have evidently preceded the two pairs of jackboots, vanish through the door, preceded by an agitated knock.

The owners of the jackboots are two very smart officers in the uniform of the 2nd Regiment of Ulans of the Guard. Both are Oberleutnants.

The owner of the elastic-sided boots reappears. It is VENNING. He leaves the door wide open and motions towards it.

VENNING

(In bad German)

Bitte sehr!

Without a word, the two officers march in.

VENNING closes the door.

SEQUENCE 34

Interior: British Embassy, Berlin

OFFICE OF BABY-FACE FITZROY

BABY-FACE is standing, startled, behind his desk.

The two officers click their heels, bow, shake hands.

1ST ULAN

von Ritter!

2ND ULAN

von Schonborn!

BABY-FACE

(Mutters)

- er - Fitzroy -

VON RITTER is the elder of the two officers. He has charm.

VON SCHÖNBORN

Kann ich mit Ihnen Deutsch sprechen?

BABY-FACE

(Haltingly)

Ich kann nicht - very sorry - no!]
[Natürlich.]

VON RITTER

(Smiles)

[[I speak a very little English.]]
[Being on British territory, shall
we speak English?]

BABY-FACE

[[Oh, good!]] [Right ho.] How can I
help you, gentlemen? Won't you sit
down?

VON RITTER

Thank you.

The two officers sit.

VON RITTER

We wish some information about a
compatriot of yours in Berlin -
[[called]] [a certain]--
(He consults a note)
--Candy.

BABY-FACE

(Spontaneously)

Clive Candy?

VON RITTER

(Referring again to
note)

Yes. Clive Candy.

BABY-FACE

(Happily)

You've come to the right man! I know
him well, we were at [[school]]
[Harrow] together.

VON RITTER

Indeed?

BABY-FACE

Of course we lost touch a bit since
the War. He's Army, you know.

VON RITTER

He is an officer of the British Army?

BABY-FACE

Yes. He's just come back from South Africa.

VON RITTER

(Very pleased)

This is excellent news.

(To VON SCHÖNBORN)

Ausgezeichnet! Er ist ein Offizier!

VON SCHÖNBORN

(Equally pleased)

Grossartig!

VON RITTER

(To FITZROY)

You have relieved us from great doubts.

BABY-FACE

I don't quite understand...

VON RITTER

We were worried that your friend might not be able to give satisfaction.

BABY-FACE

Satisfaction?

VON RITTER

It is understood that an officer of the Imperial German Army cannot demand satisfaction from an opponent who is not his equal in position and honour. But since this Clive Candy is a British officer, he can be challenged.

BABY-FACE

(Faintly)

Challenged to what?

VON RITTER

To duel, Mr Fitzroy!

BABY-FACE

Duel!

SEQUENCE 35

Interior: British Embassy, Berlin

CORRIDOR

It is empty except for VENNING ambling down with a dispatch-box.

BABY-FACE shoots out of his office across the corridor into the office opposite. At once he reappears almost dragging MAJOR GOODHEAD, the Military Attache, whom he propels into his own office to meet the two Ulans.

He himself pounces on VENNING, who is now near at hand.

BABY-FACE

Yenning! Hurry over to the Kaiserhof!
Bring Mr Clive Candy here at once!
Don't come back without him! Now
hurry!

VENNING

Ye-yes, Mr Fitzroy.

BABY-FACE at once turns and vanishes into the office of the THIRD SECRETARY.

VENNING stands dithering about uncertain what to do with the dispatch-box, finally knocks at a new door, the office of the SECOND SECRETARY, and goes in to deliver it.

MR FITZROY and three new gentlemen rush out of the THIRD SECRETARY'S office and cross to the office of the SECOND SECRETARY, They all crowd in.

A moment later, YENNING shoots out followed by MR FITZROY very annoyed and hectoring.

BABY-FACE

I told you to HURRY, Yenning! Now
don't argue, GO AT ONCE!

MAJOR GOODHEAD, with a face of thunder, hurtles out of MR FITZROY'S office and up the corridor.

YENNING really gets under way.

Behind him the party, reinforced to the number of seven, comes sweeping out of the SECOND SECRETARY'S office and up the corridor to the large and important door of the FIRST SECRETARY. On the way they are overtaken by MAJOR GOODHEAD. All arrive at the door together. There is a pause. The SECOND SECRETARY knocks. Then he and the MILITARY ATTACHÉ go in, beckoning to MR FITZROY, who meekly follows.

SEQUENCE 36

Interior: British Embassy, Berlin

OFFICE OF THE FIRST SECRETARY

It is a very large and splendid room with a high ceiling. A blazing fire is burning under the elaborate mantelpiece. The two gentlemen and the gallant officer enter. They stop, seeing that the FIRST SECRETARY is engaged with a visitor. The

FIRST SECRETARY is a very wise, very courteous elderly gentleman. His visitor is seated with his back to the door.

[[1ST SECRETARY

Come in, gentlemen. This is Clive Candy recently arrived from England. I gather from your expressions that you are anxious to meet him.

CLIVE has meanwhile stood up.

The MILITARY ATTACHE advances, bristling.]]

GOODHEAD

(Glares at CLIVE.)

[[The Second regiment of Ulan's of the Guard are also anxious to have that privilege, sir.]] Mr Candy has insulted the whole German Army!

CLIVE

(Respectfully, to
MAJOR GOODHEAD)

I didn't insult anybody, sir. I only said that if Army officers were in the Alldentscher Verband with Kaunitz--

GOODHEAD

--then the German Army ought to be ashamed of itself! Exactly!

(To FIRST SECRETARY)

Eighty-two Ulan officers want to challenge him.

1ST SECRETARY

(Quietly)

Lieutenant Candy has told me the whole story.

(To CLIVE)

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

CLIVE

[[Unquestionably]] [Undoubtedly], sir.

1ST SECRETARY

(Nods, then to MAJOR
GOODHEAD)

Major Goodhead, surely it's not suggested that Lieutenant Candy should fight the whole Officers Corps?

GOODHEAD

(Stiffly)

They are drawing lots, sir, to decide who is to have the honour of fighting

this gentleman--
(Pointedly)
--who has not insulted anybody!

1ST SECRETARY
I see. Have you any suggestions,
Major?

GOODHEAD
(Pacificaly)
Militarily speaking, Mr Candy has no
option. He cannot fight a duel. He
must run away!

2ND SECRETARY
(Belligerently)
And politically speaking, such an
action would be disastrous. Mr Candy
must fight!

1ST SECRETARY
Gentlemen! One moment! Surely you
are leaving Lieutenant Candy out of
your calculations?

CLIVE
I'll fight if necessary, sir.

1ST SECRETARY
My dear boy, I know that.
(Pause)
You had better go to your hotel now
and stay there. Oh, and can you get
in touch with Miss - ?

CLIVE
Hunter, sir? [[I think I can.]] [I
believe I could.]

1ST SECRETARY
Explain to her that it is necessary
to give the impression that your
reason for coming to Berlin was to
see her. You are probably in love
with her, or something of the sort.

CLIVE
Oh, but I say, sir, I'm not!

1ST SECRETARY
My dear Lieutenant, you have caused
enough trouble already. Do what I
ask. Meanwhile I and these gentlemen
will discuss the best way to get you
out of this. And us!

[BABY-FACE

(Sotto voice to CLIVE)
Well. You are a...]

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 37
Interior: British Embassy, Berlin

OFFICE OF SECOND SECRETARY

INSERT: a thin brown booklet (usually known as 'The Brown Codex'). It is the famous:

EHREN-CODEX

('Code of Honour')

L. BARBASETTI

ÜBERSETZT UND UNSEREN GEBRAUCHEN ANGEPASST

VON

('Translated and for our own purpose adapted by')

GUSTAV RISTOW

The time is later on, the afternoon of the same day. It is a Conference of Seconds. Those of the Englishman are: The SECOND SECRETARY and the MILITARY ATTACHE. Those of the German: VON RITTER and VON REUMANN. (The latter, who is a Rittmeister (Captain), is an older officer in the same Regiment of Ulans, he speaks English even better than von Ritter.) All four are seated around a big round table. It is a very serious Conference. The Englishmen are naturally ill-at-ease; the Germans are not, having done this sort of thing before: VON REUMANN is lofty, VON RITTER is affable.

[[The Codex lies on the polished table. VON RITTER pushes it across to MAJOR GOODHEAD.]]

VON RITTER

([To VON REUMANN])

May I have the Codex, Herr Rittmeister?] This is our famous 'Brown Codex', Major Goodhead, the 'Code of Honour' observed by all duellists. We thought you might not be familiar with it.

GOODHEAD

(Drily)

Thank you. I shall study it with attention.

VON RITTER

We have permission to offer for the

site of the duel the gymnasium at
the barracks of our Regiment.

The MAJOR and the SECRETARY exchange glances. The SECRETARY
nods firmly.

GOODHEAD

(Gloomily)

We agree.

VON RITTER

We are now in a position to announce
the name of our fellow officer, who
will fight Lieutenant Candy:
Oberleutnant Theodor Kretschmar-
Schuldorff.

2ND SECRETARY

May I make a note of that?

VON RITTER

With the greatest pleasure.

VON REUMANN

Here is his card.

(He passes it across.)

VON RITTER

Have you gentlemen any suggestions
regarding choice of Leader for the
Duel?

GOODHEAD

(Still gloomily)

We suggest the Military Attaché [[of]]
[to] the Swedish [[Embassy]]
[legation].

The two Germans confer solemnly in a whisper.

VON REUMANN

We agree. His name?

GOODHEAD

Colonel Borg.

VON REUMANN

(Writing)

Colonel Borg.

VON RITTER

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

GOODHEAD

With your permission, we shall supply
a number as well.

VON RITTER
Certainly. The choice of sabres will
be determined by lot...

2ND SECRETARY
(Nods)
Good.

VON REUMANN reaches for the 'Brown Codex' and, opening it at
para. 137, points to it.

VON REUMANN
You know, of course, that the sabre
must not exceed the maximum weight
of 60 Dekagrammes!

VON REUMANN passes the book to the SECOND SECRETARY, who
reads it gravely.

GOODHEAD
(Reading also)
We shall make a note of it.
(He does so.)

VON RITTER
You will bring your own doctor, of
course -

The two Englishmen nod

VON RITTER
And we shall bring ours.

2ND SECRETARY
(Swallowing slightly)
We agree.

His imagination is beginning to work.

VON RITTER
Do you prefer to strip the upper
part of the body of the combatants
or do you prefer them in shirt
sleeves?

SECOND SECRETARY swallows again.

GOODHEAD
(Curtly)
Shirtsleeves.
(He points to passage
in book.)
I see here that Paragraph 133 says:
'It is advisable a few hours previous
to the duel, to take a bath!'

VON RITTER

Only the principals. Not the seconds.
(He laughs.)

The others smile, even the sensitive SECRETARY. The ice is slightly broken.

2ND SECRETARY

It is a very strange sensation to be preparing a duel between two people who have never even seen each other.

VON RITTER

(Carelessly)
It happens sometimes. Marriages also!
(He laughs again.)
By the way, has your man ever fought a duel?

GOODHEAD

No. Has yours?

VON RITTER stands, exchanging a glance with VON REUMANN.

VON RITTER

Between ourselves, Theo does not really approve of duels.

SECRETARY

(Hopefully)
Then gentlemen - is this fight really necessary?

VON RITTER

(Very seriously and choosing his words)
Sir. There are in a soldier's life moments when his personal feelings do not count. Oberleutnant Kretschmar-Schuldorff knows his duty very well.

All the gentlemen stand up.

GOODHEAD

We have not agreed the time, gentlemen.

VON REUMANN

[[Is]] [Will] seven o'clock in the morning [be] agreeable to you?

The two Englishmen confer.

GOODHEAD

Get it over early.

2ND SECRETARY

(Nods)
[We agree] Seven o'clock.

VON RITTER
It would be advisable to meet half
an hour earlier.

GOODHEAD
At 6.30 a.m. in the gymnasium, at
the barracks of the Second Ulans.

[[Far away a town clock starts to strike the hour.

VON RITTER picks up the 'Brown Codex'.

VON RITTER
The 'Code of Honour' prescribes that
the watches of the Seconds should be
synchronized by the town clock. It
is now three o'clock precisely!

All four gentlemen set their watches.]]

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 38

Interior: The Gymnasium, Berlin

[[The clock, high on the wall, stands at 6.50. Outside the
glass roof it is still black night.]]

The CAMERA MOVES to show the vast, bare, brilliantly-lit
place. The limits of the combat area have been marked out on
the floor by the Seconds: VON REUMANN is still supervising
it with COLONEL BORG.

CLIVE CANDY enters, accompanied by the FIRST SECRETARY. Their
clothes are powdered with snow. CLIVE'S two Seconds cross at
once to meet him and his companion. -

[2ND SECRETARY
Here comes our man.]

GOODHEAD
Morning!
(To CLIVE only)
Slept well?

CLIVE
(Cheerfully)
Very.

1ST SECRETARY
He was still sleeping when I called
for him at the hotel.

CLIVE

They forgot to wake me.

2ND SECRETARY

Your nerves are all right, my boy.

While talking, they cross to their end of the hall, where there are two chairs and a bench. A similar arrangement exists at the opposite end for the Germans. The English DOCTOR is waiting and is introduced. He is an elderly man, an ex-Army surgeon, Lancashire-born.

GOODHEAD

Dr Crowther - [[Lieutenant]] [Mr]
Candy.

CROWTHER

How d'ye do?

Shakes hands and shifts hand to CLIVE'S wrist without relaxing his hold. He feels the pulse, meanwhile scrutinizing CLIVE, who smiles back good-humouredly.

CLIVE

(Surveying his party
with humour)

Why wasn't I allowed any breakfast?

GOODHEAD

(Producing the 'Codex')
Because the book says not.

CLIVE

It would.

The DOCTOR shuts his watch with a snap, restores it to his pocket and grunts:

CROWTHER

All right! You'll do.

He starts to take off his jacket.

GOODHEAD

I hope you have read it?

CLIVE

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

(Looks around.)

Where is Theo Kretschmar-Schuldorff?

GOODHEAD

He hasn't shown up yet.

1ST SECRETARY

I congratulate you on your

pronunciation of his name.

CLIVE

I learnt it by heart. So that when my grandchildren ask: 'Grandpa! Have you ever cut anybody's ear off?' I shall be able to answer: 'Yes - Theo Kretschmar-Schuldorff's.' Nobody could invent a name like that. Who's this?

A tall OFFICER in a different uniform approaches.

GOODHEAD

Colonel Borg, the Swedish Military Attaché. He is going to lead the combat.

(Introduces.)

Colonel Borg - [[Lieutenant]] [Mr] Candy.

COL. BORG

(Bows)

I must of course use German expressions. I shall say 'Los!' for starting and 'Halt' for stop. Can you memorize these two words?

CLIVE

I'll try, sir. Anyway at the beginning I'll be pretty sure you mean 'Start'! And, during the combat you're not likely to say 'Start' again!

COL. BORG

(Stolidly)

That is true. Excuse me.

(He bows again and goes.)

[[CLIVE looks up at the clock on the wall.]]

CLIVE

Seven o'clock.

(Looks towards entrance.)

Theo Kretschmar-Schuldorff will forfeit his entrance fee if he isn't--

(He breaks off.)

At the entrance, at the other end of the hall, three German officers of the ^nd Ulans have entered. The officer slightly in the lead of the other two is THEO KRETSCHMAR-SCHULDORFF. He walks swiftly, looking neither to the right nor to the left, followed closely by the others, the only noise their boots on the hard floor of the gymnasium and the swish of their heavy greatcoats, flecked with snow. They reach the

'German' end of the hall and are greeted by the little group of their people.

THEO salutes smartly, clicking his heels each time before he shakes hands with his fellow officers VON RITTER and VON REUMANN with the German Army Surgeon and with COLONEL BORG. He looks a tall, ominous figure in his slightly fantastic uniform, he has, as yet, no personality beyond being the chosen representative of eighty-two serious-minded indignant Ulan officers.

Formalities done, THEO at once starts to remove greatcoat, jacket and trappings. As yet we only see these actions through CLIVE'S eyes, at the full length of the hall. No clear conversation can be heard, only a distant sharp mutter, sounding hollow in the rafters of the empty gymnasium. COLONEL BORG leaves the German group and crosses towards the British.

CLIVE is in his shirtsleeves. He looks wistfully at the other group.

CLIVE

I wish I'd brought my uniform!

GOODHEAD

(Reacts, then remarks)

How are you with a sabre?

CLIVE

[Oh, I don't know.] I know which end to hold.

GOODHEAD

We drew lots for each weapon.

CLIVE

I hope mine is a nice light one.

GOODHEAD

All sabres weigh the same.

COLONEL BORG joins them.

COL. BORG

Excuse me, please. [Would you undo your shirt?]

He unbuttons CLIVE'S shirt and peers inside. CLIVE reacts.

COL. BORG

Right!

(He points to Clive's right arm.)

Do you want to roll up your sleeve or rip it off?

CLIVE

What's better?

COL. BORG

I am not permitted to give advice.

CLIVE

I think I'll rip it.

COL. BORG

(Nods)

It is definitely better.

CLIVE

Doctor! Your scissors, please!

The DOCTOR steps forward with a fearsome pair of scissors. He cuts the sleeve, then rips it off. While he is doing this, CLIVE speaks to him.

CLIVE

(Low voice)

What did he hope to find there?

(He means inside his shirt.)

CROWTHER

(Same tone)

Protective bandages.

CLIVE nods.

COL. BORG

(To CLIVE)

Now you, alone, will come with me, please.

1ST SECRETARY

Good luck.

The SECOND SECRETARY and MAJOR GOODHEAD keep their fingers crossed. CLIVE and COLONEL BORG march solemnly together until he stops CLIVE with a gesture in his half of the chalked arena. The German is already standing in his place. The two sabres are on a bench, equidistant from both combatants.

Both men secretly eye each other with curiosity. The German is a tall broad-shouldered man, about 30, with a fine thoughtful face.

The Ritual of German Duelling now follows: First the Protocol.

COLONEL BORG takes a sheet of paper from his pocket and, standing between the opponents, reads aloud, first German, then English.

COL. BORG

(Reads)

Ich werde jetzt das Protokol vorlesen -
I shall read now the Protocol.

(Pause)

A) Sie dürfen den Kampf nur auf das
Commando 'Los' beginnen You will
start only at the command 'Los!'

(Pause)

B) Sie müssen den Kampf auf das von
wem immer gegeben Commando 'Halt'
unterbrechen - You must stop the
combat if you hear the command 'Halt'
whoever may say it.

(Pause)

C) Sobald Sie sich verwundet fühlen,
Sie haben den Kampf sofort
einzustellen und durch zuriickspringen
die Distanz anzunehmen, auch wenn
nicht 'Halt' commandiert wird - If
you feel to be wounded you must stop
the combat and by leaping back you
must regain position at the original
distance even if no 'Halt' has been
commanded.

(Pause)

D) Es ist verboten, die Waffe des
Gegners mit der freien Hand zu
ergreifen - It is forbidden to seize
the weapon of the opponent with the
bare hand.

The COLONEL looks interrogatively at both opponents. They
nod. They have understood. The COLONEL raises his voice.

COL. BORG

Secundanten, bitte!

They step forward, VON RITTER crosses to the bench by the
wall, takes the sabres, offers one to THEO, hands the other
to MAJOR GOODHEAD, who offers it to CLIVE.

The four Seconds take up position. Each combatant has one
Second on either side, remaining at such a distance that
they do not interfere with the free movements of the
principals.

All Seconds have sabres too.

COLONEL BORG sees that all is correct, then addresses the
principals.

COL. BORG

Fechtstellung einnehmen! - 'Into
fighting-position, please!

In the 'Fighting-Position' the sabres are extended towards
the opponent at the full stretch of the arm.

COLONEL BORG steps forward and, standing between them, takes hold of the two sharp points, bringing them together until they are a little less than two feet apart.

For a moment, he holds them thus with the tips of his fingers. Then suddenly he steps back, snatching his hands from the blades, and gives the command to start.

COL. BORG

Los!

The fight starts. They are both strong swordsmen.

The CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE AWAY, further and further, HIGHER and HIGHER.

We see CLIVE'S two Seconds. They stand with the points of their two sabres towards the floor, ready to intervene and strike up the fighters' blades if necessary.

The clash of steel and the stamp and quick movements of the fighters' feet go steadily on.

Then we see the German Seconds, also standing motionless and watchful, with downward pointing swords.

The movement of the CAMERA QUICKENS. It SWEEPS AWAY from the fighters and HIGH ABOVE them. They and their Seconds are small figures in the middle of the vast brightly-lit hall. The clash of steel becomes fainter.

Above the hissing gas-chandeliers the cross-trees of the roof are in semi-darkness.

Then - without a break - the CAMERA slips through the huge windows and we are out in the street.

SEQUENCE 39

Exterior: Barracks, Berlin

Snow is softly falling between the camera and the brightly-lit windows of the gymnasium. There are streaks of light in the sky but the street is still dark except where the lamps throw pools of light.

The CAMERA has TRAVELLED BACK so far now that WE SEE the walls of the barracks and the sentry-box at the gates.

In the foreground appears a waiting carriage, the horses and coachmen wrapped in their blankets, both half asleep. But the two occupants of the carriage are not asleep: they are EDITH HUNTER and BABY-FACE FITZROY. Both are watching the lighted windows across the street, muffled in fur coats and heavy robes. It is a hard winter, the winter of Berlin.

In the carriage they watch the distant windows in silence.

EDITH is very anxious.

EDITH

(Low voice)

They must have started by now.

BABY-FACE

(Tactfully)

You never know. I heard of one chap whose nerve broke - absolutely went all to pieces -

EDITH:

(Same tone)

Poor fellow.

BABY-FACE:

(Running on)

He was in such a funk - this chap - that he couldn't even lift his arm. His Seconds tried to lift it for him but as soon as they let go down it dropped like a railroad signal. Rum!

(He ruminates for a moment: EDITH glances at him with distaste.)

I say, I hope our chap doesn't get killed, it'll create an awful stink if he does.

EDITH

(Very angry)

Mr Fitzroy! [I think] you are the most odious man I have ever met! And if anything happens to him I - I will blow up [[the]] [your] Embassy!

BABY-FACE

I say!

(Stares.)

[[D'you know, I really believe you would!]] Are you [[an anarchist (sic)] [a suffragette] Miss Hunter?

EDITH

[[Not yet!]] [Never mind!] But if anything should happen to Mr Candy -

BABY-FACE

(Comprehending)

Oh! You mean Suggie! I was talking about the German fellow. Why, Sugar Candy won the Shield at school two years running. Nothing can happen to him. Old Suggie's never -

(He suddenly stops

speaking.)

EDITH is not listening. She is staring towards the gate of the barracks, horrorstruck.

EDITH:
(Almost inaudibly)
... Oh! [Look]...

MR FITZROY turns sharply and follows her glance.

The gate has just been opened. An ambulance-wagon comes rumbling out of the barracks, turns sharply and is off down the street, the Army driver lashing the two horses to make them gallop.

Through the frozen snow on the sides of the wagon we see the great Red Crosses.

The lights go out in the gymnasium.

The duel is over.

FADE OUT:

SEQUENCE 40

Interior: Nursing Home

The Nursing Home, a very exclusive and expensive one, almost a private hotel, is on the Stolpchensee, one of the lovely inland lakes in the forests to the south-west of the city, covered with skaters in winter and with boats and bathers in summer.

THE VESTIBULE

The vestibule, which is large and handsome, has long windows looking out over the forest and lake. As this is only one day after the duel, the landscape is covered with snow.

On Visitors' Day the vestibule is crowded with people going and coming, chatting to convalescents and each other. But today is not Visitors' Day and there is only one visitor visible: EDITH HUNTER. She wears the same outfit as in the carriage. Several nurses are bustling about. EDITH is preoccupied but no longer violently anxious as she was in the carriage.

From the corridor at one side, MAJOR GOODHEAD and the SECOND SECRETARY appear and come towards her, their faces relieved.

GOODHEAD
You can go in now, Miss Hunter.

EDITH
How is he?

GOODHEAD

The doctor says six to eight weeks,
not more.

EDITH

I'm so glad.

GOODHEAD

Permission has been granted for you
to stay here in the building.

EDITH

(Surprised)

Oh, but I am not staying in Germany,
[[Major]] [Colonel] Goodhead. I go
home tomorrow. I have already
telegraphed my father.

GOODHEAD

(To SECOND SECRETARY)

Haven't you told her?

2ND SECRETARY

(Embarrassed)

... No...

EDITH turns slowly and looks with large eyes at the SECRETARY.

2ND SECRETARY

Now you must be sensible, Miss Hunter.
We are very fortunate that everything
has [[turned out as it has]] [gone
off so well]. Do you want to spoil
everything? The duel was generally
supposed to be about you. What would
people think if you left him now,
wounded and alone in a Nursing Home?
[Naturally] I thought that you
understood all this, otherwise why
have you come here?

EDITH

To say goodbye to Mr Candy.

2ND SECRETARY

(With fatherly patience)

Go in now, Miss Hunter. By the way,
don't bother about the bill. They
have orders to send it to the Embassy.
Good morning.

GOODHEAD

Good morning, Miss Hunter.

EDITH

(Rather blankly)

Good morning.
(To herself)
Well! (They go off.)

She goes down the corridor to CLIVE'S room.

SEQUENCE 41

Interior: Nursing Home

CLIVE'S ROOM

CLIVE is in bed, propped up with pillows. His head is so bandaged that only his nose and eyes are visible.

NURSE KONIG is putting logs into the big stove.

EDITH knocks at the door and enters.

[NURSE K
Bitte.]

For the fraction of a second, she is considerably startled by sight of CLIVE. Then she recovers and addresses the nurse.

EDITH
Guten Tag, Fraulein.

NURSE KONIG speaks English fluently and incessantly.

NURSE K
(Brightly)
Good afternoon, miss, you are Miss
Hunter, are you not? My name is
Erna Konig and I speak really
excellent English.

(This is true but her English has the excellence of a gleaming set of false teeth.)

EDITH
Oh, that's splendid.
(Looks at CLIVE. His
eyes smile and he
waves. She smiles.
To NURSE)
How is he?
(In low voice)

NURSE K
(In loud cheery voice)
He cannot hear or speak. It will be
difficult for a few days until we
remove the bandage. He has a fine
cut, the upper lip is almost severed.
Really it is almost 10 centimetres
in length, a knife could not have

done it better. Do let me take your coat, Miss Hunter!

EDITH

(As she takes off coat)

Is he in pain?

NURSE K

Yes. Certainly. He is a lucky man that there are no glass splinters in the wound.

EDITH

Glass splinters? Oh! Yes.

NURSE K

It is a common accident in our winter.

EDITH

(Playing for time)

It must be.

NURSE K

The snow freezes on the boot, the warm room melts the ice, the little piece of slippery ice lies in wait for the hurrying foot and - PFAFF!

EDITH nods, breathless.

NURSE K

But to fall right through the glass window of the British Ambassador. Ah! That is not so common!

EDITH

(She now has all the dope)

No. Indeed.

NURSE K

And would you believe, there is another accident in the other wing! An officer! He has cut himself to the forehead. Twelve stitches!

EDITH

It is quite a coincidence.

NURSE K

I go now to tell the Head Nurse that you have arrived. I am ordered to prepare your room. You are staying here, don't you?

EDITH

Yes, Nurse Konig, I do.

NURSE K

If you talk to him, please to shout.

(She goes but turns
at the door, beams
reassuringly.)

I come back.

EDITH turns and looks at CLIVE. His eyes are smiling. EDITH crosses and smiles down at him. He looks extremely funny, with his bandaged head as big as a football. She bends close to him.

EDITH

(Shouts)

I have got you into [[a nice]] [an
awful] mess!

((Repeats loudly.)

Awful mess.]

CLIVE nods. He agrees.

EDITH

[[And you have]] [You've] got me
into a [[nice]] mess too!

CLIVE nods again.

EDITH

[I forgive you.] Do you want me to
write to your people in England?

CLIVE nods.

EDITH

[[To your]] parents?

CLIVE shakes his head.

EDITH

Brother - sister?

CLIVE shakes his head.

EDITH

(Same tone)

Fiancee?

CLIVE, violent shake of head. He points to a pile of personal belongings on the table near the bed. The only thing helpful is a wallet.

EDITH

[Oh, you want] Your wallet?

CLIVE nods. She goes and gets it. He opens it, takes out

letter and shows the signature to Edith.

INSERT: the letter. On this page there are only a few words in a large, sprawling handwriting:

'Your

Affectionate

Aunt

'Margaret Hamilton'

EDITH (O.S.)

[Oh, your Aunt.] What is the address?

CLIVE'S hand turns back to the first page. This contains the address and the main body of the letter, which is short and to the point:

33 Cadogan Place,

S.W.1

January 20th 1902

My dear Nephew, You seem to prefer the hospitality of your Club to that of my house. I therefore suggest that in future you send all your peculiar-smelling stuffed animals to your Club as well.

P.T.O.

EDITH incredulously turns the letter over, unable to believe that this is all. But it is. She can hardly help smiling as she hands it back to CLIVE.

EDITH

Your Aunt seems to like short letters.
What shall I [tell her] [[write]]?
The truth?

CLIVE shakes his head.

EDITH

Accident?

CLIVE nods.

INSERT: he takes a snapshot out of the case. It is a very bad one of a South African hunting group with dead animals. One of the group is presumably CLIVE but they all look alike.

EDITH

(Nods)
Hunting accident?

CLIVE nods.

EDITH

Do you know that Oberleutnant
Kretschmar-Schuldorff is here?

CLIVE nods.

EDITH

He has a [very] bad cut on his
forehead.

CLIVE by signs indicates he has had eight stitches. How many
had the other fellow?

EDITH

[He has] Twelve stitches!

CLIVE, very proud, makes sign of satisfaction. NURSE KONIG
comes in with a tray of chocolate and cakes.

NURSE K

Here is refreshment, Miss Hunter.
Then you must depart for today.

EDITH

When can he have visitors?

NURSE K

Wednesday is Visitors' Day, Miss
Hunter.

EDITH

Every Wednesday?

NURSE K

Every Wednesday from 3 till 5 p.m.
At five o'clock a bell is rung for
the end of visiting hours. [[Will Mr
Candy have many visitors besides
yourself, Miss Hunter?

EDITH

I suspect, quite a number.
(She smiles.)

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 42

Interior: Nursing Home

THE VESTIBULE

The bell, announcing the end of visiting hours, is ringing.
The vestibule is full of people: groups talking to patients
who are able to move or be wheeled about, visitors leaving,

visitors who have met other visitors who are acquaintances. It is an expensive and fashionable Nursing Home, with visitors to match.

Suddenly there is quite a stir. There is a sound of marching boots. All heads turn towards a corridor which debouches on the left of the hall: a group of officers of the 2nd Regiment of Ulans of the Guard appears. Conscious of their fine appearance and of the sensation they are causing, they cross the hall in a solid body making a good deal of noise.

A GIRL, in the foreground, near the camera, says:

GIRL
Ulanen! [Wunderbar!]

A new commotion arises from the corridor which debouches on the right of the hall. All heads turn in that direction. A group of officers of a famous English regiment are emerging, also in full regimentals. They are also conscious of the stir they are creating. Their leader, a colonel, has a magnificent bristling moustache. They cross the hall towards the exit.

[[The young GIRL is even more excited by the English. She turns excitedly to her escort, a middle-aged 'Berliner'.

GIRL
Das sind ja Auslander!
('They are foreigners.')

ESCORT
Wir miissen gehen, Elizabeth!
('We must go,
Elizabeth!')

At the exit, the two parties of officers have arrived at the same time. Each party politely waves the other on.

[1ST BRITISH OFFICER
After you, sir.

GERMAN OFFICER
(Gestures)
Bitte sehr, dahin.

1ST BRITISH OFFICER
What did he say, Aubrey?

2ND BRITISH OFFICER
I think he meant you should go first.

1ST BRITISH OFFICER
Can't do that, can we?
(To GERMAN OFFICER)
You and I, you know, together.

GERMAN OFFICER

Bitte sehr.]

Finally the difficulty is solved by the respective senior officers who go out together, followed by the others in pairs one Englishman and one German.

EDITH, in a deep easy chair close by, has watched this couple with amusement. She now stands up, her finger in her book to keep the place.

GIRL

Was konnten sie bloss sein?
('What can they be? ')

[ESCORT

Keine Ahnung.
('No idea. ')

EDITH

Englander.
('English. ')

GIRL

Danke [[sehr]] [Fraulein]!

She smiles. EDITH smiles back. She starts to cross the hall towards the corridor on the right.

[[SEQUENCE 43

Interior: Nursing Home

CORRIDOR

EDITH opens the door of CLIVE'S room and goes in.]]

SEQUENCE 44

Interior: Nursing Home

CLIVE'S ROOM

NURSE KONIG has collected a number of ash-trays full of cigar-butts and pipe-dottels. She does not approve of smoking.

NURSE K

I thought nobody can smoke more than a German officer. Now I see a British officer can surpass him.

CLIVE is sitting up, in a chair by the stove. The swathing bandages are off his head, which is now a normal size. He can speak but not move his head. He has a complicated bandage under his nose and fastened to his neck. He has a mirror in front of him and with a pair of toothbrushes, he is trying

out the effect of several kinds of moustaches.

CLIVE

(Answering)

And not only in smoking, my dear
Nurse Konig!

NURSE K

((Indignant)

And in what else also?

CLIVE

Eating - drinking - making love -
growing moustaches -

((Sees EDITH.)

Miss Hunter! I'm going to grow a
moustache! What is your opinion?

EDITH

Excellent! [[The Colonel]] [Our
dragoons] gave you the idea!

CLIVE

(Astonished and
admiring)

You always find me out!

EDITH

I saw [[him]] [them] cross the
vestibule, preceded by [[his]] [their]
moustaches. [[Your supporters]] [They]
nearly caused a diplomatic incident
at the door, they collided with a
party of Ulans coming from -

(She points up the
corridor.)

CLIVE

(Glancing at NURSE
KONIG)

My dear Miss Hunter, soldiers cause
military incidents, they leave
diplomacy to the diplomats!

EDITH

Really?

(They both enjoy having their private joke and sharing it
with each other.)

NURSE K

A German man would shave off his
moustache to show he had a scar!

CLIVE

That's just one of the points where
we differ, my dear Nurse [[Konig]]

[Erna].

NURSE KONIG does not mind being teased at all. Her national and native self-esteem is too thick.

CLIVE

(To EDITH)

Shall you like me with a moustache,
Miss Hunter?

EDITH

How do you know you can grow one?

CLIVE

Nurse [[Konig]] [Erna]! [[Konig]]
[Erna]! Is it allowed to insult the
patients?

NURSE KONIG, her tray full of ash-trays, smiles indulgently.

CLIVE

What view, if any, do you take of my
great moustache plan?

NURSE K

(Examines him gravely,
gives judgment)

You are of the moustache-type.

CLIVE

(Triumphant)

Thank you.

She goes out. EDITH sits down by CLIVE.

EDITH

Is the British Army enjoying itself
in Berlin?

CLIVE

On the whole - yes. They had lunch
yesterday in the Regimental Mess of
the First Dragoon Guards. The Kaiser
spoke - and the Prince of Wales spoke-

EDITH

[[What did they say?]] [Spoke about
what?]

CLIVE

Nobody could remember.

EDITH

When do they return to London?

CLIVE

In a week. Would you care to accompany

them?

EDITH

They will have a special train,
surely?

CLIVE

We could always try.

(Carelessly.)

Or-you could [[wait]] [stay] another
five weeks and go back with me. Great
care must be taken of me.

EDITH

No doubt.

[CLIVE

No answer at all. Will you or won't
you? If you stay on, you may get
another job.

EDITH

We'll see.]

NURSE KONIG returns, bringing a folding card table and
twopacks of cards. EDITH looks surprised and turns to CLIVE.

[EDITH

Oh, are we going to play cards?]

CLIVE

I asked Nurse Erna to fix up a bridge-
four. [[I]] [We] don't want [[you]]
to get bored.

NURSE K

The Head Nurse is finding a suitable
couple for you to play with [after
dinner]. But you must not sit up
after 10.30 at the very latest.

EDITH

I promise you, Nurse Erna.

CLIVE

(Shuffling)

[[Do you play auction?]] [You do
play?]

EDITH

[[I am afraid not.]] Only whist.

CLIVE

It's simple. [[Come on.]] Let's
play a trial game of double-dummy.

[NURSE K

I will bring a lamp.]

CLIVE starts to deal the cards out on the green baize.

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 45

Interior: Nursing Home

CLIVE'S ROOM

The end of a game in progress. It is now night. An oil-lamp shines down on the table. EDITH'S hand sweeps up the last three tricks.

CLIVE (O.S.)

You're a good pupil, Edith.

There are still only the two of them. EDITH has changed into a dinner-dress. CLIVE has made himself respectable. On a little table, near, are drinks and glasses. NURSE KONIG hovers, ready to leave.

CLIVE

(Totting up figures)

Game - and rubber! (More figures.

That makes £32,000 I owe you. [Toss you.] Double or quits!

EDITH

Agreed.

CLIVE tosses coin. It falls on the table. He covers it with his hand. Both their heads come together over it. Very solemn.

CLIVE

Well! Which is it?

EDITH

Heads - no, I mean TAILS!

CLIVE

(Uncovering)

Heads it is! We're quits!

EDITH sighs. CLIVE smiles. She smiles back. They have not been so intimate before. Nor so alone.

NURSE K

[[There are]] [The] cigarettes [are] here but please remember that smoking is bad for you, Mr Candy.

CLIVE

(In excruciating German)

Ich liebe Sie, Nurse Erna!

EDITH

You are an angel, Nurse Erna.

NURSE K

(Smiles approvingly)

Good night.

A knock comes at the door. There are voices.

EDITH

Here come our bridge-players.

(To NURSE KONIG)

[[Please]] [Would you] let them in.

NURSE KONIG opens the door.

A tall YOUNG WOMAN comes in, followed by somebody in a wheelchair, pushed by the HEAD NURSE: somebody in the uniform of the Second Ulans.

CLIVE stares. It is THEO KRETSCHMAR-SCHULDORFF. EDITH has never seen THEO, but of course she recognizes the uniform and guesses at once who it is. A glance at CLIVE'S face confirms her guess.

The HEAD NURSE is quite innocent of what she has done in bringing these men together.

Of course THEO and the WOMAN with him know exactly whom they are going to meet: THEO is smiling and the German WOMAN is charming.

THEO speaks no English, or at least very little. He is very good-looking and about four years older than Clive. He is an excellent officer of the more thoughtful type. If he were not a soldier he might have been an artist. In one thing he is very much a German: he is thorough in everything he undertakes. He makes many friends and is a good friend himself. It is his own decision which has led to this meeting with his former opponent. The WOMAN is his girl-friend. Their association is not rooted in deep feelings but on a simple physical basis. If one of them were to say one day: 'I am leaving you because I have fallen in love with somebody,' there would be no tragedy about it.

The WOMAN is about thirty. Extremely clever, of the best Berlin society: 'eine moderne Frau' but in a very different way from EDITH, who believes sincerely in the importance of her beliefs. FRAU VON KALTENECK, on the contrary, would be much happier if she did not have to ride or hunt or be a sportswoman. She speaks good English and from the first moment is interested in CLIVE.

HEAD NURSE

(Introducing)

Oberleutnant Kretschmar-Schuldorff -

Miss Hunter - Mr Candy - Frau von
Kalteneck. Ich hoffe Sie werden sich
amusieren!

('I hope you will
enjoy yourselves.')

Everybody shakes hands, the two men very heartily.

FRAU V. K

How do you do?

EDITH

How do you do?

CLIVE

How d'you do?

THEO

Kretschmar-Schuldorff!

CLIVE

(Grins)

Yes, I know!

HEAD NURSE

(To THEO)

Ich hoi' Sie ab um zehn.

('I will call for you
at ten.')

Both nurses go. There is no awkward pause. On the contrary,
they all four feel like children when the grown-ups have at
last left them alone. CLIVE turns to THEO very cordially and
sincerely.

CLIVE

I'm very glad you've come.

THEO smiles.

FRAU V. K

I promised Theo to make a little
speech. He would like to have made
it himself.

She looks at THEO.

THEO

Very much.

FRAU V. K

Theo knows only two English
expressions: 'very much' and 'not
very much'. Right, Theo?

THEO

Very much.

FRAU V. K
He [[wanted to]] [would like to have]
come before.

Looks at THEO.

THEO
Very much.

FRAU V. K
But he was afraid nobody can translate
to you what he says.

CLIVE
Miss Hunter speaks German.
(To THEO)
She sprecken German!

THEO
(To EDITH)
Wirklich?
('Really? ')

EDITH
Nichtsehr gut.
('Not very well. ')

THEO
(Politely)
Ich finde, ausgezeichnet!
('I find, excellently. ')

FRAU V. K
Theo has heard that you took part in
the South African campaign and that
you have won a very famous
[[decoration]] [medal].

She gestures as she speaks, so that THEO can follow.

THEO
Viktoria Kreuz.

EDITH
Victoria Cross.

FRAU V. K
He envies you because a German Officer
knows about war only from the
newspapers -

EDITH
(Smiling)
And mostly wrongly.

FRAU V. K

And mostly wrongly.

CLIVE

Let's have a drink! Sherry?

FRAU V. K

I would love a glass of sherry.

CLIVE

(To THEO)

Do you like sherry?

THEO

Not very much.

CLIVE

Port?

THEO

(Politely towards

EDITH)

Miss Hunter?

CLIVE

She and I, we drink Kirchwasser.

(He means Kirschwasser
and shows the bottle.)

THEO

(Corrects him)

Kirschwasser.

CLIVE

Yes - Kirchwasser. Do you like it?

THEO

Very much.

CLIVE pours drinks.

FRAU V. K

Let me help you.

(She joins CLIVE.)

Do you know Berlin, Mr Candy?

CLIVE

The Hotel Kaiserhof, the British
Embassy, the Cafe Hohenzollern, and
the gymnasium of the barracks of the
Second Ulans!

FRAU V. K

I hope we shall be able to show you
more than that.

(She smiles at him.)

Do you like the Opera? Concerts?

CLIVE

I prefer riding; hunting or polo.

FRAU V. K

I love riding and I adore sports.

EDITH offers cigarettes to THEO. He takes one.

THEO

Danke Bestens.

('Thank you very much.')

Haben Sie Sport gerne, gnadiges
Fraulein?

('Do you like sports?')

EDITH

(Shakes head)

Ich bin nicht talented fur Sports.

THEO

(Lifting glass)

Prosit!

They both drink. CLIVE has dealt out four cards on the table.

CLIVE

[[Draw]] [Cut] for partners!

They each turn a card face upwards on the table.

FRAU V. K

(To CLIVE)

You and I.

(She smiles.)

EDITH

(To THEO)

Sie und ich. THEO: Grossartig!

('Excellent.')

Ich hoffe wir spielen jeden Abend.

('I hope we shall

play every night.')

[CLIVE

What's he say?

THEO

Very much.]

FADE OUT:

SEQUENCE 46

Interior; British Embassy, Berlin

OFFICE OF THE SECOND SECRETARY

FADE IN:

INSERT: the bill of the ERHOLUNGSHEIM AM STOLPCHENSEE ('Nursing Home at Stolpchensee'). The bill is made out in German, and the SECRETARY'S gold-mounted pencil is ticking off the items. The pencil stops at one particular item, underlines it; the pencil is put down and the SECRETARY'S hand presses a push-button on his desk.

A distant bell rings.

The SECOND SECRETARY is trying to be annoyed.

Outside the sun is shining, it is early spring and the first leaves are appearing on the trees.

The door opens and BABY-FACE FITZROY puts his head round it.

BABY-FACE

[[Excuse me, sir, I-]] [I say ...]

2ND SECRETARY

[[Ah, Mr Fitzroy, I was just about to summon you. Come in.]] [Oh, Baby-Face, I want you a moment.]

BABY-FACE

(Apprehensively)

[[Yes, sir.]] [What is it? Those nursing home accounts?]

He comes in, revealing that he is beautifully dressed for tennis and even has his racket in his hand. The SECRETARY has looked at the bill.

2ND SECRETARY

[Yes.] Will you kindly explain [[,Mr Fitzroy,]] what the deuce this item means? Forty[[-two]] packs of playing cards!! It's enough for the Casino at Monte Carlo!

BABY-FACE

[[Yes, sir]] [I know]. I spoke to Miss Hunter - she says [[the evenings were so long -]] there's nothing [[much]] [else] to do at Stolpchensee in winter -

2ND SECRETARY

(Having made his protest, subsides)

Very well.

He ticks the item and goes on down the list. He looks up and for the first time sees BABY-FACE in his spotless flannels, college scarf and Harrow blazer.

2ND SECRETARY

[[Well, Fitzroy, what's all this?]]
[Don't you ever do any work?]

BABY-FACE

[[Tennis, sir.]] First time this
year- if you can spare me, sir.

2ND SECRETARY

Hm! Well, don't catch cold!
(Looks at bill.)
These nursing homes are an expensive
business. Is Miss Hunter returning
to England?

BABY-FACE

As far as I know, sir.

2ND SECRETARY

But not at our expense, I hope?

BABY-FACE

[[Oh,]] [Good heavens] no, sir. She
was going anyway [[you remember]].

2ND SECRETARY

(Grunts, then suddenly)
Well, so was Candy for that matter!
Eh?

BABY-FACE

Yes, sir, he had a return ticket but
it's expired.

2ND SECRETARY

(Sigh)
Very well. Buy him a new one.

[[(BABY-FACE is going, when the SECOND SECRETARY stops him.]]

2ND SECRETARY

Mr Fitzroy!

BABY-FACE

Sir?]]

2ND SECRETARY

[[Have]] [And get] Candy [to] give
you that [[time-expired]] [old]
ticket. We'll [[try and]] claim a
refund [[from]] [at] Cooks.

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 47

Interior: Nursing Home

CLIVE'S ROOM

CLIVE and EDITH are packing.

The window is half open to the garden. The sun is shining, but the stove is still burning for it is cold out of the rays of the sun. EDITH is very quiet and subdued, noticeably so to anyone but CLIVE, who is whistling noisily. His moustache is coming on nicely although it does not yet hide the scar. Each time he comes within range of the mirror, CLIVE takes an approving look at the new moustache.

EDITH is just packing some handkerchiefs when CLIVE stops her and takes them.

CLIVE

Half a mo'! Those belong to Theo.
Put them with the alarm-clock.

(EDITH does so.)

How's your own packing going?

(Looks at watch.)

EDITH

(She finds it difficult
to speak)

Not far.

CLIVE

Well, you'd better hurry up then.

EDITH

([Tearful])

I'll be all right.

CLIVE

Don't be so sure. We've only got
half an hour if we are going to call
at the Embassy first. I can manage
here. Come on, stop mooning about!

EDITH

(Tearfully and angrily)

I'm not mooning about!

CLIVE

Keep your hair on!

(He stares.)

I say, old girl, what's up?

She turns away. He revolves round her with a bewildered look, peers in her face.

She looks back at him. She is crying.

CLIVE is frightfully taken aback and quite helpless.

CLIVE

Edith! I say - Edith! What's the matter? It's not because I didn't call for you yesterday, is it? You know - Frau von Kalteneck left last night for the South.

EDITH

(Sobbing)

Did she?

CLIVE

But you knew she was going!

EDITH

I'd forgotten...

CLIVE

I can't help it if you don't like horses, can I? We went to see her racing-stables - she has some fine [[horses]] [beasts] but they're too fat. Edith! do stop crying! Suppose somebody comes in.

EDITH

(With feminine logic)

Nobody will come in...

CLIVE

Look! I promise to take you out the first night we're back in London! [[We'll go to]] 'Her Majesty's' [Theatre] - 'The Last of the Dandies' - they say it's [an] awfully good [show].

EDITH

(Still sobbing)

- I saw - the paper said -

CLIVE

What paper? What do you mean? Is that what's making you cry?

EDITH

(Shakes her head)

- the paper said - there's a new play at 'Her Majesty's Theatre' - called 'Ulysses' - !

The door opens and somebody does come in: NURSE KONIG. She has an armful of books. EDITH quickly turns her back.

NURSE K

(To CLIVE)

Oberleutnant Kretschmar-Schuldorff
returns your books, Mr Candy. He is
on his way to see you.

EDITH
(Moving at once)
I must hurry!

CLIVE
You'd better! We'll meet in the hall!

EDITH
Yes.
(She has gone.)

CLIVE looks after her with a frown for a moment. Then his
face clears. Girls are strange and anyway there will be lots
of time to find out what's wrong. He looks ruefully at the
books, which are all German editions.

CLIVE
What am I going to do with them? I
don't read German. Miss Hunter got
them for me.

NURSE K
You can present them to our library.

CLIVE
Clever Nurse Erna.
(The [[Brunhilde]]
[Mignon] Aria is
whistled outside.)
So Clive Candy's name will always
live in a corner at Stolpchensee!
(Changes tone.)
But I must write my name in them.
(He hears the whistle.)
Hullo, Theo!

THEO appears at the window. During the first part of the
scene CLIVE is writing his name in the books.

THEO
(He speaks a hybrid
language now, like
CLIVE)
Kann ich come in?

CLIVE
Certainly, [come in] my old horse.
(As THEO climbs
through.)
My old steeplechaser!

THEO'S scar is visible on his forehead. Otherwise he is all
right. THEO looks round.

THEO
Wo ist Edith?

CLIVE
Packing.

THEO
(Surprised)
Packing?

CLIVE
Well, of course! Und Sie? How much
longer Sie?

THEO
Eine week - or two.
(Makes sign with
fingers.)
Clive!

CLIVE
Eh?

THEO
Edith come here! Translate for us!

NURSE K
I can translate -

THEO
(Shakes his head)
Nicht das! Very important.

NURSE K
Shall I fetch Miss Hunter?

CLIVE
Now look here, don't disturb her,
she'll never be ready!
(To THEO)
Ich mussen call at Embassy, old man -
get my ticket nach London.

THEO
(Insists, to NURSE
KONIG)
[Ja.] Please!

NURSE KONIG leaves the room.

CLIVE does not understand at all. He shrugs despairingly and
points to the drinks.

CLIVE
Drink?

THEO
[Nein.] Not now.

CLIVE
All right. What the blazes is up
with everybody?

THEO
(Very sincerely)
Clive! You and I friends. Yes or no?

CLIVE
Of course we're friends!

THEO
[[Very sorry, but you and I]] [We]
must duel again!

CLIVE
(Stares)
Where's your dictionary, old chap?
You must have got two pages stuck
together!

THEO
(Smiling)
I - love - your -
(He tries to find the
word 'fiancee' but
can't.)
Teufel! Your - Miss Hunter -

CLIVE
(Can't believe his
ears)
Say that again!

THEO
I - love - your - Miss Hunter!

CLIVE
You're cuckoo!

THEO
(Still smiling)
[[No]] [No, ich nein 'cuckoo'], you
'cuckoo'! Because Miss Hunter love
me!

CLIVE stares. Gets up. Examines THEO again. THEO nods. CLIVE
suddenly smiles.

CLIVE
Congratulations!
(He grabs THEO'S hand.)
When did it happen? Why don't I know
about it?

THEO
(Still smiling)
No duel?

CLIVE
Duel? I-
(Thumps chest.)
Ich! Fight anyone who tries, to
stop it! Now will you have a drink?

THEO
Double drink!

CLIVE
(Pouring)
But you know, old man, Edith was
never my fiancée.

THEO
Fiancée! The word I not find!

CLIVE
(Handing drink)
Not my fiancée! (
(Chinks glasses.)
Lovely girl! Sweet girl!
(They drink.)
But not my fiancée!

THEO
[[Thoughtfully) So?]] [Bottoms up!]

The door opens. NURSE KONIG comes in. She evidently knows or
has guessed the whole situation.

CLIVE
Have a drink, Nurse Konig! Where's
the fiancée?

He bows to THEO, who bows back.

NURSE K
She can't come down -

CLIVE
Then we go up. Come on, Theo!

They start for the door. Stop with the same idea. Look at
each other, turn, pick up bottles and glasses and hurry out.

SEQUENCE 48

Interior: Nursing Home

EDITH'S ROOM

EDITH looks like a young woman waiting to have her mind made up for her. She is not packing.

[CLIVE (O.S.)

Edith!

EDITH

Come in.]

The door flies open and she starts round as THEO and CLIVE invade the room, beaming and carrying bottles and glasses.

One glance at their faces shows her that the ice has been broken.

CLIVE

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

EDITH

(Rather faintly)

Do you, Clive? Why?

CLIVE

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

EDITH

How did you find out?

CLIVE

Theo told me in fluent Double Dutch.

THEO

(Proudly)

I told.

(To EDITH)

Das einzige Wort ich konnte nicht finden war 'fiancee'.

They all dissolve in laughter. CLIVE hands round drinks.

CLIVE

A toast! This to the happiness of my fiancee who was never my fiancee and of the man who tried to kill me before he was introduced to me. Prosit!

They all drink.

CLIVE

(Puts down glass)

May I kiss the bride?

THEO

Why ask? I have [did] not ask!

EDITH looks at CLIVE. He steps swiftly forward and takes her

in his arms for the first and last time.

They kiss each other. It is an important moment. It is a brotherly and sisterly kiss; but for a fraction of a second both close their eyes.

When CLIVE'S eyes are open his whole expression has changed. Suddenly he has realized the truth.

EDITH

(Low voice)

Goodbye, Clive.

CLIVE

Goodbye, Edith - old girl. I hope we'll meet again sometime -

EDITH

I'm sure we shall -

CLIVE turns to THEO and takes his hand. He still holds EDITH'S. He is just a little drunk.

CLIVE

Now look here, you son of a gun! You won't understand a word of what I'm going to say - but I came to Berlin to find a rat and found two of the grandest people I ever met. [[I'm a little bit drunk.]] I leave to you, you Prussian stiff-neck, this girl in trust; and if you don't take care of her I'll raise the whole of England against you! The Navy will steam up your stinking Stolpchensee! I shall lead the Army down Unter den Linden! and we'll -

[[EDITH

(Laughing)

Stop! Kamerad!]]

CLIVE stops, stares, finishes his drink and pours out another one for himself and THEO.

THEO has an inkling of how the land lies. He looks gaily and tenderly at them both before he speaks.

THEO

(To CLIVE)

[Clive,] my English is not very much. But my friendship for you is very much.

[[EDITH

And I'm sorry that I have to refuse your invitation to go to 'Her Majesty's

Theatre'.]]

FADE OUT:

[SEQUENCE 48A

Interior: War Office, Colonel Betteridge's Office

Door of Betteridge's office as in Sequences 21-23

BETTERIDGE (O.S.)

I hope it's taught you a damn good lesson, Candy.

Now inside the office.

BETTERIDGE

Trouble with you young fellows is you always want to go changing everything. And what's the result? You spend all your leave in a nursing home full of foreigners. You cost the Treasury a lot of money. You make the Foreign Office very cross, yes very cross. And what do you get for it? Your beauty's spoilt. You weren't any fashion plate before. I'd be surprised if any woman would look twice at you now.

CLIVE

So would I, sir.

BETTERIDGE

When you were here in January, I told you very clearly it was not your concern. It was an Embassy job.

CLIVE

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

BETTERIDGE

A chance? A chance? You can't afford to take a chance with your career, my boy. You are in the Army as a career, aren't you, not for five minutes? You were putting up a pretty good show. You go barging in on this nonsense and you come pretty near to getting yourself kicked out. You don't want to get yourself kicked out, do you?

CLIVE

No, sir.

BETTERIDGE

Well, let me tell you one thing.
Don't bother your head with things
you don't understand and you won't
go far wrong. Don't go off at half-
cock. Keep cool. Keep your mouth
shut. And avoid politicians like the
plague. That's the way to get on in
the Army.

CLIVE

Thank you, sir.

BETTERIDGE

(Moving round the
desk)

Care to dine at my club tonight?

CLIVE

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

BETTERIDGE

Pretty?

CLIVE

I haven't met her yet, sir.

BETTERIDGE

You're still a bit cracked, my boy.
Well, I hope you improve as you get
older. And cheer up, my boy.

CLIVE

Yes, sir.

DISSOLVE TO:]

SEQUENCE 49

Interior: Her Majesty's Theatre

The new musical play Ulysses by Stephen Phillips is being
performed.

The scene is Olympus, the Council of the Gods. Zeus despatches
Hermes to earth with orders to Calypso to free the ship of
Ulysses. Background of thunder, etc. The curtain descends
with a crashing climax from the orchestra and the effects
man.

[ATHENE

Father, whose oath in hollow Hell is
heard; Whose act is lightning after
thunder-word; A boon! a boon! - that
I compassion find
For one, the most unhappy of mankind.

ZEUS

How is he named?

ATHENE

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

ZEUS

What wouldst thou?

ATHENE

This! That he at the last may view
the smoke of his own fire c ruling
blue.

ZEUS

Where bides the man?

ATHENE

Calypso this long while Detains him
in her languorous ocean-isle.

POSEIDON

Father of gods, this man has stricken
blind my dear son Polyphemus, and
with wind, With roaring waves, by me
let him be hurled From sea to sea
and dashed about the world.

ZEUS

Peace, children, and from your shrill
reviling cease! Hermes, command
Calypso to release Ulysses and to
waft him over seas. Ulysses shall
return.

POSEIDON

Cloud-gatherer, stay!

ZEUS

Yet canst you work in mischief on
the way , Yet ere he touch at last
his native shore, Ulysses must abide
one labour more.

HOPPY and SYBIL arrive late in their box at this point.]

HOPPY

(In a box)

Where's the bar?

SYBIL

Darling, do control yourself.

HOPPY

I say, there's old Suggie.

SYBIL
Really, darling? Where?

HOPPY
Suggie ... Suggie ... Suggie.
(Getting louder, until
he attracts a scowl
from one of the
actors.)

CLIVE, at last, responds.

SYBIL
(Whispers)
Who is the girl with Clive, darling?
Do you know her?

HOPPY
(He seems to be
enjoying a secret
joke)
As a matter of fact I do.

SYBIL
Well, darling [who is she]?

HOPPY
(Still enjoying his
joke)
I believe he met her sister in Berlin -

SYBIL
Darling, why all this mystery? Who
is she?

HOPPY
My niece's governess - a Miss Hunter.

CLIVE
(Whispers to his
companion)
[[What is the world coming to?]]
[Wonders will never cease.]

[[GIRL
What, Lieutenant Candy?]]

CLIVE
(Indicating girl with
Hoppy)
Sybil Gilpin out without her mother!
[And with Hoppy too.]

GIRL
Oh, didn't you know [,Mr Candy]?
They are married!

CLIVE

Hoppy! Sybil!

GIRL

Over a month [ago. The family were quite taken by surprise. It was very romantic and sudden. They met here in this very theatre.]

CLIVE

[[And to think that I sent Hoppy to take my place -]] [I know,] I seem to be a born matchmaker.

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 50

Interior: 33 Cadogan Place

HALL

A brisk tattoo with the front door knocker is bringing PEBBLE to the door with dignified haste. PEBBLE is the Head Parlourmaid of Lady Margaret Hamilton's exclusively female establishment.

PEBBLE opens the door on the chain.

CLIVE is outside.

CLIVE

[[Good evening]] [Hello], Pebble!

PEBBLE

Master Clive!

She half closes the door, slips the chain and opens it wide. CLIVE steps in. They talk in low tones as she closes the door and takes his things.

PEBBLE

Your Aunt is asleep.

CLIVE

[[Never mind, Pebble. Don't wake her.]] [All right, don't disturb her.] I didn't feel like going to the Club tonight.

PEBBLE:

You're not sick, Master Clive?

CLIVE

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

PEBBLE

It wasn't so bad at the time, Master Clive, there was so much to do. It was after that it got bad, if you understand me.

(CLIVE nods gloomily.)

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

CLIVE

No. From the theatre. But it was the same thing, in a way.

PEBBLE

Was it a sad play?

CLIVE

On the contrary. It was a musical play. Is the bed in my Den made up?

PEBBLE

No, sir, but it won't take a minute if you don't mind sleeping in blankets. There isn't time to air the sheets. Lady Margaret has made some changes, Master Clive, you'll see when —

AUNT M. (O.S.)

Pebble! What is going on there?

[[CLIVE signs to PEBBLE not to give him away.

PEBBLE

Nothing, Lady Margaret.

AUNT M.

You're a liar, Pebble!

LADY MARGARET HAMILTON appears on the landing, carrying a small brass oil-lamp. She is in her night attire. She is as brusque in conversation as in letter-writing. She sees CLIVE.

AUNT M.

Clive! How dare you come waking up the whole neighbourhood at this hour of the night. Go to your club!

CLIVE smiles and comes running up the stairs to her.

CLIVE

All right. I'm going.

He scoops his aunt up in his arms before she realizes his intention. PEBBLE passes up the stairs smiling.

AUNT M.

Did you hear me, nephew? Go to your club!

CLIVE

Very well. Let's go!

He starts down stairs at a great rate, carrying her as if she were a feather.

AUNT M.

(Highly enjoying it)
Put me down, you fool!

CLIVE

And I can stay?

AUNT M.

I suppose so, since there's no man here to throw you out.

CLIVE at once runs upstairs and puts his aunt down on the landing again.

CLIVE

How are you, Aunt Margaret?

AUNT M.

You may give me a kiss.

She offers her cheek. He gives her a big hug.

She is not displeased. She examines him.]

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 51

Interior: 33 Cadogan Place

CLIVE'S DEN

It contains all the personal belongings which he really cherishes. It's a sportsman's room. He is a keen fisherman and there is a gun-cupboard in one corner. There are a number of athletic cups and shields.

Prominent on the wall are half a dozen or so heads of animals which Clive has shot in South Africa.

CLIVE and AUNT MARGARET enter the Den.

[CLIVE

Am I staying?

AUNT M.

I suppose so, since there's no man

here to throw you out.]

CLIVE

I say? Who put up my South African heads?

AUNT M.

I've no idea.

CLIVE

They don't look half bad, do they?

AUNT M.

No. [Pebble, do stop fussing like an old hen and go to your bed.

PEBBLE

Good night, Master Clive.

CLIVE

Good night.

PEBBLE leaves.]

AUNT M.

[Now,] Even money that some catastrophe has brought you here!

CLIVE

You're on.

AUNT M.

Debts?

CLIVE

No.

AUNT M.

A woman?

CLIVE

Not exactly.

AUNT M.

Explain!

CLIVE

I went to the theatre tonight.

AUNT M.

Alone?

CLIVE

With a girl.

AUNT M.

And pray why is she 'not exactly'?

CLIVE

Oh, it's nothing to do with her.

AUNT M.

Perhaps. [[Who was there?]] See anyone you know?

CLIVE

I saw Hoppy with Sybil Gilpin. They're married!

AUNT M.

Certainly. A very suitable match. He has money, she has land. [And neither of them has any brains.] You weren't in love with her, surely?

CLIVE

With Sybil? Oh, no.

AUNT M.

I am glad [of that]. She has muscles like a prizefighter and she[['s bound to]] ['ll] hit Hoppy one day. [[Come along! I want to show you your Den.]]

CLIVE

(Judicially)

Hoppy could give her a couple of stone.

AUNT M.

She will soon make that up, I assure you! Who is this girl you took to the theatre?

CLIVE

A Miss Hunter. I met her sister in Berlin.

AUNT M.

Is she nice?

CLIVE

Very. I mean the sister.

AUNT M.

Which sister?

CLIVE

The one that stayed in Berlin.

AUNT M.

(After a pause, during which she surveys him)

[Then] the one in London is not so nice, I take it?

CLIVE

([Pauses])

No.

AUNT MARGARET now knows the whole story.

AUNT M.

(Suddenly she changes her tone)

Now [[look here]] [listen], Clive. I have eighteen rooms here, a bone-idle staff eating their heads off, and when you come home from South Africa, you go straight to your Club.

CLIVE

I know. It's awful.

AUNT M.

[[I had the walls cleared for your heads. Now,]] I want you to remember: wherever you go - whatever you do - you've [always] got a home here! And - whatever you shoot - there's [always] room here for them. Look how much room there is!

CLIVE looks around the big cosy room. He looks gratefully at his aunt [[and puts his arm round her shoulders]].

Both of them look up at the heads on the wall.

[Clive casts a growing shadow on the wall.]

We see the heads, each with its plate, bearing the date and place where the late owner came face to face with the British acquisitive instinct.

Music starts to play. The walls become covered with trophies from all parts of the British Empire: Trophies: Rhinoceros, Onyx, Lion, Tiger, Indian Elephant, Sambhur, Tarpon, Mahseer, Crocodile; Places: British East Africa, Sudan, Rhodesia, Mysore, Upper Burma, United Provinces, St Helena, Kashmir, Ganges Delta;

Dates: 1903, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1910, 1912, 1914. After 1914 the wall is blank.

The camera shows the bare wall, then swings to show a new trophy. A German spiked helmet, covered in khaki cloth, of the type used in the Great War.

The inevitable plate says simply: 'HUN. FLANDERS, 1918.

THE KHAKI SEQUENCES

The principal reason up to this point for making the picture in colour is because colour is more successful in evoking a period which, although some time ago, is still fresh in the memories of many people. We can claim, of course, the pink >odies of the General's Staff in the Turkish Baths and the General's Red Tabs, but these, however attractive, are decorations. Sights, sounds, but above all, colours, make up the memories of a generation: more so in the case of the period with which we have dealt. 1902 was the commencement of the Edwardian era, full of charm, prosperity, spaciousness and leisure, to which it seemed there could never be an end. Our next use of colour is in the first part of the 1918-1919 Sequence which we call for convenience, the 'Khaki Sequence'. After four years of senseless trench warfare, all the colour and variety of Europe and its peoples had been reduced to a uniform dull colour by day and to blackness by night. Khaki was the colour of clothes, faces, official forms, everything: while the battle zone itself had been reduced to a consistency as featureless and as sticky as porridge. By this deliberate elimination of all colours except Khaki, we hope to point this contrast.

SEQUENCE 52.

Exterior: Somewhere in Flanders

A CROSS-ROAD

It is dusk. It is not raining but it has been and it will again. An Army staff car, 1918 vintage, is approaching along the road, once a pleasant avenue, now a dreary, cratered embankment lined with splintered stumps.

The continuous thunder of heavy guns sounds in the far distance. The car bumps to a stop at the cross-roads. On the back seat sits COLONEL (Acting Brigadier) CLIVE CANDY. He is now a man of forty-two, many ribbons on his chest. His moustache is heavy but well cared for, he looks tired but full of energy and devotion to serve his country. He has a map spread out on the seat beside him.

His driver, [[MULLINS]] [MURDOCH], is also his batman. He is about the GENERAL'S age; out since Mons.

The landscape, the sky, the car, the men and their mud-plastered uniforms are all one pervasive scheme of khaki. The only Spots, of colour are the GENERAL'S Red Tabs.

MURDOCH

This is Dead Cow Cross-roads, sir.

GENERAL CANDY stands up on the back seat of the car and, through his glasses, examines the landscape.

CLIVE

(Mutters)

The question is: whether that is the Church with the double tower, or the 'Estaminet du Pont'?

Through his powerful glasses we see the featureless mass of rubble at which he is looking. God knows what it is. MURDOCH sits fatalistically.

CLIVE

Damn it, Murdoch, you're supposed to know the road!

MURDOCH

I know it at night, sir. In the daytime it looks different.

CANDY snorts. MURDOCH suddenly sniffs.

CLIVE

Eh? Got a scent?

MURDOCH:

Yes, sir.

(Sniffs again.)

That's our road. I can smell the two Jerries the Sappers planted.

CLIVE

For'ard then!

MURDOCH

Harkaway, sir!

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 53

Somewhere in Flanders

EXTERIOR: ESTAMINET DU PONT

We see it in the last dull light of the fading day. The rain has started again, a persistent drizzle. All distinguishing features of the Estaminet have either fallen down or fallen in long ago. It is gradually vanishing into the mud and nobody cares.

MAJOR VAN ZIJL is waiting outside in the yard as GENERAL CANDY'S car drives up. He has a lady's brown silk umbrella against the rain. He is a tough, lively South African of thirty-four, a veteran of the Boer War.

He squelches over the duckboards to the car.

VAN ZIJL

Glad to see you, sir. I've got another

umbrella for you.

He produces. The GENERAL accepts it gratefully.

CLIVE

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

VAN ZIJL

Learnt from the English in the Boer
War, sir.

CLIVE

(Chuckles)

Where d'you get 'em?

VAN ZIJL

Off Jerries—eleven of them—brought
in an hour ago. Lord knows where
they stole them, they were using
them for camouflage against aircraft.

While talking they have left the car, crossed the duckboard
and gone into the Estaminet.

SEQUENCE 54

Interior: Estaminet du Pont

BAR

The room is now the Outer Office of Battalion H.Q. MAJOR VAN
ZIJL is in command.

Can see vaguely that once this was a pleasant little cafe,
just as with some filthy old tramp it is not beyond conjecture
that he was once a young, attractive man. The contrast is as
great.

The room is crowded. Clerks are working and there is a
telephone exchange. Several officers around.

As GENERAL CANDY and MAJOR VAN ZIJL enter, everybody stands
to attention.

CLIVE

(Saluting)

Good evening.

He glances round, starts towards the Inner Office, then stops
and speaks to VAN ZIJL.

CLIVE

Can we get through to the R.T.O. in
Dupuis-sur-something?

VAN ZIJL

Dupuis-sur-Crois. The Yanks are down there. How about it, Paddy?

PADDY

'Fraid the lines broke between us and 'Mile 14', sir. We can send a runner.

VAN ZIJL

What message, sir?

CLIVE

Tell him to hold a place on the leave-train. When can I leave here?

VAN ZIJL

Not before dark. They're plastering the road between 17 and 19 with shrapnel.

CLIVE

Right. Will someone look after Murdoch?

VAN ZIJL

Nobby! Paddy, get that runner away!

PADDY

Yes, sir.

CLIVE

If any of you have got an important letter or message home, I'll take it.

CHORUS

Thank you, sir!

CLIVE goes across. VAN ZIJL follows, calling over his shoulder:

VAN ZIJL

Paddy! I'll [[tackle]] [see] the prisoners again presently.

SEQUENCE 55

Interior: Estaminet du Pont

KITCHEN

This was once the large kitchen and chief living room of the cafe's owner. You would scarcely guess it now. Its present function is office of the Battalion Commander.

The GENERAL has heard VAN ZIJL'S last remark. He goes to the fire and stands in front of it.

CLIVE

What are these prisoners?

VAN ZIJL

Ulans. The Second Regiment. That's all I've got out of them so far.

CLIVE

The Second Regiment of Ulans? I'd like to question them.

VAN ZIJL

(Secretly unwilling)

Certainly, sir.

(Goes to passage,
yells.)

Paddy! Bring in the prisoners.

PADDY

Yes, sir.

CLIVE

Any officer with them?

VAN ZIJL

No such luck.

CLIVE

Where did you nab them?

VAN ZIJL

Floating down the river early this morning. I had a boom across and netted them like salmon. They had a hundred pounds of dynamite with 'em. My guess is they were after the new pontoon-bridge below St Mangy.

CLIVE

How the blazes did they get to know about that?

VAN ZIJL

They took one of our patrols prisoner day before yesterday.

CLIVE

(Stares)

Are you suggesting our fellows talked?

VAN ZIJL

The Germans know how to make them talk.

A little pause follows. CLIVE is thinking, a fact betrayed by a heavy frown and an occasional 'Hm!'

He shakes his head as if unwilling to believe something. VAN ZIJL watches him, half affectionately. The slim, dark South African is a contrast to the solid Englishman. He produces a paper from his pocket.

CLIVE

(Finally speaking)

[Well if they are,] They're cracking, my dear chap. It's a sure sign. Nobody starts to fight foul until he sees he can't win any other way. I quite believe Hindenburg, who I hear said the other day that until now ' Germany has used her arms with honour -

(After a slight pause.)

I admit he said nothing about her legs.

VAN ZIJL has unfolded the paper, which is printed in German.

[[VAN ZIJL:

This bears you out, sir.

CLIVE:

What?

VAN ZIJL:

It was on one of the prisoners.

CLIVE

Let me see it.

VAN ZIJL:

It's in German.

CLIVE

Oh! Well, read it.]]

The door opens and the eleven German prisoners march down the passage and into the room under an escort with fixed bayonets. The prisoners have none of the colourful appearance of the Ulans of 1902. All the same they are defiant although not arrogant, as Nazi prisoners would be. They remain grave and serious all through the scene. Outside it is almost dark and the rain has got heavier. The wind has got up. [[When the prisoners come in an Orderly brings in three or four candles stuck in bottles and one oil-lamp with a cracked and smoky chimney and no shade. Another Orderly blacks out the windows. The escort lines the prisoners up against the wall. During all this action, VAN ZIJL reads aloud from the German paper to the GENERAL.

VAN ZIJL

It's an appeal from the 'Erster General Quartier-Meister', from old man Ludendorff himself, to his loyal

troops. It starts: 'Soldiers, stand fast or Germany will lie in the dust. Should the enemy discover that our Mannzucht -

(He searches for the word)

Our morale is broken, all is lost, you will have fought and suffered in vain and the Homeland will hear the tramp of the invader.' What do you think of that, sir?

CLIVE

(Grim smile)

What else?

He is watching the prisoners as he listens.

VAN ZIJL

(Reads)

'Have you heard the British say that Germany has fallen? Is this to be? Nein und abermals nein!

(He mocks the style.)

Thus far they have seen only German faces, shall they now see only our backs? Stand, or the Fatherland is doomed and you with her!'

CLIVE

(Thoughtfully)

There's a rumour that the Kaiser abdicated yesterday.

VAN ZIJL

Again, sir?

CLIVE smiles and walks over to the line of prisoners. They have heard VAN ZIJL reading Ludendorff's appeal but they have given no sign of having understood.]

GENERAL CANDY walks down the line, examining each prisoner closely. He stops and walks back to a commanding position in front of them.

CLIVE

Do any of you know Oberst Kretschmar-Schuldorff?

No answer.

CLIVE

Don't play deaf! He was an Oberst in your Regiment the last time I heard of him - Oberst Kretschmar-Schuldorff, Second Regiment of Ulans!

No answer.

CLIVE

Which of you can speak English?

No answer.

VAN ZIJL bursts out, addressing one of them:

VAN ZIJL

You! You spoke English an hour ago!
Answer the General!

PRISONER

I do speak.

CLIVE

Ah! Now [[I want to tell you
something]] [listen to me].
We don't use the same methods that I
hear you use on your prisoners. But
I assure you that we have means to
get what we want.

(Pause.)

What was this explosive found on you
intended for?

PRISONER

I don't know.

CLIVE

(Blusters)
Don't lie!

PRISONER

I don't know.

VAN ZIJL'S face as he listens is a study.

CLIVE

You took three of our men prisoner
two days ago.

PRISONER:

No.

CLIVE

Then how did you know about the
bridge?

PRISONER:

I know nothing about a bridge...

CLIVE

(Bellows)
Then why were you carrying dynamite?

No answer. GENERAL CANDY draws a long breath. Fortunately PADDY comes in.

PADDY

All right to go now, sir. Your car's waiting.

VAN ZIJL

Won't you stay for dinner, sir?

CLIVE

What have you got?

VAN ZIJL

Macaroni. We found it in the cellar.

CLIVE

Beastly stuff!

VAN ZIJL

And the usual corned-horse.

CLIVE

Thanks. I'll take my chance in Dupuis. Pity I've got to go. I'd like another [[try]] [shot] at those prisoners.

VAN ZIJL

(Shepherding him)

I've got the idea, sir. I'll tackle them for you.

CLIVE

Right! Make your report to Brigade.

[VAN ZIJL

Very good, sir.]

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 56

Somewhere in Flanders

EXTERIOR: ESTAMINET DU PONT

[[Very dark,]] wind and rain. The officers are seeing GENERAL CANDY off. [[All hold ladies' umbrellas over their heads and carry electric torches.]]

CLIVE

Dirty night! I prefer Natal to Flanders! Don't you, Van Zijl?

VAN ZIJL

I have seen nights like this on Commando, General, even in Natal.

CLIVE

(Laughs)

Good luck with your new enemy!

VAN ZIJL

Goodbye, sir. Let's hope the show's over by the time you're back.

CLIVE

Not much chance of that.

PADDY

Do you know the road, driver?

MURDOCH

Blindfold, sir.

CLIVE

He only lost his way three times coming here! Carry on, Murdoch.

The car drives away.

[[The others look after him, smiling.

VAN ZIJL

Good old Sugar Candy!

PADDY

Did he get anything out of the prisoners?

VAN ZIJL

Not a sausage.

PADDY

Shall I lock 'em up again?

VAN ZIJL

Oh, no. Now we put the screws on!

PADDY

Didn't you this afternoon, sir.

VAN ZIJL

No, my lad. Not with Sugar Candy coming. He has a tender heart. Now, listen! Take four men ...]]

SEQUENCE 57

Interior: Estaminet du font

KITCHEN

[[The prisoners stolidly wait the return of the officers.

Their guards survey them impartially.

TOMMY

When's the war going to end, Jerry?

PRISONER

Who knows?

TOMMY

(Your Kaiser has a
rough idea.])

MAJOR VAN ZIJL [[comes in. He]] goes straight up to the English-speaking prisoner who looks at him in a very different way than he looked at GENERAL CANDY.

VAN ZIJL

(Crisply])

[Now] Listen! I am in command here now and I know how to deal with you scum. I am not a simple English gentleman but a simple South African and I assure you that I have means to get what I want. (

(His paraphrase is deliberate and he is obviously thinking in the 'taal'.)

What was the dynamite for? How many of you got away? What happened to the three men you took prisoners? Thirty seconds to reply! [[

(Pause.)

If you do not understand the questions I have a squad of interpreters outside, whom you will understand.

Outside in the yard we hear the tramp of men. PADDY'S voice shouts: 'Squad! Halt! Order-Arms!' There is a crash as they ground arms on the stones.

VAN ZIJL sits down at his desk. He looks at the men in front of him, playing with a sjambok which lies on the desk. He glances at his watch.

VAN ZIJL

Right! Cooper!

COOPER

Sir!

VAN ZIJL

The three men nearest the door. Take them out and shoot them! Lieutenant Casey is in command of the firing squad!

PRIVATE COOPER stares.

VAN ZIJL

Jump to it!

COOPER

Yes, sir!

(To the prisoners)

Come on! You three!

They go out. The two remaining Tommies exchange uneasy looks. So do the prisoners.

VAN ZIJL

(To the PRISONER who
speaks English)

Shall I repeat the questions?

PRISONER makes no answer: he is listening. A command rings out: 'Fire!' There is a volley, other ominous sounds. Footsteps are heard leaving the yard and coming back to the kitchen.

VAN ZIJL

(Looks again at his
watch, then says to
the prisoners)

Thirty seconds! Shall I repeat the
questions?

2ND PRISONER

You cannot shoot us - there is an
international convention about
prisoners!

VAN ZIJL

Oh, you can speak English, too?

PRIVATE COOPER enters and grounds arms. He looks very grim. Pause.]

VAN ZIJL

Right! The next three, Cooper!

COOPER

Come on you!

VAN ZIJL

(Indicating the first
English-speaking
PRISONER)

You can take the tall one. I've found
another interpreter.

COOPER

You there!

PRISONER

I protest!

VAN ZIJL

Protest rejected.

The second three are hustled out.

The five remaining men are really frightened.

VAN ZIJL addresses them ruthlessly:

VAN ZIJL

International conventions! You think they are useful on this side of the line, don't you?

2ND PRISONER

Please - Herr Kommandant - I want to speak to the others in German.

VAN ZIJL

Go ahead. You have--
(Glances at watch.)
thirty seconds.

SEQUENCE 58

Interior: Estaminet du Pont

BAR

The whole room is grinning at the first three prisoners who are standing by the porch. The door opens and PRIVATE COOPER ushers in the next bunch, just condemned to 'death'. At the sight of their comrades they are so surprised for a moment they can't even speak.

SEQUENCE 59

Somewhere in Flanders

EXTERIOR: ESTAMINET DU PONT

The front door opens and a torch flashes a signal.

EAGER VOICE (O.S.)

There's the signal, sir.

PADDY (O.S.)

Right and for God's sake don't point at me. Ready?

VOICES

(Suppressed laughs)
Yes, sir.

PADDY (O.S.)
(Yells)
FIRE!

A volley crashes out.

SEQUENCE 60

Interior: Estaminet du Pont

BAR

COOPER grins cheerfully at the FIST PRISONER

COOPER
I'll bet your pals are talking
nineteen to the dozen!

PRISONER
This is against international Law...

COOPER
Do you want to stand outside in the
rain?

PRISONER
No!

COOPER
Then shut up!

FADE OUT:

SEQUENCE 61

Exterior: Somewhere in Flanders

RAILROAD CROSSING

FADE IN:

It is pitch dark. The rain has stopped for a moment. The signal, which is at 'green', swings up to 'red'. We hear the train receding in the distance.

GENERAL CANDY'S car is waiting for the barriers to open. The light of the headlamps shines on the mud-stained barriers. They rise into the air.

MURDOCH puts in the clutch but the delay has been fatal. They are stuck in the deep mud. The wheels turn madly but get no grip. The GENERAL, a darker mass in the darkness, shines his torch down on the wheels.

CLIVE
(Shouts)
Sentry!

No answer.

CLIVE

(Shouts)

SENTRY!

(To MURDOCH)

There must be somebody there! Who opened the gate? SENTRY!!

SENTRY

(Weary American voice)

Every perishing car sticks in the perishing mud, I'm not a perishing service station!

MURDOCH

(Shouts)

This is General Candy's car!

Silence.

Then feet squelch towards them. CANDY flashes his torch on his wrist-watch.

CLIVE

11.15. How far are we from Dupuis?

SENTRY

Two kilometres, General

CLIVE

(Jumping out into the mud)

Now then, Murdoch!

(To SENTRY)

Come on, man, come on! Give us a hand! I don't want to spend the night here!

They heave and get covered in mud.

SENTRY

Taint a bit of use, General. You need a truck to get you out of this -

CLIVE

Don't waste stamina talking nonsense, my boy. Push!

They try again. Useless.

SENTRY

(Breathing calmly and dispassionately)

The ornery son of a gun!

MURDOCH
We'd better give up, sir.

CLIVE
(Indomitable)
I shall walk to the village. Murdoch,
wait here for a truck and then follow
me.

MURDOCH sighs.

CLIVE
(To SENTRY)
Which way, sentry?

SENTRY
Steer by your nose, General! Follow
the telephone poles until you come
to a dead horse. You can't miss it.
The road forks, you take the left.
Left again at the farm. The Jerries
killed all the pigs before they
retreated. You won't miss them either.
They're ripe as Roquefort. The village
lies dead ahead. When you smell
chloride of lime, you're there!

CLIVE
Hm!

He trudges off.

MURDOCH
How shall I find you, sir?

CLIVE
(Calls)
Ask at the R.T.O.'s office!]]

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 62

Somewhere in Flanders

EXTERIOR: OFFICE OF THE R.T.O.

The railway station has been shelled so many times there is
nothing left of it at all except mounds of shapeless rubble.
The rails have always been replaced and that has been all
that mattered. Dimly one is conscious of railway lines, ready
to trip you up all over the place. Signals, near and distant,
are marked by their coloured lamps hanging in the air. But
the only trace of any building, let alone organization, is a
small hut right on the edge of the network of rails.

CLIVE stumbles over the rails to the hut.

His torch flashes on and illuminates a sign: 'R.T.O.'

He opens the door, showing a glimpse of a smoky interior, and goes in, shutting the door.

SEQUENCE 63

Somewhere in Flanders

INTERIOR: OFFICE OF THE R.T.O.

[[A young AMERICAN OFFICER is writing at the desk. On a bench are sitting two English soldiers, patiently waiting. One is very young, the other about forty. It is some moments before the R.T.O. (Railway Transport Officer) realizes that CLIVE is a General, he is so covered in mud.]]

[A young AMERICAN RADIO OPERATOR is trying repeatedly to make contact, on behalf of the AMERICAN R.T.O., who is also on the radio telephone throughout most of his dialogue with CLIVE; while another YOUNG AMERICAN SERGEANT sits nearby waiting for news.]

OPERATOR

8.35, 8.35 ... Hello, hello... Dammit.

(To R.T.O.)

Lousy line is dead, sir. I can't get Beechwood.

Continues to try in background

R.T.O.

Keep trying.

(To CLIVE, not

recognizing his rank))

Yeah, and what do you want?

CLIVE

I am Brigadier-General Candy.

[R.T.O.

I'm sorry, sir. Sit down, take a load off your feet. I couldn't see your brass for the mud. What can I do for you?

CLIVE

Are you a Railway Transport Officer?

R.T.O.

I run trains, if that's what you mean. That is when there are any trains to run.]

CLIVE

Did you get my chit?

R.T.O.

[[Chit, sir?]]

([To OPERATOR])

Jake, will you for the Lord's sake get me through to Beechwood. The General's having kittens. Try the other circuit. You said chit?

CLIVE

Yes.

R.T.O.

What's a chit?]

CLIVE

[A] message, man, [a] message! [I want transport to London. It's urgent.]

[[R.T.O.

Sit down, sir?

CLIVE

Thanks. (He shows his papers.]]

R.T.O.

[[I've been on duty since eleven. No chit came in, General.]] [Hasn't been any message through here since I've been on duty. See what we can do for you.]

[[CLIVE

Well - never mind. I've got a spot of leave. Going to London. Want to touch Paris.]]

[R.T.O.

Jake, get R.T.O. at Ami-le-Bon, will you?

JAKE

OK, sir.]

R.T.O.

(Into telephone)

[[This is R.T.O. Dupuis-sur-Crois. Get me R.T.O. at Ami-le-Bon.]] [Yes, yes, we're trying to get through, sir. We're trying the other circuit right now. Yes, I'll let you know.

(To CLIVE)

A merry little madhouse we've got here, isn't it?]

CLIVE

[Yes, very.] When does my train leave?
[[When do I get to Paris?]] Where do
I change? And where can I get some
food?

R.T.O.

([Into telephone])

I thought so. Thanks very much.]
[[Just hang on ... I'm getting]]
[Yeah, it's just what I thought,
sir, you'll have to get] through to
Ami-le-Bon.

CLIVE:

(Explosively)

[[Ami-le-Bon!

R.T.O.

The highway's OK, sir. Let me show
you the route. You turn right at
Dead Pigs Farm - (To telephone What?
Well, check it! The line is broken
between 'Mile 14' and the Estaminet
du Pont.

CLIVE

Thank you, I know that. Now look
here, my boy - I've been to that
blasted Estaminet-] I've come from
Ami-le-Bon to catch a train here!
[My motorcar is stuck ...]

R.T.O.

(Ringing off)

[[Well, General, that's rich.]]

([Cuts in.]

What's that? What General? The hell
you say? Well, that's that.]

[[CLIVE

I'm glad you think so.]]

R.T.O.

We're in the same boat, General.
I've come four thousand miles from
Pittsburgh to Dupuis-sur-Crois. I
checked in yesterday and the war
finishes tomorrow.

CLIVE

What do you mean?

R.T.O.

Haven't you heard the news?]]

CLIVE

[[What news?]] [What's what?]

R.T.O.

A German delegation is on the way to see Foch. [They're going] To sue for an Armistice.

[AMERICAN SERGEANT

YIPEE!]

CLIVE

[[Old trick]] [Nonsense]. German propaganda. [Old trick to] Put us off our guard.

[[R.T.O.

Maybe. But I came here 'Express' and I have a hunch I'm going back 'Slow Delivery'.]]

CLIVE

[[Well, what about trains?]] [What about my train?]

R.T.O.

[There's] Not a train, a truck, an engine or a driver, General.

CLIVE

(Stands up)

In this war I've seen ammunition dumps without ammunition, field-kitchens without cooks and railway stations without rails, so I suppose I shouldn't be surprised at anything.

(Raises his voice.)

But let me tell you, young man, that in the Boer War or in Somaliland this sort of inefficiency would not have been tolerated for a second! Not for a second!

(He changes his tone.)

Now where can I get some grub?

[[R.T.O.

(Has listened without awe but active interest to the General's outburst, as if at a play)

Grub, sir?

CLIVE

Food, man, food.]]

R.T.O.

The 'Crown of Thorns' is [[always]] good for a hand-out at [almost] any

hour, sir.

CLIVE

What is it? A pub?

R.T.O.

A - ?

(Hehesitates.)

CLIVE

A-a-dash it, I don't speak your language, sir - a cafe?

R.T.O.

[No, sir.] It's a convent[[, sir]].
[It's on the way to Ami-le-Bon.]

CLIVE

[[Good. Well,]] show me the way,
will you [[- what's your name - er -
Lieutenant]]?

[[R.T.O.

Schmidt. Ensign Schmidt, sir.

CLIVE: Schmidt, eh. German name?

R.T.O.

(Grinning)

Yes, sir. I've got cousins in Westphalia. My father told me to give 'em hell if I met up with them. This way, sir.]]

[R.T.O.

: I think I hear Armstrong coming with the bathtub now.] (The two men step out into the darkness. [[The two waiting soldiers are left alone.

OLD SOLDIER

The General's right - I was in the Boer War and in Somaliland. I remember -

YOUNG SOLDIER

Garn! Them wasn't wars - them was fatigues!]]

[ARMSTRONG, a black American soldier, rides up on motorcycle with sidecar.

R.T.O.

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

ARMSTRONG

Yes sir. Yes sir, General. I sure

will do that. It's kind of damp
underfoot, but I'll get you there,
General.

R.T.O.

Climb aboard, sir. You're off.

CLIVE

Poor show I couldn't get a train
tonight.

R.T.O.

You can step on it, Armstrong. The
General's in a hurry.

ARMSTRONG

Sure will do that.

They roar off into the darkness.

R.T.O.

(Calls)

Goodbye, General.

SERGEANT

What were those other wars the General
was talking about, Captain? The
Boer War, the Somy something. I never
heard of them.

R.T.O.

Those weren't wars. Those were just
summer manoeuvres.]

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 64

Exterior: Convent of the 'Crown of Thorns'

ARMSTRONG

Here we are, General, the Convent of
the Crown of Thorns.

(Offers to help him
out of sidecar.)

CLIVE

I can manage, thank you.

ARMSTRONG rings the Convent bell.

[[CLOISTER

The Cloister connects the Refectory with the Main Entrance.
Somebody is using the big knocker to great effect on the
outer door. A NUN is hurrying down to answer it. The night
has cleared and there is moonlight. The NUN opens the grille

and looks out.

ARMSTRONG
Bonsoir, Sister Josephine.

SISTER
Bonsoir, Napoleon.

ARMSTRONG
I've brought you a real live English
General.

[[NUN
Monsieur.

CLIVE (O.S.)
Ici le Convent, Madame?

NUN
Oui, Monsieur. Vous desirez?]]

CLIVE
Je suis [[une Colonel]] [un General]
anglais.

NUN
Mais entrez, Monsieur!

She opens the gate and the General comes in.

ARMSTRONG
Goodnight, General. Bonsoir, Sister
Josephine.

SISTER
Bonsoir, Napoleon.

CLIVE
Merci, madame, [[je suis - je suis
mange -]][... les Americains ...
j'ai mange ...]

He points to his stomach.

NUN
(With concern)
Monsieur le General a mange quelque
chose qui lui aurait fait mal?

CLIVE
Oui-mange -

NUN
Mais venez done, mon General.

She leads the way down the cloister, the GENERAL following.

SEQUENCE 65

Convent of the 'Crown of Thorns'

REFECTORY

The NUN and GENERAL CANDY arrive at the door. She opens it and they go in.

The GENERAL stands astonished at what he sees. Part of the Refectory has been hit by a shell but it is still a noble hall. Long tables run down the huge room and nuns are waiting at table. At the table are sitting nearly a hundred young nurses fresh from England, their bright uniforms and bright faces making the first patch of colour since the Khaki sequence started.

Most of the nurses look up as the GENERAL enters, then stare at him, muddy and stained, as he stands at the top of the steps. He stares at their eager young faces. He feels suddenly drained of energy.

Meanwhile the NUN has fetched two women: the MOTHER SUPERIOR of the Convent and the MATRON who is Transport Officer for the nurses. [[The MATRON is Scottish.]]

[CLIVE
Bonsoir, Madame.]

[[MOTHER SUPERIOR
Bonsoir, mon General, on va vous
soigner.]]

MATRON
[Good evening,] General, you have
fallen on your feet.

CLIVE
(Smiles)
I was beginning to think so.

MATRON
I have sixty-eight young, freshly-
trained nurses straight from England
all dying to nurse someone. What's
the trouble?

CLIVE
(Startled)
Trouble, Matron?

MATRON
The nun said you had eaten something -

CLIVE
She got it wrong - I want to eat.
I'm hungry!

MATRON

Oh!

(To MOTHER SUPERIOR
and NUN)

C'estqu'il veut manger!

Everyone smiles. The NUN titters. The MOTHER SUPERIOR and the MATRON have a hurried conference out of which the MATRON emerges with an invitation. While they have talked, GENERAL CANDY looks down the crowded tables. He sees a girl.

She is seated about halfway down the table. She has eaten and, like several of the nurses, has fallen asleep.

CLIVE stares and stares. He knows that face and we know it too. The girl wears her hair differently, she is much younger than Edith Hunter - but her face is very like Edith's. CLIVE longs to see the colour of her eyes.

[[The MATRON turns to him.

MATRON

It's all right, General, won't you
join us? We shall all be delighted.

CLIVE

Thank you.

(To MOTHER SUPERIOR)

Merci, ma mere.]]

MOTHER SUPERIOR

(Smiles)

Sois bienvenu, [[monfils]]

[General.

(To the NUN)

II va rester avec nous.]

The MATRON leads the way down the table. CLIVE will pass quite close to the girl.

MATRON

[That's settled then. We should be
delighted to have you join us.] Have
you been in the front line? I suppose
you have? Before I got this job I
was with the Italians. I was lucky.
I came through Caporetto without a
scratch.

CLIVE

(Absently)

Good heavens! What insect powder do
you use, Ma'am?

MATRON laughs heartily.

As they pass the sleeping girl, CLIVE CANDY stops involuntarily. Yes, the girl is strangely like Edith Hunter. The MATRON is now at the head of the table.

MATRON

(To the nurse next to her)

Move a bit, my dear - Sit down, General.

(To a NUN)

Une assiette, s'il vous plait.

(To CLIVE, who sits down)

We have macaroni.

CLIVE

Splendid!

(He still can't take his eyes off the girl.)

He addresses the MATRON.

CLIVE

Matron! Have you ever seen the Indian Rope trick?

MATRON

(Surprised)

No, General. Have you?

CLIVE nods.

NUN

Pardon, Monsieur.

A plate is put before CLIVE loaded with macaroni.

We see with CLIVE'S eyes the girl start to wake up. She smiles sleepily.

MATRON

It must be an incredible sight.

CLIVE

(Slowly) But I never [[met]] [heard of] anybody who saw it unless he [[first]] heard [[that]] he was going to see it [first].

MATRON

I beg your pardon! I don't quite -

CLIVE

You hear about the thing. You hope to see it - and you - see it.

He eats his macaroni, never taking his eyes off the girl.

The MATRON puts CLIVE'S vague way of talking down to tiredness. The nurses around are all starting to get up and a general exodus starts towards the door. The girl stands up with the others as the bench is pushed back.

MATRON

(To CLIVE)

[Yes, General,] Will you excuse me?
[[I have to put my girls to bed.
(She rises.)]]

CLIVE

(Trying to see his
girl in a sudden
panic)

[[Can you - who is that girl, please,
Matron? - The one who just got UP -
]] [One moment, Matron, do you know
that girl over there?]

MATRON

[[Do you think you know her?]] I'm
afraid [[I can't tell you]] [I don't].
I only met them here at the station.
[[I must go, please excuse me.]]
([She rises.]
Come along, everybody, come along.

NURSE

(To her exhausted
neighbour)

Come on, Wynne.]

CLIVE is standing now, [[his fork still in his hand. He is strangely near panic. He turns to his neighbours who are also going. He just manages to stop one of them. Already all the others are streaming towards the door. The NURSE he has stopped looks at him with frank interest.

CLIVE

Tell me, who was that girl who was
sitting there?]]

[As the nurses leave, CLIVE speaks to a NUN.

CLIVE

Ou est le matron?

NUN

La Matrone? A qui vous avez parle?
Restez. Je vais la chercher.

CLIVE

(To one of the nurses)

Nurse, do you know the name of the

girl who was sitting at the end of
that table?]

[[YORKSHIRE NURSE
Whereabouts, General?

CLIVE
(Moving down to the
place)
Here. She was sitting here asleep.]]

YORKSHIRE NURSE
Darker fair?

CLIVE
Fair.

YORKSHIRE NURSE
I don't remember.
(Pause.)
Can you describe her better?

CLIVE
She's - fair. I couldn't see the
colour of her eyes. [Slim.]

YORKSHIRE NURSE
Sorry. It might be anyone. [[I was
asleep myself.]] Excuse me, General.

CLIVE
(A last attempt)
Where do you come from tonight?
What detachment are you?

YORKSHIRE NURSE
Yorkshire. West Riding, most of us.
Good night, General.

She hurries away.

FADE OUT:

[[SEQUENCE 66

Interior: Estaminet du Pont

KITCHEN

FADE IN:

The door is opened from inside by MAJOR VAN ZIJL. GENERAL
CANDY comes out under full steam, with a face of fury. In
his hand he holds a typewritten report. He needs a shave and
a wash.

VAN ZIJL

Good morning, General Candy.

SEQUENCE 67

Interior: Estaminet du Pont

BAR

The door is opened from inside by LIEUTENANT PADDY.

GENERAL CANDY comes out as in previous scene.

PADDY

Nice day, sir.

SEQUENCE 68

Somewhere in Flanders

EXTERIOR: ESTAMINET DU PONT

It is a fine morning. The GENERAL'S car is waiting. It looks like a heap of mud after the night's adventures.

MURDOCH is talking to the sentry.

As the GENERAL appears, MURDOCH jumps to the rear door of the car and opens it. The sentry salutes.

GENERAL CANDY snaps an acknowledgement at the sentry, ignores MURDOCH,, opens the front door of the car, hurls himself into the seat beside the driver and slams the door. MURDOCH, seeing his mood, shuts the rear door and runs round to the driver's seat.

CLIVE

Come on, Murdoch, come on!

MURDOCH

Yes, sir.

CLIVE

Am-Ile-Bon!

MURDOCH

Yes, sir.

The car drives off.]]

SEQUENCE 69

Exterior: Somewhere in Flanders

CROSS-ROAD

The car is immobilized. The GENERAL is pacing impatiently up

and down. MURDOCH, in an ostrich-like position, cleans the plugs. Finally the GENERAL stops and speaks.

CLIVE

((For the tenth time)
How long now?

MURDOCH

(For the tenth time)
Not long, sir.

CLIVE

You've said that ten separate times.

MURDOCH

I know, sir.

CLIVE

Well, hurry! The train leaves at 10.30.

MURDOCH

I know, sir.

CLIVE

[[It's 9.30 now.]] I need extra time in Ami-le-Bon. I'm going to G.H.Q.

MURDOCH

I know, sir.

CLIVE

[[Don't talk]] [Stop talking] like an infernal parrot, Murdoch. How do you know?

MURDOCH

I was told, sir.

CLIVE

Who told you?

MURDOCH

Major van Zijl's batman, sir.

CLIVE

What did he say?

MURDOCH

That you were up in the air, sir, because the Major had got valuable information from the Jerries - the prisoners, sir.

CLIVE

(Controlling himself)
Your misinformation, Murdoch, is

typical.

MURDOCH

Thank you, sir.

[[CLIVE

The reason I am 'up in the air', as your informant grotesquely describes a very natural emotion, is because this information was obtained by intimidation! By mental torture! By firing squads! By the same methods that the Boches use! If we are fighting gangsters that is no reason why we should behave like gangsters, too.

MURDOCH remains silent.]

CLIVE

(Reads report)

Bah! Four pages of 'confessions'!
Not worth the -

He breaks off. Something in the report has caught his eye. He reads it with interest. MURDOCH straightens up and wipes his hands. He has finished. He watches his officer.

INSERT: Item in the official report [(only the name is visible). ['On being questioned about their senior officers, the prisoners admitted that, among others, Oberst]]

Kretschmar-

Schuldorff [[had been taken prisoner by the British, and was believed now to be a prisoner of war in England...'

CLIVE is so interested in this news that he quite forgets how it was obtained.

CLIVE

Hm! Kretschmar-Schuldorff! There can't be two of them with a name like that, eh, Murdoch?

MURDOCH

No, sir.

CLIVE

You have no idea what I'm talking about.

MURDOCH

No, sir.

CLIVE

Haven't I told you about that time I was in Berlin in 1902.?

MURDOCH

Oh, yes, sir. When you grew your moustache.

CLIVE

And yet you[['ve never heard]] [can't remember the name] of Kretschmar-Schuldorff. You know, [[Murdoch,]] you should bequeath your brain to Guy's Hospital, [Murdoch].

MURDOCH

I remember, sir. He married the girl.

CLIVE suddenly remembers the girl of the previous night. He is silent for a moment. Then he speaks in an entirely different tone, which very few people have heard.

CLIVE

Last night, Murdoch, I saw a girl - a nurse straight from England... I've never seen a more striking resemblance...

MURDOCH

She must have been a very common type of girl, sir - the young lady in Berlin, I mean.

CLIVE

She was a most uncommon - what the devil d'you mean, Murdoch?

MURDOCH

(Stolidly)

There was that girl in the film, sir. You remember, you went nine times. And there was that girl in the group out of the Bystander! We lost it in the big Push.

And there's -

(Without changing tone)

A despatch rider coming, sir!

A DESPATCH RIDER roars up and salutes.

D.R.

General Candy?

CLIVE

Yes.

(Signs pad.)

D.R.

Urgent message from Major van Zijl, sir. Came over the wire from 'Mile

14'; they mended the line, sir.

CLIVE reads it.

D.R.
Any answer, sir?

CLIVE
No. No answer.

The DESPATCH RIDER wheels and thunders away. MURDOCH looks queerly at the GENERAL.

MURDOCH
Anything wrong, sir?

CLIVE shakes his head. They are alone in the immense landscape, battered and trampled by four years of senseless, stalemate war. CLIVE takes a flask from his pocket, unscrews the little cup and fills it with brandy. He hands this to MURDOCH. CLIVE stands holding the flask.

CLIVE
Murdoch - the war is over.

MURDOCH
Is it, sir?

CLIVE
The Germans have accepted the terms of the Armistice. Hostilities cease at ten o'clock.
(He looks at his watch.)
[[It is now a quarter to ten.]] [It's nearly that now.]

[[MURDOCH
(Struggles with words,
then gives up. They
drink.)
God bless us, sir.

CLIVE
Yes, Murdoch, may God bless us in peace as He has in Victory.

He turns full of emotion and walks a step or two.

He turns and listens.

Far away, born on the wind, there comes the sound of a mighty cheering, louder and louder as every moment passes.

CLIVE turns to MURDOCH. He is exultant.]]

CLIVE
Murdoch! do you know what this means?

MURDOCH

I do, sir. Peace. We can go home.
Everybody can go home!

CLIVE

For me, Murdoch, it means more than that. It means that Right is Might after all. The Germans have shelled hospitals, bombed open towns, sunk neutral ships, used poison-gas - and we won! Clean fighting, honest soldiering have won! God bless you, Murdoch.

[MURDOCH

Sir!]

They both drink.

[Sound of birdsong. Both look up to the sky.

FADE TO BLACK:]

SEQUENCE 70

Interior: Yorkshire Cloth Mill

A large and busy mill. Going closer to the machines, we see the last lengths of khaki cloth vanishing off the looms: cloth, wool, cotton materials, all finishing. In the dyeing vats the khaki dyes are emptied away: new beautiful dyes appear: the looms are busy again. Gay patterns, bright tweeds are appearing. The first length of cloth off the looms is for a bridal gown.

END OF KHAKI SEQUENCES

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT: The Yorkshire Telegraph and Argus, June 6 1919.
Bradford.

'NO MORE KHAKI FOR LOOMS

FIRST PEACETIME CLOTH A

BRIDAL GOWN'

After an interval of four years the first piece of white brocade has come off the looms in the famous Mills of Mr. Christopher Wynne, head of the well-known West Riding family. The cloth is destined for the bridal gown of Miss Barbara Wynne, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wynne, whose marriage to Brigadier-General Clive Candy, V.C., D.S.O. will shortly take place. General Candy is staying at The Hall.'

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 71

Exterior: The Hall

A beautiful, large garden. The great pile of 'The Hall' in the distance. The tiny figure of the HOUSEKEEPER on the terrace. Faintly her voice is heard calling: 'Barbaraa! - [Lunch is ready.] Miss Barbaraaaaaaaaa!!'

In another part of the grounds, BARBARA WYNNE and CLIVE CANDY are talking together. A great sweep of country is visible beyond a great yew hedge.

They have the copy of the Yorkshire Telegraph and Argus with them.

BARBARA is, of course, the same girl whom we have seen in nurse's uniform in the Convent of the 'Crown of Thorns'. She is dressed in what, in 1919, was considered a ravishing creation: rather like a badly tied sack.

CLIVE is in uniform. He is a full Brigadier now. He looks very strong and fit, far less than his forty-three years. Distantly we hear 'Barbaraaaa!'

CLIVE

Oh dear.

BARBARA

(Laughing)

Don't listen [to her]!

(Accusingly.)

Now! [You listen to me.] There I was asleep! You never saw me before - you never [even] spoke to me then - how could you be so sure?

CLIVE

Can I ask you a question first?

BARBARA

You're wriggling! All right, fire away!

CLIVE

How can you be so sure? I'm twenty years older than you - and I'm a soldier. When other people are thanking God the war is over, I am going to the War Office to ask: Where is another war where you can use me?

BARBARA

(Seriously)

You asked me that once [before] and

I told you [[why]].

CLIVE

I'm asking you again because I want to hear it again [and again].

He says this so charmingly that she has to answer.

BARBARA

I'm marrying you because I want to join the Army and see the world. I'm marrying you because I [[like seeing]] [love watching] you play polo. I'm marrying you for fifty reasons that all mean that's how I imagined my future husband!

CLIVE looks at her.

CLIVE

Same here! That's how I imagined my future wife!

BARBARA looks at him. It is one of the moments that come seldom in life and extend indefinitely until some outside influence breaks them.

The beating of a big gong comes from the house. BARBARA sighs.

BARBARA

The gong is the final appeal. We must go, darling. We have the Bishop for lunch.

CLIVE

I hope he's tender.

They start up the garden, hand in hand.

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 72

Interior: The Hall

DINING ROOM

A very fine room, full of good, solid stuff and good, solid people. The BISHOP is making a little speech.

MR and MRS WYNNE, BARBARA and CLIVE are listening.

BISHOP

... and now [[let me]] [in conclusion, I should like to] say a few words to Brigadier-General Andy. We in the

Church Militant can admire the heroes of the war. But in our hearts we are men of peace. Therefore, I am glad to have met you as I did for the first time on a simple and heart-warming occasion [[and not]] [rather than] at some military celebration. When I first heard that a Brigadier-General of the British Army was arranging a ball for the benefit of those nurses from the West Riding who took part in the four years' struggle, I said [to myself]: There is a man whose heart is in the right place.

(He refers to slip of paper.)

And I am glad to announce that one result is that a total of £131.2.6 will be handed over to the War Nurses' Benevolent Fund.

During the BISHOP'S speech, CLIVE and BARBARA have glanced at each other several times. CLIVE is guiltily rolling bread pills. At the finish, after a little hesitation, he gets up and stumbles into a speech replying. He starts to tell his story as a good joke but as he sees it is falling flat, he gets more and more self-conscious, while as he speaks the faces of his listeners get more and more embarrassed. Only BARBARA is unperturbed.

CLIVE

[[Your Grace]] [My Lord Bishop], I want to make a confession. You see, I first saw Barbara in Flanders on the last night of the war.

((He glances at MRS WYNNE.))

She was a nurse among seventy other nurses - I never knew her name -but I found out that most of the nurses came from Yorkshire - the West Riding - and of course she was a nurse - [[well]] [so], I thought - Yorkshire's a big place - [[Your Grace]] [My Lord Bishop] - so, I thought, how can I find a nurse in Yorkshire? You - understand who I'm driving at - I suppose - what I mean? -

There is a painful silence. The BISHOP does not rise to the occasion. But BARBARA does. She reaches for CLIVE'S hand and holds it, smiling up at him.

BARBARA

I understand exactly what you mean, darling!

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 73

Exterior: 33 Cadogan Place

A car of the period drives up and stops outside. It is piled with luggage and dogs. BARBARA is driving. CLIVE sits beside her. They both look radiantly happy. She wears a wedding ring. They both look up at the house; she

Critically, he affectionately. It is the first time she sees it.

BARBARA

That window is the Den!

CLIVE

Wrong. Next floor is the Den. That's the bathroom.

The window in question opens and a large Union Jack on the end of a pole is poked out of the window and socketed into its place. MURDOCH'S head appears behind it. He sees them below, ejaculates: 'It's them!' and disappears.

BARBARA

Is yon grey head Murdoch?

CLIVE

((Nods))

His idea of greeting the conquering hero, I suppose.

BARBARA

I shall like Murdoch - and I [[feel]] [know] I shall like this house. Clive, let [[it]] [the whole house] be our Den, into which we can always crawl, whether we return with rich spoils or badly mauled from our roving! Or just to change our spots! [[Do promise!]]

CLIVE

[[Looks at her I do.]]

(He kisses her.)

Aunt Margaret would have loved you for that!

(They go on talking as idiotic lovers do.)

BARBARA

It is a fine solid-looking property-
(Mischievously)

Like you. Clive, [[please don't ever]]
[you mustn't] change and don't ever
[[give up]] [leave] this house.

CLIVE

No fear. Even if there is a second
Flood, this house shall stand on its
solid foundations and we'll have a
private lake in the basement.

BARBARA

That's a promise. You stay just as
you are... till the floods come...

CLIVE

(Raising his hand,
repeats)
... till the floods come...

BARBARA

(Pointing into the
area)
... and this is a lake...

CLIVE

(Repeats solemnly)
... and this is a lake!

MURDOCH appears at the entrance and stares in surprise at
CLIVE standing there with his hand raised. He runs smartly
down the steps. His manner, like his costume, is an Armistice
one: half-military, half-civil.

MURDOCH

Sorry, Ma'am! - Mrs Candy - I was
[[up]] [at] the top [of the house] -
I wasn't expecting you so early,
sir.

BARBARA

So you are Murdoch!

MURDOCH

Yes, Madam.

CLIVE

The first time I've ever heard him
answer anything but: 'Yes, sir!'
Well, Murdoch, this is [[my]] [the]
wife.

They shake hands. MURDOCH has his own ideas of what a wife
will want to know and he has his report all ready for her as
they all go into the house, carrying luggage, etc.)

MURDOCH

Everything is under control, Ma'am.

I've had the telephone installed,
sir.

(To BARBARA.)

The agency has got a lot of cooks
for you to see, Ma'am, but I bought
plenty of vegetables and flour and
potatoes.

([They go in.]

And all the tradespeople have called
and will call again for [your orders] -

[By this time they have entered the house.]

SEQUENCE 74

Interior: 33 Cadogan Place

HALL

BARBARA listens to MURDOCH with grave attention but CLIVE
has no tender regard for his feelings. He interrupts him.

CLIVE

That's all right, Murdoch, but we're
not staying this time. Off tonight.

MURDOCH

(Very disappointed)
Yes, sir?

CLIVE

Paris for eight weeks. When we get
back we'll give a big party and put
our feet up for a bit.

MURDOCH

Yes, sir.

BARBARA

I'm [so] sorry, Murdoch.
(She makes a friend.)

MURDOCH

(Grins ruefully)
[[I'm]] [We're] used to it [[Ma'am]].
([[To CLIVE])
I got your letters from the Club,
sir - they're on the little tray.]]

CLIVE crosses to the table. MURDOCH continues to BARBARA:

MURDOCH

I told the porter that the Brigadier
wouldn't be using the Club so much
in future, Ma'am.

BARBARA

And what did he say?

MURDOCH hesitates.

BARBARA
[Go on, Murdoch,] I can bear it,
[[Murdoch]].

MURDOCH
[[Yes, Ma'am.]] He said: They all
say that at first!' - Ma'am.

BARBARA laughs. MURDOCH smiles respectfully and withdraws
with the dogs.

CLIVE
I say, Barbara - !
(She crosses to him.)
Here's an answer from the Prisoners
of War Committee -

BARBARA
Have they found him?

CLIVE
(Very excited and
pleased)
Yes. Theodor Kretschmar- Schuldorff,
Oberst, 2nd Regiment of Ulans of the
Guard. That's him! Camp VII Hardwick
Hall, Derbyshire. Poor old Theo!

He stares at the paper, pulling at his moustache.

BARBARA knows what is going on in his mind.

BARBARA
Darling!

CLIVE looks up, worried. His face lights up as he sees her
expression.

BARBARA
Let's postpone Paris... I'd love to
meet him -

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 75

Exterior: Prisoners of War Camp

[Pan down from blue sky to barbed wire and on to:

A notice, roughly printed by hand on a sheet of cardboard,
is nailed to a tree:

107-TES KONZERT
DES PHILHARMONIE-ORCHESTERS
DES GEFANGENENLAGERS IV
FÜR DEUTSCHE OFFIZIER
IN ENGLAND
PROGRAMM

FRANZ SCHUBERT: UNVOLLLENDETE SYMPHONIE

[[LUDWIG v. BEETHOVEN: FÜNFTE SYMPHONIE]]

MENDELSSOHN: FINGALS HÖHLE

DIRIGENT: OBERLEUT. JOS. V. SCHONTHAAL

ANFANG: 3 UHR NACHMITTAG

EINTRITT: 6 ENGL. PENNIES

While the notice is being read, we hear the tragically sweet melody of the Second Movement of Schubert's 'Unfinished Symphony'.

The camera moves off the notice [[to the tree above. It has wide-spreading branches, all loaded with German officers, listening to the music. We see some of their faces. We see, from their angle in the tree,]]

[to a sentry on guard duty, and on to] the main audience and the orchestra itself. All are German officers. The orchestra plays on a raised bank, a natural rostrum. The audience covers the smooth lawns that run down to the river, which is crossed by two bridges, with an island in the middle. There is a Guard House on the island and the bridge is heavily wired with barbed wire above and below and English sentries are stationed on the bridge.

The prisoners sit on benches or on the grass, many are standing, all are listening intently to the music. There must be 400 or 500 of them. The orchestra has about forty pieces.

We see an ORDERLY coming towards the concert from the main building. This is a fine old country house which has been taken over. It is now surrounded by huts and all kinds of administrative buildings. The main offices are in the house itself. The ORDERLY carries a message-pad. He comes amongst the audience as discreetly as possible. [[He is obviously looking for someone and, as obviously, cannot spot him. He decides to ask one of the officers, who is leaning against a tree. The officer questioned looks around, then shakes his head and taps the leg of another officer in the tree above

him. He whispers to him. The officer in the tree has a bird's-eye view. He spots the wanted man and the information is passed on in whispers to the ORDERLY. The ORDERLY gingerly crosses through the audience. Nobody looks at him.]]

He finds his man- OBERST KRETSCHMAR-SCHULDORFF - and touches him on the shoulder.

[ORDERLY:
Message, sir, from the Commandant's
office.]

THEO turns to the ORDERLY. Of course, he, too, is seventeen years older. He still bears the scar which he got in the duel. The ORDERLY gives him the message-pad. THEO reads the message. He is surprised at its contents but, without any hesitation, he shakes his head very firmly.

[THEO
No answer.]

He gives the message-pad back to the ORDERLY and turns once more to listen to the music.

The ORDERLY is rather at a loss. After a moment's hesitation, he starts all over again, emphasizing the importance of the message.

THEO loses patience with him. He answers almost savagely.

THEO
(Louder than he had
meant to)
No [answer]!!

Heads turn. Voices go: 'Sh-sh-sh!'

The ORDERLY beats a retreat.

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 76

Interior: Prisoners of War Camp

OFFICE OF COMMANDANT

The tall french windows are open and the music can be heard in the distance.

The Commandant, MAJOR DAVIES, is an elderly man and a bit of a philosopher.

CLIVE is in a new suit of tweeds with a regimental tie. BARBARA wears a summer dress and hat which, in 1919 and in 1919 alone, was considered lovely.

The ORDERLY knocks and enters - alone.

MAJOR DAVIES

(Drily)

Well?

CLIVE

He said 'No [answer]'?

(He frowns

incredulously)

What else?

ORDERLY

Nothing, sir.

BARBARA

He refused to come?

ORDERLY

If that was the message, Ma'am.

(He hands the pad TO

CLIVE.)

(BARBARA reads it, passes it to the Major.

INSERT: message. 'Dear Theo, I am in the Commandant's Office. I want to see you, "very much ". Clive Candy.'

BARBARA

Why is 'very much' [[in quotes]]
[printed like that]?

CLIVE

It was a joke we had...

MAJOR DAVIES

(To ORDERLY)

Where was the Oberst?

ORDERLY

Listening to the [[orchestra]] [band],
sir.

MAJOR DAVIES

All right, Higgins.

ORDERLY goes.

BARBARA

I [[thought, suddenly]] [was
thinking], how odd they are! How
queer! For years and years they are
writing and dreaming wonderful music
and [[wonderful]] [beautiful] poetry
and then [[suddenly]] [all of a
sudden] they start a war, shoot
innocent hostages, sink undefended

ships, bomb and destroy whole streets
in London, killing little children -
and then, dressed in the same
butcher's uniform, they sit down and
[[play]] [[listen to]] [[Beethoven]]
[[Mendelssohn]] and Schubert. There's
something horrible about that, don't
you think so Clive?

Such abstractions are caviare to the GENERAL but he is
impressed by BARBARA'S speech. He nods and grunts agreement.

CLIVE

Hm - mm - [[something in that - good
deal in fact -]]

It is the first time there is something 'blimpish' in his
manner.

[[CLIVE

Perhaps I should have written in
German.

MAJOR DAVIS

He understands English. They have
all learnt English while they were
here.]]

The symphony ends. Distant and prolonged applause. CLIVE
stands up.

CLIVE

Major Davies, would you mind if I
went down and had a try? Perhaps it
was because of the music - there's
an interval now.

MAJOR DAVIES

[[Certainly, you may]] [By all means]
try (Apologetically) but Mrs Candy
had better [[stay]]
[remain].

BARBARA, who has risen, sits again. She and MAJOR DAVIES
understand each other. CLIVE nods and moves to the windows.

CLIVE

(Half to himself)

Can't understand it. I've written
to him before the war and he has
written to me...

He vanishes out on the terrace.

MAJOR DAVIES

They stopped English lessons on the
11th of November.

BARBARA
On Armistice Day?

MAJOR DAVIES nods.

SEQUENCE 77

Exterior: Prisoner of War Camp

In the interval of the concert, the audience has broken up into groups, individuals are pacing up and down, some are smoking and talking.

There is no loud chatter or laughter. The general effect is serious, even solemn. Depression hangs over the stiff-necked assembly. CLIVE comes down from the house, walking quickly, looking about him for THEO.

He comes among the groups of officers. Nobody takes direct notice of him.

The orchestra starts to tune up. People start to move back to their places.

CLIVE stops one group and addresses a senior officer.

CLIVE
Oberst Kretschmar-Schuldorff?

OFFICER
(After a sharp stare)
[[Behind you.]] [Over there.]

He moves off. CLIVE whirls round.

He stands directly in between THEO and his place. THEO is advancing straight towards him, separated by two or three groups, also moving to their places.

Seeing CLIVE, THEO stops. Not a muscle of his face or light in his eyes betrays his thoughts.

CLIVE, on the contrary, advances with a broad smile that overflows his whole being. He is coming to his friend. He puts out his hand...

CLIVE
Theo!

THEO turns and walks away.

It is the greatest shock CLIVE has ever had. He stands petrified, staring after his friend.

THEO throws away his cigarette, treads on it and returns to his place in the audience. Nearly everyone has settled

himself. CLIVE is left standing alone.

[[The Conductor takes his place amid polite applause.]]

[The music starts again.]

CLIVE shakes his head as if he still can't believe what has happened to him. He looks ten years older.

He turns and slowly walks away.

THEO never looks after him.

The orchestra plays the opening chords of [[Beethoven's Fifth Symphony]] [Mendelssohn's Hebrides Overture]. CLIVE goes on towards the house. He again shakes his head. For the second time, there is something 'blimpish' in his behaviour.

He stops and looks back, almost as if he is expected to see the figure of his friend, hastening after him. But the lawn between him and the distant audience is empty.

[[SEQUENCE 78

Interior: Prisoner of War Camp

OFFICE OF THE COMMANDANT

Distantly we hear the [[Fifth Symphony] Hebrides Overture, which continues without a break.

Since CLIVE left, tea has been served.

BARBARA

Do you find something rather disturbing about these concerts - or don't you mind?

MAJOR DAVIES

I'm not musical but I get used to them. This is the 107th.

BARBARA

(Smiles)

You misunderstand me, Major - or do you?

(The MAJOR looks at her.)

What I mean is that we know that the Germans in peacetime are a tidy law-loving people of poets, philosophers and composers; and then -

CLIVE appears at the window. He has recovered himself a little. He comes in.

CLIVE

Well, it's true. I saw him and he
wouldn't speak to me.

(He looks at BARBARA
and sits down.)

I wouldn't have believed it possible.
He was as close as I am to you and
he turned away without saying a word.
You could have knocked me down with
a feather!

(BARBARA gives him
his tea. He stirs
it.)

I kept on looking back, you know. I
couldn't believe he wasn't joking.

(To MAJOR DAVIES)

What on earth is wrong with him?

MAJOR DAVIES

The same thing as all the others.
They call it 'Ehre'. The literal
translation is 'Honour' but actually
I suppose it means 'Dignity'.

CLIVE

What 'Dignity', what 'Honour'? Who
has hurt his 'Ehre'? They lost, we
won. What of it. We've been defeated
too sometimes. Fortune of war!

BARBARA

(Smiles)

Good old sporting spirit. Always
time for a return match.

CLIVE

I was taught to be a good loser.

(He stirs his tea.)

When are they going to be repatriated?

MAJOR DAVIES

In six to eight weeks.

BARBARA

What will you do then, Major Davies?

MAJOR DAVIES

Take a holiday, Mrs Candy - where
they don't speak German!

CLIVE

If you're passing through London,
drop in!

BARBARA

When we're back from Paris, I'm making
Clive give a party for his friends.
If you can, do come.

MAJOR DAVIES

Thank you. I'll try. I'd like to talk to you about Germans, both of you. You were going to say something rather interesting just now - something about peacetime and war?]]

SEQUENCE 79

Interior: 33 Cadogan Place

HALL

FADE IN:

An invitation card falls on a tray which already contains a score of similar cards.

INSERT: the card reads:

'Brigadier-General Clive Candy

Requests

the pleasure of the company

of Major John E. Davies, M.C.

to a Bachelor Dinner Party on Tuesday, 26th August 1919

at 8 p.m.

33 Cadogan Place,

SW1.

R.S.V.P.'

MAJOR DAVIES is just being helped out of his coat by MURDOCH. [[Behind him the hall clock is striking nine o'clock. He is no longer in uniform, he wears a tweed suit and looks what he is, a distinguished, wise and cultured elderly gentleman.]] [He is in uniform.]

CLIVE comes eagerly out of the dining room to meet him. From beyond we hear the unrestrained conviviality of an exclusively male dinnerparty. CLIVE wears a dinner-jacket.

[CLIVE

Ah, Davies.

DAVIES

Hello, Candy. I hope your wife will forgive me.]

CLIVE

(Smiling)
[[Awfully sorry, old man.]] [I'm
afraid] You haven't read the
invitation properly.

MAJOR DAVIES
(Vaguely: glancing at
card)
Ah, [[so it is,]] a Bachelor Party.
If I'd realized that your charming
wife wouldn't be here, [[I'd never
have hurried as I did]] [I shouldn't
have been in such a hurry].

CLIVE
We'll find you something.

MAJOR DAVIES
Thanks, I had dinner on the train.
I've come straight from Victoria.

CLIVE
On leave?

MAJOR DAVIES
No. Duty...

CLIVE
Come and have a glass of port.

While talking, they have walked towards the dining room where
the hum of conversation has got louder. As they go in, the
telephone in the hall rings. MURDOCH answers it. He has a
special voice for answering the telephone, full of old-world
courtesy.

MURDOCH
This is Brigadier-General Candy's
residence ...

[VOICE
May I speak to the General?]

MURDOCH
And who, may I ask, is speaking?...

[VOICE:
This is Oberst Kretschmar-Schuldorff,
speaking from Victoria Station. And
tell him I'm leaving tonight.]

MURDOCH
Would you mind repeating the name,
sir...

[VOICE
(Slowly)]

Theo Kretschmar-Schuldorff.]

He obviously hasn't got the name but is too polite to say so. He puts down the receiver and goes to get his master.

We go close to the receiver. The man at the other end of the wire is whistling - the Mignon Aria. CLIVE and MURDOCH come from the dining room.

CLIVE

Couldn't he 'phone tomorrow? Where's he speaking from?

MURDOCH

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

CLIVE

What name?

MURDOCH

It sounded like Wretch-Bar Something, sir -

CLIVE

Kretschmar-Schuldorff! Murdoch, that brain of yours ought to be in a bottle!

He snatches up the receiver and mouthpiece, he listens, grins, whistles in reply, laughs. He has quite forgotten the impression he had been given at the prison camp, he is so pleased to be friendly to his friend again.

CLIVE

Theo! [[You old son-of-a-gun! Where are you?... Victoria? What are you doing there?]]

SEQUENCE 80

Victoria Station

FIRST CLASS REFRESHMENT ROOM

THEO is using the telephone behind the counter of the refreshment bar. [[Beyond him we see the busy bar and the whole big room, crammed with talkative and excited German officers.] THEO himself is in a very different humour than when we have last seen him. He is going home. His uniform coat hangs over his shoulders. He talks good English now, with an accent. [[By him is LIEUTENANT CARTWRIGHT, the officer-in-charge.]]

THEO

[Yes, it's me, Theo. How are you my

friend? Yes,] I'm going home - if there is such a thing left in Germany. [[How are you, my friend?... Good...]] Oh, there are scores of us here. [Can't you hear them?] We have an extra train, it leaves at 11.3 o.... Yes, we are under guard, Clive! May I still call you Clive, now you are a General?...

[CLIVE
Cut the cackle. What have you to say for yourself?]

THEO
(He listens and laughs)
Listen! I am sorry! [I'm terribly sorry.] That is what I wanted to tell you. About our meeting at the Camp. I was a silly fool. [I had to tell you before I left.] And now I must ring off...

SEQUENCE 81

Interior: 33 Cadogan Place

HALL

CLIVE, at the other end of the wire, glances at the clock.

CLIVE
[[Wait a minute! Don't hang up! It's only a quarter past nine, now, I want to see you... Who says I can't? I've got the G.S.O.I. in charge of all military transport here to dinner, as well as your Camp Commander.]]
[Major Davies. Come here a minute, will you?]

(To THEO)
I'll send you back to Derbyshire if you're not careful! - Now you just sit tight and we'll come and get you.

[THEO
All right, all right, I won't run away.]

[[CLIVE
You've got to come and have a glass of port! You can't leave England without having a glass of my port. Where did you learn that perfect English of yours?]]

DISSOLVE TO:

[[SEQUENCE 82

Victoria Station

FIRST CLASS REFRESHMENT ROOM

THEO is overwhelmed by CLIVE'S open delight and flood of talk. He answers his last question.

THEO

Where do you think I learnt it? I had plenty of time ... Well, all right. I shall not run away.

He glances through the smoke and over the heads at the clock. The time is 9.15.

DISSOLVE TO:

The clock. The time is 9.25.

SEQUENCE 83

Victoria Station

FIRST CLASS REFRESHMENT ROOM

A SENTRY is standing on guard at the door, to keep people away. On the door is a sign, such as: 'O.H.M.S.'

The SENTRY sees someone approaching across the station. He springs to attention, shoulders arms, salutes.

It is MAJOR DAVIES, MAJOR-GENERAL BLOMFIELD and BRIGADIER-GENERAL CANDY who are bearing down on him, all smoking cigars and all unmistakable senior officers, although in dinner-jackets (except MAJOR DAVIES).

MAJOR DAVIES

Lieutenant Cartwright inside?

SENTRY

Yes, sir.

BLOMFIELD

Ask him to step outside, sentry!

The SENTRY smartly grounds arms, turns, goes and opens the door. We see a glimpse of the crowded room, thick with smoke.

SENTRY

(Calls)

Lieutenant Cartwright, sir!

He sees him coming, returns to his post, snaps to attention, reports:

SENTRY

He's coming, sir.

BLOMFIELD

(Testily)

At ease, man, at ease!

The SENTRY stands at ease.

CLIVE

Sorry to have dragged you out like this, Piggy.

BLOMFIELD

From an excellent glass of port, too!

LIEUTENANT CARTWRIGHT appears. He is quite shaken by the senior officers.

MAJOR DAVIES

Ah, Cartwright - this is Major-General Blomfield - Brigadier-General Candy -

(They shake hands.)

We want one of your prisoners, Cartwright. Oberst Kretschmar-Schuldorff is an old friend of the Brigadier's. Where's Smollett?

CARTWRIGHT

Went to get some dinner, sir.

BLOMFIELD

Call the Oberst out. I'll be responsible. You can have me and the Major as hostages.

CARTWRIGHT

That will be all right, sir.

He vanishes into the room.

CLIVE

Now look here - I can't leave you two.

BLOMFIELD

Don't worry - you can't finish the port by 11.30.

The door is opened by CARTWRIGHT and THEO appears, a doubtful smile on his face. He carries his suitcase and greatcoat. CLIVE goes to him and this time THEO doesn't turn away.

SEQUENCE 84

Interior: Taxi

[[They are travelling through brightly-lit London streets. CLIVE sits opposite THEO to see him better. [They are sitting side by side. Both are friendly, but THEO is more reserved.

CLIVE

[[Theo!]] You Prussian stiff-neck!
The only way is to kidnap you!

[[THEO

(Gesture)

What can I do?

CLIVE

(Introducing)

OberstKretschmar-Schuldorff-Major-
General Blomfield - Major Davies,
you know.

THEO

(Smiles)

Intimately.]]

CLIVE

(Examining him)

[Now, let's have a look at you.]
You've worn well, old chap. Still
got my mark on you, I see.

He touches the old scar.

THEO

And you still need a moustache!

[[MAJOR DAVIES

Well, if you two are going -

THEO

Going where?

CLIVE

Home. Come on! I've a taxi waiting.

DISSOLVE TO:]]

CLIVE

When were you captured?

THEO

July '16. [[Nearly three years in
prison.]]

CLIVE

You were lucky. You missed the worst

of it.

THEO

[[Nevertheless]] I would prefer to have been unlucky.

CLIVE

[That's what you think.]

(Changing subject.)

Have you heard from home? Have you any children? How is Edith?

THEO

Which shall I answer first? Edith is [[well]] [all right], as far as I can tell.

He passes across one of a bundle of [[Red Cross postcards]] [photographs] he has in his pocket.

CLIVE looks at them.

[[INSERT: typical Red Cross postcard from Germany filled in and signed by Edith in German.]]

[CLIVE

Boys, eh? Now that one's exactly like Edith.

THEO

Karl? Yes, he is, isn't he? [[We have]] [I almost wish we had] no children. [[It's better we haven't.]] What future can children have in a beaten country?

CLIVE

(Tolerantly)

[Oh] You Germans are all a bit [[mad.]] [crazy. You wait till you meet] Barbara [[will]] [- she'll] tell you what's what.

[THEO

Who's Barbara?]

CLIVE

[[Did I tell you I was married? By the way, old man, you're going to get a bit of a shock when you see Barbara -]] [My wife. Oh, of course, you don't know I'm married. You'll get a bit of a shock when you see her.]

THEO

(Politely puzzled)

[Shock?] I am sure she is charming.

CLIVE

(Chuckles)

[[She's more than that! You'll see! She's out now - taken her mother to the theatre. But she'll be back in time.]] [I don't mean that. You wait and see. Of course, you won't see her. She's gone out to the theatre with her mother. Never mind.]

The taxi stops outside the house.

[[SEQUENCE 85

Exterior: 33 Cadogan Place

They get out, THEO clinging to his bag and coat. MURDOCH appears. THEO looks up at the house as CLIVE pays the taxi.

THEO

Very respectable, your house! Your streets and houses have so much dignity - but even more draughts.

MURDOCH

(Wresting his bag and coat politely but firmly from him)
Good evening, sir.

CLIVE

You're right about the draughts, my boy. That's what blows us English out of our houses and all over the world - eh? - he?

(Roars with laughter.)

I must tell that to Barbara!

They go in.

SEQUENCE 86

Interior: 33 Cadogan Place

HALL

They enter. THEO looks round.

CLIVE

D'you like it? It was left me by my Aunt. Murdoch: leave the Oberst's things there and have a taxi at eleven. Come on, Theo!

THEO

Won't that be too late?

CLIVE

Now leave everything to me. I want you to meet some of the men you've been fighting with!

They vanish into the dining room.]]

SEQUENCE 87

Interior: 33 Cadogan Place

DINING ROOM

The room is thick with cigar-smoke. Over a dozen gentlemen, who are sitting around the polished table, rise politely as CLIVE comes proudly in with his guest. They wait, without any appearance of curiosity, to be introduced.

CLIVE

Gentlemen, this is [my friend] Oberst Kretschmar-Schuldorff.

(There is a murmur of acknowledgement.)

[Sir Archibald Blair, shining light of the Foreign Office. General Beveridge...

BEVERIDGE

How d'you do. I've heard about you, Oberst.]

CLIVE

Major-General Taylor-Grant - General Keen - Major Michael Cornish and his brother Major John Cornish - [[Rear]] Admiral Sir Merton Barrow of the so-called Senior Service - Commodore Brandon-Crester, ditto - [Major Davies you know.

THEO

Intimately.]

CLIVE

[[Sir Terence Blair, from the Colonial Office - Lord Clement-Selby, Lieutenant Governor of Gibraltar]] [Colonel Hopper, aide to the Governor of Gibraltar] - Sir William Rendall, [[First Secretary to the Viceroy]] [on the Viceroy's staff] - George Metcalf of Uganda - Sir John Bembridge, just back from Jamaica - Colonel Mannering, [known to the press as] the uncrowned king of

Southern Arabia - Mr Christopher
Wynne, of Bradford, England, my father-
in-law. [Embodiment of all the solid
virtues.]

Like a hailstorm this collection of names, ranks and titles,
representative of an Empire upon which the sun never sets,
descends upon THEO. A chair is pulled forward. Everyone sits.
Everyone is anxious to make the German feel at ease.

CLIVE
[[Drink, Theo?]] [Sit down, Theo.
What will you have to drink?]

THEO
(Seeing it there)
Port [please].

More than one hand reaches out to pass the decanter round to
him. As the decanter was only three feet to his left, it has
to go right round the table.

[VOICE
It has to go round the clock.]

CLIVE pushes boxes towards him.

CLIVE
Cigar? Cigarette? [They're both on
the table - thousands of them.]

THEO
Cigarette, please.

[[CLIVE
Turkish! Virginian!]]

[BLAIR
I don't suppose you remember me, but
we met in Berlin in '02.

He is the former Second Secretary.

THEO
Oh, did we?

Another guest appears behind them.

CLIVE
Ah, Barstow.
(To THEO)
Colonel Barstow of the Royal Air
Force.

BARSTOW
Don't get up.]

TAYLOR-GRANT

I'm glad you're on your way home at last, Oberst.

THEO

Thank you, sir.

TAYLOR-GRANT

Can't imagine anything more awful than to be a prisoner of war in England.

THEO

I don't think it can be much good anywhere, General.

TAYLOR-GRANT

[[But]] [Oh], my dear [[Oberst]] [fellow], in this country people are always poking their noses into everything. Did you get any letters from spinsters?

THEO

(Smiles)

[[No.]] [Yes, we did.]

TAYLOR-GRANT

[[Shows you had a sensible Commandant. Lots of Camps were pestered by them.]] [I thought so.] They started a campaign to write to prisoners of war - not our chaps, mind you!

THEO

[[We were spared.]] It was not so bad - we had books, [[camp-]]concerts, lectures...

SIR TERENCE BLAIR

I am sure your Camp [[had perfect administration]] [was well run]. German organization is [[the best in the world]] [very thorough].

CLIVE

[[We nearly had a lot! Ha! Ha!]] [Bit too thorough for us!]

WYNNE

Was the [[food]] [cooking] good?

THEO

[[Quite good.]] [It was English cooking.

(Laughter.)

[VOICE

A sense of humour!]

TAYLOR-GRANT

My daughter, Joyce, started a campaign to better the food for German prisoners in England.

WYNNE

I remember the Government was also [[accused of]] [charged with] over-feeding them.

[[CLEMENT-SELBY

I was taken to one of those Food Economy meetings during the shortage. The Ministry of Food speaker asked her audience point-blank if there was anyone present who wanted the prisoners' ration reduced. Nobody answered. Then a woman stood up and said that only when we ourselves were starving, which was very far from being the case, should we be justified in starving prisoners of war. Then the speaker asked whether, if any of the audience saw a starving German prisoner, he would not at once share his food with him? They laughed, and then they cheered.]]

CLIVE

Oh, we're not too bad. [Drink up, gentlemen.

THEO

(Proposes toast)

Your health.]

TAYLOR-GRANT

[[Where did you leave Davies and Blomfield?]] [What have you done with old Tiger Blomfield?]

CLIVE

At [Victoria, in the bar of] the Grosvenor. [[They're]] [He's] hostage[[s]] [for the Oberst].

BEMBRIDGE

Now where is the sense in guarding officer-prisoners nearly a year after the fighting is over?

THEO

I imagine it is more to [[defend]] [protect] us.

CLIVE

[[Defend]] [Protect]? Against what?

THEO

People.

[[CLIVE

(What people?]])

HOPPY

How do you mean?

THEO

Your people. They cannot be adjusted from war to peace as easily as you [can], gentlemen.

[VOICE (O.S.)

I think you'll find that's not true.]

CLIVE

Do you [[think]] [mean to say] our people would attack you in that uniform?

THEO

[[It is only natural.]] I tried to Englishmen [in this uniform]. [[I'm an enemy.]]

TAYLOR-GRANT

[[Oberst, you're quite wrong.]] [My dear fellow, that's rather a gloomy point of view, isn't it?]

CLIVE

You've got the wrong end of the stick, old man. The war's over. There's nothing to bear malice about. You're a decent fellow and so are we!

THEO

I'm not a decent fellow! I'm a beggar, like the [[other 800 officers in our camp]] [rest of all the professional soldiers in our army]. A beaten country can't have an army. What are we going to do?

[METCALF

I imagine there'll be a lotto do.

THEO

But not for us.] We know a [[little]] [bit] about horses, we can be stable-boys.

[CLIVE

You'll feel different when you're home again.

THEO

Home! But what will home be like? Another prison camp?

CLIVE

Who says so?

THEO

Aren't we] [[We are]] going to have foreign troops occupying our cities [for years?]. [[You set us prisoners free but we shan't be free because our whole country is going to be a prison camp.]]

BEMBRIDGE

I've never heard a man more wrong than you are! We don't want to make beggars out of you!

WYNNE

We are a trading nation, we must have countries to trade with.

BLAIR

[[We don't want you out of it. It simply can't be done.]] [Surely you realize that the reconstruction of Germany is essential to the peace of Europe?]

TAYLOR-GRANT

[[And where do you get this idea that we are going to keep millions of men under arms to occupy your country?]] [I can't see our tax-payers keeping an army in your country. Can you, Candy?]

CLIVE

Of course not.] Read the papers, man! The English papers! [[I]] [We] can't ask you to be [[my]] [our] friend, if [[I]] [we] rob you and humiliate you first. That's how we all feel. We want to be friends!

DISSOLVE TO:

[[SEQUENCE 88

Victoria Station

PLATFORM

It is 11.27.

A special train is at the platform, crowded with German officers, every window is full of typical faces. A large crowd has invaded the platform. They are pressing newspapers, books, magazines, boxes of chocolates on the officers, shaking hands and waving.

Voices shout: 'Cheerio!' 'Goodbye, Jerry!' 'We don't want to lose you/But we think you ought to go!' 'Cheer up, Jerry, you couldn't help losing the ruddy war!'

THEO and his escort move with difficulty along the train. They have all come to see him off – the Major-Generals, the diplomats, the famous sportsmen ...

PLATFORM

People give THEO a cheer. They are quick to recognize the type of men who are seeing him off. It looks like an occasion. Some of the crowd slap him on the back. Complete strangers push packages of cigarettes into his pockets.

CLIVE, who has him by the arm, looks proudly at him.

CLIVE

How is the old German scepticism?

THEO

(Shakes his head)

Fabelhaft!

(He has no English words for it.)

Some officers hail THEO. He stops at their coach.

THEO

Here I am!

CLIVE

Give my love to Edith! Tell her - no, don't tell her anything! Come and see us sometime in London, or wherever we are!

A whistle blows. THEO'S luggage is passed in. CLIVE shakes him warmly by the hand. THEO looks out at the smiling faces. He shakes his head in amazement.)

THEO

Just like when we went to war...!

The train starts moving. THEO waves. Everyone waves. CLIVE is beaming. He turns to the nearest of his friends, which

happens to be MAJOR DAVIES.)

CLIVE

Well, I think we made an impression
on him!

MAJOR DAVIES reserves judgment.

SEQUENCE 89

Railway Compartment. L.C.& D. Railway

THEO is speaking to seven of his brother officers who listen
with great attention.

THEO

[[Es ist unglaublich! I have to say
it in English, the German language
has no words for it.]] 'We want to
trade with Germany,' said one! A
General said: 'We don't want to keep
an army just to occupy your country!'
A General! They are children] Boys!
playing cricket! They win the shirts
off our backs and now they want to
give them back, because the game is
over! War is the most unpopular
thing in England! They are already
organizing pacifist societies, their
newspapers are anti-militarist -
Here can we get to something! [[This
is our chance! Their]] [This child-
like] stupidity is a raft for us in
a sea of despair! Do you know what
my friend, [[Brigadier-]]General
Candy said? He said - [We'll soon
have Germany on her feet again.]

([[He breaks off as the door to the corridor slides open and
the friendly face of LIEUTENANT CARTWRIGHT appears.]] [Close-
up of railway lines-trains passing fast.

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 90

Interior: 33 Cadogan Place

CLIVE'S DEN

CLIVE and BARBARA are having a drink before going to bed. It
is quite late. She is still in evening dress. He is wearing
a smoking jacket.

CLIVE has just come to the end of the story of the evening's
events.

CLIVE

[[... so I told]] [The last thing I
said to] him: 'My dear old chap,
[don't you worry,] we'll soon have
Germany on her feet again!'

BARBARA

(Major Davies would
understand her
expression)
And he believed it?

CLIVE

Theo? I believe so. I hope so. [[Don't
you?]]

[[BARBARA stands up. She bends down and kisses him.]] [BARBARA
leans back reflectively.

BARBARA

Darling, don't hum.

CLIVE

Was I humming?

BARBARA

Yes, it's a little habit you've got.

CLIVE

(Pauses)

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

They laugh and hold hands in front of the fire. He kisses
her hand.

An album of snapshots, Embassy invitations, mementos.

INSERT: Times death notice, 'Clive Candy wishes to thank all
kind friends who have written o sympathize with him in his
irreparable loss. He hopes to answer them all personally in
due course'

The album's pages are all blank after this.]

The camera moves up to the trophies on the wall.

[New ones start to appear, dated up to 1938. A map of
Germany, focusing on Munich.]

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 91

INSERT: [[A mimeographed letter, with handwritten dates,
saying roughly the following (wording to be checked): 'Sir
(or Madam), You are requested under the Enemy Aliens Order

1920 to appear before Tribunal 132. (In Pelham School, Pelham Close, N.W.?) on Monday Nov. 6th 1939 between 11-12 a.m. Aliens' Registration Book and National Identity Card have to be produced.']]

[BCU typewriter typing letter, dated November 1939, summoning THEODOR KRETSCHMAR-SCHULDORFF to a Tribunal hearing.]

DISSOLVE TO:

[[SEQUENCE 92.

Tribunal

WAITING ROOM

The Tribunal sits in a requisitioned school. This room was a classroom, but has been transformed into a waiting room. Benches and chairs line the walls. The room is full of nervous, gloomy people of all ages and sexes, waiting to be called. In the next room, their fates are being decided. The door to it opens and a uniformed policeman comes out with the papers of two men.

POLICEMAN:

(Calls)

Mr H. Bruck and Mr S. Bruck.

The two brothers hold up their hands and answer: 'Here!' They stand up as the POLICEMAN comes to them and hands back their books and Identity Cards.

POLICEMAN

You can go.

S. BRUCK

Thank you.

H. BRUCK

Thank you.

POLICEMAN

(Turns and calls)

Mr Theodor Kretschmar-Shuldorff!

THEO stands up. He is an old man now, about sixty-five. But he still carries himself like an officer. He goes into the tribunal.]]

SEQUENCE 93

Tribunal

This was also a classroom. It is smaller than the other but there is plenty of room. Behind a desk are seated two men: one is the JUDGE, the other an inspector from Scotland Yard (in mufti). Beside the desk sits a middle-aged Englishwoman

from the Refugee Committee. She also interprets, if necessary. In a corner, near the door, is a plain wood table, where a uniformed policeman sits. He has lists and rubber stamps, comes from the 'Local' Police Station and stamps the papers after the interrogation.

The tone of the inquiry is impersonal at first, but later becomes more sympathetic. The JUDGE has the Home Office file of the person interviewed in front of him; it is pretty fully documented but he prefers to use it only as a check on their own stories. The inspector does not speak unless asked.

THEO enters, comes to his place, clicks his heels together (such customs die hard with a German), bows very gently and waits to be questioned. When he speaks he is unafraid, like a man who has nothing to lose by the truth.

JUDGE

Mr Theodor Kretschmar-Schuldorff?

THEO

[[Yes.]] [Here.]

JUDGE

Sit down.

THEO

Thank you.

JUDGE

Your Registration Book and Identity Card, please.

THEO

Please!

He has them in his hand and passes them over.

JUDGE

[Sit down.] When did you arrive in this country?

THEO

On the 6th of June [[19]]35.

JUDGE

From?

THEO

Paris, France. I [[came to]] [arrived in] Paris on the 15th January 1934.

JUDGE

From Germany?

THEO

Yes.

JUDGE

Why did you leave Germany?

THEO

My outlook of life is against
[[Nazism]] [the Nazis].

JUDGE

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

THEO

I had nothing to fear from Hitler.
At least I thought so. It took me
eight months to find out I was wrong.

JUDGE

Rather a long time.

THEO is silent.

JUDGE

Don't you think so?

THEO

Please, I mean no offence - but you
in England took five years.

The policeman in the corner looks up, but no fire descends
from heaven. The JUDGE merely remarks.

JUDGE

(Drily)

Quite right.

(Pause.)

Have you been in England before?

THEO

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

JUDGE

(Looking in file)

I see you were an officer. When did
you leave the army?

THEO

In 1920 - eight out of ten officers
had to retire when the German Army
ceased to exist - I mean as a large
army...

JUDGE

You prefer the existence of a large
army?

THEO

[[No]] [Not any more]. In 1920 I chose a new profession - Military Chemist - I worked for thirteen years in a factory at Mannheim.

JUDGE

Are you married?

THEO

My wife is dead.
([[Pause.])
In 1933.]]

JUDGE

Children?

THEO

Two. I have no connection with them. They are good Nazis - as far as any Nazi can be called good.

THEO'S frankness has made an impression on the JUDGE; but, at the same time, he has decided to intern him. The presentation of the facts has been too unvarnished. THEO, of course, senses this.

JUDGE

[[Well,]] I'm afraid, Mr Kretschmar-Schuldorff, that doesn't sound very much in your favour.

THEO

(Wryly)

I have tried to answer correctly.

JUDGE

(Sympathetically)

[[No doubt, but-]] [Personally, I don't doubt your good faith. But I am here to safeguard my country's interests. You may be an anti-Nazi. You may not be. In times like these, one enemy in our midst can do more harm than ten across the Channel. If you were here to work for the enemy, what would you tell me now? Exactly the same - and that our enemy was your enemy. I know this is hard on those who are really with us. But it should be their best assurance that this time we mean business. If you are a friend, our precautions are your precautions and our interests are your interests. Because our victory will be your victory.] Is there anything you would like to

add?

THEO

(Sees that the JUDGE
wants to help him)
If you won't mind, sir?

[[JUDGE

Go ahead.

THEO

Since I have lived in foreign
countries, I am very cautious.]] In
earlier years the most important
principle of my life used to be:
Never lie, always speak the truth.

JUDGE

[[An excellent]] [A very good]
principle. I hope you still keep to
it.

THEO

I have not told a lie. But I also
have not told the truth. A refugee
soon learns that there is a great
difference between the two.

He pauses. The JUDGE nods.

THEO

The truth about me is that I am a
tired old man who [[has come]] [came]
to this country because he is
homesick.

(He smiles.)

Don't stare at me, sir, I am all
right in the head. You [[see]] [know
that], after the war, we had very
bad years in Germany. We got poorer
and poorer. Every day retired officers
or schoolteachers were caught
shoplifting. Money lost its value,
the price of everything rose except
of human beings. We read in the
newspapers that the after-war years
were bad everywhere, that crime was
increasing and that honest citizens
were having a hard job to put the
gangsters in jail [[where they
belonged]]. Well, [I need hardly
tell you that] in Germany, the
gangsters [[started to put]] [finally
succeeded in putting] the honest
citizens in jail. [[Do you know,
sir, who were the first pillars of
the Nazi Party? The dirt of the

people, the lazy ones, the drunkards, the scum of the country. Ask, sir, all these people who come here before you. They will remember them. In every business there was one who had no talent and no desire to work or to learn; and one morning he appeared with a brown shirt on and a revolver in his holster. Then they were joined by the huge army of easy-going people who always say: 'I am an engineer and I understand engines: that's enough forme!'] My wife was English. She would have loved to [[return]] [come back] to England, but it seemed to me that I would have been letting down my country in its greatest need, and [so] she stayed at my side. [[When at last she would have come]] [When in summer '33, we found that we had lost both our children to the Nazi Party, and I was willing to come], she died. Neither of my sons came to her funeral [Heil Hitler]... and then in January [[1934]] [1935],! [[came up alone]] [had to go] to Berlin on a mission for my firm. I drove up in my car. I lost my way on the outskirts of the city, and suddenly [[I recognized] I the landscape [seemed familiar to me. Slowly I recognized] the road, the lake and a nursing home, where I spent some weeks recovering [[many]] [almost forty] years ago. I stopped the car and sat still remembering. [You see, sir,] in this very nursing home, I met my wife for the first time ... and I met an Englishman who became my [[best]] [greatest] friend [[all those years, although we have only met twice since then - in 1919]]. [And I remembered] the people at the station [in '19], when we [prisoners] were sent home, cheering us, [treating us like friends] ... and the faces [[round a polished table]] of a party of distinguished men who were kind and [[did their best]] [tried their utmost] to comfort me when the defeat of my country seemed to me unbearable... And very foolishly I remembered the [[English]]

countryside, [the gardens,] the green lawns [[where I spent the long months of captivity]], the weedy rivers and the trees she loved so much. [And] a great desire came over me to come back [[here]] to my

wife's country. [[At first I couldn't get a permit. But I tried - and tried again.]] [And this, sir, is the truth.

Silence in the schoolroom after THEO'S long speech. The JUDGE rises and walks round the table.

JUDGE

Haven't you got anyone in this country who knows you well, a British citizen?

THEO

The doorman at the chemical works where I offered my services. The police officers at the Aliens Department at Bow Street.

JUDGE

(To policeman)

Sentry!

(To THEO)

Don't you know Major-General Clive Wynne-Candy?

THEO

Yes, I used to know him.

JUDGE

Did you ask him to come here and testify on your behalf?

THEO

Yes, I did send him a letter, but I suppose he...

The door opens and CLIVE appears.

[[During his last words a disturbance has started outside and has gradually grown in intensity, doors are slamming, voices are raised and, as everyone looks around at the door, it bursts open and, flanked by awed policemen, MAJOR-GENERAL WYNNE-CANDY enters the room]].

He is, of course, three years younger than when we met him in the Turkish Bath at the beginning of our story, but he is physically much the same and he is much more self-assured and pompous now, before the disappointments of the next three years have deflated him. He talks very loudly and goes straight to the JUDGE as the only person worthy of his attention, beside THEO.

[[CLIVE

By gad, sir, Lord Prendergast was right! He told me I'd never find this blasted school! My card, sir!

He flings his card down on the table.

INSERT: visiting card. 'Major-General Clive Wynne-Candy,
V.C., D.S.O. 33 Cadogan Place, s.w.i. Boodles Club.']]

CLIVE has grabbed THEO, pleased and bewildered[[, turned him
to the light and slaps him on the back]].

CLIVE

[Theo, my dear chap,] Let me have a
good look at you, [[old bean - my
old German bean - eh? - dashed good!]]

(Roars with laughter.)

By gad, you've kept your figure better
than I have!

(He slaps his tummy.)

Bit of a bay window, eh? [[But there's
life in the old dog yet!

(He turns to the JUDGE.)

Sorry, sir, to butt into your court-
martial, unpardonable intrusion and
all that sort of thing, but I only
got down from the North yesterday
and I'm off to France - well, mustn't
say when, but damn soon! - Found
this idiot's letter waiting for me,
put Sherlock Holmes on his track,
got his address -

(To THEO)

Don't think much of your choice in
digs, old chap - they said you had
to come here - the war, I suppose -
so I dropped Buggy Prendergast at
the Club - he'd had enough - and
came along myself to take you home
with me -

(To JUDGE)

If it's all right with you, sir.

CLIVE obviously takes it for granted that it is.

THEO

I'm afraid, Clive, that I can't come
with you.

CLIVE

Why not?

THEO

They are going to intern me.

CLIVE

(Explodes)

Pooh! Ridiculous!

He turns on the poor JUDGE, who starts to assert himself.

JUDGE

My dear General, the law is the law.
This is a civil court and you have
already disturbed it. I have the
greatest respect for your -

CLIVE

(With great charm)

Gad, sir, I'm awfully sorry. I come
bursting in like a bull in a china
shop! You're absolutely right, sir,
you're absolutely right! I apologize!

He extends his hand, the JUDGE has to take it. CLIVE shakes
it vigorously and points to THEO, who is looking admiringly
at his friend's easy authority.

CLIVE

I know him well, sir, and I'd go
bail for him anywhere. You can have
all the credentials you want. I know
everybody in London who is anybody!
Is this a Home Office or a Foreign
Office do? Can I use your telephone?
Hullo! Hullo! Operator!

(Jerking at THEO.)

He's just exactly the opposite of
the men we ought to be interning!
Hullo! Operator!]] [You see, sir, I
wouldn't be surprised if this fellow
really dislikes us. He comes to
England twice in his life: the first
time he's a prisoner and the second
time he's about to be one. May I
talk to him, sir? I haven't seen him
for nineteen... er...

THEO

Twenty.

CLIVE

Twenty years and a bit.

JUDGE

Afraid not here, General. We have
many Kretschmar-Schuldorffs waiting.

CLIVE

You mean to say that I've travelled
eleven miles from - mustn't say where -
and you won't allow me to have a
word with a condemned man?

JUDGE

Well, you don't have to go back this
minute, do you?

CLIVE

Tomorrow morning, sir, and infernally early too.

JUDGE

Well, you can talk to him all day and all night till midnight - Aliens' Curfew, you know.

CLIVE

And can I take him with me?

JUDGE

If you say you know him.

CLIVE

Do I know him?

JUDGE

And will stand surety for him.

CLIVE

With everything I have, sir.]

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 94

Interior: 33 Cadogan Place

DINING ROOM

CLIVE and THEO are sitting on after dinner, smoking in companionable silence. There is an enormous difference between the two men. For CLIVE very little has changed; for THEO everything: he has seen less than CLIVE during the years but he has experienced more. He is a wise man now. He speaks with a little smile about the most important things. His attitude is that of a man very little concerned with life's troubles. He has nothing to lose because he has lost everything.

Outside it is quite late. It is winter. The windows are shuttered.

[[After a moment THEO looks at his watch.]] [Clock chimes.]

THEO

It's time I was going. [[I must be home by midnight.]]

CLIVE

[[Why midnight?]] [The night is young yet.]

THEO

[Don't you remember?] Curfew for aliens.

CLIVE
(Blimpish nod)
Ah-yes...

[THEO
I have to be home by midnight.

MURDOCH comes in. He is about the same age as his master and has become, over the years, the perfect butler.

MURDOCH
Don't forget, sir. You have to be up for 6.30.

CLIVE
Early parade, eh?

MURDOCH
Yes.

He leaves.

THEO
How lucky you are.

CLIVE
Yes, they put me on the retired list in '35. But I knew they'd want me again. Back I went on the active list like a shot.

(Changes the subject.)
I mean, why don't you stay here? I've eighteen rooms.

(Bellows.)
Murdoch!

THEO
Thanks, Clive, but I don't think I had better. I would need a special permit anyway.

MURDOCH comes in.

MURDOCH
You called, sir?

CLIVE
All right, Murdoch, it was nothing—no! [[As you were!]]

(To THEO)
Stay a little longer, I'll send you back by car. Murdoch, tell Miss Cannon to be here at quarter to twelve.

MURDOCH
Yes, sir.

He goes.

THEO

Who's Miss Cannon?

CLIVE

[[Johnny]] [Miss] Cannon, my driver.
[[A.T.S.]] [M.T.C.]

THEO

[Do you] Remember, Clive, we used to say: 'Our army is fighting for our homes, our women and our children'? Now the women are fighting beside the men. [[In Germany,]] the children are trained to shoot. [[Only remains]] [What's left is]: the 'home'. But what is 'home' without women and children?

CLIVE

(Nods, then says suddenly)

You never met my wife. Do you want to see [a picture of] her?

THEO

Very much...

(They both laugh as they stand up.)

... do you remember when that was all I could say in English?

CLIVE

You got further with it [then] than I ever got.

THEO

In what respect?

CLIVE

My dear fellow, don't tell me you [[never knew]] [didn't know]...

THEO

What?

CLIVE

[[That I - dash it, don't]] [you] make me blush!

THEO

But I don't know what you are talking about.

CLIVE

Well - I thought it was written all over my face when I left Berlin in [[19]]02.

THEO

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

CLIVE

(It is a great secret)
I was in love with [her -] your wife.

THEO

(Slowly)
She never told me...

CLIVE

She never knew.

THEO

But [[when I told you]] [I seem to remember] - that last day [in Berlin] - [[that I loved her]] - you seemed genuinely happy...

CLIVE

Dash it - I didn't know then. But on the train I started to miss her - it was worse on the boat - and by the time I was back in London -well, I'd got it properly. My Aunt Margaret got on the scent [[right]] [straight] away, women have a nose for these things. Besides I did a stupid thing! First night back I took out her sister...

THEO

Aunt Margaret's?

CLIVE

Edith's.

THEO

(More puzzled)
Martha?

CLIVE

Yes. Martha.

THEO

But what was stupid about that?

CLIVE

(Gruffly)
Thinking her sister would be like

she was.

THEO
[Like] Edith?

CLIVE nods.

[CLIVE
Yes.]

THEO
(Tenderly)
[[Anyway]] [Well], you got over it.

CLIVE
That's just it, I [[didn't]] [never
did get over it]. Theo, this may
sound a damn silly thing to say to
you but I never got over it. [[I
suppose you could]] [You may] say
she was my ideal - if you were some
[sort of] sickening long-haired poet
- all my life I've been looking for
a girl like her—so now you know -

THEO
(Quite thunderstruck)
I never thought it possible that an
Englishman could be so romantic...
(Pause.)
And your wife you don't mind my
asking? You loved her...?

CLIVE
Yes... dreadfully. She was exactly
like Edith. I'll show her to you...

He takes THEO'S arm and leads him out of the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 95

Interior: 33 Cadogan Place

CLIVE'S DEN

The walls are completely crowded with trophies except in one
spot which, until now, we have not seen. A painting hangs
there, covered by a curtain.

CLIVE pulls a cord and the curtain slides aside. It is a
painting of Barbara at the time of her marriage and very
much like her. THEO looks at the painting for quite a little
time before he speaks.

THEO

(Quietly)
She's very lovely.

CLIVE
Isn't she like Edith? Eh? See the
resemblance?

Now actually it is quite hard for THEO to see any resemblance
at all. CLIVE'S memory of Edith is different from THEO'S.
She has always stayed young to him as he last saw her. THEO
continues to stare at the picture.

THEO
(Answering CLIVE)
Yes... there is something very
striking... But you mustn't forget,
I saw Edith thirty-one years later
than you. We grew old together - you
understand?

CLIVE
(Blimpish agreement)
Hm! -yes- [[suppose so]] [of course]
- but she was [[very]] [exactly]
like her -

THEO
(Looking round)
It's a strange place to hang such a
lovely picture.

CLIVE
She wanted it. I call this my Den,
you know. She knew I always used to
come back here, we had a joke about
it - all my stuff is here. It would
be an awful gap without her ...

[[He pulls the curtain back over the painting.]] Goes to the
side-table.

CLIVE
Have a peg - what?

THEO
(Looks at his back)
It must be terrible to lose someone
very dear to you in a foreign country.

CLIVE
(Pouring out drinks)
It wasn't a foreign country. It was
Jamaica.

DISSOLVE TO:

Exterior: 33 Cadogan Place

CLIVE stands in the half-open door, a bright light streams from the hall. THEO is beside him in an overcoat of obvious Continental cut.

MURDOCH stands half-way with a torch. The car, JOHNNY CANNON at the wheel, is waiting.

CLIVE shakes hands warmly with THEO.

THEO

[[God bless you. Come back safely, Clive.]] [Bye, Clive. Have a nice journey.]

CLIVE

[[Nothing to worry about!]] [Don't worry about anything.] Everything under control.

[[THEO

I hope it is as you say.

He goes to the car.]]

MURDOCH

Will you close the door, sir, please.

CLIVE

Oh, shut up, Murdoch.

[[But he closes it all the same and looks around.]]

THEO gets in beside the driver. He opens the window as MURDOCH fusses around.

THEO

Good luck, Murdoch.

MURDOCH

Thank you, sir, but the General isn't taking me. I stay [[here and do A.R.P.]] [to look after things here.]

CLIVE

(Bellows)

You know the way, [[Miss Cannon]] [Angela]?

JOHNNY

Yes, sir.

[[THEO

(As the car moves)

Good hunting. There's just room in

the Den for Hitler's moustache!]]

[MURDOCH
The door, sir, please.]

CLIVE
Did you see the Warden?

MURDOCH
I am the Warden of this District,
sir.

SEQUENCE 97

Interior: General's Car

JOHNNY CANNON seems to be a very efficient, matter-of-fact girl, judging by her voice. Neither can see the other in the black-out.

[[THEO
You don't mind my sitting beside
you?

JOHNNY
No, sir.]]

THEO
It must be difficult driving in the
black-out.

JOHNNY
[[It looks more than it is.]] [It's
not as bad as it looks, sir.]

After a pause THEO goes on talking.

THEO
I suppose you've done a lot of night-
driving?

JOHNNY
No, sir.
(She realizes she
must explain this.)
I never drove before the war.

THEO
What made you learn?

JOHNNY
My boy-friend taught me. But not at
night.
([[She laughs.]])

THEO
Is he a good driver?

JOHNNY

First-rate. He's one of the Bentley boys. [[But]] just now he walks [on his two flat feet]. He's a private. In training.

Pause.

THEO

What was your job before the war, Miss Cannon?

JOHNNY

Photographic model.

THEO

Interesting work.

JOHNNY

[[It was all right]] [Not bad]. A bit hard on the feet. How did you know my name, sir?

THEO

[[I heard]] the General [told me about you].

JOHNNY

Oh, [[of course.]] [Did he? Mind if we try to beat the lights, sir?
(Brakes sharply.)
Sorry, sir, couldn't make it.

THEO

Do you like being [[his]] [the General's] driver?

JOHNNY

Who wouldn't? He's an old darling. I could have done a hand-stand when he chose me. [[It was at an inspection.]] [D'you know] He picked me out of seven hundred girls to be his driver. Some odds [[700 to 1]] [wasn't it?]

A car is approaching with a badly fitted mask, the light points higher than it should.

JOHNNY

Look at that headlight. He ought to be reported.

The headlight flashes for a moment on her face. Only for a moment. THEO stares, startled, at the girl by his side. He knows now why the General chose her out of seven hundred

girls. It is the same face.

Edith - Barbara - and now this girl.

The other car has passed.

JOHNNY

(Grumbles)

That's what causes accidents.

(To THEO)

Long odds, weren't they, sir?

THEO

(In a reverie)

I beg your pardon?

JOHNNY

Seven hundred to one! Makes me a bit
of an outsider.

(She chuckles.)

THEO

What is your first name, Miss Cannon?

JOHNNY

Angela.

THEO

Lovely name. It comes from 'angel'
[doesn't it?].

JOHNNY

I think it stinks. My friends call
me 'Johnny'.

(She peers out.)

Is it this crossing or the next
[,sir]?

THEO

[[I'll get out here]] [Oh, this will
do]. [[Many thanks.]]

He opens the door and gets out. They have stopped by a traffic
light. THEO holds out his hand. She shakes it firmly.

THEO

Goodnight, Angela.

JOHNNY

Goodnight, sir.

THEO

I'd like to see your boy-friend one
of these days.

JOHNNY

Me too! [Goodnight, sir.]

She laughs. THEO vanishes into the darkness.

FADE OUT:

SEQUENCE 98

British Broadcasting Corporation

FADE IN:

Insert: the usual contract form of the British Broadcasting Corporation. The details: 'Major-General Clive Wynne-Candy, V.C., D.S.O., will give the Sunday night Postscript on June 16 1940. Title: Dunkirk -Before and After'.

A DIRECTOR'S OFFICE

The contract (or a copy) is lying on the desk of one of the Directors of the B.B.C.

[[Beside the contract is a telephone, which is buzzing discreetly. Behind the desk sits]] the DIRECTOR [sits on a low chair, nervously]. He is a charming diplomatic man, doing his best in a very awkward and responsible job. He is about forty-five. [With him is a SECRETARY.]

The office is underground. The light is crude and glaring.

[The telephone buzzes.]

[[DIRECTOR
(Yes?)]]

[The SECRETARY answers it.]

[[LOUDSPEAKER
General Wynne-Candy has just passed
through the entrance hall, sir.]]

[SECRETARY
He's on his way down now.]

DIRECTOR
[[Thank you.]] [For the love of
Gielgud, go and stop him as he gets
out of the lift. If you let him put
one whisker inside the studio, you
are out!

SECRETARY
(Echoes)
... out.

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 99

British Broadcasting Corporation

UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR Crude functional architecture. Crude glaring lighting. An impression of great depth and strength. Many people are bustling to and fro with papers. The lift has just arrived down. CLIVE comes out with several others. He looks tired and worn, but otherwise all right. He glances at the ultra-modern clock on the wall. It shows 20.45. CLIVE is accompanied by a GUIDE.

GUIDE

This way, [[sir]] [General].

But a girl who has been waiting at the lift now steps forward. She is the DIRECTOR'S SECRETARY.

SECRETARY

General Wynne-Candy?

CLIVE

(Turns a terrifying
eye on her)

[[Mm! -]] [Yes.]

[GUIDE

This way to Studio 5, sir.]

SECRETARY

Mr Herbert Marsh would like to see
you, sir.

CLIVE

Never heard of him!

SECRETARY

[[One of the directors.]] [Yes, but
he's heard of you sir.]

CLIVE

[[Mm! - Mm - Ah, yes!]] [Oh, has he?
Good.

(Following her.)

SECRETARY

[It's] This way [to Studio 5], sir.
([Pointing in opposite
direction.]

CLIVE

Lead on!

They start walking.

CLIVE

When does my [[- ah!]] broadcast
start precisely?

[GUIDE
Well almost at once, sir.]

SECRETARY
[[The Postscript, sir? About]] [At]
21.20. [, sir].

CLIVE
[[Lots]] [Plenty] of time [[-good-]]!

[GUIDE
Excuse me, miss.

SECRETARY
Oh, shut up.
(Steering CLIVE.)

CLIVE
Regular rabbit warren, eh?

SECRETARY
Yes.
(Hurrying him.)

CLIVE
Beehive of industry. D'you like
working here?

SECRETARY
Oh, very much. You meet such
interesting people.

CLIVE
You can tell that from the
programmes.]

They arrive at a door: 'H. Marsh, Acting Director'. Without
knocking, the GIRL opens the door.

[SECRETARY opening door to MARSH'S office General Wynne-
Candy.]

CLIVE walks innocently in. She closes it with relief behind
him.

SEQUENCE 100

British Broadcasting Corporation

A DIRECTOR'S OFFICE

MR MARSH is prepared to be very friendly. He stands up. CLIVE
comes in speaking.

CLIVE

I don't think I've met you, sir.

DIRECTOR

[[I have never had the]] [No, I'm
afraid I've not had that] pleasure.
Won't you sit down? Cigarette?

CLIVE

(Accepting)

Very snug quarters here. And deep!

DIRECTOR

(Smiles)

We need to be these days.

CLIVE

Quite agree! Back to the Stone Age,
what?

(He puts down his
cigarette.)

Think I'll leave this, if you don't
mind. Bad for speaking. Makes my
throat dry.

DIRECTOR

[[There may be some difficulty]]
[General, I'm afraid we've been having
a bit of trouble] about your broadcast
[[,General...]].

CLIVE

[[Can't be worse than Dunkirk.]]
[Well, I'm used to trouble. I'm a
soldier.]

DIRECTOR

[[We have been advised at the last
moment that your broadcast is
considered]] [Yes, the - um -
authorities think it's a little] ill-
timed and [[must be]] [that it might
be better] postponed ...

CLIVE

(Stares, goes purple)

[[Considered? Considered? Who is
considering? Why?]] ['Think it's a
little ill-timed.' Who has been saying
that? Why?]

DIRECTOR

[[I'm afraid]] [Well], General, [you
know] that in time of war [[it is]]

—

CLIVE

Don't talk to me about war!

(He stands up.)

DIRECTOR

(Quietly)

No. [Of course,] That would be -
([Pauses])
Grotesque.

CLIVE

I have been asked to describe in
this broadcast my views of the cause
of the Retreat and its aspects for
the future. There they are! I have
been serving my country for forty-
four years. What was your position
before this one, sir?

THE DIRECTOR

(murmurs)

Lawyer.

CLIVE

What? A lawyer! Well, I was a
soldier. And before that, I suppose
you were at college. And I was a
soldier. And I was a soldier when
you were a baby, and before you were
born, sir, when you were nothing but
a toss-up between a girl's and a
boy's name - I was a soldier then!

(He suddenly stops,
collects himself,
stares at Mr Marsh.)

I'm deeply sorry, sir. I know it's
not you.

DIRECTOR

(Who has listened
patiently)

No. I'm afraid [[not]] [it isn't].

CLIVE

I will make the necessary enquiries
through the War Office. I'll have a
light for this cigarette now, if you
please. [[Thanks. Pity I sent my
car away.]]

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 101

Interior: 33 Cadogan Place

DINING ROOM

THEO and JOHNNY CANNON are listening to the radio. (June 16

was the day Petain came to power.) MURDOCH is making the black-out. The table is laid for two people with a cold supper. The News finishes. There is a pause.

ANNOUNCER: (Rustling paper) [That brings us to the end of the news and] Tonight's Postscript [which] is given by Mr J. B. Priestley. Mr Priestley ...

MURDOCH turns sharply. The others react. THEO is not surprised.

JOHNNY

What can have happened?

THEO

I was expecting it.

JOHNNY

Why?

THEO

I've read his speech.

We hear the front door bang. Meanwhile the radio is silent.

MURDOCH

The General!

The GENERAL'S return is a great surprise. JOHNNY leaps to her feet. She has no business to be here. She looks wildly around.

ANNOUNCER

(On radio)

[[We apologize to listeners for]]
[Sorry about] the short delay. Here
is Mr Priestley.

Without a qualm, MURDOCH turns Mr Priestley off before he has said a word.

JOHNNY

Murdoch! Where can I go? The General
mustn't find me here! Murdoch!

THEO

Let me handle it, Angela...

JOHNNY

No fear. Let me out of here!

The GENERAL comes in. He is not angry; only disappointed.

CLIVE

Hullo, Theo. If supper's ready, you
can serve it, Murdoch.

JOHNNY
I'm very sorry, sir.

CLIVE
Hm? Why?

JOHNNY
I shouldn't be here - I -

THEO
I asked Miss Cannon to come in. She
was anxious to hear your broadcast.

CLIVE
Cancelled! At the last minute. Pity
we hurried like we did, Angela.
(To THEO)
We didn't leave the War Office until
[[twenty-five]] [five and twenty] to
nine.

MURDOCH
There's a War Office letter here,
sir. It came this afternoon.

(CLIVE holds out his hand. MURDOCH gives him the letter. He
opens it.)

CLIVE
Paul Reynaud [has] resigned. Petain
is Prime Minister.

THEO
Bad news.

CLIVE
What?
(He has started reading
the letter.)
Oh, yes - bad news.

MURDOCH: Sherry, sir.

CLIVE
(Looking up)
Ah - yes!
(Goes on reading.)

[[MURDOCH pours out drinks, looks enquiringly at JOHNNY.
She shakes her head. He pours one for THEO, puts down the
decanter and goes out. THEO picks up the decanter and pours
a drink for ANGELA. She doesn't think it proper to drink
with the GENERAL and shakes her head violently. THEO
smiles.}}]

[MURDOCH
Sherry, miss?

(She grimaces to dissuade him. To THEO)

MURDOCH

Sherry, Mr -, sir?

THEO

Yes please.]

(In a low voice)

How is your fiancee?

JOHNNY

(Same tone)

He's not my fiancee.

THEO

[Beg your pardon. How is] Your boyfriend?

JOHNNY

He's getting a commission.

THEO

Congratulations.

JOHNNY

[[I think]] I ought to go [you know].

She looks towards CLIVE. He is still reading. He turns back to the first page and starts re-reading the whole thing. THEO and JOHNNY continue to talk in low tones.

THEO

(Nod towards CLIVE)

[[Wait a little longer.]] [No, stay a bit.]

JOHNNY

[[O.K.]] [Down the hatch.

(Pause.)

Any news about your application ?

THEO

Turned down. Enemy alien.

JOHNNY

But you're an expert! Why didn't you ask him. He knows everybody.

THEO

He was [[in France]] [away].

MURDOCH brings some soup and bottled beer.

MURDOCH

Dinner is served, sir.

CLIVE mechanically folds the letter. He is only half listening.

CLIVE

Ah-yes.

JOHNNY

(Stands up)

I'm going now, sir. Will you [[need]]
[want] the car [any more]?

MURDOCH

I've brought another cover, sir.

CLIVE

(Absently)

All right. Sit down, Angela. Theo!

They glance at one another.

CLIVE

Sit down, both of you.

JOHNNY

Never mind, Murdoch.

(To CLIVE)

Thank you, sir, but I had dinner.

THEO

Have another, Angela.

JOHNNY

No, really - I -

CLIVE

(In a normal voice at
last)

If you're worried about sitting down
with your General, then stop worrying.
I'm not a General any more.

THEO

(He knows better than
anyone what tragedy
this means for his
friend)

Clive! What has happened?

CLIVE

Retired [again]. Axed! They don't
need me any more.

MURDOCH

I'm sorry, sir.

(Passing the sherry
glass to CLIVE.)

THEO

([[Holds out his hand
to seize his
friend's]])

I know how that feels.

CLIVE

No you don't!

THEO

I was barely forty-five when it
happened to me.

CLIVE

Different kettle offish! [[Your
country was]] [You were] made to do
it. [But] We're not finished - nor
am I! Just starting!

(Bites moustache.)

- I've often thought - somebody like
me dies - special knowledge - awful
waste - Well, am I dead? Is my
knowledge worth nothing? Skill
experience - eh? You tell me -

THEO

It's a different knowledge they need
now, Clive. The enemy is different.
[[The defenders must be]] [So you
have to be] different too.

CLIVE

[[Have you gone]] [Are you] mad? I
know what war is!

THEO

I don't agree. I read your broadcast
up to the point where you describe
the collapse of [[your own sector
in]] France. You commented on Nazi
methods, foul fighting, bombing
refugees, machine-gunning hospitals,
lifeboats, lightships, baled-out
pilots, by saying that you despised
them, that you would be ashamed to
fight on their side and that you
would sooner accept defeat than
victory if it could only be won by
those methods.

CLIVE

So I would!

THEO

Clive! If you let yourself be
defeated by them, [just because you
are too fair to hit back the same

way they hit at you,] there won't be any methods but Nazi methods! If you preach the Rules of the Game while they use every foul and filthy trick against you, they will laugh at you! They think you're weak, decadent! I thought so myself in 1919. [[Filthiness! That is their secret weapon!]]

CLIVE

(A little shaken)

I[['ve]] heard all that in the last war. They played foul then. And who won it!

THEO

I don't think you won it! We lost it! But you lost something, too. You forgot to learn the moral. [[Because victory was yours]] you failed to learn your lesson twenty years ago, you have to pay the school fees again! Some of you will learn quicker than others. Some will never learn it. [Because] You have been educated to be a gentleman and a sportsman - in peace and in war. But, Clive, [[my dear fellow]] [dear old Clive], this is not a gentleman's war. [[This is a life and death struggle, with your backs to your cliffs against the hordes of barbarism.]] [This time you are fighting for your very existence against the most devilish idea ever created by a human brain - Nazism.] And if you lose there won't be a return match next year, perhaps not even for a hundred years!

(He pats CLIVE'S

[[hand]] [shoulder].)

You mustn't mind me, an alien, saying all this. But who can describe hydrophobia better than one who has been bitten - and is now immune?

CLIVE

(He is defeated. He knows Theo is right but cannot say so)

Well, you see, Angela - eh? Even one's best friend lets one down...

JOHNNY has been the silent witness of the scene. She is too young to be detached. Her respect for the GENERAL makes it quite painful for her to listen. She, of course, agrees

entirely with THEO. She does not know where to look until directly appealed to by CLIVE. She looks miserably up at him and at THEO.

JOHNNY

I don't think so, sir.

CLIVE

(Grunts)

You, too, eh? Kick a fellow when he's down - what?

JOHNNY

(Weak smile)

Nobody would ever kick you, sir. [[You'll have]] [You've just got] to change over, that's all.

CLIVE

Change over? To what?

(He already speaks in a stronger voice.)

JOHNNY

Well - [[some other]] [a new] job [[,sir]]. It's easy enough for a man.

CLIVE

Hm! Think so, do you? Swop horses in midstream - eh?

JOHNNY

(Daring)

A lot of people had to in this war, sir. It's better than drowning.

THEO

Bravo, Angela! I shall call you Johnny in future! She's hit the nail on the head! I don't know you. You shouldn't give up so easily, my boy. Is this the same man who took Berlin by storm forty years ago? Look at me! Nobody wants me but do I give up?

CLIVE

(Depressed again)

Nobody wants you - and you're an expert. I don't know anything but soldiering -

(Looks at letter.)

- not even that, apparently.

JOHNNY

What about the Home Guard, sir?

They [[must have]][need] leaders.
They are just becoming an army. If
we are invaded, they're] [[will be]]
our first [[line of]] defence -
[[all]] the papers say so.

THEO

There you are! You know everybody,
you could get them arms and
instructors and equipment! [[I wish
I could join.]] What a grand job,
forming a new army.

CLIVE

(Looks from one to
the other with great
suspicion)
EH? - HOME GUARD-?

MURDOCH

(Entering)
Yes, sir. I was going to tell you
myself, sir.

He looks reproach fully at JOHNNY and puts down some cheese
and the Cona. CLIVE gapes at him.

CLIVE

You're drunk, Murdoch. Tell me what?

MURDOCH

That I'd joined the Home Guard, sir.

CLIVE

You?

MURDOCH

Yes, sir.
(He is about to clear
away when he realizes
no food has been
touched.)
Anything wrong with the soup, sir?

CLIVE

(With gathering
momentum)
How should anyone know if nobody's
touched it. Take it away, [[Private]]
[Lance- Corporal] Murdoch!

MURDOCH

(Proudly)
Sergeant Murdoch, sir.
(Gathering up cold
soup.)
What have you been doing, sir, all

this time?

CLIVE

(Seizing carving knife
and steel, sharpens
it)

Nothing, you blockhead, except talk!

(Seizing carving fork.)

But watch now!

He starts a murderous assault on the cold chicken.

FADE OUT:

[Explosion and star-burst on screen.]

FADE IN:

INSERT: 'In Memoriam' column in The Times. 'MURDOCH - In proud and loving memory of John Montgomery Murdoch, my friend and comrade in two great wars, killed by enemy action in an air-raid of [[April 20]] [Oct.] 1941. Clive Wynne-Candy.'

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 102

Exterior: 33 Cadogan Place

The house we know so well has received a direct hit and lies in ruins, although those on either side are hardly touched. The Demolition Squad are working on the ruins, amongst clouds of dust.

One of them pulls out a frightening object, coated with dust, from the rubbish.

1ST MAN

[[Crikey! This is a bit of all
right!]] [Hello! What's this?]

He shakes and bangs the hairy object which gradually reveals itself as the pride of Clive's Den: 'Buffalo Head' - 'Nigeria'- '1924'.

[[2ND MAN

Upsadaisy!

(He has hold of a
long curved thing.)

Give us a hand, Marmaduke!

They both pull and, in a cloud of dust and clatter of rubble, a rhinoceros']] [a boar's] head emerges. Both regard it solemnly.

1ST MAN

Hi, missus. Two basins, for me and

me old chum.
(Scares her with boar's
head.)

[[1ST MAN
Who is the bloke that lived here,
Harry? Huxley?]]

They deposit their finds on a growing pile of dusty trophies on the pavement. On the steps a shooting-stick is stuck in a flowerpot, a large card clipped in it. One of the men reads it out aloud.

2ND MAN
[See this?
(Reads).]
Major-General Clive Wynne-Candy-
[[Boodles Club]] [moved to Royal
Bathers' Club, Piccadilly.

1ST MAN
I should think he needed a bath after
this lot. Good luck to the old
bastard.]

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 103

Interior: Royal Bathers' Club

HALL CLIVE hurries towards the exit. He is now a General in the Home Guard and wears their insignia. He is full of enthusiasm for his new career. He wears a coat, it is still chilly.

The PORTER (the same rugged individual whom we have seen confront SPUD at the opening of our story} salutes him.

CLIVE
Still here?

PORTER
Just going, General.

CLIVE
Don't be late!

PORTER
I won't, sir.

CLIVE
By gad! what on earth's that?

PORTER
(Proudly)
Gun, sir. [[My]] brother's a

gamekeeper.

It is an old but serviceable double-barrelled 12-bore shot gun.

CLIVE

That's the ticket! Load with No. 4!
We'll soon have rifles - tommy-guns,
too. Know which end is which - eh?

PORTER

(Keen)
[Oh] Yes, General.

CLIVE

[[Hah!]] [That's right.]

CLIVE bustles out. The PORTER hurriedly takes his Home Guard armband and steel helmet from a hook. He has no proper uniform these were the early days.

SEQUENCE 104

Exterior: Royal Bathers' Club

The car is waiting. JOHNNY CANNON she's still his driver.
[She is talking to another uniformed woman driver.] [[She holds the door for him, then slips into the driver's seat.]]

[CLIVE

Break it up, chaps.
(To other driver)
Good afternoon.

Gets in.]

[[JOHNNY

Where to, sir?

CLIVE

War Office.]]

The car moves off down St James's Street.

SEQUENCE 105

Interior: General's Car and London Exteriors

CLIVE is talkative. He scowls menacingly.

CLIVE

By gad, we'll have proper weapons or
I'll know the reason why! I won't
leave their damn doorstep! I'll
make a sit-down stroke - or a stay-
in strike - or whatever they call

it! I'll show'em! Angela! Eh?

ANGELA smiles at the volcano. He can't see her. The car turns down by St James's Palace into the Park. The sentry salutes. CLIVE nods.

CLIVE

A real army - eh? The men are all right- keen as mustard! - Organization, General Staff, Offices, General Headquarters-that's what we [[need]] [want] and, by gad, we'll get 'em! D'you hear, Angela?

JOHNNY

Yes, sir.

CLIVE

[[One thing at a time.]] Give me [[a]] [one] year [- six months]! I'll show 'em!

[DISSOLVE TO:

W. H. SMITH NEWSSTAND

Lined with copies of Picture Post, all featuring CLIVE'S portrait on the cover. The leading article is by CLIVE, entitled 'Home Guard: Britain's First Line of Defence'. Martial music. Another article is credited to Zone Commander Wynne-Candy, dated 19 September 1942.]

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 106

G.H.Q. Home Guard, Marble Arch

The Union Jack flies above the building. It is 1942: a year later. At the entrance, two [[smart and formidable]] [young] sentries are guarding the door. [[Each has rows of medal ribbons and their combined ages would total about 140 years.]]

A sign says: G.H.Q. HOME GUARD.

General Wynne-Candy's car comes out of the park gates. Beyond we see Hyde Park.

Camera pans with the car past the Marble Arch.

The General's car stops outside the Home Guard H.Q. The two [[smart Methusalehs]] [young soldiers] slope arms.

JOHNNY jumps out and opens the car door.

CLIVE wears a lightweight uniform as it is now summer, he is

in very good spirits. We are back on the afternoon of the day on which we first saw him.

CLIVE

(To JOHNNY)

Take the afternoon off.

JOHNNY

Thank you, sir.

CLIVE

Club - 7.30.

JOHNNY

Very good, sir.

CLIVE goes in. The [[Methusalehs]] [young soldiers} present arms [[like guardsmen - which they were]].

SEQUENCE 107

Interior: G.H.Q. Home Guard, Marble Arch

STAFF ROOM

Maps, street plans, Home Guard manifestos cover the walls and tables. About twenty staff officers of the Home Guard are waiting around a huge table.

We recognize some faces from the first Turkish Bath sequence.

The door opens. MAJOR-GENERAL WYNNE-CANDY has arrived. Everyone stands up.

He proceeds to the armchair on one side of the round table. He waves them to their seats. He himself remains standing. He is full of energy, radiates enthusiasm. He is obviously a born leader and organizer, extremely popular.

CLIVE

Gentlemen! This is Der Tag! What!

(Laugh.)

[[I've been conferring with the G.O.C. of the 6th Army Corps.]] This is the most vital and comprehensive exercise in which the Home Guard have yet taken part. Defence of London! We've trained for it. We can tackle it! We'll put up a good show, eh? [[I know you're all as keen as I am.]] We'll show these youngsters there's life in the old dog- eh? Gentlemen! War starts at midnight!

SEQUENCES 108 & 109

Exterior: Western Avenue

SPUD WILSON'S pocket commando thundering towards London.

It is more 'westerly' than when we picked them up at the beginning of the story.

ROADHOUSE

SPUD'S commando pulls in off the road.

A car is drawn up outside the Roadhouse: a military car, which we know well: GENERAL WYNNE-CANDY'S car.

SPUD jumps from his truck, also STUFFY. SPUD looks at his watch.

SPUD

[[Quarter to six! Mark time! I've got a date with Mata Hari!]] [Five minutes easy, Sergeant.]

He goes into the Roadhouse.

SEQUENCE 110

Interior: Roadhouse, 'Western Avenue

LOUNGE

JOHNNY is [[sitting having tea]] [playing darts]. Nobody else is in the hideous modern lounge [except a bored waitress, watching JOHNNY].

SPUD [enters, glancing at dartboard ('No. 9 - doctor's favourite') and orders 'Tea for two' as he] goes straight to her and kisses her. They make a good job of it.

SPUD

Hullo, Johnny.

JOHNNY

Hullo, Spud.

A WAITRESS comes in and waits for an order.

SPUD

[[Tea - and the bill with it. I've got to go.]] [Got to go in a minute.]

JOHNNY

(Disappointed)
[[Rightaway?]] [Why?]

SPUD

[[Yes.]] Got a job on.

JOHNNY

[[Where are you going, you liar?]]
[Oh, you would have.]

SPUD
(Taking her arm,
leading her to the
window})
Come [[here!]] [along, have a look.]

He takes her across to the doors. As they go they talk.

[[JOHNNY
I feel a criminal.

SPUD
So you are. Why?

JOHNNY
Using Army petrol.

SPUD
: You ought to be shot. Probably
will be.]]

They have reached the door. He opens it and points.}

[SPUD
See that?

JOHNNY
What, those trucks?]

SPUD
My private army!

JOHNNY
[Well,] What about it?

SPUD
You remember [[when I rang you this
morning]] [what you told me last
night - amongst other things]?

[JOHNNY
Yes I do. And I wish I hadn't told
you.

SPUD
Why do you think I wanted the [[dope]]
[low-down] on 'Sugar' Candy's
movements?]

JOHNNY
[[Of course.]] [Well, why did you?]
What's the mystery?

SPUD

We're off to see him!

JOHNNY

Who?

SPUD

The Wizard!

JOHNNY

What for?

SPUD

Because of the wonderful things he does. We're going to teach him Total War!

JOHNNY

[[How?]] [Shut up, Spud. What do you mean?]

SPUD

Capture him! War starts at midnight! We're going to bag him hours before that. Nazi methods. You know.

JOHNNY

You're not a Nazi!

SPUD

[[The Home Guard isn't]] [We're not] training to fight Englishmen!

JOHNNY

You can't do that, Spud!

SPUD

Can't I? [[Watch me!]]

JOHNNY

[[How can you do such a thing to him?]] [I won't let you do it.] He's such a dear old man...

SPUD

So will I be when I'm over the hundred!

([Turning.]

Ah, tea.

Goes to table.]

JOHNNY

[[I won't let]] [How can] you do it! I know what this would mean to him!

SPUD

You can't stop me, Johnny. [[Inside]]

[Within] an hour the Wizard will be
the captive of my bow and spear –
not to mention three dozen of the
toughest troops between here and
[[Tobruk]] [New Zealand]. [[Now
where's that girl with the tea?]]
[Come on, drink this.]

[[While he has been looking lovingly out at his private
army, JOHNNY has been looking desperately around. There is
no chance of escape. Her eye falls on a heavy ash-tray on
the table. She seizes it in her fist. It makes a formidable
weapon and is quite concealed in her hand. As SPUD turns,
she walks back with him, pleading:]]

JOHNNY

Spud! Don't you see? I gave you the
information. It's mean to take
advantage of it!

SPUD

(Callously)
Don't be a sissy! In war anything
goes! [[You have to use the first
weapon that comes to hand!]] [(They
circle each other, warily.)

[[JOHNNY

All right!]]

[WAITRESS

Hey, stop that!]

[[She knocks him cold with the ash-tray. SPUD falls with a
crash. She bends over him for a second in great distress.]]
[[She knocks over a chair deliberately. He trips over it and
falls unconscious.]

JOHNNY

(To the unconscious

SPUD)

Oh, darling! [[You asked for it!]]

She flashes across the room and out of the door.

[[A scream rings out: the WAITRESS has returned with the
tea.]]

WAITRESS

[[Help! Murder!]] [He's dead!]

SEQUENCES 111 & 112

ROADHOUSE, WESTERN AVENUE

EXTERIOR

[[JOHNNY nips into the General's car and is off as hard as she can go. She nearly runs over STUFFY GRAVES, who tries to stop her. (This intercuts.) The troops invade the Roadhouse.]]

LOUNGE

SPUD'S army invade the lounge. TOMMY is the first to reach SPUD, who is already sitting up groggily.

[STUFFY
Spud!]

SPUD
She got me!

STUFFY
Who?

SPUD
Mata Hair! [[Stop her!]] [Come on!]
Quick!

ROBIN rushes out.

TOMMY TUCKER examines SPUD'S head.

[[TOMMY
You need a field dressing on this.

SPUD
Grimly She'll need a field dressing
somewhere else when I catch up with
her.]]

ROBIN and STUFFY appear at the door.

STUFFY
[[Not a hope!]] [Well, any luck?]
She's half way to London [by now].

SPUD suddenly bursts into action.

SPUD
[[Come on! We've got to get her!
She wants]] [She's gone] to warn the
Wizard!
(They all sweep out
like a pack in full
cry.)
[Come on, get my tin hat. Get after
her, quick.]

WAITRESS
(Cries)
Who's going to pay for the tea?

TOMMY

([[Shouts])
Charge it to E.P.T.!!] [The Sergeants'
Mess.]

Kisses her.

WAITRESS
Mr Marshall!

CAR

ANGELA driving with a smile.

SEQUENCES 113 & 114

Interior & Exterior: Royal Bathers' Club

[CLUB EXTERIOR

ANGELA enters the club.]

[[CORRIDOR

JOHNNY gains the safety of the corridor, stops for a second
and e get a suggestion of the scene from her angle.]]

CLUB INTERIOR: PORTER'S DESK

PORTER
Really, miss, it's quite impossible.

ANGELA
Get on the phone, then. Go on, man.

PORTER
Very good.
(Telephones.)
Head Porter speaking. His driver
wants to speak to General Wynne-Candy.
Yes, it's...

ANGELA dives under the PORTER'S desk as SPUD and Co. enter.

SPUD (O.S.)
Is Major-General Wynne-Candy in the
Club?

PORTER (O.S.)
No, sir. The General left an hour
ago with Brigadier-General Caldicott
and Air Vice-Marshal Lloyd-Hughes.

[This is now the same scene as at the beginning of the film.

SPUD
Did he say where he was going?

PORTER

Excuse me, sir, what is your business with the General?

SPUD

I have a message for him - an urgent message.

PORTER

If you will give me the message, sir, I will see that the General gets it.

SPUD

But dammit all, man - !
(Suddenly changes
tone.)
Are you in the Home Guard?

PORTER

Why, sir?

SPUD

(Low voice)
The password is 'Veuve Cliquot 1911'!

PORTER

(Salutes)
The General and his staff are in the Turkish Baths, sir.

SPUD

(Blows whistle)
Right!

The men come in, carrying rifles and bayonets, and go up to SPUD and the PORTER.

SPUD

(To SERGEANT)
You're in charge here. Stay with him.

(To PORTER)

Don't leave your desk or use the 'phone. You're a prisoner of war.

PORTER

But war starts at midnight.

SPUD

Ah ha, that's what you think. Sergeant, that girl under the desk: she's a prisoner too.

SERGEANT

Sir!

SPUD
Corporal, follow me. Brute force and
ruddy ignorance.

JOHNNY
(Under the desk)
Hello, hello. Well warn him then.
Can't you understand? Tell him to
hide...]

[[EXTERIOR

JOHNNY pops out of a side entrance. She sees SPUD'S army
with the two men going into the club, as in the First
Sequence. Nobody sees her but her own car is surrounded.
She stops a taxi, opens the door and looks back, listening.

SPUD (O.S.)
The Turkish Baths, Northumberland
Avenue.

JOHNNY
(Promptly, to her
taxi-driver)
The Turkish Baths, Northumberland
Avenue. Quick! Matter of life and
death!

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 115

Exterior: Turkish Baths

JOHNNY in the telephone box. From her angle we see SPUD'S
army arrive. SPUD and his men pour into the building. The
SERGEANT-MAJOR (as ordered) is coming towards her. She is
still trying to get through. She tries to get out but too
late. The SERGEANT-MAJOR puts his hand against the door and
keeps her in.

JOHNNY
What are you doing? Stop it! How
dare you? Help! Police!
(To telephone)
Porter! Hullo! Hullo!

SEQUENCE 116

Interior: Turkish Baths

CUBICLES

STUFFY is coming from one of the cubicles. He has the famous
brown pigskin case in his hand. He stares towards the end of
the corridor. SPUD has appeared, dripping wet and in a hurry.

He comes from his cold plunge with the GENERAL.

STUFFY

Been in?

SPUD

(Nods)

Defence in depth. Have you got it?

STUFFY

All serene.

SPUD

Here are your orders. That's their secret code! Get on the blower and contact their H.Q. Orders have got to go out to all Posts to let the Enemy through the barricades. From midnight on! Spin 'em a yarn. It's a trick! Grand Strategy! Be Clever!

STUFFY

(His eyes gleam)

What a dish!

SPUD

Jump to it. I'll be with you in a sec.

He vanishes, STUFFY, exultant, rushes to the PORTER'S booth.]]

SEQUENCE 117

Interior: Turkish Baths

HOTTEST ROOM

The naked General Staff guarded by SPUD'S men. The sweat is pouring off them. SPUD is speaking.

SPUD

[[I'm sorry,]] Gentlemen - the war will soon be over. We agree that it's nice to win the last battle but [[we'd sooner]] [we much prefer to] win the first!

Nobody says a word. He has the grace to look a bit ashamed of himself".

SPUD

You will be kept prisoner in this building until 6 a.m.

FADE OUT:

[[FADE IN:

BIG BEN

The time by Big Ben is 7.00. It is a lovely summer morning.]]

SEQUENCE 118

Exterior: 33 Cadogan Place

We hear Big Ben continuing to strike in the distance. The railing round the private gardens has been removed some time ago.

On a bench is seated GENERAL CLIVE WYNNE-CANDY. He is alone. He sits waiting. The birds are singing in the trees.

A car approaches and stops near the gardens. [[The GENERAL stands up; it is not so simple standing up this morning.]] The car is his own. THEO and JOHNNY are the only occupants.

[[CLIVE crosses the grass and steps into the road over the stumps of the former railings.]]

ANGELA

(To THEO)

It's all right, sir. He's still there.

[[CLIVE

(Looking down at the stumps)]

You couldn't do that either in my time.

(He means step over the vanished railings.)

Hullo, Theo!]]

THEO

Hullo, Clive!

CLIVE

[[Nice of you to come.]] [Hello, Theo. I'm glad you've come.] I couldn't have stood anyone else.

THEO

That's all right.

CLIVE

You heard, I suppose?

THEO

[Yes,] Johnny told me.

CLIVE

And?

THEO

[I think] It was a dirty trick but I can't help finding it a bit funny too.

CLIVE

It is. That's the worst of it.

THEO

What [[will happen - officially]] [do you think is going to happen now]?

CLIVE

[[I suppose]] [Officially] this young [[officer]] [fellow] will be [[court-martialled]] [brought before a court of inquiry] and the Exercise [[will be]] repeated on some other date.

([[With a change of tone.]])

They won't find the Home Guard so easy next time!]]

JOHNNY

(Uneasily)

Will [[he be court-martialled]] [there be an inquiry, sir]?

CLIVE

[[Yes.]] [No, there won't. I'll see to that. Where is he now?]

[[THEO

Will you give evidence?

CLIVE

Have to.]]

JOHNNY

[[What will happen to him?]] [Spud, sir? He's with his men. They're marching into London.]

CLIVE

(Gruffly)

[[He'll be all right.]] [Did you see them?]

THEO

[[When we crossed]] [Yes, we saw them come across] the Cromwell Road [[we saw them coming]]. The whole Army. With bands.

CLIVE

(To ANGELA)

Did you see 'em, Angela?

JOHNNY nods.

CLIVE

(To THEO)

How [[do]] [did] they look? Eh?

THEO

[Well, Clive,] I must say, [[Clive]]
[they]...

JOHNNY

(Simultaneously)

[Oh,] They looked [[grand]] [OK]!

From a great distance we hear the sound of military bands
approaching nearer and nearer.

[[CLIVE points towards]] [They go to] where his house once
stood.

CLIVE

They've cleaned up my place [[quite]]
[rather] nicely.

JOHNNY

(Looks) Oh! They've built an
emergency water [[supply]] [tank]
too!

They all cross the street. There is the low wall, with
'E.W.S.' and the life-belt, so well known to Londoners.
They lean on the wall.

[CLIVE

I've been thinking this over all
night. I don't want to get this young
fellow into trouble. I think I'll
invite him to dinner instead. Wasn't
I just as much of a young fool as he
is? Of course I was.

THEO

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

CLIVE

When I was a young chap, I was all
gas and gaiters with no experience
worth a damn. Now, tons of experience
and nobody thinks I'm any use. I
remember when I got back from Berlin
in '02. Old Betteridge gave me the
worst wiggling I ever had. And when
he invited me to dinner, I didn't
accept - often wish I had. Yes, I
think I will invite him to dinner.

And he'd better accept, d'you know!]

We see the huge tank of deep water where the house once stood.
The band sounds very loud and martial: they all listen.

JOHNNY

[[They're coming this way.]] [Yes,
sir, here they come.]

[Sound of marching.]

[[CLIVE

(Grunts restlessly)

Hm! Better go!

THEO puts his arm round CLIVE.

THEO

Isn't it all the same who's going to
win this war: the old or the new
Army?]]

A little pause. CLIVE stays where he is. The sound of the
band and the rumble of the machines is very close. The morning
wind makes little waves on the tank. Suddenly CLIVE smiles.

[BARBARA'S VOICE

... promise to stay just as you are
until the floods come... and this is
a lake...]

CLIVE

(Slowly)

Now here is the lake - and I still
haven't changed...

(He shakes his head,

his smile grows

broader)

... Hopeless!

[JOHNNY

Sir?]

The music blares out.

Somewhere close by the New Army is passing[[: tanks, guns,
trucks, men, fast-moving... hard-hitting]].

Pan from JOHNNY to THEO and finally CLIVE, who salutes.

DISSOLVE TO:

Tapestry of opening credits.]

FADE OUT:

THE END

