

THE LIFE AND DEATH
OF SPOOK CANDY

Adapted by:

THE LIFE AND DEATH
OF COLONEL BLIMP

Screenplay written by
Michael Powell & Emeric Pressburger

Based on the cartoon character
created by David Low

Pre & Production Draft
June 1942
Contains Revisions using
square brackets [] [1] []

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THE RECONSTRUCTION OF 'BLIMP'

A NOTE ON THE SCRIPT AND FILM

Michael Powell believed that 'Blimp'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 referred 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 Spook Candy (clearly dating from some time in June 1942, when it was hoped this concession would win War Office approval). Subsequent scenes identifying scenes that were to be cut, changed and added indicate that this remained:

* A Life in Movies, p. 407.

The basis of the film's production (and its indication of sequences already cut have been retained). What makes it especially 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 Benji Balaban 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 irritations. Names and titles which were changed in production (such as Molins to Murdoch, Colonel to General, the Balkans to Russia) 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 143 minutes. By the early '70s, the only known versions of comparable length were two original nitrate copies held by the British Film Institute's Feature Film 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 BB television transmission on Sunday Day 1972, quoted BBC sources: 'this is the longest version we could find. But former staff at the original '68 over three hours'. The RIT 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 60s. I am grateful for this and other information about versions to David Mesker, Keeper of Feature Film 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 1941-43 to 1946-47, as belonging to 'Archers-General' and at its original length of 143 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 distributor, 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 140 minutes and the title 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 reviewer, it was stressed, was academic, since the film 'had seen out of circulation for over a year'. By the early 50s, it appeared 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 take 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 1910 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 'recombine' the three prints it now held, making a nitrate viewing copy of some 140 minutes. This was first seen publicly in 1978 at the FIPF 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 1985, billed as allowing the film to be 'seen tonight on television for the first time in its full original version'.

Work continued at the BFA, supervised by Paul de Rugh 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 for a new version of the film by BFI distribution in 1985, after a Dale Gribble edit at the Screen on the Hill on 18 July, attended by Powell and Pressburger. It has been used as the basis for reconstructing 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 Mouch refers to these reports, but claims to his J. Arthur Rank and the British Film Industry (London, 1973) 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: COUSP COMMANDER

TO: ALL UNITS

16:00 HOURS

MESSAGE BEING

EXERCISE BEER-MUG

TIME CAPE DE PARIS

MESSAGE ENDS

10 JUNE

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

(4800 DMI 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 Station and Epsom, a long line of the Green Belt and the arterial roads, giving complete 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 mechanisation and resources of the modern British Army.

EXTERIOURS: DESPATCH RIDERS

A small army of motorcycle despatch riders, several hundred of them, are heading along an arterial road at full speed. As a roundabout they divide into three columns, one going right, another left, the third straight on. We follow the third column.

The bypass ends at a T-junction. The column divides again, one column west, the other east. We follow the eastbound column. The eastbound column divides again, one half going north, 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. There 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 farmhouse.

[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 4th Army Corps.]

SEQUENCE 2

Exterior: H.Q. 'B' Company

'B' Company is a rifle company. [Headquarters is a field, well situated strategically but demerely 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 barn.] 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 hairbrush 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 winces.

S.M.

Message from H.Q., sir.]

SPUD

Read it, [Sgt. Hawkins].

S.M.

[It's in code, sir.]

'Message Reginald Exercise Invasion of London Area by Regular Army, Home Guard defending. War starts at midnight. Message ends.' The C.O.'s got in good! [Well, sir. 'Make it like the real thing.'

SPUD

[Platoon Commander]]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 separately.

SPUD

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

TUCKER

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

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

[[STUFFY

Yeah, sir.]

[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 transfixed.

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 midnight! [We'll] take all the [long-guns and] [snaps and three - no] four [no, three] trucks. Section leaders with compasses. Arm the men with [bombs,] rifles, bayonets. [Fifty rounds of spare, pick handles. I'll need all the officers!]

S.M.

Yeah, sir.

SPUD

Tommy, [from your section] - Rice, Dunscomb, [yes] the Owen, Bobby, Toots and Cochran?

TOMMY

Not Cochran, sir.

SPUD

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

STUFFY

Bill Wall, Mopsy, Popeye, Wizard...

SPUD

Yours Robin?

ROBIN

Frank, Skeets and Duggie Stuart [Ziffy, George and Red Green.]

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 Meta Hart.

STUFFY

Careless talk...

SPUD

Yeah, now screen.]

SEQUENCE 3 OUT

SEQUENCES 4, 5, 6, 7

Exterior and Interior of Spud's Command

Chasing 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 (JOURNEY) appears at the door, unnoticed by the soldiers, and moves stealthily towards her car. They see her.

JOURNEY
Afternoon, Sergeant.

S.M.
(Furled)
Afternoon, Miss.
(Realization dawns.)
Hey!

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

CROGUS
Yeah!

VOICE #1
What about Mea West?

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 battery, 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.
(These 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. Descending 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
Blat that taxi! Steady, keep right on his tail. Second left. We've got her!

EXTERIOR: SANDRAGED ENTRANCE OF ROYAL BATHERS' CLUB
ANGELA pauses for an instant at the club entrance, then rushes in.]]

SEQUENCES 10 & 11

Exterior and Interior: 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.

Yeah! CROGUS
No.3. SPUD
Yeah! CROGUS

SPUD
You have your orders.]]

INTERIOR: CLUB
THE HALL PORTER glances up. [ANGELA is with him, on the telephone. She dives behind his desk when -]

SPUD enters from the street, followed by STUFFY GRAVE, 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 Caldwell and Air Vice-Marshal Ligon-Bugher.

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 damnit all, man - !
[Suddenly changes tone.]
Are you in the Home Guard?

PORTER
[[Are you]]?]]

SPUD
[Low voice]
The password is 'Wave Clitout 1911'.

PORTER
[Salutes]
The General and his staff [[have gone to]] [[are in] the Turkish Bath, 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. The 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 [[cobby-hole]]! [[Get]] or [[answer]] the phone. You're

a prisoner of war.

[LINDSEY
But war starts at midnight.

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

SOT.
Sir!

SPUD
Corporal, follow me. Brute force and
rude ignorance.

CPL.
[To men]
Come on, after him... and double up.

DISSOLVE TO:

[[SEQUENCE 12
Exterior: His Majesty's Theatre
SPUD's command 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 command sweeps up. This is the final objective.
They attack in strength, the trucks emptying like magic, the
Brown Carriers facing three ways along the street, their crews
ready. SPUD is the first out. His quick eye spots the girl.

SPUD
Sergeant-de-jar!

S.M.
Sir?

SPUD
See that girl in the phone-box?

S.M.
Yesire.

SPUD
Mail her in!

S.M.
Yesir. Oes!

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

SPUD
Rice! Winney! Stand guard!

RICE
Sir.

WINNEY
Sir.

SEQUENCES 14 & 15
Interior: Turkish Baths
THE HOTTEST ROOM
Through clouds of steam, half a dozen nude girls figure
scantly 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!] [Hurry! Guard this man.
[He moves off.]
And answer that dam' phone!

WIZARD takes the receiver off, grins, covering the ATTENDANT
with his Tommy-gun magazine. Over the receiver we hear an
excited GIRL's voice. WIZARD plays up.

WIZARD
[Yes, miss.] [Who, miss? General
Wynne-Candy, miss? Don'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!
[Runs back to the
telephone]
Porter! Bullock! Bullock!

WIZARD
Yes, miss.
[He listens]
Sorry, miss, the General's a
prisoner of war.
[Listens]
[Then, miss. You're a prisoner of
war too.] [And so are you.]
[Listens, then suddenly
gets impatient.]
You're BIFF! The bat's over!
[He drops 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 battle dress in the
incongruous setting.
SPUD peers through the steam. [[He sees his final Objective.

SPUD
All right, boys! Surround 'em!]]
The command at once invades the whole room. Some cover the
sneaking 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
[To ATTENDANT]
Oo-i-m-t! Quiet, please. You're all
prisoners. Be away 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 OLIVE WYNNE-CANDY, r.c.m., D.S.O.

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

He is Blimp.
Here is the great face, the sweeping mustaches, the lumpy-
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! BIFF!

SPUD
[Pause.]

SIR!
[GENERAL
[Eyes still closed]
Go away.]

SPUD
General Wynne-Candy!

Do you remember in Kipling's "The White Seal", when the
distinctive NOTICE on his forehead, makes Sea-Catch, the great
Walrus; how Sea-Catch starts awake, banging his neighbour
with his flipper and coughing and spluttering "Oh! How! What?"
Even so wakes General Olive Wynne-Candy.)

GENERAL
Um - What... Who is it?

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

GENERAL
But
[He is still half
asleep.]
What's the matter? [do you want],
sir?

SPUD
Well, sir... I'm afraid, sir...
"Miserable, he is a
General."

GENERAL
Well - say it, man! I've no time to
waste!

SPUD
[Delays and although
very hot begins at
last to enjoy himself]
Oh, yes, you bet, sir!

GENERAL
I beg your pardon, sir?

SPUD
You're got it all right, 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 the
bath.

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-Way, sir. You and
your staff are my prisoners.

ANOTHER GENERAL
[TO CANDY]
I say, Sir, 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
[Evidently trembling,
outwardly brave]
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 - [It'll
have you for this - I'll - I'll GET
OUT OF HERE FOR YOU AND YOUR DAMN OF
ARMY BULLDOG GANGSTER [IT'S HIS NAME,
YOU]! GET OUT!]
He suddenly stops a
little helplessly.

SPUD
[He gets things moving]
[STUFFY! Poppye, guard these Men.]
VESSIR! [STUFFY]
VESSIR! [POPEYE]
VESSIR! [STUFFY]

SPUD
Stuffy, go to the cubicles. Find
which is General Wynne-Candy's.
[There's one! There's a fine! 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
angry]
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 stails 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 and the code,
[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 military,
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 mock 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 Malton - or whatever your
name is, you are not [on a
platform in Hyde Park with an
audience of [larks and] ladders.
[This is General Wynne-Candy, I
am Major-General Wynne-Candy. These
other gentlemen have all seen service,
distinguished service, with the
British Army!]

SPUD
[Undaunted]
Well, sir, I can say to, 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 [like] 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 1918
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, dazed and by heart, motion 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! I'll beat 'em!
[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-freeseers!
[Grunt, about-grunt.]
[You set up to teach me what a
soldier should be shouldn't do -
he gets a bit tangled
up from the foam
- like Venus]
- Pah! Pappy! Gaogter! [I repeat!
Gaogter!]

At this point, SPUD'S retreating feet find air beneath them
and he falls backwards into the pig-pens. 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 - I You laugh at
my moustache, but you don't know why
I grew it! -
His voice grows

(Enter.)
 How do you know what sort of man I
 was - when I was as young as you are
 - forty years ago - forty years ago.
 Ring'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 Brubide's
 great and difficult soprano solo in Wagner's 'Walkure' (sic).
 The music breaks off.
 Then a very real, ordinary young man's voice starts to sing
 (very faint) the Aria, from somewhere nearby.
 This voice belongs to 2ND LIEUTENANT HOWELL.
 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.
 SEQUENCE 16 & 17
 Interior: Turkish Baths (1902)
 THE HOTTEST ROOM
 YOUNG CLIVE CANDY leaves 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 [[Brubide]] (Mignon)
 Aria which he declines with great vigour.
 An answering voice takes up the Aria. The curtains of a
 cubicle part to reveal 2ND LIEUTENANT HOWELL, in a turban,
 singing at the top of his voice. They strike a pose together.]
 A BLIND OF THE PERIOD wakes up furious.
 PERIOD BLIND
 Quiet! People are trying to sleep!
 [[2ND LIEUTENANT HOWELL stops singing and sits bolt upright
 on the slab where he was being possessed by the attendant.
 SUFFY
 Suffy?
 CLIVE CANDY breaks off the Aria abruptly.]]
 CLIVE
 Suffy! My old horse [my antique
 stallion!] Since when are you in
 London?
 By this time they have met.
 SUFFY
 Got back yesterday. Sick leave. I've
 been chasing you all over town.
 (Angrily.)
 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.
 SUFFY
 Jumping Jehosophat! They're both
 there!
 CLIVE
 What the hell did you think I was
 standing on?
 SUFFY
 I thought you had a wooden leg.
 CLIVE
 Why should I have a wooden leg?
 SUFFY
 They told me in Bismarckstein 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.
 SUFFY
 (Peers)
 Can't see a thing. Show whose leg do
 you suppose they really cut off?
 CLIVE
 It's the other one
 (He means the shoulder)
 SUFFY
 (Looking at the leg)
 What do you mean?
 CLIVE
 (Turning, showing angry scar) Here.
 SUFFY
 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.
 SUFFY
 Stayed at Honey Loochin's last night -
 You know he married little Honey
 Thingsmabb?
 CLIVE
 Not
 SUFFY
 Fact! But I found out this morning
 that they spent a photograph. So I
 said to Bursley - by the way, the old
 boy's putting on weight - "Bursley,
 old man, thanks for the dose down
 but photographs are barred!"
 CLIVE
 (Rods solemnly)
 Don't claim you. Serious matter -
 photographs.
 SUFFY
 (Grim)
 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.
 SUFFY
 (During bar rest)
 Moulty pipes, you've got.
 CLIVE
 Moulty? My pipes?
 (He pulls out all the
 stops.)
 INTERCOM: CURTAINS
 PERIOD BLIND tears open his curtain.
 PERIOD BLIND
 (Tells)
 Attendant! Attendant! (Confound it!)
 I'll never get to sleep again. Stop
 that infernal Covent Garden
 CATERMILLING!
 CLIVE
 (Very pleased)
 See! My pipes!
 My shoes!
 CLIVE
 (Shouts)
 Don't go, sir! We're evacuating!
 (Breaks into song.)
 "Cherries so red! Strawberries ripe!
 SUFFY joins in.)
 At home of course they'll be storming.
 (Lining arms.)
 Never mind the abuse!
 (Marching off.)
 You've had the excuse! You've BEEN
 TO COVENT GARDEN IN THE MORNING!
 My shoes!
 PERIOD BLIND'S VOICE
 My shoes!
 2ND BLIND
 Quiet!
 3RD BLIND
 Stop that noise! Attendant!
 PERIOD BLIND
 MY SHOES!!!
 DISSOLVE TO:
 SEQUENCE 18
 Interior: Royal Bathing Club
 ENTRANCE HALL
 The inner doors open and the two friends come marching out
 in the same tempo, very pleased with themselves, in colonial
 smart uniforms, their great-coats over their shoulders, their
 eyes and hands at a dashing angle, looking as if they had
 just stepped out of a bandbox. They adjust their gloves.
 CLIVE
 Call a caddy, porter?
 PORTER
 Yes, sir.
 ((Signals to DOORMAN.))
 SUFFY
 Hanson, mind Grenviers 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
 [Tweez]
 Could have done with a nap myself.

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

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

BOFFY
 Can't you sleep there?

CLIVE
 Invited. Two ladies.

BOFFY
 Can I come along?

CLIVE
 One is the mother.

BOFFY understands.

Heard the sound of clip-clapping, "What's that. The [PORTER]
 [DOORMAN] reappears, shivering and blowing on his hands to warm them.

[DOOR]
 Hanson, gentlemen.]

[DOORMAN
 Your cab, sir.]

But before they can move, the inner doors are flung open again and out strides 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 state when he recognizes them. They remain strictly 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 foreigners! A nice state of things! Officers and men losing their lives in South Africa while young officers are strolling about public places like drunkards -

[A sudden idea strikes him.]
 Perhaps you are drunk.
 [Look down, 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 statues.

PERIOD BLIMP
 Eh? What's this?

CLIVE
 V[ictoria]! G[loria], sir.

PERIOD BLIMP
 Where d'you get it, eh?

CLIVE
 South Africa - [Jordanian Siding], sir. [Windhoek.]

PERIOD BLIMP
 You're Candy, "Sugar" Candy?

CLIVE
 Yes, sir.

PERIOD BLIMP
 Ha! [Beard of you!]
 [Tweez.]
 Good show, Candy.

He holds out his hand. They shake hands.

CLIVE
 Thank you, sir.

He looks at BOFFY.

BOFFY
 [2nd Lieutenant] Rogwell, sir.

PERIOD BLIMP
 Rogwell-Rogwell! [What] Son of Barney Rogwell of the 4th?

BOFFY
 Yes, sir.

PERIOD BLIMP
 [Shake hands]
 Glad to know you, my boy.
 [Turns them.]
 You're very musical! [You two!]

BOFFY
 No, sir.

PERIOD BLIMP
 [To CLIVE]
 And so are you!

CLIVE
 [You mean the Republic Aria, Sir?]
 [O'you mean Wigwag, sir, "I an Titania?"]

PERIOD BLIMP
 [Whether] [How's what?]

CLIVE
 [Republic] [Titania], sir. We two were shut up with her in a kitchen for seven months near Jordan Siding.

PERIOD BLIMP
 [Fogged]
 [Wish Melinda?] [I beg your pardon?]

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

PERIOD BLIMP
 Hahahaha! [Cashed good.]
 [Moves to the door.]
 Well, see you boys going to the [unreadable word]

CLIVE
 Yes, sir.

PERIOD BLIMP
 That's where I'm lying.

EXTERIOR: CLUB STEPS

PERIOD BLIMP
 Can I give you a lift?

CLIVE
 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].

BOFFY
 The old horse thief!

CLIVE
 [Porter] [Boy]! Another hansom!

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

SEQUENCE 13

[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 clip-clapping of immovable hoofs, with occasional snatches of sound, such as a barrel-organ playing "You are my Honey, Honey-suckle". CLIVE sits, snuffed up, contentedly looking at the prospect of the town. BOFFY is apparently looking for something in his pockets.]

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

HOT POT SELLER
 Hot potatoes, sir?

BOFFY
 No, we've just come over for a warm. [The early automobile passes.]

CLIVE
 [To BOFFY]
 You ever ridden in one?

BOFFY
 Rather. All the way to Spain.

CLIVE
 Lovely lines, hasn't she?

BOFFY
 Topping.]

CLIVE
 [Deep breath]
 Same beauty [raw] [delicious] Same [loud steam] [fog] and smelt! Good old London!

BOFFY
 [Looks for something in his pockets]
 Now listen, Rogwell! Remember that interview you gave The Times?

CLIVE
 You don't want to say you read it?

BOFFY

Me! Not that I have a niece[[.She]] -
 [who] has a governess [and the
 governess] [who] has a sister.
 CLIVE
 Freddy?
 HOPPY
 [[I don't know her from Adam.]] Never
 laid eyes on her. But she read it.
 CLIVE
 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. [Dear!]
 CLIVE
 [Concentrates]
 Who do I give it to?
 HOPPY
 Nobody. It's for you. Here it is.
 CLIVE
 [Takes it gingerly]
 Why [she]?
 HOPPY
 [Well, I read it, you big ape].
 You'll [like] it [find out]. It's
 interesting.
 DISSOLVE TO:
 [TEXT OF EDITOR'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 apart, in
 particular, named KAUNITZ who is a LIAR and SCOUNDREL! Now
 this Lieut. Candy would 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.
 Sigel 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: Hansa, Her Majesty's Theatre
 Effect shot of the facade of Her Majesty's Theatre. The
 Hansa bows 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
 top 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 BATTERIDGE'S OFFICE [HIS NAME ON THE DOOR]
 The COLONEL is about fifty, pleasant but very uncompromising
 on questions of army discipline. He detests games in
 conversation. [Another officer, MAJOR FIDDLER, shares his
 office and says little.]
 CLIVE stands before his desk.
 BATTERIDGE
 Sit down!
 CLIVE
 [Sits]
 Thank you, sir.
 BATTERIDGE
 Fire away!
 CLIVE
 Well, sir, I have a friend--
 BATTERIDGE
 Good. But everybody can say that.
 Continue!
 CLIVE
 This friend of mine, sir, has a niece--
 BATTERIDGE
 [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 pretenses to knock
 door, fixes CLIVE,
 backs.]
 One!
 CLIVE
 [Hurtledly]
 A girl wrote it from Berlin, sir.
 Her name is Edith Hunter. She's a
 governess there.
 BATTERIDGE
 [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.
 BATTERIDGE
 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.
 BATTERIDGE
 This Doyle fellow writes the Sherlock
 Holmes stories?
 CLIVE
 Yes, sir, Conan Doyle. You must have
 seen his name.
 BATTERIDGE
 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?
 BATTERIDGE
 Am I not! What did you think of the
 end of the last instalment?
 CLIVE
 Bit of a fiasco for poor old Watson,
 sir.
 BATTERIDGE
 [Laughs and twitches]
 "A lovely evening, my dear Watson. I
 really think you will be more
 comfortable outside than in."
 [Laughs.]
 Sarcastic devil, that [fellow] Holmes.
 I soon 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
 [Enthusiastically]
 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 -
 BATTERIDGE
 That's bad. Good rule to keep out of
 the papers. Still The Times is a bit
 different.
 [MAJOR FIDDLER
 [Murmurs agreement]
 Hum, yes.]
 CLIVE
 Yes, sir, I mentioned in the interview
 the name of a place called Jordan
 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
 Jordan Siding in order to save
 feeding them!
 BATTERIDGE
 Do you know this fellow Kaunitz?
 CLIVE
 Of course, sir. He's the most awful
 little [lunk] [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.
 BATTERIDGE
 I see. Now what do you want me to
 do?
 CLIVE
 [Enthusiastically]

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

RETTERIDGE
[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!

RETTERIDGE
[Standing up]
Juvenile nonsense, my lad!

CLIVE
[As once standing also]
Sorry, sir!

RETTERIDGE
That's right Gandy. Never go off at half-past six, my boy. Keep your mouth shut. Avoid politicians, like the plague. That's the way to get on in the Army.

CLIVE
Yes, sir.!!

RETTERIDGE
You were [ignores Clive] [sent home] in order to recuperate. Your country needs you. Play golf!

CLIVE
Yes, sir.

RETTERIDGE
What's your golf?

CLIVE
About ten, sir.

RETTERIDGE
[Satisfied]
Care for a game?

CLIVE
Sorry, sir. I'm booked by Lady Gilpin to Lancashire. Start tomorrow.

RETTERIDGE
Well, enjoy yourself.

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

RETTERIDGE
By-the-way [thinks twice] - this author chap.

CLIVE
Author chap?

RETTERIDGE
This fellow who wrote The Hound of the Baskervilles -

CLIVE
[Yes, sir?] Conan Doyle.

RETTERIDGE
[Then.] The bitch he happens to ask him, by any chance, what happens in the next instalment?

MAJOR PLIMLEY
[To his caller]
Just a moment.

CLIVE
Yes, sir. There's another murder!

RETTERIDGE
[Very concerned]
Not the Baronet?

CLIVE
No, sir. The Baronet is safe.

RETTERIDGE
[Believed]
[Good.] I'm glad -

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

CORRIDOR

FIRST PASSER-BY
Warm for January.

SECOND PASSER-BY
Damn cold! I call it.

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

RETTERIDGE
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 nervous. 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!"

What?

HOPPY
CLIVE
[Same tone]
"You'll be more comfortable outside than in"

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

CLIVE
[Sourfaced]
"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 tickets.]
Here! Box A, Her Majesty's Theatre, "The Last of the Beatles". Introduce yourself to Lady Gilpin - tell them I had to go on [secret service] [some secret mission] - make me out a sympathetic 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
[If 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. Firstly in 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

INSET: a primitive coloured postcard of the Wilhelmplatz. CLIVE'S pen marks an X where the Kaiserhof Hotel stands on the corner of the Mûhlenstrasse.

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 whispering: "You are my Honey, Honeybun, I am the Best"

INSET: 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.

INSET: CLIVE'S emergency list.

CLIVE
(Reading from list,
in awful German,
very loud)
Cunnen see hairin!
The door opens. A PAGE comes in with a saiver and a card.

PAGE
Das Frllein wartet im kleinen Salon.

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

PAGE
Jauch! - im kleinen Salon - Aiein!
(Gestures with hand
to show "klein" means
"little")
Klein - Salon!
CUT TO:]]

SEQUENCE 24
Royal Barbers' Club

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

HOPPY
Morning, Freddy. Did you send those
flowers?

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

HOPPY
From Mr Candy, ha.

FREDDY
How is Mr Candy?

HOPPY
Read it for yourself,
(He rushes off.)

FREDDY reads.

INSET: "My dear Watson, have outspanned at Kaiserhof Hotel,
Oberlick Rules."

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] [gazing impatiently]. She is very neat and
well, though not extravagantly dressed. She is what was known
in 1912 as a "New Woman"; which meant that she intended to
live her own life and know her own mind. She has character
to back it up; and brains. The tenderness 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, bails abruptly at the
foot of the stairs, glances sharply but with secret approval
at his own figure in a full-length mirror and continues
with equal impetuosity into the little salon.]

PAGE
(To CLIVE)
Das ist die Dame im 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
(Starts)
Do you... can you possibly mean that
you have come solely on account of
my letter?

CLIVE
Well - naturally.

EDITH
(She is rather
overwhelmed.)

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

EDITH
(Recovering)
No. Of course not.

CLIVE
Well... (She still stares,
forgetting her
name.)
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 wait on you.

EDITH
I have changed my address.

CLIVE
Indeed?

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

CLIVE
No.

EDITH
(Bods)
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
(Bods again, very
shyly)
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
(Starts)
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 Zanetti. 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 Stammbuch - it means
they have a table regularly reserved
for them there... a kind of...

CLIVE
(Not interested in
the niceties of

(translation, cuts to)
 Do you know any of his friends, Miss Hunter?
 EDITH
 (A little put out)
 Yes, yes. A student, the brother of my employer
 (She smiles ruefully)
 My ex-employer. He is a Durachenschafter. Do you know what "Durachenschafter" are?
 CLIVE
 (This girl is a bit of a blue-stocking.)
 ("My, 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. Certain 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 shocked) He begins to think EDITH a horrid girl!
 Ah - yes - of course he was. (Pause.)
 Well, what about this case? Can you take me there tonight?
 EDITH
 Do you wish me to accompany you?
 CLIVE
 Well, of course.
 EDITH
 (Pines)
 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 post-locking but over-assertive young man. She smiles sympathetically)
 [[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 smaller 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-board) 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 initialing). He contrives to make the simple action look pretentious 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 has been a very junior contemporary of his at Harrow. He is impressed, as was intended, by his boss'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
 (Pleadingly)
 Mr Fitzroy?
 BABY-FACE
 All right, Yenniny, I'm coming...
 YENNING takes 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 that.
 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)
 Fifty 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 ...
 EN?
 BABY-FACE
 ... dwaleped on all sides.
 CLIVE
 Oh! You mean that crowd in the waiting room?
 YENNING:
 (Fasting out)
 Five past, Mr Fitzroy.
 (Fasting out.)
 BABY-FACE:
 All right, Yenniny.
 (To CLIVE)
 Well, they'll have to wait that's all. I'll call Yenniny 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 Fasutti.
 BABY-FACE:
 (Frustrated, stamp in air)
 Kuntzil! Kuntzil! he?
 CLIVE
 Don't you ever read the papers, man?
 BABY-FACE
 We have a Press Attache who ...
 CLIVE
 (Getting wiser)
 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 me 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 Supple, don't get so excited...

CLIVE
(Parade voice)
That's off! 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 deck, he is wearing a pair of heavy lined knickerbockers. CLIVE stares then deliberately walks round and inspects him. It is further revealed that he has thick stockings and heavy boots with spats 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 Nicker Sports' Club?

BABY-FACE
(Caught bedding)
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 CLIVE is still furious. He leans over the desk to within a few inches of the startled young man's face.

CLIVE
(Fretfully)
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 - BANG! 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, Venning. 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 a awful scandal! Gosh now, look! Stop him! Venning! Stop him!

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

BABY-FACE
(Wails)
Oh, damn these skates!

CLIVE
DISOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 23

Interior: British Embassy, Berlin

OFFICE OF SECOND SECRETARY

The time is about half an hour later. The SECOND SECRETARY is a diplomat de carrière, 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)
Yes there are one or two things you may not know. (It is a charming smile.) First there is the "Alldeutsches 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 campaign is in party-politics - a ruse for the benefit of this Alldeutsches 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. I shall tell 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. (Expressively.) The Prince of Wales is coming to Berlin.

CLIVE
(Surprised)
Not 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 agreement of friendship between the two countries. (He smiles knowingly.) 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 Sir Gandy, 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. Filly, it's an excellent train. But you can take it tomorrow.

(To BABY-FACE)
Why don't you show Candy the train 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 un diplomatic 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.) Expectations about you know. 'Tis

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 passes 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 Bohemoliers, 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 entry street
outside. It is still snowing. The Porter outside carries a
huge, open umbrella.

The persons of the Cafe are mostly from the middle class and
upwards. Students are there in their coloured caps (each
student organisation has a different cap); artists, officers,
one or two parties of society people, ordinary townpeople
with their families, all sorts. They eat and drink glasses
of hot punch and cups of beer are the favourite 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 violins and four violas;
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 habitués 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 far, close to the orchestra on the upper floor,
sit EDITH and CLIVE. They are drinking punch and eating cakes.
The table-top is like a little lattice cover 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
[[173]] [[9]]...It is a song-all the
rage just now: 'The Mill...'. The
Mill Went Round and Round', Mr Candy.

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

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. He 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 my '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 hell for
you too.] Apparently it's a matter
for careful diplomacy. You can see
what they mean.

EDITH
[Fiatly]
Yes, of course.

CLIVE
I know nothing about politics,[[
rather few off the handle, I'm
afraid... 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. Do have you joined
the Army since London.

CLIVE
[Cazed]
[[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 five 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 Ailinderacher
Verband - that's politics, isn't it?

EDITH
Not for moment 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
nationalists towards the Ruhr 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
[Sententiously]
Quite so!

EDITH
[Sparkle in her eye]
Why?

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

CLIVE fumbles.

EDITH
(Answering herself)
She can get married.

CLIVE
(Believed)
I was just going to --

EDITH
But suppose she doesn't want to 'get married'?

(She pronounces the two words with delicate scorn.)
The one to 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 [[remember]] [[warn]] that in South Africa, Mr Candy? My brothers are good manners men as Messengers, Stomberg and Colenso, six thousand men killed, twenty thousand wounded and two years of war when, with a little common sense and good 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 spectators).

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

CLIVE
Well, I'll be surprised!

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 takes to go.)

EDITH
(Rises)
Harry will remember this as the great Retreat from the Cafe Schenkerlian.

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 [1139] [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 [[Mignon the Brahmside Aria]] [Mignon, 'I'm Titi's'] 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 [1139] [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, the waiter brings 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 [1139] [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 photograph. 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 hand is up too)
Not with money! [Beer]!
(To the waiter)
Bier für 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 waiters/lifers in the ear of the conductor, who looks puzzled. The waiter gestures 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!]] [[Sound 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 [[Mignon]] [[Mignon]] fans. The conductor, who was distinctly 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 stares 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 cat and runs up the stairs to stop it himself. His table applauds 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 rival, 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 goodbalance.

CLIVE
Hallo, 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 sei!
('This is too good to be true.')]]]

[[Das ist ja eine schone Ueberraschung.
Nerv 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 presence of his long address the crowd def.

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 is one of vigour and the blow only hurts his own hand. This makes his livid with anger. Never ceasing to struggle in CLIVE'S iron grip CLIVE now holds him helpless by both arms he about for help.

KAUNITZ
Kameraden!

His friends below, joined by others, are already surging towards the stairs.

SHOUTS
Durchlassen!
('Come on.')

Platzmachen. Durch!
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 murderers! -
He spits in CLIVE'S face.

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

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

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

Four friends of KAUNITZ, peering and indignant, bar their way in this officer, two students, an ordinary citizen. The latter crosses to KAUNITZ and, with help, gets the unconscious man on to a chair.

CIVILIAN
(to STUDENT)
Raus! Raus hier, Bana!
('Quick! Give me a hand here!')

ULAN
(to CLIVE)
Sie werden darf Rechenschaft geben,
sie Pregel!
('You will have to give satisfaction for this, you infame!')

CLIVE
(Getting the time all right, to EDITH)
Please tell him that it's his fault--
(Deposits to KAUNITZ)
-he started it!

1ST STUDENT
(Surprised)
Engländer!

ULAN
(Shocked)
Unschick!
('Unheard of!')

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

MANAGER
Meine Herren! Bitte keinen Skandal!
Bitte, nehmen Sie Ihre Platte mit!
('Gentlemen! Please, do yourself! Please return to your tables!')

2ND STUDENT
(to MANAGER)
Eine Schande! Sie duiden englische
Schweine in Ihren Lokal!
('Sounds you're! Allow me English pigs into your cafe!')

EDITH
(Getting wiser)
Wir haben gar nichts gemacht!
('We haven't done anything!')

1ST STUDENT
(Rudely)
Wir haben nichts mit Ihnen zu tun,
Freunde!
(' 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 [[heal]]! [[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!
CROGUS
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.
CROGUS
Was sagt er?
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!
CROGUS
Was sagt er?
[German anger continues, untranslated.]

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 33

Interior: British Embassy, Berlin

CORRIDOR

Two pairs of jackboots, wonderfully polished, snooty 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 moan.

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

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

LIT ULAN

von Ritter!

2ND ULAN

von Schobbers!

BABY-FACE

(Mutters)

- er - Fitzroy -

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

VON SCHOBBER

Kann ich mit Ihnen Deutsch sprechen?

BABY-FACE

[[[Mutterly]]]]
Ich kann nicht - very sorry - no!!

(Matrlich.)

VON RITTER

(Smiles)

[[[I speak a very little English.]]]]

(Smiling on British territory, shall we speak English?)

BABY-FACE

[[[Oh, good!]]]] (Sighs he.) Can I help you, gentlemen? Won't you sit down?

Thank you.

VON RITTER

The two officers sit.

VON RITTER

We wish some information about a comrade 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]]]]

[[[narrow]]]] 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 SCHOBBER)

Ausgesprochen! Er ist ein Offizier!

VON SCHOBBER

(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 ambulating down with a dispatch-box.

BABY-FACE shoots out of his office across the corridor into the office opposite. As soon as he recognises almost sleeping MAJOR GOODHEAD, the Military Attaché, whom he propels into his own office to meet the two Ulans.

He himself pronounces on VENNING, who is now seen at hand.

BABY-FACE

Yessing! 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 shouts out followed by MR FITZROY very annoyed and bawling.

BABY-FACE
I told you to hurry, Yening! Now don't argue, GO AT ONCE!

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

YENNING really gets under way.

Behind his 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 ATTACHE 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 salient 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
(Glances at CLIVE.)
[[The Second regiment of Ulanes 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 Alldeutscher Verband with Kauntz--

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]] [[Unsubtly]], sir.

1ST SECRETARY
(Rods, then to MAJOR GOODHEAD)
Major Goodhead, surely it's not supposed that Lieutenant Candy should fight the whole officers Corps?

GOODHEAD
(Stiffly)
They are having 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
(Specifically)
Military 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, 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 so!

BABY-FACE
(Gets to 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 Code'). It is the famous:

EMER-CODEX
(Code of Honour')
L. SARGASSETT:
BESSETT UND UNSEREN GEBRAUCHEN ANGEFASST
VON
(Translated and for our own purpose adapted by')
GUSTAV RISTON

The time is later on, the afternoon of the same day. It is a Conference of Germans. Those of the Englishmen are the SECOND SECRETARY and the MILITARY ATTACHE. Those of the German: VON RITTER and VON REHMANN. (The latter, who is a Lieutenant (Captain), is an older officer in the same Regiment of Ulanes, 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 REHMANN is jolly, VON RITTER is affable.

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

VON RITTER
(To VON REHMANN)
May I have the Code, Herr Rittmeister? This is our famous 'Brown Code', Major Goodhead, the 'Code of Honour' observed by all gallants. We thought you might not be familiar with it.

GOODHEAD
(Sivily)
Thank you. I shall study it with attention.

VON RITTER
We have permission to offer for the title of the duel the gymnasium at the barracks of our Regiment.

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

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 REHMANN
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)
I suggest the Military Attach, [[of]]
(To the Swedish [[Embassy]])
[[Captain]].

The two Germans confer solemnly in a whisper.

VON REHMANN
We agree. His name?

GOODHEAD
Colonel Bary.

VON REHMANN
(Writing)
Colonel Bary.

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)

VON RITTER reaches for the "Brown Codes" and, opening it at para. 13 7, points to it.

VON RIGMAN
You know, of course, that the sabre must not exceed the maximum weight of 40 Ounces?

VON RIGMAN passes the book to the 2ND SECRETARY, who reads it gravely.

GOODHEAD
(Reading aloud)
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
Add 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?

2ND SECRETARY swallows again.

GOODHEAD
(Curtly)
Shirt-sleeves.
(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 RIGMAN.

VON RITTER
Between ourselves. That does not really approve of duels.

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

VON RITTER
(Very seriously and shaking 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 RIGMAN
[[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 Ulan.

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

VON RITTER picks up the "Brown Codes".

VON RITTER
The "Code of Honor" 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 Germans: VON RIGMAN is still supervising it with COLONEL BORG.

CLIVE CANTY enters, accompanied by the 1ST 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)
Sleep 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 smirks back good-humoredly.

CLIVE
(Surveying his party with humor)
Why wasn't I allowed any breakfast?

GOODHEAD
(Producing the "Code")
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 grandfather asks "Grandpa! Have you ever met 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

Attack. He is going to lead the combat.

(Introduction.)
Colonel Borg - [[Lieutenant]] [Mr] Candy.

COL. BORG
(Bows)
I must of course use German expressions. I shall say 'halt' for 'stop' and 'halt' for 'stop'. Can you remember these two words?

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

COL. BORG
(Stolidly)
That is true, because me.
(He bows again and goes.)

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

CLIVE
Seven o'clock.
(Looks towards entrance.)
The Frenchman-Schindler 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 "old line" have entered. The officer slightly in the lead of the other two is THEO KRATZBERG-SCHULGROFF. He walks warily, 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 apartment and the reach of their heavy greatcoats, flaked 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 BITTER and VON SEIDMANN with the German Army Surgeon and with COLONEL BORG. He looks a tall, unobscure figure in his slightly fantastic uniform, he has, as yet, no personality beyond being the chosen representative of eighty-two serious-minded indignant Wehr officers.

Formalities done, THEO at once starts to remove greatcoat, jacket and trousers. 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 shirt-sleeves. He looks wistfully at the other group.

CLIVE
I wish I'd brought my uniform!

GOODHEAD
(Searches, then remarks)
How are you with a sabre?

CLIVE
(Oh, I don't know.) I know which end to hold.

GOODHEAD
We draw like 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
(Bows)
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 2ND SECRETARY and MAJOR GOODHEAD keep their fingers crossed. CLIVE and COLONEL BORG march solemnly together until he stops CLIVE with a gesture in his hair 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 3 0, 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 before the opponents, reads aloud, first German, then English.

COL. BORG
(Reads)
Ich werde jetzt das Protokoll vorlesen - I shall read now the Protocol.
(Pauses)
A) Sie dürfen den Kampf nur auf das Kommando 'Los' beginnen. You will start only at the command 'halt'!
(Pauses)
B) Sie müssen den Kampf auf das von dem Gegner gegebene Kommando 'Halt' unterbrechen - You must stop the combat if you hear the command 'halt' whenever you say it.
(Pauses)
C) Sobald Sie sich verwundet fühlen, Sie haben den Kampf sofort einzustellen und durch rufartig-klingenden die Distanz anzunehmen, auch wenn nicht 'Halt' kommandiert wird - if you feel to be wounded you must stop the combat and by ringing back you must regain position at the original distance even if no 'halt' has been commanded.
(Pauses)
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
Sekundanten, bitte!

They step forward, VON BITTER 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
Fechstellung 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 AHEAD, 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 CONTINUES. IT SWEEPS AHEAD from the fighters and BEGS 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 33

Exterior: Barracks, Berlin

Show 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 sentryboxes at the gates.

In the foreground appears a waiting carriage, the horses and coachmen wraped 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, huddled 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:
(Ruminating)
He was in such a funk - this chap - that he couldn't even lift his arm. His doctors tried to lift it for him but as soon as they let go down it dropped like a railroad signal. Best I can remember 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 selfish man I have ever met! And if anything happens to him - I will blow up [the] [your] Embassy!

BABY-FACE
I say!
(Stares.)
[I] don't know, I really believe you would! Are you [an] anarchist [sic]? [I] suppose Miss Hunter?

EDITH
[Not yet!] [Lower voice] But if anything should happen to Mr Candy -

BABY-FACE
(Comprehending)
Oh! You mean Soppie! I was talking about the German Captain. Why Soppie Candy won the Shield at school two years running. Nothing can happen to him. Old Soppie's never - the suddenly stops speaking.)

EDITH is not listening. She is staring towards the gate of the barracks, horror-struck.

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

MR FITZROY turns sharply and follows her glance.

The gate has just been opened. An ambulance-wagon comes chugging 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 door 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 Hippelstrasse, 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 acquaintances 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, WALTER 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, [I say!] [Follows] 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 doctor 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 politeness)
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! I'my 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
(Energically)
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 herself.]
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?

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

EDITH
Glass splinters? Oh! Yes.

MURSE K
It is a common accident in our winter.

EDITH
(Playing for time)
It must be.

MURSE K
The snow freezes on the boot, the wax runs down the side, the little piece of slippery ice lies in wait for the hurrying foot and - FRAY!

EDITH nods, breathless.

MURSE 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 Sops)
No. Indeed.

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

EDITH
It is quite a coincidence.

MURSE 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.

MURSE K
If you talk to her, please to shout. (She goes but turns at the door, beams mysteriously.)
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)
Fiancée?

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, appearing 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-looking stuffed animals to your Club as well.

F.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
(Rods)
Hunting accident?

CLIVE nods.

EDITH
Do you know that Oberleutnant Kevetchner-Schulzgerf 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. MURSE KONIG comes in with a tray of chocolate and cake.

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

EDITH
When can he have visitors?

MURSE K
Wednesday is Visitors' Day, Miss Hunter.

EDITH
Every Wednesday?

MURSE 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 any visitors besides yourself, Miss Hunter?

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

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 41
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 Grens of the Guard appears. Confronted by their fine appearance and of the sensation they are causing, they cross the hall in a wild body making a good deal of noise.

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

GIRL
Utahes! [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".

GISEL
Das sind ja Ausländer!
(They are foreigners.)

EDITH
Wir müssen gehen, Elisabeth!
'We must go.'
Elisabeth!

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, mein Herr.

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.

GISEL
Was können sie Klaus sein?
(What can they be?)

ESCORT
Keine Ahnung.
'No idea.'

EDITH
Engländer.
'English.'

GISEL
Danke [[nichts]] [[Freudein]]!

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 cigarettes and pipe-stumps. 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 washing 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 König!

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 dragons]] gave you the idea!

CLIVE
(Astounded and admiring)
You always find me out!

EDITH
I saw [[him]] [[them]] cross the vestibule, preceded by [[him]] [[their]] moustaches. [[Your supporters]] [[They]] nearly caused a diplomatic incident at the door, they collided with a party of Germans 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 war!

CLIVE
That's just one of the points where we differ - my dear Nurse [[König]]
[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 [[König]]! [Erna]! [[König]]
[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 his gravely, gives judgment)
You are of the moustache-type.

CLIVE
(Triumphantly)
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.
(Casually.)
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]] [He] don't want [[you]] to get bored.

NURSE K
The Read Nurse is finding a suitable couple for you to play with [later 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'm 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 player. 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 count! (Here figures.
That makes 35,000 I owe you. [Toss
you.] Double or quit!

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
[Discovered!]
Heads it is! We're quits!

EDITH sighs. CLIVE smiles. She smiles back. They have not
been so intimate before. Not so alone.

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

CLIVE
[In exasperating German]
Ich liebe Sie, Nurse Kna.

EDITH
You are an angel, Nurse Kna.

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 Ulan.

CLIVE stares. It is THEO KRETSCHMAN-SCHULDOFF. 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
chattering.

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 founded 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 KALITZHEVA, 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]
Oberstleutnant Kretschmar-Schuldorff -
Miss Hunter - Mr Candy - Frau von
Kalitzeck. Ich hoffe Sie werden sich
amustieren!
'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
[Drinks]
Yes, it's new!

HEAD NURSE
[To THEO]
Ich bin' 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, then?

THEO
Very much.

FRAU V. K
He [[seems 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 speaks German!

THEO
[To EDITH]
Wirklich?
[Smally?]

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 excites you because a German officer
knows about war only from the
newspaper?

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
Part?

THEO
(Politely towards EDITH)
Miss Hunter?

CLIVE
She and I, we drink Kirchwater.
(He means Kirchwasser and shows the bottle.)

THEO
(Corrects him)
Kirchwasser.

CLIVE
Yes - Kirchwater. Do you like it?

THEO
Very much.

CLIVE pours drinks.

FRAU V. K
Let me help you.
(She jokes CLIVE.)
Do you know Berlin, Mr Candy?

CLIVE
The Hotel Kaiserhof, the British Embassy, the Cafe Rosenrotter, and the gymnasium of the barracks of the Second Street!

FRAU V. K
I hope we shall be able to show you more than that.
(She smiles at him.)
Do you like the Great 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, Fräulein?
Frasien!
("Do you like sports?")

EDITH
(Shakes head)
Ich bin nicht talentiert für Sports.

THEO
(Lifting glass)
Frasien!

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

CLIVE
[[Draw]] [[Out]] 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 sind schön. THEO: Grossartig!
("Facilitant.")
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:

INSET: the bill of the ERHOLUNGSEHEIM 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 ...]

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

BABY-FACE
(Approachively)
[[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.

THE SECRETARY
[[Yes,]] Will you kindly explain [[Mr Fitzroy,]] what the damn bill line 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]] [wise] to do at Stolpchensee in winter -

THE 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 narrow blazer.

THE 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.

THE SECRETARY
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.

THE SECRETARY
But not at our expense, I hope?

BABY-FACE
[[Oh,]] (Good heavens) no, sir. She was going anyway [[you remember]].

THE SECRETARY
(Crosses, then remembers)
Well, so was Candy for that matter!
EH?

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

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

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

THE SECRETARY
Mr Fitzroy?

BABY-FACE
Sir?]]

THE 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 set! These belong to Theo. Put them with the alarm-clock.

EDITH does so.]

CLIVE
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
[[Theater]]
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 moaning about!

EDITH
(Tearfully and angrily)
I'm not moaning 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 Kalleneck 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. Should 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! [He'll go till] 'The Mercury' [Theatre] - 'The Last of the Dandies' - they say it's [as] 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 'The Mercury's Theatre' - called 'Edith' -

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

EDITH
(Holding 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. Gilt are strange and anyway there will be lots of time to find out what's wrong. He looks ruefully at the books, which were 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 Edith.
(The [Ediths])
[Miss] Aria is
[written] outside.
So Clive Candy's name will always
live in a corner at Stolpchenase!
(Changes tone.)
But I must write my name in them.
(He hears the whistle.)
Hallo, 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.
(He THEO comes through.)
My old Stolpchenase!

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

THEO
No ist Edith?

CLIVE
Packing.

THEO
(Surprised)
Packing?

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

THEO
Eine week - of two.
(Shakes sign with fingers.)

CLIVE
Edith?

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!

THEO
Ich mussen call at Embassy, old man - get my ticket each 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
(Wain.) Not now.

CLIVE
All right, what the blasen is up with everybody?

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

CLIVE
Of course we're friends!

THEO
[I]Very sorry, but you and I! [Me] must done again!

CLIVE
(Stares)
Whose's your dictionary, old chap? You must have got two pages stuck together!

THEO
(Smiling)
I - love - you -
(He tries to find the word 'fiancee' but can't.)
Tweufall Your - Miss Hunter -

CLIVE
(Can't believe his ears)
Say that again!

THEO
I - love - you - Miss Hunter!

CLIVE
You're cuckoo!

THEO
(Still smiling)
[Ich] [du, Ich sein 'cuckoo', you 'cuckoo'! Because Miss Hunter love me!

CLIVE stares. Gets up. Examines THEO again. THEO nods. CLIVE nodding replies.

CLIVE
Congratulations!
(He grabs THEO'S hand.)
When did it happen? Why don't I know about it?

THEO
(Still smiling)
No don't!

CLIVE

Don't! -
 (Thumps chest.)
 Iah! 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!
 (Checks glasses.)
 Lovely girl! Sweet girl!
 (They drink.)
 But not my fiancée!
 THEO
 [[(Thoughtfully) So]] (Bottoms up!)
 The door opens. NURSE KÖNIG comes in. She evidently knows or
 has guessed the whole situation.
 CLIVE
 Here a drink, Nurse König! 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.
 Edith! [CLIVE (O.S.)]
 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 finest Double Dutch.
 THEO
 (Proudly)
 I told.
 TO EDITH
 Das einzige Wort ich konnte nicht
 finden war "Fiancée".
 They all dissolve in laughter. CLIVE hands round drinks.
 CLIVE
 A toast! This to the happiness of my
 fiancée who was never my fiancée and
 of the man who tried to kill me before
 he was introduced to me. Prost!
 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
 How look here, you son of a gun! You
 won't understand a word of what I'm
 going to say - but I come to Berlin
 to find a rat and found two of the
 grandest people I ever met. It's 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 Scipionenses! I shall
 lead the Army down Unter den Linden!
 and we'll -
 [[EDITH
 (Laughing)
 Stop! Kameee!]]
 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 Sequence 21-23
 BETTERIDGE (O.S.)
 I hope it's taught you a damn good
 lesson, Clive.
 How 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,
 you 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 getting up a pretty
 good show. You got bargined 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 hair-
 comb. 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 *Ulysses*, 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 to hollow Hell is
heard; whose act is lightning after
thunder-wind; A moon's moon! - 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 Troyland.

ZEUS
What wouldst thou?

ATHENE
This! That he at the last may view
the smoke of his own fire c' ruling
Iliad.

ZEUS
Where hides 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
wait 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 hush)
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 utters a wail
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?]
[Murders will never cease.]

SYBIL
What, Lieutenant Candy?

CLIVE
(Indicating girl with
Hoppy)
Sybil! Sybil! Sit out without her mother!
[And with Hoppy too.]

SYBIL
Oh, didn't you know Mr Candy?
They are married!

CLIVE
Hoppy! Sybil!

SYBIL
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 bore matchmaker.]

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 50

Interior: 33 Cadogan Place

HALL

A brick tatter with the front door knocker is bringing PEBBLE to the door with dignified haste. PEBBLE is the Head Pageboy 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
[Bever 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 realises his intention. FERRIE passes up the stairs smiling.
AUNT M.
Did you hear me, nephew? Go to your
chamber!
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-rugby 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. (Debits, do stop frowning like an
old hen and go to your bed.
FERRIE
Good night, Master Clive.
CLIVE
Good night.
FERRIE leaves.]
AUNT M.
(Now, I even money that some
catastrophe has brought you here!)
CLIVE
You're on.
AUNT M.
Debit?
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 Hopsy 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'll be bound
to! I'll bet Hopsy one day. (Come
along! I want to show you your den.)
CLIVE
(Judicially)
Hopsy could give her a couple of
stones.
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!] [listens], Clive. I
have eighteen rooms here, a home-
like staff waiting 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:
whatever 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 such
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
supplanted lion.
Music starts to play. The walls become covered with trophies
from all parts of the British Empire: Trophies: Shinocorum,
Soye, Lion, Tiger, Indian Elephant, Sambar, Gargon, Babover,
Crocoidia; Plates: British East Africa, Sudan, Rhodesia,
Nyasaland, Upper Burma, United Provinces, St Helena, East-
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: "SEM. FLAUNESS, 1918."
THE KHAKI SEQUENCE
The principal reason for this plot for making the picture
in colour is because colour is more successful in evoking
period which, although some time ago, is still fresh in the
memories of many people. We can claim, of course, the first
victories of the General's Staff in the Turkish Baths and the
General's Bad Tubs, 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. 1912 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 drab 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 of brownness and as drab 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 ROODEE (Acting Brigadier) CLIVE CANDY. He is now a man of forty-two, many ribbons on his chest. His movements are 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, (MULLINE) MURDOCH, is also his batman. He is about the GENERAL'S age; not much more.

The landscape, the sky, the car, the men and their mud-stained uniforms are all one pervasive scheme of khaki. The only spots, of colour are the GENERAL'S Red Tails.

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

(Muttering)
The question is whether that is the Church with the double tower, or the "Estaminet du Post"

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

Can't 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

Er! Got a scent?

MURDOCH

Yes, sir. (Sniffs again.) That's our road. I can smell the two Jerries the Dogger's glasses.

CLIVE

For 'ard then!

MURDOCH

Harkaway, sir!

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 53

Somewhere in Flanders

EXTENSION: ESTAMINET DU POST

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

Learned from the English in the Boer War, sir.

CLIVE

(Chuckles)
Where d'you get 'em?

VAN ZIJL

Off Jerris! A lot 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 Post

382

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 fifty odd troops 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-Croix. 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 stragp.

CLIVE

Right. Will someone look after Murdoch?

VAN ZIJL

Hobby! 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.

GRUBBS

Thank you, sir!

CLIVE goes across. VAN ZIJL follows, calling over his shoulder!

VAN ZIJL

Paddy! I'll [[ackle]] [see] the prisoners again presently.

SEQUENCE 55

Interior: Estaminet du Post

383

EXTENSION

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

Ulan. The Second Regiment. That's all I've got out of them so far.

CLIVE

The Second Regiment of Ulan? I'd like to question them.

VAN ZIJL

(Secretly unwilling)
Certainly, sir.

(Goes to passage, 'mils.)

Paddy? Bring in the prisoners.

Yes, sir.

CLIVE

Any officers 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 Maney.

CLIVE

How the blazes did they get to know

about that?

VAN IJL:
They took one of our patrol prisoners
day before yesterday.

CLIVE
(Stares)
Are you suggesting our fellows talked?

VAN IJL:
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
IJL watches him, half affectionately. The slim, dark South
African is a contrast to the stolid 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 foot 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 IJL has unfolded the paper, which is printed in German.

[VAN IJL:
This bears you out, sir.

CLIVE:
What?

VAN IJL:
It was on one of the prisoners.

CLIVE
Let me see it.

VAN IJL:
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 some of the colourful appearance
of the Dons of 1902. All the same they are defiant although
not arrogant, as most 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
candies 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 IJL reads aloud from the German
paper to the GENERAL.

VAN IJL:
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
Mannschaft -
(He searches for the
word.)
Our morale is broken. All is lost,
you will have fought and suffered in
vain and the homeland will bear 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 IJL:
(Sneaks)
"Have you heard the British say that
Germany has failed? Is this to be
Mein und abernach's mein!
(He rocks the style.)
Thus far they have seen only German
fences, shall they now see only our
backs? Stand, or the Fatherland is
doomed and you with her!"

CLIVE
(Thoughtfully)
There's a funder that the Kaiser
abdicated yesterday.

VAN IJL:
Again, sir?

CLIVE smiles and walks over to the line of prisoners. They
have heard VAN IJL 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 Ewetschmar-
Schuldorff?

No answer.

CLIVE
Don't play dead! He was an Oberst in
your Regiment the last time I heard
of him - Oberst Ewetschmar-Schuldorff,
Second Regiment of Ulanen!

No answer.

CLIVE
Which of you can speak English?

No answer.

VAN IJL bursts out, addressing one of them:

VAN IJL:
You! You speak 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
(Blasts)
Don't lie!

PRISONER:
I don't know.

VAN IJL'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
CANDY comes in.

FADY:
All right to go now, sir. Your car's
waiting.

VAN IJL:
Won't you stay for dinner, sir?

CLIVE
What have you got?

VAN IJL:
Macaroni. We found it in the cellar.

CLIVE
Beastly stuff!

VAN IJL:
And the usual corned-horse.

CLIVE
Thanks. I'll take my chance in Duppis.
Pity I've got to go. I'd like another
[try] [shot] at those prisoners.

VAN IJL:
(Shepherding him)
I've got the idea, sir. I'll tackle
them for you.

CLIVE
Right! Make your report to Brigade.

[VAN IJL:
Very good, sir.]

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 56
Somewhere in Flanders

EXTENSION: ESTABLISH SH SHUT
[Tvery 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 Metal to
Flanders! Don't you, Van Ijil?

VAN IJL:
I have seen nights like this on
Commando, General, even in Metal.

CLIVE
(Laughs)
Good luck with your new enemy!

VAN IJL:
Goodbye, sir. Let's hope the show's

over by the time you're back.

CLIVE
Not much chance of that.

FADCV
Do you know the road, driver?

WINDCOCK
Blindfold, sir.

CLIVE
He only lost his way three times
around here! Carry on, Rudolph.

The car drives away.

[The others look after him, smiling.

VAN ZIJL
Good old Sugar Candy?

FADCV
Did he get anything out of the
prisoners?

VAN ZIJL
Not a sausage.

FADCV
Shall I look 'em up again?

VAN ZIJL
Oh, no. Now we put the screws on!

FADCV
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 5)

Interior: Estaminet du Pont

KITCHEN

[The prisoners stolidly wait the return of the officers.
Their guards survey them impatiently.

DUDDY
When's the war going to end, Jerry?

PRISONER
Who knows?

DUDDY
(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
(Crispily)
[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. I
[His paraphrase is
oblivious not to be
obviously thinking
in the "lead" -]
What was the dynamic for? How many
of you got away? How happened to
the three men you took prisoners?
Thirty seconds to reply! [I
[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. FADCV's voice
shouts "Squad! Squad! Order! Order! 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 rambok 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 out! You three!

They go out. The two remaining Tomies 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 prisoner)
Thirty seconds! Shall I repeat the
questions?

THE 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.
Power.)

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 convention! You think
they are useful on this side of the
line, don't you?

THE 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 5B

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
enters on the next bench, just condemned to "death", so the
sight of their comrades they are so surprised for a moment
they can't even speak.

SEQUENCE 5C

Somewhere in Flanders

EXTENSION: ESTAMINET DU PONT

The front door opens and a torch flashes a signal.

MAJOR VOICE (O.S.)
There's the signal, sir.

FADCV (O.S.)
Right and for God's sake don't point
at me, Sandy!

VOICES
(Suppressed laughs)

Yes, sir.

FADCV (O.S.)
[Teils]

A volley crashes out.

SEQUENCE 6)

Interior: Estaminet du Pont

BAR

COOPER grins cheerfully at the first 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
faint?

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", sweeps 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 headlights shines on the mud-stained barriers. They flash into the air.

MURDOCH puts in the clutch but the delay has been fatal. They are stuck in the deep mud. The wheels turn easily but get no grip. The GENERAL, a darker man 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

(Heavy American voice)
Every perishing car sticks in the perishing mud. I've got a perishing service station!

MURDOCH

(Shouts)

This is General Candy's car!

Silence.

Then feet squeak 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

Tain a bit of use, General. You need a truck to get you out of this -

CLIVE

Don't waste stations talking nonsense, my boy, Pash!

They try again. Useless.

SENTRY

(Breathing calmly and dispassionately)
The orange sun of a gun!

MURDOCH

We'd better give up, sir.

CLIVE

(Indistinctly)
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

Face by your nose, General! Follow the telephone poles until you come to a dead horse. You can't see it. The dead horse, you take the left. Left again at the farm, the horses killed all the pigs before they reached. The what's the matter. They're ripe as Roquefort. The village lies dead ahead, when you smell chloride of lime, you're there!

CLIVE

But!

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

INTERIOR: 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 shrapnel rubble. The rails have always been repaired and that has been all that mattered, chiefly on the occasion 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... Demit.

TO R.T.O.]

Busy line is dead, sir. I can't get Beachwood.

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 Sripazier-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 try the Lord's sake get me through to Beachwood. The General's having a fit. Try the other circuit. You said chit?

CLIVE

Yes.

R.T.O.

What's a chit?]

CLIVE

[A message, eh, [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 Am-1e-Bon, will you?

JAKE

OK, sir.]

R.T.O.

(Into telephone)
[This is R.T.O. Dupuis-sur-Croix. Get me R.T.O. at Am-1e-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're got here, isn't it?

CLIVE
[Yes, very.] How 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 course. You turn right at Dead Pigs Farm - (To telephone What? Well, check lat! 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 motorcycle 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-Croix. 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 see for an Armistice.

AMERICAN SERGEANT
YIPPEE!

CLIVE
[[Old trick!]] [Senseless, German propaganda. [Old trick to] Put us off our guard.]

R.T.O.
Maybe. But I once 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.
[Dismisses 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.
[[R.T.O.]]
[Has listened without see but active interest to the General's outburst, as if at a party]]
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 gun?

R.T.O.
A - ?
[Rehearsitates.]

CLIVE
A-a-dash it, I don't speak your language, sir - a café?

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 - or - lieutenant?]]

R.T.O.
Schmidt. Ensign Schmidt, sir.

CLIVE: Schmidt, eh. German name?

R.T.O.
[Strimling]]
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 methlab 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 a kind of damp underfoot, but I'll get you there, General.

R.T.O.
Climb aboard, sir. You're off.

CLIVE
Just 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 Sany something. I never heard of them.

R.T.O.
Those wasn't wars. Those were just summer manoeuvres.)

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 44

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, Sergeant.

ARMSTRONG
I've brought you a real live English General.

[[NUN]]
Monseieur.
CLIVE (O.S.)
Ici le Convent, Madame?

NUN

Oui, Monsieur. Vous desirez?]]
 CLIVE
 Je suis [[une Colonel]] [un General]
 anglais.
 MME
 Mais entrez, Monsieur!
 She opens the gate and the General comes in.
 ADMIRATOR
 Goodnight, General. Bonsoir, Sister
 Josephine.
 SISTER
 Bonsoir, Napoleon.
 CLIVE
 Merci, Madame. [[Je suis - Je suis
 range -]]]... les Américains ...
 [Tai mangé...]]
 He points to his stomach.
 MME
 (With concern)
 Monsieur le General a mangé quelque
 chose qui lui aurait fait mal?
 CLIVE
 Oui-mange -
 MME
 Mais venez dîner, mon General.
 She leads the way down the cloister, the GENERAL following.
 SEQUENCE 43
 Convent of the "Crown of Thorns"
 REFECTORY
 The MME 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 hope room and nuns are waiting
 at tables. 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, huddly and drained, as he stands at the top of the
 steps. He stares at their eager young faces. He feels suddenly
 drained of energy.
 Meanwhile the MME has fetched two women: the NURSE 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
 souper...]]
 MATRON
 [Good evening,] General, you have
 fallen on your feet.
 CLIVE
 (Smiles)
 I was beginning to think so.
 MOTHER
 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 MME
 C'est ça! Tout mangé!
 Everyone smiles. The MME litters. 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 dame.]]
 MOTHER SUPERIOR
 (Smiles)
 Sois bienvenue, [[modifié]]
 [General.
 [[To the MME
 Il va réparer 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 get 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.
 MOTHER
 [[To the nurse next to
 her]
 Move a bit, my dear - sit down,
 General.
 [[To a MME
 Une assiette, s'il vous plaît.
 [[To CLIVE, who sits
 down.
 We have macaroni.
 CLIVE
 Splendid!
 She 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.
 MME
 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 see 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 get my girls to bed.
 (She rises.]]
 CLIVE
 [Trying to see his
 girl in a sudden
 glance]
 [[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.
 MME
 [[To her embarrassed
 neighbour]
 Come on, My dear.]]
 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 MOTHER 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
Du est le metron?

NUN
La Matrone? A qui vous avez parle? Doutez. Je vais le 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 table]
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. [Slin.]

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 44

Interior: Estaminet du Pont

KITCHEN

FADE IN:

The door is opened from inside by MAJOR VAN TILL. 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 TILL

Good morning, General Candy.

SEQUENCE 45

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 46

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 snags an acknowledgment at the sentry, ignores MURDOCH, opens the front door of the car, hurries 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-Ia-Bon!

MURDOCH

Yes, sir.

The car drives off.]]

SEQUENCE 47

Exterior: Somewhere in Flanders

CROSS-ROAD

The car is immobilised. The GENERAL is pacing impatiently up and down. MURDOCH, in an attention-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 Am-Ia-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 Tijn'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

[[Read 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.

MURDOCH: [Time in the official report (only the name is visible).] [[On being questioned about their senior officers, the prisoners admitted that, among others, Oberst]] Kretschmer-Schuldorff (I 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

Oh! Kretschmer-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

Heaven! I told you about that time I was in Berlin in 1912!

MURDOCH

Oh, yes, sir. When you grew your moustache.

CLIVE

And yet you! I've never heard! I can't remember the name of Kretschmer-Schuldorff. You know, [[Murdoch,]] you should beguile 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 time, 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
[frantically]
There was that girl in the film, sir. You remember, you went some time. And there was that girl in the group out of the byrander! We lost it in the big Push. And there's -
[Murmur changing tone]
A despatch rider coming, sir!

A DESPATCH RIDER roars up and salutes.

D.R.
General Candy?

CLIVE
Yes.
[Signs post.]

D.R.
Urgent message from Major van Dijk, sir. Came over the wire from "Miss 14"; they needed the line, sir.

CLIVE reads it.

D.R.
Any answer, sir?

CLIVE
No. No answer.

THE DESPATCH RIDER whistles and thunders away. MURDOCH looks queasily 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, senseless war. CLIVE takes a flask from his pocket, uncorks 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, here on the wind, there comes the sound of a mighty cheering, louder and louder as every moment passes.

CLIVE turns to MURDOCH. He is reluctant.]]

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 right 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. Closer to the machines, we see the last lengths of khaki cloth vanishing off the looms: cloth, wool, cotton materials, all finishing. In the dying area the khaki dye is applied away: one beautiful grey appears: the looms are busy again. Day 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 SEAM: FOR LOOMS
FIRST FRACTURE 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 Bymer, head of the well-known West Riding family. The cloth is destined for the bridal gown of Miss Barbara Bymer, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bymer, 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" is in the distance. The tiny figure of the HOUSEKEEPER on the terrace. Faintly her voice is heard calling: "Barbara! - [Lunch is ready!] Miss Barbaraaaaaa!"
In another part of the grounds, BARBARA WYMER 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 context of the "Crash 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. Distinctly we hear "Barbaraaaaa!"
Oh dear. CLIVE
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 [twice].
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 sewing] [love watching] you you you. I'm marrying you for fifty reasons that all mean that I now 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 [I 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 most warning occasion [I said not] [rather than] at some military celebration. When I first heard that a Brigadier-General of the British Army was attending 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 331,246 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 quietly rolling bread pills. At the finish, after a little hesitation, he gets up and stumbles into a speech eggplant. 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 -

[He] [no], I thought - Yorkshire's a big place - [Your Grace] [My Lord Bishop] - no, I thought, how can I find a nurse on 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 an elegant little thing 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. That floor is the Den. That's the bathroom.

The window in question opens and a large thin Jack on the end of a pole is poked out of the window and socketed into the place. MURDOCH'S face appears behind it. He sees them below, ejaculates: "It's them!" and disappears.

BARBARA
Is your grey head Murdoch?

CLIVE
[Hoots]

His idea of greeting the conquering hero, I suppose.

BARBARA
I shall like Murdoch - and I [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 fish spoils or badly moulted from our covings! Or just to change our spots! [Do promise!]

CLIVE
[Looks at her? 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 well-looking property - [Hemphemph!] Like you, Clive, [I please don't ever] [you must] 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 American one: half-military, half-civil.

MURDOCH
Sorry, Madam - 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, Madam. I've had the telephone installed, sir.

[To BARBARA.]

The agency has got a lot of cooks for you to see, Madam, 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 out feet up for a bit.

MURDOCH
Yes, sir.

BARBARA
I'm [as] happy, Murdoch.

[She takes a friend.]

MURDOCH
[Goes peacefully]

[I've] [I've] used to it [I've] [I've].]

[I've] [I've] used to it [I've] [I've].]

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 parrot that the Brigadier wouldn't be using the Club so much in future, Madam.

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 dog.

CLIVE
I say, Barbara -
[She crosses to him.]
Here's an answer from the Prisoners
of War Committee -

BARBARA
Have they found him?

CLIVE
[They smile and
pleased.]
Yes. Teacher-Freischuer, Schuldorff,
Oberst, 2nd Regiment of Wiazs of the
Guard. That's his! Camp VII, Berwick
Hall, Derbyshire. Four six three!

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 KONCERT

DES PHILHARMONIEN-ORCHESTERS

DES GEFANGENENLAGERS IV

F.R. BRITISH OFFICERS

IN ENGLAND

PROGRAMM

FRANK SCHUBERT: UNWILLKURIGE SYMPHONIE

[[LUDWIG V. BEETHOVEN: FANTASIE SYMPHONIE]]

WENDELSSOHN: FINGALS SUITE

DIRIGENT: OBERST. JOG. V. SCHONTAAL

ANFANG: 3 UHR NACHMITTAG

ENTRITT: 4 UHR VERNIEHT

While the notice is being read, we hear the tangibly 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. It has
the orchestra itself. All are German officers. The orchestra
plays on a raised bank, a natural curtain. The audience covers
the smooth lawn that runs 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
players.

We see an ORDERLY moving towards the concert from the main
building. This is a fine old country house which has been
taken over. It is now surrounded by bars 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 ERITZSCHNAN-SCHULDOFF - 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
Diel. The ORDERLY gives him the message-pad. THEO reads the
message. He is surprised at its content. 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
1918 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.

INHERT 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, Sir.

ORDERLY goes.

BARBARA

I [thought, suddenly] [was
thinking] how odd they are! How
 queer! For years and years they are
 writing and drawing 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. All [little children -
 and then, dressed in the same
 British] uniform, they sit down and
 [play] [listen to] [the] [band]!

[Mendelssohn] and Schubert. There's
 something horrible about that, don't
 you think so Clive?

Such abstractions are contrary to the GENERAL but he is
 impressed by BARBARA'S speech. He nods and grants agreement.

CLIVE

He - eh - [something in that - good
 deal in fact -]

It is the first time there is something "blissful" in his
 manner.

[CLIVE

Perhaps I should have written in

German.

MAJOR DAVIES
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 say!]] [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 window.

CLIVE
[Half to himself]
Can't understand it. I've written to him before the war and he has written to me...

He watches out on the terrace.

MAJOR DAVIES
They stopped English lessons on the 11th of November.

BARBARA
On Armistice Day?

MAJOR DAVIES nods.

SEQUENCE ??

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 Kwetschear-Schuldorff?

OFFICER
[After a sharp stare]
[[Behind you.]] [Lower 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 eye 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...

THEO!

CLIVE

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. Barely 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 [[Bethoven'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 "illuminating" in his behaviour.

He stops and looks back, almost as if he is expected to see the figure of his friend, hating after him. But the lawn between him and the distant audience is empty.

[[SEQUENCE ?]]

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've not mind but I get used to them. This is the 10th.

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 practice are a tiny law-loving people of poets, philosophers and composers and that -

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 "Eben". The literal translation is "honour" but actually I suppose it means "dignity".

CLIVE
What "dignity", what "honour"? Who has hurt his "Eben"? They lost, we won. What of it. He's been defeated too sometimes. Torture 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 Germany, both of you. You were going to say something rather interesting just now - something about pacifism and war?]]

SEQUENCE ??

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.

S.S.V.P."

MAJOR DAVIES is just being helped out of his coat by MURDOCH. [Behind him the ball clock is striking nine o'clock. He is 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 conversation conversationally of an exclusively male dinner-party. CLIVE wears a dinner-jacket.

[CLIVE
Ah, Davies.

DAVIES
Hello, Candy. I hope your wife will forgive me.]

CLIVE
[Smiling]

[[Actually sorry, old man.]] [It's afraid! You haven't read the invitation properly.]

MAJOR DAVIES
[Vaguely; glancing at card]
Ah. [So it is.]] a Bachelor Party. If it's realized that your charming wife wouldn't be here, [it's never have hurried as I did!]] 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
Oh 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 closer 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 Kretsch-Schuldorff, sir.

CLIVE
Kretschmar-Schuldorff? Murdoch, that train of yours ought to be in a bottle!

He switches 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 #0
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 bear them? We have an extra train, it leaves at 11.30.... Yes, we are under guard, Clive! May I still call you Clive, now you are a General?...

CLIVE
Cut the candle. 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 #1
Interior: 33 Cadogan Place

HALL
CLIVE, at the other end of the wire, glances at the clock.

CLIVE
[What a nuisance! 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 C.O.C.T. in charge of all military transport here to dinner, as well as your Camp Commander.]]

[Major Davies. Come here a minute, will you?]
I'll send you back to Derbyshire if you're not careful! - How 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 #2
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, it's 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:
SEQUENCE #3
The clock. The time is 9:25.

SEQUENCE #3
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.B.M.C."

The SENTRY sees someone approaching across the station. He springs to attention, photographs army, salutes.

It is MAJOR DAVIES, MAJOR-GENERAL BLOWFIELD and BRIGADIER-GENERAL CANT 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.

BLOWFIELD
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.

BLOWFIELD
[Tentily]
At ease, here, at ease!

The SENTRY stands at ease.

CLIVE
 Sorry to have dragged you out like this, Piggy.

BLOWFIELD
 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 Blowfield - 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 Smith?

CARTWRIGHT
 Went to get some dinner, sir.

BLOWFIELD
 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
 How look here - I can't leave you two.

BLOWFIELD
 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 44

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
 [[Thee!]] You Frankish stiff-neck!
 The only way is to kidnap you!

THEO
 (Gesture)
 What can I do?

CLIVE
 (Introducing)
 Oberstretschmar-Schuldorff-Major-General Blowfield - 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 '46. [[Nearly three years in prison.]]

CLIVE
 You were lucky. You missed the worst of it.

THEO
 [[Browbeaten!]] 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
 Hey, old how that one's exactly like Edith.

THEO
 Nearly yes. No, he is, isn't he? [[He here]] I - almost with we had no children. [[It's better we have'n't.]]
 What future can children have in a beaten country?

CLIVE
 (Tolerant)
 [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 got now - takes 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 45

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 draught.

MURDOCH
 (Kneeling 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? - eh?

(Boars with laughter.)
 I must tell that to Barbara!

They go in.

SEQUENCE 46

Interior: 33 Cadogan Place

BELL

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 rest 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 47

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 acknowledgment.)
 [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 (dead)
 Admiral Sir Norton 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-Sellay,
 Lieutenant Governor of Gibraltar]]
 [[Colonel Hopper, aide to the Governor
 of Gibraltar]] - Sir William Rendell,
 [[First Secretary to the Viceroy]]
 [[on the Viceroy's staff]] - George
 Metcalf of Opaca - Sir John
 Sembridge, just back from Jamaica -
 Colonel Mansering, [[known to the
 press as]] the uncrowned king of
 Southern Arabia - Mr Christopher
 Wynne, of Bradford, England, my father-
 in-law. [[Benevolence of all the solid
 virtues.]]

Like a hallioun this collection of names, ranks and titles,
 representative of all Britain 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, then!]] 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? Cigarettes? [They're both on
 the table - thousands of them.]

THEO
 Cigarette, please.

[[CLIVE
 Turkish? Virginia?]]

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, Barrow.
 [To THEO]
 Colonel Barrow of the Royal Air
 Force.

BARROW
 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]]
 [[said]], 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 Camp were protected 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]] [every through].

CLIVE
 [[We nearly had a lot! Hal Hal!]]
 [[Bit too thorough for us!]]

BLAIR
 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.

WYNE
 I remember the Government was also
 [[accused of]] [charged with] over-
 feeding them.

[[CLEMENT-SELLEY
 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
 [Propose 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
 Governor. [They're]] [he's]
 busted!]] [for the Oberst].

SEMBRIDGE
 How 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?]]

WYNE
 How do you mean?

THEO
 Your people. They cannot be subjected
 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 Blair, 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 be made about. You're
 a decent fellow and so are we!

THEO
 I'm not a decent fellow: I'm a beggar,
 like the [other] SO officers in our
 camp! [most 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 lot to do.

THEO
 But not for us! We know a [[little]]
 [bit] about horses, we can be stable-
 boys.

CLIVE
That'll feel different when you're home again.

THEO
Hmmt! But what will home be like? Another prison camp?

CLIVE
Who says so?

THEO
Aren't we [the area] 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!]

SOUNDING
I've never heard a man more wrong than you are! We don't want to make beggars out of you!

THEO
We are a trading nation, we must have countries to trade with.

CLIVE
[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, camp?]

CLIVE
Of course not. Read the papers, man! The English papers! [I]] [We can't ask you to be [my]] [our] friends, 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 passing newspapers, books, magazines, boxes of chocolates on the officers, shaking hands and waving.
Voices shout: "Cheerio!" "Goodbye, Jerry!" "We don't want to see 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-General, the diplomat, the famous sportsman...
PLATFORM
People give THEO a cheer. They are quick to recognize the type of man 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 his 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 his head 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 smiling. 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
[In his highbushish 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! Boy!" playing cricket! They win the shillie 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 rats for us in a sea of dogs! Do you know what my friends, [Erigardier-]General Candy said he said: "We'll soon have Germany on her feet again."
[[The breaks off as the door to the corridor slides open and the friendly face of LITTLEBIRD CARPENTON 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
[Her] David 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
[Please]
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 or expressed 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. (28 Peabrook School, Peabrook Close, W.N.C.) on Monday Nov. 19th 1939 between 11.30 a.m. Aliens' Registration Book and National Identity Card have to be produced."]
[Candy typewritten typing letter, dated November 1939, summoning THEODORE BREITENBERG-SCHLOSSER 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 dates are being decided. The door to it opens and a uniformed policeman comes out with the papers of two men.

POLICEMAN:
[Calls]
Mr. S. 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.

S. BRUCK
Thank you.
POLICEMAN
[Turns and calls]
Mr Theodor Kretschmar-Schuldorff!

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 uniform]. Beside the desk sits a middle-aged Englishman
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 custom 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]]39.

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
What 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. THEO 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]] [but say more]. In 1920 I
chose a new profession. Military
Chaplain. 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
No. I have no connection with them.
They are good Nazis - as far as my
Nazi can be called good.
THEO's frankness has made an impression on the JUDGE; but,
at the same time, he has decided to interrogate 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
[Dryly]
I have tried to answer correctly.

JUDGE
[[Sympathetically]]
[[He doubts, 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?
Go ahead. [[JUDGE

THEO
Since I have lived in foreign
countries, I am very cautious.]] In
warlike years the most important
principle of my life used to be:
Never lie, always speak the truth.
JUDGE
[[An exclamation]] 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
homeless.
[He smiles.]
Don't stare at me, sir. I am all
right in the head. You [listen] [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 had 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] [initially succeeded in putting] the honest citizens in jail. [Do you know, sir, who were the first holders 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 who had 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 for me!"] By 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. [Her father... and then in January [1934] [1935].] [I came up alone] [had to go to Berlin on a mission for my firm. I drove up in my car. I just my way on the outskirts of the city, and suddenly [I recognized] 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 scene [around 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
Have you got anyone in this country who knows you well, a British citizen?

THEO
The doorman at the chemical works where I worked my services. The police officers at the Aliens Department at New Street.

CLIVE
[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 round at the door, it bursts open and, flanked by two policemen, MAJOR-GENERAL WYNN-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 defined him. He talks very loudly and goes straight to the JUDGE as the only person worthy of his attention, beside THEO.

[CLIVE
By god, sir, Lord Frederick 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, F.R.S., 2, St. 33 Cadogan Place, S.W.1. Boutique 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. [It has been - my old German bean - ah! - dashed good!] [Cheers with laughter.]
By god, 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 it only got down from the North yesterday and I've got to France - well, didn't say when, but damn soon! - found this idiot's letter waiting for me, got 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 way I suppose - so I dropped Duggy Frederick 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]
Poo! 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 you -

CLIVE
[With great cheer]
God, 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 apologise!

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 job? Can I use your telephone? Hello! Hello! Operator!

[Speaking to THEO]
He's just exactly the opposite of the man we ought to be interning! Hello! Operator! [To me, sir, I wouldn't be surprised if this fellow really disliked me. 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 fifteen... er...]

THEO
Twenty.

CLIVE
Twenty years and a bit.

JUDGE
Afract not here, General. We have many witnesses - scholars - 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 internally 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 shutticed.

[[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
[[Slightly sad]]
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 got me on the retired list in '31. 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 a nightgown room.
[[Belongs.]]
Wardens?

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! [[As you were!]]

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
[[Bods, 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 [than] 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 - damn 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]]32.

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
Damn it - I didn't know then. But on the train I started to kiss her - it was wrong on the boat - and by the time I was back in London - well, I'd got it properly. My Aunt Margaret got on the spot. [[I might]] [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
[[How 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]. Then, when you sound a damn silly thing to say to you but I never got over it. [[I suppose you could]] [You say] 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 88

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's? Don't 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

(Bright agreement)
No -- yes, [I suppose so] [of course] but she was [I mean] [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:

SEQUENCE 89

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 rinds half-way with a torch. The car, JOHNNY CAMMON 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 fuses 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

[[Believe!]]
You know the way, [Miss Cammon] [Angela!]

JOHNNY

Yes, sir.

[[THEO

(As the car moves)
Good hunting. There's just room in the Den for Edith's moustache!]]

MURDOCH

The door, sir, please.]

CLIVE

Did you see the Warden?

MURDOCH

I am the Warden of this District, sir.

SEQUENCE 90

Interior: General's Car

JOHNNY CAMMON 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 realises 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 toe flat feet]. He's a private. In training.

Pause.

THEO

What was your job before the war, Miss Cammon?

JOHNNY

Photographic model.

THEO

Interesting work.

JOHNNY

[[It was all right!]] [She had]. 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?]

[[[Break 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-out when he chose me. [It was at an inspection.] [If you know] he picked me out of seven hundred girls to be his driver. Some odds [1700 to 1]

[[[wasn't it?]]]]

A car is approachable 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.

JONNY
 (Grimaces)
 That's what causes accidents.
 (To TED)
 Long odds, weren't they, sir?

TED
 (In a reverie)
 I beg your pardon?

JONNY
 Seven hundred to one! Makes me a bit
 of an outsider.
 (She chuckles.)

TED
 What is your first name, Miss Cannon?

JONNY
 Angela.

TED
 Lovely name. It comes from 'angel'
 [chuckles softly].

JONNY
 I think it stinks. My friends call
 me 'Johnny'.
 (She peers out.)
 Is it still crossing or the next
 [air?]

TED
 [It'll get out here!] Oh, this will
 do! [They chuckle.]

He opens the door and gets out. They have stopped by a traffic
 light. TED holds out his hand. She shakes it firmly.

TED
 Goodnight, Angela.

JONNY
 Goodnight, sir.

TED
 I'd like to see your boy-friend one
 of these days.

JONNY
 No too! [Goodnight, sir.]

She laughs. TED vanishes into the darkness.

PAGE 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
 15 1940. Title: *Dominik 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 relaxed 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
 Clive, 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
 (Chuckles)
 ... 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, [air!] [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 & identifies
 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 - He - Oh, 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]
 21.30 - i, sir.]

[CLIVE
 [Lots] [Plenty] of time [I-good-
]!]

[GUIDE
 Excuse me, miss.

[SECRETARY
 Oh, what up?
 [Steering CLIVE.]

[CLIVE
 Regular rabbit warren, eh?

[SECRETARY
 Yes.

[CLIVE
 (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
 programme.]

They arrive at a door: 'E. Marsh, Acting Director'. Without
 knocking, the GIR opens the door.

[SECRETARY opening door to MARG'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 MARG 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.]

[CLIVE
 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
 [I, 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 [[that is]] [that it might
 be better] postponed ...

CLIVE
 [State, some 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 -
 [[Please]]
 Gottem?

CLIVE
 I have been asked to describe in
 this broadcast my view of the cause of
 the failure, 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 side-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. Why I went 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: [Shuffling paper] [That brings us to the end of
 the news and tonight's Postscript (which is given by Mr J.
 S. 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 apologise to listeners for]]
 [Sorry about] the short delay. Here
 is Mr Priestley.

Without a quail, MURDOCH turns Mr Priestley off before he
 has said a word.

JOHNNY
 Murdoch! Where am I? [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
 Hello, Theo. If supper's ready, you
 can serve it, Murdoch.

JOHNNY
 I'm vey sorry, sir.

CLIVE
 Not why?

JOHNNY
 I shouldn't be here - I -

THEO
 I asked Miss Cannon to come in. She
 was anxious to hear your broadcast.

CLIVE
 Cannonist! At the last minute. My
 we hurried like we did, Angela.

THEO
 We didn't leave the War Office until
 [twenty-five] [five and twenty] to
 time.

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 fiance?

JOHNNY
 [Same tone]
 He's not my fiance.

THEO
 [Beg your pardon. How is] Your boy-
 friend?

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
 [Hod towards CLIVE]
 [That's a little longer.] [No, stay
 a bit.]

JOHNNY
 [[O.K.]] [Down the hatch.
 [Please].]
 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
[Abently]
All right. Sit down, Angela. Then!

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 neutral voice at last]
I'm not worried about sitting down with your General, then stop worrying. I'm not a General any more.

THEO
[He knows better than anyone what treachery this means for his friend]
Clive! What has happened?

CLIVE
Retired [again]. Aaaa! They don't need me any more.

MURDOCH
I'm sorry, sir.
[Passing the sherry glass to CLIVE.]

THEO
[[Behind 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 wall! Do we need to do it. [But] We're not finished - nor am I! Just starting!
[Bites moultache.]
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 dead? 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, blind-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 grasp 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 1918. [Fifteen! That is their secret weapon!]

CLIVE
[A little shaken]
I'll [we'll] 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 lesson. [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 is the you see 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!

CLIVE
[He gets CLIVE'S
[bawd]] [shudders!]
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? Rick 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 - [I have other!] [a new] job [I, sir]. It's easy enough for a man.

CLIVE
Eh! Think so, do you? Swap 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 meekly, 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 landed, 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 instructions 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? - SOME GUARD?

MURDOCH
(Humming)
Yes, sir. I was going to tell you myself, sir.
He looks reproachfully at JOHNNY and puts down some cheese and the Cone. CLIVE looks 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 suspicion)
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 28]] [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
[[Cries]] This is a bit of all right!! [Sells] What's this?
He shakes and bangs the hairy object which gradually reveals itself as the peak of Clive's hat "Buffalo Head" - "Nigeria". "1924".
[[2ND MAN
(Gradually)
(He has hold of a long curved thing.)
Give us a hand, Warradobe!
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
Sir, sir, sir. Two basins, for me and me old chum.
[Scares her with boar's head.]
[[1ST MAN
Who is the bloke that lived here, Harry? Muley!!
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:
[[Boules Club]] [found to Royal Bathing Club, Ploceadilly.
1ST MAN
I should think he needed a bath after this lot. Good luck to the old bastards.]
DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 103
Interior: Royal Bathing Club
SAIL 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 god! what on earth's that?
PORTER
(Proudly)
Gee, 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. How much and in which - eh?
PORTER
(Wags)
[Oh] Yes, General.
CLIVE
[[Hah!!]] [That's right.]
CLIVE hurries 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 Bathing Club
The car is waiting. JOHNNY CANNON aka'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, shep.
[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 god, we'll have proper weapons or I'll show the reason why! I won't leave that damn door open! I'll make a hit-down stroke - or a stay-in stroke - 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 - been as mutterd!
Organisation, General Staff, Offices, General Headquarters - that's what we [[need]] [want] and, by god, we'll get 'em! O'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 BUNGALOW
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 Jose Comendador Wynne-Candy, dated 19 September 1942.]

DISSOLVE TO:
SEQUENCE 106
S.W. of 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 medals]

ribbons and their combined age 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 Gentlemen, which they never]].

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. WALTON-GENERAL WYNNIE-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 Dev Tap! What!
[Laughs]
[[I've been conferring with the G.O.C. of the 4th Army Corps.]] This is the most vital and comprehensive exercise in which the Home Guard have yet taken part. Defence of London has been 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 a life in the old dog- eh? Gentlemen! War starts at midnight!

SEQUENCE 108 & 109
Exterior: Western Avenue

SPUD WILSON's pocket commando thundering towards London. It is more "easterly" 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 WYNNIE-CANDY's car.

SPUD jumps from his truck, also STUFFY. SPUD looks at his watch.

SPUD
[[Quarter to six! Mack time! I've got a date with Meta Burt!]] [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 dashboard ('No. 9, doctor's favourite')] and orders 'tea for two' as he goes straight to bar and kisses her. They make a good job of it.

SPUD
Hello, Johnny.

JOHNNY
Hello, Spud.

A WAITRESS comes in and waits for an order.

SPUD
[[Tea - and the bill with it. I've got to go.]] [Goes 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
I 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 [Idope] [low-son] on 'Sugar' Candy's ornaments?

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 see him hours before that. Hell 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 [[Dubruk]] [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 despondently around. There is no chance of escape. Her eyes fall on a heavy ash-tray on the table. She seizes it in her fist. It makes a formidable weapon and is quite concealed to her hand. As SPUD turns, she winks back with him. (Winking!)]

JOHNNY
Spud! Don't you see! I gave you the information, it's meant to take advantage of it!

SPUD
(Calmly!)

Don't be a stayer! It was anything great! [[You have to use the first weapon that comes to hand!]] [[They circle each other, winking!]]

[[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 slips into the General's car and is off as hard as she can go. She nearly runs over STUFFY GRAYES, who tries to stop her. (This intercut.) The troops invade the Roadhouse.]]

LOUNGE

SPUD'S army invades the lounge. TOMMY is the first to reach SPUD, who is already sitting up groggily.

SPUD
[STUFFY

Spud!]

She got me!

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
Careful! She'll send 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 Warrant!

[[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 Bathing Club

CLUB EXTERIOR

ANGELA enters the club.

[[CORRIDOR]]

JOHNNY gains the safety of the corridor, slips for a second and a 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.

[[Telephone.]]

Head Porter speaking. His driver wants to speak to General Wyne-Candy. Yes, it's...

ANGELA dives under the PORTER'S desk as SPUD and Co. enter.

SPUD (O.S.)
To Major-General Wyne-Candy in the Club?

PORTER (O.S.)
No, sir. The General left an hour ago with Brigadier-General Caldicott and Air Vice-Marshal Lloyd-Nugan.

[[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 damn! all men - I

[[Suddenly changes tone.]]

Are you in the Home Guard?

PORTER
Why, sir?

SPUD
[[Low voice]]
The password is "We've Clipped 1911"

PORTER
[[Salutes]]
The General and his staff are in the Turkish Bath, 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 Bath, Northumberland Avenue.

JOHNNY
[[Promptly, to her TAXI-DRIVER]]
The Turkish Bath, Northumberland Avenue. Quick! Matter of life and death!

DISSOLVE TO:

SEQUENCE 115

Exterior: Turkish Baths

JOHNNY is 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! Bang! Bang!
[To telephone]
Postcard! Bang! Bang!

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, stripping wet and in a hurry. He comes from his cold plunge with the GENERAL.

STUFFY

Seen in?
SPUD
[Rude]
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 B.O. Orders have got to go out to all Ports to let the Enemy through the barricades. From midnight on! Give 'em a year. 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 time to win the last battle but [he's scowling] [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 WYNNIE-CANDY. He is alone. He sits waiting. The birds are singing in the trees.

A car approaches and stops near the garden. [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.]
Hello, Theo!

THEO

Hello, Clive!

CLIVE

[Wine 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] [believe] will be [court-marshalled] [brought before a court of inquiry] and the sentence [will be] repeated on some other date' [which a change of tone.]
They won't find the Home Guard so easy next time!]]

JOHNNY

[Downsily]
Will [the be court-marshalled] [there be an inquiry, sir?]

CLIVE

[Yes.] Oh, 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?] [Good, 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 come]]]. The whole Army. With bands.

CLIVE

[To ANGELA]
Did you see 'em, Angela?

JOHNNY nods.

CLIVE

[To THEO]
Now [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-bell, 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. That's 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 Batterside gave me the worst wiggling I ever had. And when

he invited me to dinner. I didn't
accept - if I wish I had. Yes, I
think I will invite him to dinner.
And he'd better accept, if 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)
Ha! 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.

[BOGGS'S VOICE
... promise to stay just as you are
until the floods come... and this is
a lake...]

CLIVE
(Slowly)
Now here at the lake - and I still
haven't changed...
He shakes his head,
his smile grows
broader!
... Hopeless!

Sir?]

[JOHNNY

The music blows out.
Somewhere close by the New Army is passing[! tanks, guns,
trucks, men, fast-moving... hard-hitting!].

Fan from JOHNNY to THEO and finally CLIVE, who salutes.

DISSOLVE TO:

Tapetery of opening credits.)

FADE OUT:

THE END