

D U N K I R K

BLACK SCREEN:

WATER SLAPS HOLLOW METAL, METAL KNOCKS CREAKING WOOD.

SUPER TITLE:

" D U N K I R K "

FADE IN:

Paper. Falling like snow. Six young, filthy Tommys raise their heads along a deserted street, checking rubbish bins, windows. One crouches to check a coiled garden hose. He tries the tap. Nothing.

TITLE 1  
THE ENEMY HAVE DRIVEN THE BRITISH  
AND FRENCH ARMIES TO THE SEA.

One TOMMY plucks paper from the air, propaganda leaflets showing their position, "YOU ARE SURROUNDED."

TITLE 2  
TRAPPED AT DUNKIRK, THEY AWAIT THEIR  
FATE.

He wads the leaflets up, crouches, drops his trousers, the Tommy with the hose carefully lifts each side.

TITLE 3  
HOPING FOR DELIVERANCE.

He gets a tiny DRIBBLE of water which he licks from the nozzle.

TITLE 4  
FOR A MIRACLE.

BLAMBLAMBLAM! Tommy JOLTS, grabs his trousers, all six RACE away from us, towards a FENCE twenty yards away, one by one FIVE are SHOT DOWN, the survivor CLIMBS the fence.

Gunfire BURSTS through the fence, TEN FEET AWAY. Tommy tries to RELOAD his rifle, fingers STRUGGLING with the magazine, training forgotten.

Gunfire SPLINTERS the fence, FIVE FEET AWAY.

Tommy THRUSTS his index finger into the breach of his rifle AGAIN AND AGAIN, scraping skin, a round JUMPS into the chamber-GUNFIRE THREE FEET AWAY.

Tommy tries once, twice, slides the bolt FORWARD.

GUNFIRE RIGHT NEXT TO HIM.

Tommy SPINS AROUND, FIRES BLIND until empty, SCRAMBLES out the back.

He RACES down NARROW DUNKIRK STREETS. BREATHING. Kit JANGLING, building after building, he rounds a corner.

BLAM! Bullets hit dirt and bricks near him, the street ahead is barricaded, manned by FRENCH TROOPS.

TOMMY  
ANGLAIS! ANGLAIS!

The French stop firing and wave him through.

He SCRAMBLES over their sandbag barricade, taking in their dirty, frightened faces as he passes.

A FRENCH SOLDIER grabs him.

FRENCH SOLDIER  
Allez, Anglais.

Tommy's mouth opens at the man's BITTERNESS.

FRENCH SOLDIER (CONTEMPT)  
Bon voyage.

He SHOVES Tommy down the street behind their protection.

GUNFIRE behind Tommy TAKES OFF AGAIN. HURTLING down the dark street, heading towards the BLAZING LIGHT of --

**2 EXT. BEACH AT MALO LES BAINS - CONTINUOUS**

**2**

The LONGEST, WIDEST BEACH he's ever seen, sunlight DAZZLING off the water.

Endless dark FENCES snaking across the sand and out into the water.

Tommy SQUINTS, not fences, lines of MEN.

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF MEN.

Tommy looks around, clutching his stomach. He CLAMBERS over a dune, FEVERISHLY undoing his belt, dropping trousers and SQUATTING before he realizes --

He's not alone.

Another soldier, British army shirt undone, sweating with the labour of BURYING A BODY. This is GIBSON.

The other man notices Tommy, but barely pauses. Tommy finishes, pulls up his trousers and moves towards him.

Tommy helps scoop sand over the body.

Tommy notices the corpse's STOCKINGED FEET, then watches Gibson stoop to TIE HIS BOOTS.

Gibson looks up at him. Tommy shrugs, gestures for Gibson's water can. Gibson hands it over and Tommy takes a SWIG, carefully CATCHING drops in his hand, then LICKING them off his palm.

Tommy leaves Gibson buttoning his shirt and heads back onto the beach.

There are DESTROYERS out on the water, too far to reach.

Tommy wanders down to join one of the long, snaking lines which extends into the sea, soldiers up to their CHESTS in water, WAITING PATIENTLY FOR SHIPS WHICH DO NOT MOVE.

The man at the back turns to Tommy, unwelcoming. Points at his own insignia.

MAN

Grenadiers, Mate.

Tommy moves off. Looks around at other impossibly long lines. At the unattainable ships. Futile.

A line of STRETCHER BEARERS comes past, carrying wounded men along the beach towards the harbour.

Looking where they're headed, Tommy sees a LONG, NARROW BREAKWATER extending out into the sea, packed with soldiers. A HOSPITAL SHIP at the end of it.

This breakwater extends a kilometer into the sea. It is called THE MOLE.

Super title:

1. THE MOLE

one week

Tommy becomes aware of the sound of DISTANT AIRCRAFT. Soldiers peer up into the sky.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

## DIVE BOMBERS!

Tommy spots the distinctive KINKED WINGS of the notorious STUKA DIVE BOMBER, its NIGHTMARISH HOWL RISING as it picks up speed, DIVING at the beach.

The lines of men INSTANTLY VANISH, soldiers SCATTERING back to the dunes, BURROWING into the sand, the first BOMBS lift sand into the air.

The stretcher bearers put down their loads, lying across them, protecting them as the area is HAMMERED.

The first STUKA pulls out of its dive, revealing TWO MORE STUKAS DIVING, there are NINE MORE about to follow.

Tommy sees a soldier lying ON HIS BACK, RIFLE AIMED AT THE SKY, FIRING DEFIANTLY, DESPERATELY at the attacking plane, the ground around him LIFTS into the air with the second wave of bombs.

Tommy buries his face in the sand as the bombs BLAST AND BLAST AND BLAST.

The explosions stop. Tommy lifts his head. BOOM. ANOTHER WAVE OF BOMBS EXPLODES IN SERIES UP THE BEACH. Then, finally, quiet. Tommy rises --

The stretcher bearers, back on their feet, lift their burdens (four bearers per stretcher, one at each corner).

Several stretchers are left behind on the sand.

Soldiers on the beach watch in despair as one of the DESTROYERS is slipping below the water, smoke billowing.

MALE VOICE  
WHERE'S THE BLOODY AIR FORCE?!

CUT TO:

**3 EXT. ENGLISH COAST - WEYMOUTH HARBOUR - MORNING**

**3**

A LANKY YOUTH runs down to the masts of the crowded harbour.

He RACES along the wooden dock, jumping over ropes as he rushes to a large yacht, the MOONSTONE.

SUPER TITLE:

2. THE SEA

one day

The Youth, GEORGE (17), leaps from the dock into the well.

Two NAVAL OFFICERS emerge from the cabin, pushing past. George watches them go, confused.

Mr. Dawson (50's, civilian dress) hands George a stack of china plates and ducks back inside.

A second young man, PETER (19), emerges, carrying boxes.

PETER

Navy's requisitioned her, there's some men across the channel, at Dunkirk, need taking off.

(points at dock)

They told us to strip her and load those life jackets.

George looks along at the dock. At a pile of HUNDREDS of life jackets. George looks at Peter. Surprised.

GEORGE

Some men?

PETER

Navy'll be back in an hour. My dad wants to be ready before then --

CUT TO:

**4 EXT. SKY - DAY**

**4**

MOVING through BILLOWY PEAKS, three sleek, beautiful SPITFIRES streak into frame. Elegant. In confident formation.

SUPER TITLE:

3. THE AIR

one hour

**5 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - CONTINUOUS**

**5**

The pilot, FARRIER, has a light touch on the controls. He checks his left and right, scanning the skies.

VOICE ON RADIO

Check fuel, Fortis 1 and 2.

Farrier reaches forward to his FUEL GAUGE, pushes the button beside it, the needle SHOOTs up to 3/4 FULL.

FARRIER  
70 gallons.

**6 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 2 - CONTINUOUS 6**

The pilot, COLLINS, checks his fuel gauge-

COLLINS  
68 gallons, Fortis Leader.

FORTIS LEADER (OVER RADIO)  
Stay down at 500ft to leave fuel for  
40 minutes fighting time over  
Dunkirk.

COLLINS  
Understood. Vector 128, angels point  
five.

**7 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - CONTINUOUS 7**

Farrier checks his chart.

FORTIS LEADER  
Keep an eye on that gauge, even when  
it gets lively, save enough to get  
back.

With a glance at his fuel gauge, Farrier pulls on the stick.

**8 EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS 8**

The three planes bank left in perfect harmony as we --

CUT TO:

**9 EXT. BEACH AT LA PANNE - LATE AFTERNOON 9**

Tommy looks down at several patients on stretchers left  
behind, bearers dead or disappeared.

ONE OF THEM GROANS. STILL ALIVE.

Tommy looks around. Gibson is there.

They GRAB the stretcher and HUSTLE down the beach towards the  
mole.

**10 EXT. BASE OF THE MOLE - CONTINUOUS 10**

A WARRANT OFFICER tries to keep order as men line up to start the shuffle out along the 8 FOOT WIDE CONCRETE MOLE.

The LINE OF STRETCHER BEARERS approaches.

From the base all you can see is the the backs of helmeted heads queuing out onto the narrow breakwater.

The Warrant Officer sees the stretchers, waves them past.

WARRANT OFFICER  
Along the mole. All the way, she's  
leaving --

A SHIPS'S WHISTLE.

WARRANT OFFICER  
That's it --  
(he turns)  
MAKE WAY! MAKE WAY!

The stretcher bearers squeeze past.

**11 EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS**

**11**

Tommy and Gibson hear the SHIP'S WHISTLE. They start RUNNING with the stretcher, heading for the base of the mole.

**12 EXT. BASE OF THE MOLE - CONTINUOUS**

**12**

The Warrant Officer addresses a group of FRENCH SOLDIERS.

WARRANT OFFICER  
NO FRENCH! NON FRANCAISES- SEULEMENT  
ANGLAISES! ENGLISH ONLY, YOU'LL HAVE  
YOUR OWN SHIPS!

Tommy and Gibson arrive, panting. The Warrant Officer looks at them. The SHIP'S WHISTLE, the Warrant Officer points up.

WARRANT OFFICER  
That's two minutes, you've missed  
it.

He turns back to ARGUING with the French.

Tommy PUSHES forward with the stretcher, soldiers try to let him through on the narrow mole.

The Warrant Officer, seeing Tommy, just shakes his head.

**13 EXT. HOSPITAL SHIP - CONTINUOUS 13**

Stretchers are loaded up the gangplank onto the deck of the ship, supervised by a Petty Officer.

He checks his watch, then looks along the mole at the remaining stretchers.

**14 EXT. THE MOLE - CONTINUOUS 14**

Tommy weaves along the mole, squeezing past the mass of troops jamming the breakwater.

Tommy leans out over the edge where the RAIL IS MISSING, a 20ft drop to the churning water.

Gibson follows, echoing Tommy's route and footing.

**15 EXT. HOSPITAL SHIP - CONTINUOUS 15**

The last of the line of stretchers is carefully, awkwardly raised up from the mole onto the deck of the ship. The Petty Officer speaks urgently to the last stretcher bearer.

PETTY OFFICER

Last?

The Stretcher Bearer NODS, too breathless to speak, then follows his colleagues BACK DOWN OFF THE SHIP.

An EXPLOSION hits the water nearby.

Everyone hits the deck as shells IMPACT the water.

**16 EXT. THE MOLE - CONTINUOUS 16**

Tommy is PULLED UP SHORT as Gibson STUMBLES.

A 109 STRAFES the length of the mole with gunfire, soldiers hit the deck, several are HIT.

Gibson STRUGGLES up.

CUT TO:

**17 EXT. WEYMOUTH HARBOUR - DAY 17**

Peter and George RUSH things off the boat, then start loading the orange life preservers Mr. Dawson looks up from his charts



to see NAVAL OFFICERS AND CREW coming along the harbor,  
assigning crew members to boats.

Peter follows his gaze.

**18 INT. MOONSTONE - CONTINUOUS 18**

Peter bursts into the cabin, stacking life vests.

**19 EXT. MOONSTONE - CONTINUOUS 19**

The pile of life vests on the dock SHRINKS.

Mr. Dawson watches the Naval men coming closer.

CUT TO:

**20 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - CONTINUOUS 20**

Farrier lightly brushes his fingers over the dashboard.

COLLINS (OVER RADIO)  
Dunkirk's so far, why can't they  
load at Calais?

Farrier looks over at his wing mate, COLLINS (Fortis 2)

FORTIS LEADER (OVER RADIO)  
The enemy had something to say about  
it.

**21 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 2 - CONTINUOUS 21**

Collins SCANS the skies above.

COLLINS  
Down here we're sitting ducks.

FORTIS LEADER (OVER RADIO)  
Keep 'em peeled. They'll come out of  
the sun.

**22 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - CONTINUOUS 22**

Farrier looks around into the blinding sun.

CUT TO:

**23 EXT. HOSPITAL SHIP - CONTINUOUS****23**

The Petty Officer barks orders at the crew.

PETTY OFFICER  
Man the bow line! Ready on the  
stern!

Troops stuck down on the mole below look resentfully at the ship preparing to depart. One soldier calls up.

SOLDIER  
Any more room?

The Petty Officer GLARES down at him.

**24 EXT. THE MOLE - CONTINUOUS****24**

Tommy breaks through a tight crowd of soldiers and STOPS.

In front of him is a jagged chasm. One NARROW PLANK laid across it. The drop is fifteen feet to rocks and concrete below.

The SHIP WHISTLE SOUNDS. Tommy stares.

SOLDIER  
Take a run at it!

Tommy glances at the soldier who spoke. Looks back at Gibson.

TOMMY  
One, two, three!

Tommy BOLTS across, pure concentration, the plank BOWING and BOUNCING as he crosses the middle, Gibson following, Tommy's foot SLIPS, he almost goes over, rights himself.

Helpful arms GRAB them as they hit the other side, a couple of CHEERS from the crowd. Tommy PLOUGHS ON.

**25 EXT. HOSPITAL SHIP - CONTINUOUS****25**

Tommy passes the stretcher bearers coming back down the mole, one of them moves to help but Tommy SHAKES his head, pushing past.

The Petty Officer gestures at his men to pull the gangplanks.

PETTY OFFICER  
PULL THE GANGPLANKS!

Tommy and Gibson arrive at the end of the mole.

TOMMY

Oi!

A gangplank is shoved back down.

They STRUGGLE up it with the stretcher.

When they make it to the deck they practically drop their burden, GASPING for breath. Orderlies takes the stretcher below.

Tommy and Gibson look around for a place to perch, catching their breaths.

CUT TO:

**26 EXT. MOONSTONE - CONTINUOUS**

**26**

Mr.Dawson sees the Naval Officers stepping onto their dock.

MR.DAWSON

Ready on the stern line.

George HOPS onto the dock, unties the stern line. STOPS. Looks at the approaching Officers. Then back to Mr.Dawson.

GEORGE

Aren't you waiting for the navy?

Mr.Dawson starts the engine. Peter jumps down onto the boat with the bow rope.

MR.DAWSON

They've asked for the Moonstone,  
they'll have her. With her Captain.

PETER

And his son.

The boat moves off- Peter looks to catch the line from George.

PETER

Thanks for the help, George.

Who, instead, JUMPS onto the stern, to Peter's surprise.

PETER

You know where we're going?

GEORGE

France.

MR.DAWSON  
Into war, George.

GEORGE  
I'll be useful, sir.

Mr.Dawson looks at George. Pushes the throttle forward and they motor out of the harbour into the English Channel.

CUT TO:

**27 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 2 - DAY 27**

Collins spots something-

**28 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - DAY 28**

Farrier SPOTS the ME109 COMING OUT OF THE SUN.

FARRIER  
Bandit- eight o'clock.

FORTIS LEADER (OVER RADIO)  
Break.

**29 EXT. SKY OVER ENGLISH CHANNEL - CONTINUOUS 29**

The three Spitfires dart away from each other, the German plane takes the left one (Collins), HURTLING down.

**30 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 2 - CONTINUOUS 30**

Collins dives, ROLLING, glancing back.

COLLINS  
He's on me!

**31 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - CONTINUOUS 31**

Farrier banks around, lining up on Collins' pursuer.

FARRIER  
And I'm on him.

CUT TO:

**32 EXT. HOSPITAL SHIP - EVENING****32**

Tommy and Gibson shuffle around the deck, looking for a spot to settle.

The Able Seaman manning the gangplank calls over.

ABLE SEAMEN  
You two, get a shift on!

Tommy reluctantly follows Gibson onto the plank.

**33 EXT. THE MOLE - CONTINUOUS****33**

As he shuffles down the gangplank he looks over at the THOUSANDS queuing on the mole.

A SECOND LIEUTENANT on the mole WAVES Tommy along.

SECOND LIEUTENANT  
Off you go! Back up the line!

As Tommy steps off the plank he hears a noise-Gibson, finger to his lips, "shush", is crouched in the crisscross structure below the mole where he can't be seen by the officers on top. He beckons Tommy to join him.

PETTY OFFICER  
That last barrage damaged the rudder!

The Second Lieutenant TURNS to the Petty Officer. Tommy slips down beside Gibson.

SECOND LIEUTENANT  
Tie up again while we try to fix it.

They settle in on the beams just above the water line.

CUT TO:

**34 EXT. MOONSTONE - ENGLISH CHANNEL - MORNING****34**

Mr.Dawson comes to the back of the well, fits the TILLER, to steer from outside. Peter at his side. George, on the bow, looks across at several Naval Vessels on the same course.

Suddenly he SPOTS a BOMBER overhead.

GEORGE  
Mr.Dawson!

Mr.Dawson's eyes don't leave his course.

MR.DAWSON  
One of ours, George.

George looks up as the plane, a Blenheim bomber passes over.

Looking down to his left, a FISHING TRAWLER bobbing along.  
Further back down the convoy his sees a THAMES PADDLE  
STEAMER.

A Destroyer approaches from the opposite direction. As George  
PEERS, he starts to make out shapes of men on the decks.

The Destroyer passes close enough that George can see that  
the boat is PACKED with soldiers. Weary, bedraggled,  
dispirited soldiers. George STARES at the haunted faces.

As the Moonstone rides over the WAKE of the Destroyer, an  
OMINOUS BOOM REVERBERATES in the distance. Too sudden for  
thunder, the boom multiplies into a distant barrage.

Mr.Dawson comes forwards, drawn by the sound. He stares at  
the horizon, distant BLACK SMOKE precisely where they're  
headed. More BOOMS. Mr.Dawson looks at George. Who is SCARED.  
He puts his hand on his shoulder. Nods reassuringly.

CUT TO:

**35 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - CONTINUOUS 35**

Farrier concentrates, trying to angle his plane at the tail  
of the ME 109 ahead, but the German plane keeps pulling out  
of his sights, turning right, pulling g's, rolling.

FARRIER  
On my mark, draw him left, Fortis 2  
-- 3,2,1, mark.

**36 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 2 - CONTINUOUS 36**

Collins pulls hard left, rolling up and left as TRACER FIRE  
STREAKS PAST.

**37 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - CONTINUOUS 37**

Farrier watches the ME 109 cut left to follow Collins, he  
pushes the button on his stick to STRAFE the plane with his  
cannons. SMOKE starts trailing from the German plane.

FARRIER

Clear.

**38 EXT. SKY OVER ENGLISH CHANNEL - CONTINUOUS 38**

The ME 109 trails heavy smoke as it tips towards the water.

**39 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 2 - CONTINUOUS 39**

Collins straightens out, tries to look back.

COLLINS  
Is he down?

**40 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - CONTINUOUS 40**

Farrier watches the ME 109 SMASH into the water, breaking up in a fiery mess.

FARRIER  
Down for the count.

TRACER FIRE SMASHES into Farrier's plane, SPARKING inside and out, Farrier banks HARD RIGHT as a second 109 STREAKS away, he straightens up.

FARRIER  
Fortis leader, one bandit down.  
(nothing)  
Fortis Leader, do you read?

Nothing.

Farrier looks around, spots a Spitfire.

FARRIER  
Fortis 2, I have you to port, no eyes on Fortis leader. Over.

COLLINS (OVER RADIO)  
Understood, Fortis 1. Orbit for a look --

Farrier looks all around as he pulls right on the stick.

CUT TO:

**41 EXT. THE MOLE - EVENING 41**

Eerie quiet.

Tommy and Gibson sit in the structure, UNSEEN, listening.

COMMANDER BOLTON checks progress on board the hospital ship.

COMMANDER BOLTON  
How long, Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT  
We need to run a new cable, sir.  
They're scrambling.

Commander Bolton turns to Colonel Winnant, the army representative.

COMMANDER BOLTON  
Colonel, you're going to have to  
decide how many more wounded to  
evacuate -- one stretcher takes the  
space of seven standing men.

Colonel Winnant takes this in.

Tommy crouches lower as he sees a LAUNCH approach.

A HIGH RANKING OFFICER is helped up the ladder onto the mole.

COMMANDER BOLTON (SALUTES)  
Rear Admiral.

REAR ADMIRAL  
Commander.

REAR ADMIRAL  
(to Colonel Winnant)  
At ease, Colonel. How's the  
perimeter?

Colonel Winnant GESTURES towards the smoke-shrouded town.

COLONEL WINNANT  
Shrinking every day. But between our  
rear guard and the French -- we're  
holding the line. And the enemy  
tanks've stopped.

COMMANDER BOLTON  
Why?

COLONEL WINNANT  
Waste precious tanks, when you can  
pick us off from the air, like fish  
in a barrel?

COMMANDER BOLTON



How long does London expect the army to hold out before we make terms?

The Rear Admiral looks sharply at the idea.

REAR ADMIRAL  
Make terms? They're not stopping here. We need to get our army back.

The Rear Admiral points across the dark water.

REAR ADMIRAL  
Britain's next. Then the world.

Commander Bolton puts his field glasses to his face.

COMMANDER BOLTON  
Christ, you can almost see it from here --

COLONEL WINNANT  
What?

COMMANDER BOLTON  
Home.  
(turns to the town)  
What about the French?

REAR ADMIRAL  
Publicly, Churchill's told them "Bras Dessous"  
(off look)  
Arm in arm. Leaving together.

COLONEL WINNANT  
And privately?

REAR ADMIRAL  
We need our army back.

COLONEL WINNANT  
How many men are they talking about?

REAR ADMIRAL  
Churchill wants 30,000. Ramsay's hoping we can give him 45.

Commander Bolton looks out at the mass of humanity.

COMMANDER BOLTON  
There are 400 thousand men on this beach, sir.

Down below, Tommy takes this in. Every man for himself.

REAR ADMIRAL  
We'll just have to do our best.

Bolton straightens up.

COMMANDER BOLTON  
Right, this mole stays open at all costs.

Bolton points at the FUNNEL and MASTS of SUNKEN SHIPS.

COMMANDER BOLTON  
We're in range of artillery from the west, anything else sinks out here the mole's blocked and we're stuffed.

REAR ADMIRAL  
Can't we load from the beaches?

COLONEL WINNANT  
Better than standing out here when the dive bombers come.

COMMANDER BOLTON  
Impossible.

The Rear Admiral looks at the lines of men on the beaches.

REAR ADMIRAL  
Too shallow.

COMMANDER BOLTON  
Anything drafting more than three feet can't get near.

COMMANDER BOLTON  
We don't have enough small boats to ferry men out to the destroyers.

The Rear Admiral nods.

REAR ADMIRAL  
The mole it is, then, gentlemen.

CUT TO:

**42 EXT. MOONSTONE - ENGLISH CHANNEL - DAY**

**42**

Mr. Dawson is on the bow, peering ahead. The distant smoke is closer, small shapes in the sky move above distant ships, accompanied by thunderous booms.

Much nearer: a shape. A WRECK. Upside down.

Mr.Dawson moves quickly down the yacht to the well and takes the helm, throttling back. He gestures for Peter to head to the bow.

The Moonstone approaches the wreck. BODIES surround the overturned hull.

Crouched on the hull, a SOLDIER.

Mr.Dawson REVERSES the screw, slowing to a crawl. Peter stares out at the SHIVERING SOLDIER.

PETER

Can you swim it?

The Shivering Soldier STARES back at Peter. Peter looks back at Mr.Dawson.

PETER

Can you get closer?

Mr.Dawson looks down the side of the boat, considers.

MR.DAWSON

Can't risk it!

Mr.Dawson turns to George.

MR.DAWSON

Take Peter a line.

George grabs a coiled rope and heads up to the bow. Peter takes the rope from George.

PETER

I'll throw you a line!

The shivering soldier looks up at him, blank. Peter tosses the line. It hits the water several feet in front of the soldier who STARES at it.

Peter gathers the line, then TOSSES it again.

The shivering soldier SPRINGS for it, GRABBING it and HANGING ON as Peter and George reel him in, pulling him around to the stern ladder.

He is too exhausted to make it up the ladder, so they grab his shirt, pulling him into the well.

George grabs a blanket and puts it around the soldier's shoulders.

Mr. Dawson glances at the Soldier, then reverses from the wreck the way he came in, and steers wide around the visible portion of the wreck.

Once the water ahead is open, Mr. Dawson speeds up, heading again for the dark smoke of Dunkirk.

CUT TO:

**43 EXT. SKY ABOVE THE ENGLISH CHANNEL - DAY 43**

The two Spitfires arc around the wreckage of the ME 109.

**44 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - CONTINUOUS 44**

Farrier SPOTS something.

FARRIER  
Wreckage below.

He heads low over the wreckage.

COLLINS (OVER RADIO)  
More of the 109?

Farrier banks, looking down, spots a half submerged tail-clearly RAF.

FARRIER  
No, it's Fortis Leader, over.

COLLINS  
Do you think he got out?

FARRIER  
Didn't see a 'chute.

Farrier straightens up. Considers.

FARRIER  
Record his position, then set  
heading 128, height -- 1,000, over.

COLLINS  
Vector 128, angels 1. Understood.

Farrier reaches forward, pushes the button by his fuel gauge. NOTHING.

The glass is CRACKED. He TAPS it with his glove. Nothing.

FARRIER

Fortis 2, what's your fuel?

**45 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 2 - CONTINUOUS 45**

Collins checks his gauge.

COLLINS  
Fifty gallons, over.

**46 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - CONTINUOUS 46**

Farrier takes this down with a grease pencil.

FARRIER  
Keep letting me know, my gauge took  
a knock back there, over.

COLLINS  
Should you turn back?

Farrier methodically checks his other gauges and switches,  
checks the responsiveness of rudder, aerilons.

FARRIER  
I'm confident it's just the gauge.

Farrier glances at his pencil mark, sets the BEZEL on his  
watch.

He TAPS his gauge one more time. Nothing.

CUT TO:

**47 EXT. THE MOLE - EVENING 47**

Bolton watches the Rear Admiral motor away in his launch-the  
engine noise fading to be replaced by.

A familiar, dreaded sound is building. STUKAS.

The men on the mole look up at the sky.

From high above we see how trapped and exposed this line of  
men stretching a kilometer into the sea really is.

Restless, the soldiers look behind and in front. There's  
simply nowhere to go. The awful whine builds. Then changes  
pitch as the bombers go into their DIVE.

BOOMBOOMBOOMBOOMBOOM! The bombs impact the sea either side of  
the mole, soldiers crouch as low as they can.

The onslaught is ENDLESS, TERRIBLE and INESCAPABLE.

BOOM! A direct hit to the Hospital Ship.

The Stukas have gone.

Screams and shouts, people start JUMPING OVER THE SIDE of the HOSPITAL SHIP onto the mole.

VOICES

She's going down! SHE'S GOING UNDER!

Commander Bolton shouts at the men manning the lines.

COMMANDER BOLTON

CUT HER LOOSE!

The crew are jumping off the side, the burning ship is SINKING.

SUB-LIEUTENANT

What about the wounded?

COMMANDER BOLTON

Cut her loose, and push her off! We can't let her sink at the mole!

The men cast her off and PUSH her off.

Crew members and orderlies LEAP from the deck into the water.

The bow of the BLAZING, SINKING ship drifts away from the mole.

Tommy and Gibson pull soldiers up onto the beams of the mole.

As the bow comes around, the stern SCRAPES along the wooden pilings, SPLINTERING them in its path.

A FLAILING SOLDIER is in its path, trying to swim free.

The STEEL HULK is about to CRUSH HIM.

Tommy GRABS him by the shoulders and YANKS with all his might, pulling him clear just as the hull GRINDS against the wood.

Tommy looks down on the breathless, wet soldier. The wet Soldier focuses on Tommy.

THIS IS ALEX. He nods thanks. Tommy nods back.

Commander Bolton WATCHES the ship slip down into the waves.

CUT TO:

**48 EXT. MOONSTONE - ENGLISH CHANNEL - DAY****48**

Mr.Dawson is back at the helm. The Shivering Soldier sits in the well, blanket over his shoulders. Staring at the deck. George watches him, then leans forward.

GEORGE

Come below, it's out of the wind.

The Shivering Soldier glances at the companionway. Shakes his head.

GEORGE

Really, it's warmer.

George reaches out for the Shivering Soldier's arm, who SMACKS it away.

MR.DAWSON

Leave him, George.

George looks up at the Commander.

MR.DAWSON

He feels safer on deck. You would too if you'd been bombed.

SHIVERING SOLDIER

U-boat. It was a U-boat.

PETER

Get him some tea, George.

George darts downstairs. Useful.

CUT TO:

**49 EXT. SKY OVER ENGLISH CHANNEL - DAY****49**

The two Spitfires head towards the massive BLACK SMOKE hanging over the distant port of Dunkirk.

There are many different ships and boats of all sizes in the water in front of them.

**50 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 2 - CONTINUOUS****50**

Collins pushes the button to check the fuel gauge.

COLLINS  
40 gallons, Fortis 1. over.

**51 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - CONTINUOUS 51**

Farrier instinctively looks at his gauge. Nothing.

FARRIER  
40 gallons, understood.

Farrier pulls out a grease pencil and notes fuel and time.

FARRIER  
We're about five minutes out, climb  
to 2,000.

COLLINS (OVER RADIO)  
That's more fuel.

FARRIER  
I don't want to get jumped again.  
Get some altitude, dive down on the  
bastards. Over.

COLLINS (OVER RADIO)  
Understood. Angels two, over.

Farrier pulls back on the stick.

**52 EXT. SKY OVER ENGLISH CHANNEL - CONTINUOUS 52**

The Spitfires RISE gloriously into higher air.

CUT TO:

**53 EXT. THE MOLE - EVENING 53**

Commander Bolton looks over at the wet soldiers clinging to the understructure of the mole.

COMMANDER BOLTON (O.S.)  
Right, Highlanders. Let's find you  
another ship.

The wet soldiers pull themselves to their feet.

Tommy, watched by Alex, SLIPS into the water, then pulls himself out, dripping. Gibson follows suit. Alex LAUGHS at them, then helps them push into the group.



They follow the wet soldiers up onto the mole, where Bolton's men shepherd them onto a LAUNCH.

**54 EXT. LAUNCH - CONTINUOUS****54**

Tommy and Gibson make themselves inconspicuous amongst the Highlanders, eyes down.

As the launch pulls away from the mole, Tommy glances back at the men lining the breakwater.

The launch motors out of the harbour.

It approaches a DESTROYER, its sheer iron side TOWERING above the launch, as it BOBS up and down alongside.

CARGO NETS are dropped over the side, and the men start to step up onto the rail of the BOBBING ship, waiting for the RHYTHMIC movement towards the iron wall. GRABBING at the rope mesh, STRUGGLING to pull themselves up.

Tommy steps up to the railing, next to an EXHAUSTED soldier who can barely lift himself up, Tommy grabs his shoulder to steady him on the rail as the launch BOUNCES off the iron wall of the destroyer.

They both grab at the net, Tommy climbing up.

The exhausted soldier has not got his feet into the netting, he slips lower.

The gap between the launch and the destroyer shrinks to nothing.

The soldier's legs are CRUSHED between the two oblivious craft.

He SCREAMS, hands PULL him up as the craft separate.

**55 EXT. DESTROYER - CONTINUOUS****55**

The men collapse onto the deck in exhausted piles. SAILORS and NURSES urge them to move below decks.

SAILOR

Down below. Come on, mate.

Tommy follows Alex and his mates to a doorway at the head of the stairs down below. A NURSE is standing there.

NURSE

Come on, boys. There's a nice cup of tea for you down there. This way, come on.

**56 INT. DESTROYER - CONTINUOUS 56**

Tommy starts down the stairs. Gibson has stopped at the top, looking down into the stairwell.

NURSE  
Come on, down you go.

Gibson, shaking his head, steps back.

Alex sees this, turns to follow Tommy into the crowd in the hold. They are handed a cup of tea each and a hunk of bread.

**57 EXT. DESTROYER - CONTINUOUS 57**

Out on deck, Gibson sits by the companionway in the gathering dark as the ship gets underway.

**58 INT. HOLD - DESTROYER - CONTINUOUS 58**

Down below, Tommy and Alex eat and drink hungrily and gratefully. Between bites, Alex gestures to the stairs.

ALEX  
What's wrong with your friend?

Tommy WATCHES THE DOOR TO THE HOLD CLOSE. Takes another bite. Uneasy.

Looks around the hold, PACKED LIKE THE TUBE AT RUSH HOUR.

TOMMY  
Looking for a quick way out. In case we go down.

Tommy and Alex edge through the crowd towards the stairs.

CUT TO:

**59 EXT. MOONSTONE - ENGLISH CHANNEL - DAY 59**

George hands the Shivering Soldier a steaming mug of tea.

The BOOMS start reverberating again.

The Shivering Soldier glances up. REALIZES SOMETHING.

SHIVERING SOLDIER  
Where are we going?

MR.DAWSON  
Dunkirk.

SHIVERING SOLDIER  
No, we're going to England!

MR.DAWSON  
We have to go to Dunkirk first.

SHIVERING SOLDIER  
I'M NOT GOING BACK!

Peter watches from the companionway. The Shivering Soldier throws his arm out at the dark cloud on the horizon.

SHIVERING SOLDIER  
Look at it! We go there we'll die!

Mr.Dawson looks at the Shivering Soldier. Calm.

MR.DAWSON  
I see your point, son. Take your tea below and warm up while we plot a course.

The Shivering Soldier considers this. Then takes his blanket and heads down the companionway. Peter helps him down below.

**60 INT. CABIN - MOONSTONE - CONTINUOUS**

**60**

Peter opens the door to the forepeak and sits the Shivering Soldier down on a narrow bunk.

PETER  
I'll get you some more tea.

Peter shuts the door. Looks at the bolt. Considering.

**61 EXT. MOONSTONE - CONTINUOUS**

**61**

George looks up at the Commander. Addresses him with the tone of a child trying to speak like a grown up.

GEORGE  
Is he a coward?

Mr.Dawson looks sharply at George.

MR.DAWSON

He's shell-shocked, George. He's not himself. He may never be himself again.

**62 INT. CABIN - MOONSTONE - MOMENTS LATER 62**

Peter hands the Shivering Soldier a cup of tea. The Shivering Soldier accepts it wordlessly. Staring in front of him. Peter closes the forepeak door. Pauses.

Peter gently slides the bolt, LOCKING THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

**63 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - DAY 63**

Farrier looks down at the mass of ships and boats passing each other, there is the minesweeper, CASTOR, every inch of her deck covered with troops.

COLLINS (OVER RADIO)  
Heinkel, 11 O'clock, lining up to drop her load on that minesweeper.

Farrier's head SNAPS around, spots the German bomber.

FARRIER  
Fighters?

**64 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 2 - CONTINUOUS 64**

Collins PEERS down, scanning around the Heinkel BOMBER for its fighter escort. SPOTS.

COLLINS  
109's, off her starboard.

FARRIER (OVER RADIO)  
I'm on the bomber.

Collins pushes forward into a DIVE.

**65 EXT. SKY OVER ENGLISH CHANNEL - CONTINUOUS 65**

Spitfire 2 DIVES at the German fighters, cannons BLASTING.

Spitfire 1 DIVES at the German bomber, cannons BLASTING.

**66 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - CONTINUOUS 66**

Farrier has the Heinkel in his sights, bucking and weaving as his spitfire SLICES down through turbulent air, he pushes the button on the stick which control his guns.

He ROLLS away from the Heinkel as he dives beneath it, taking his finger off the trigger, fighting the g's with his neck as he pulls out of the dive.

**67 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 2 - CONTINUOUS 67**

Collins fires at one of the 109's until he sees SMOKE trailing-he DIVES between the German planes.

**68 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - CONTINUOUS 68**

Farrier SCANS his surroundings as he tries to orient himself relative to the Heinkel.

Finding it, he pulls the stick, lining up for another run at it, this time from below.

The bomber is in his sights, he fires his guns.

He flashes past, dangerously close to its top turret which HURLS TRACER BULLETS at him, he sees SPARKING on the hull of the bomber.

**69 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 2 - CONTINUOUS 69**

Coming around, starting to climb, Collins sees the Heinkel VEER OFF COURSE, heading away from the minesweeper.

COLLINS  
She's turning, you must've damaged her.

FARRIER (OVER RADIO)  
Where's the escort?

COLLINS  
I got one of --

BLAMBLAMBLAM!!! Cannon fire RIPS into Spitfire 2, Collins YANKS the stick but it's too late, flames leap from the fuselage.

COLLINS  
I'm going down.

FARRIER (OVER RADIO)  
I'm on him, bail out.

Collins checks his parachute, opens the canopy, the wind HOWLS inside the cockpit, he surveys the water below.

SLIDES his canopy shut again.

COLLINS  
The swell looks good, I'm ditching.

CUT TO:

**70 INT. HOLD - DESTROYER - NIGHT 70**

The MUNCHING and SLURPING of starving soldiers.

The ENGINES kick into gear as the destroyer starts to move.

A CHEER goes up around the hundreds of men in the hold.

**71 EXT. DESTROYER - CONTINUOUS 71**

Up on deck, Gibson watches several ROW BOATS heading towards them, hearing the engines, they starts SHOUTING.

MALE VOICES  
Wait! Wait for us!

Gibson spots white water on the black sea, a wake.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
TORPEDO!

An EXPLOSION LIFTS WATER at the side of the ship.

**72 INT. HOLD - DESTROYER - CONTINUOUS 72**

The cheering STOPS. BOOOOOMS SHUDDER the suddenly FRAGILE iron walls of the hold. MASSIVE PERCUSSIONS OF WOBBLING METAL SHEETS.

**73 EXT. DESTROYER - CONTINUOUS 73**

A BLAST THAT MOVES EVERY BOLT OF THE DESTROYER.

**74 INT. HOLD - DESTROYER - CONTINUOUS 74**

ANYONE STANDING IS THROWN OFF THEIR FEET.

**75 EXT. DESTROYER - CONTINUOUS 75**

A VAST PLUME OF FIRE EXPLODES UP AND OUT OF THE FUNNEL.  
THE DECK BLASTS APART.

**76 INT. HOLD - DESTROYER - CONTINUOUS 76**

MEN SCREAM AS THE IRON PLATES OF THE WALLS BUCKLE. A GLIMPSE OF WATER BLASTING IN.

THE LIGHTS GO OUT. COMPLETE DARKNESS.

SOUND OF MEN SCREAMING BARELY AUDIBLE OVER THE SOUND OF BLASTING WATER AND BENDING METAL.

**77 EXT. DESTROYER - CONTINUOUS 77**

THE SHIP LISTS, RAPIDLY SINKING.

THE ROW BOATS PULL AWAY, HARD.

GIBSON PREPARES TO JUMP.

GLANCES BACK AT THE CLOSED DOOR TO THE HOLD, JUMPS BACK-OPENS THE DOOR.

**78 INT. HOLD - DESTROYER - CONTINUOUS 78**

BLACKNESS.

THE DIM LIGHT OF THE OPEN DOOR BECOMES A BEACON.

TOMMY SPOTS GIBSON WAVING.

TOMMY AND ALEX CLAW THEIR WAY UP THE STEPS AS THE ENTIRE SHIP GOES UNDER.

**79 EXT. DESTROYER - CONTINUOUS 79**

TOMMY AND ALEX BURST FREE OF THE DOOR AS IT SINKS BENEATH THE WAVES AND

THEY PULL AWAY FROM THE DISAPPEARING SHIP WITH THE STRENGTH BORN OF ABSOLUTE DESPERATION.

CUT TO:

**80 EXT. MOONSTONE - ENGLISH CHANNEL - DAY 80**

George hears planes behind them, he looks up.

THREE SPITFIRES IN CONFIDENT FORMATION SWEEP OVERHEAD.

Mr.Dawson keeps his eyes on the black smoke ahead of them.

MR.DAWSON  
Spitfires, George. Greatest plane  
ever built.

George smiles. Then looks quizzical.

GEORGE  
You didn't even look.

MR.DAWSON  
Rolls Royce Merlin engines. Sweetest  
sound you could hear out here.

**81 INT. CABIN - MOONSTONE - CONTINUOUS**

**81**

Peter is folding a chart. A clicking sound catches his attention, the handle of the forepeak door is being rattled from the other side. Peter FREEZES, uncertain what to do.

BANG, the rattles become BANGS.

SHIVERING SOLDIER (O.S.)  
Hello?! Anyone there?!

Peter puts the chart down, takes a step towards the door.

BANG!

SHIVERING SOLDIER (O.S.)  
OPEN UP, DAMMIT!

Peter freezes. Turns back to the companionway.

**82 EXT. MOONSTONE - CONTINUOUS**

**82**

Peter pokes his head out, Mr.Dawson looks at him, quizzical.

PETER  
He wants to come out.

The banging and SHOUTING of the Shivering Soldier continues.

MR.DAWSON  
What did you do? Lock him in?

Peter is at a loss.

MR.DAWSON



Let him out, for God's sake!

**83 INT. CABIN - MOONSTONE - CONTINUOUS**

**83**

Peter comes down the companionway, reluctantly approaching the BANGING, RATTLING DOOR.

THE BANGING STOPS.

Peter reaches up to the bolt, BRACES, gently SLIDES it back.

Opens the door, the forepeak is EMPTY. Peter rushes in, spots the open forward hatch.

**84 EXT. MOONSTONE - CONTINUOUS**

**84**

Mr.Dawson leans down to try and see in the cabin.

SHIVERING SOLDIER (O.S.)  
You haven't turned around!

Mr.Dawson turns calmly to the Shivering Soldier.

MR.DAWSON  
No. We have a job to do.

SHIVERING SOLDIER  
Job? This is a pleasure yacht!  
You're weekend sailors, not the  
bloody navy-! A man your age- -

MR.DAWSON  
Men my age dictate this war. Why are  
we allowed to send our children to  
fight it?

SHIVERING SOLDIER  
YOU SHOULD BE AT HOME!

MR.DAWSON  
There won't be any home if we allow  
this slaughter across the channel.  
There's no hiding from this.

CUT TO:

**85 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - DAY**

**85**

Farrier chases the 109 as it circles around on Collins.

**86 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 2 - DAY 86**

Collins glances out at his burning wing.

Checks his altimeter.

Checks his canopy is locked in the half-open position.

LOWER.

**87 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - CONTINUOUS 87**

Farrier fires at the 109, chasing him off.

FARRIER

He's turned tail, I'm after him.

**88 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 2 - CONTINUOUS 88**

Collins checks his belts are tight.

Checks the release pin on his harness.

COLLINS

Good luck. Watch your fuel --  
(reads)

Fifteen gallons.

Checks his Mae West, puffing into the inflating tube.

LOWER.

**89 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - CONTINUOUS 89**

Farrier grease pencils the reading on the chart.

FARRIER

Fifteen gallons, understood --

**90 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 2 - CONTINUOUS 90**

FARRIER (OVER RADIO)

-- best of luck, Collins.

Collins checks wind direction.

Checks wave direction on the surface of the water.

LOWER.

Turns, lining up along the the waves as he descends.

LOWER.

The water rushes by BLINDINGLY FAST.

**91 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - DAY**

**91**

Farrier watches Spitfire 2 CARVE gracefully across the water, before coming to a stop, floating.

Farrier spots a CIVILIAN YACHT heading for Collins.

He sees Collins' hand stick out of the canopy, WAVING. He TIPS HIS WINGS at Collins, turns away, looks ahead, chasing the 109 towards Dunkirk.

CUT TO:

**92 EXT. WATER - JUST OUTSIDE DUNKIRK HARBOUR - NIGHT**

**92**

Tommy and Alex, life jackets on, swim on the swell, bodies and burning wreckage all around. Fuel BURNING on the surface of the water.

Tommy and Alex pull for an OVERLOADED row boat. Tommy GRABS the side, tries to climb, he's PUSHED OFF by the men inside.

MALE VOICE

Piss off, it's too crowded!

Alex is GRABBING at the rail as well-

ALEX

You can't leave us! Make some room.

SOLDIER (O.S.)

You men, leave off. You'll capsize the boat, it's gone over twice on the way out here.

Tommy looks at the Soldier. It is the Shivering Soldier, NOT YET SHIVERING. IN FULL CONTROL OF HIS FACULTIES.

SOLDIER

You have to stay calm. There are plenty of boats.

ALEX

Calm?! Wait till you get torpedoed, then tell us to be calm!

SOLDIER  
You have life jackets?

MALE VOICE  
Yeah, they do.

SOLDIER  
Don't panic, the water's not too rough, or too cold. We're heading back to the beach.

MALE VOICE  
Fuck off! Let's go to Dover!

Several voices join in.

SOLDIER  
We can't make it across the channel on this, lads. We need to get back to the beach and wait for another ride.

(gestures)  
It's not even half a mile. You men in the water float here, save your strength, we'll come back for you.

The men start rowing.

Gibson is in the back. Alex SPOTS him.

Gibson quietly drops the rear painter (a small rope attached to the stern) into the black water.

Alex takes it, hands part of it to Tommy and they quietly drag behind the boat as it rows in to the shore, the men in the rear notice, but nobody says anything.

As the dawn breaks, the small, packed boat pulls across the calm water to the vast, packed beach at Dunkirk.

CUT TO:

**93 EXT. MOONSTONE - DAY**

**93**

The Shivering Soldier steps up to Mr. Dawson.

SHIVERING SOLDIER  
What is it you think you can do out there?! On this thing?!

MR. DAWSON  
Not just us. The call went out, we won't be the only ones to answer.

SHIVERING SOLDIER  
YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE GUNS!

MR.DAWSON  
Did you have a gun?

SHIVERING SOLDIER  
Course. A rifle. 303.

MR.DAWSON  
Did it help you against the dive  
bombers? Or the U-boats?

The Shivering Soldier GLARES at Mr.Dawson.

SHIVERING SOLDIER  
You're an old fool. And you're going  
to die if you don't turn around.

The BOOMS echo. Closer now.

SHIVERING SOLDIER  
We're turning around, now!

The Shivering Soldier steps towards Mr.Dawson. SCREAMING at  
the top of his lungs.

SHIVERING SOLDIER  
TURN IT AROUND! TURN IT AROUND!

Peter, hearing this, makes his way back from the bow.

The Shivering Soldier GRABS the wheel.

George GRABS his shoulder.

The Shivering Soldier SMASHES HIS ELBOW into George's face,  
sending him flying BACKWARDS DOWN THE COMPANIONWAY.

Peter PULLS the Shivering Soldier away from the wheel.

PETER  
Calm it down, Mate.

The Shivering Soldier looks at him, shocked. Confused.

Peter calls down the companionway.

PETER  
George?

Nothing.

PETER

George?!

Nothing. The Shivering Soldier watches as Peter climbs down to find.

**94 INT. CABIN - MOONSTONE - CONTINUOUS**

**94**

George, sprawled out at the foot of the steps, on his back, QUIETLY GROANING, BLEEDING from the back of the head. Peter grabs a life jacket and puts it behind George's head.

PETER

It's okay. You're okay. It's okay.

George blinks at Peter. Frightened.

CUT TO:

**95 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - DAY**

**95**

Farrier chases the 109, gradually CLOSING.

Up ahead, a convoy of ships is gathered around the entrance to the harbour.

Farrier passes over a FISHING TRAWLER WITH A BLUE CABIN, covered with soldiers, strangely low in the water, WATER WASHING ACROSS ITS DECKS.

He looks up ahead to the 109, just coming into range.

He spots GERMAN PLANES in the distance, heading towards him, he sights the 109. FIRES a short burst. NOTHING.

HE REMEMBERS HIS FUEL GAUGE.

--pointlessly pushes the button next to the cracked gauge.

NO RESPONSE.

Farrier checks his position on his chart. Checks the last fuel reading he grease-penciled. KNOWS HE SHOULD TURN AROUND.

Farrier sights the 109, banking slightly to bring it across his sights.

Farrier FIRES, the 109 starts SMOKING, DROPPING.

Farrier SPINS AROUND, TURNING AWAY from the approaching planes, HEADING FOR DOVER FOR HOME.

As he passes over the sinking blue trawler, he sees men jumping into the water, swimming for a DESTROYER nearby.

In his REAR VIEW MIRROR; the enemy planes approaching.

Farrier looks at his cracked fuel gauge THINKING.

CUT TO:

**96 EXT. BEACH AT ZYDECOTE - 7 MILES EAST OF DUNKIRK - DAWN 96**

The SURF has picked up since yesterday.

Tommy, Gibson, Alex lie on the beach, sleeping as the light comes up on a stormy day.

In the distance, towards the dark smoke of Dunkirk, the lines of men extend into the sea.

Nearby, small groups of soldiers attempt to climb onto small vessels, rowboats are being SWAMPED and OVERTURNED in the surf, overcrowded boats are GROUNDED on the sand.

MALE VOICE

Right. Three of you out, or the rest's stuck.

Soldiers give up their places. Some head back out of the surf. Some wade out past the break.

**97 EXT. BEACH AT MALO LES BAINS - CONTINUOUS 97**

Colonel Winnant walks the beach, surveying. He approaches a group of ENGINEERS driving TRUCKS onto the sand, taking the air out of their tires, laying duckboards on top.

ENGINEER

(brightly)

A pier. When the water comes back in. Tide's turning, now.

Colonel Winnant looks out at the churning water.

COLONEL WINNANT

How can you tell?

ENGINEER

(quietly)

The bodies come back.

Colonel Winnant looks out at the water, men in line, chest deep, gently push floating bodies aside as they wash in.

**98 EXT. BEACH AT ZYDECOTE - CONTINUOUS****98**

Tommy BANGS a tin of vegetables on a rock. It springs a leak and he sucks the juice. Gibson holds out his hand. Tommy keeps sucking for a beat or two, then hands it over.

Tommy watches Vanquisher loading troops from the vast crowd lining the mole. Despairing.

Alex opens his eyes and sits up. Spots some HIGHLANDERS walking past, away from Dunkirk in loose formation.

ALEX

Hey! Highlanders!

Tommy watches as Alex gets to his feet, heading over to his regimental comrades.

ALEX

What's that way?

HIGHLANDER1

(points)

A boat.

Alex follows his gesture to a FISHING TRAWLER WITH A BLUE CABIN, listing in the shallows a mile up the beach.

ALEX

She's grounded.

HIGHLANDER2

Not when the tide comes in, she isn't.

Tommy and Gibson are already on their feet. Alex nods at them as they follow the Highlanders down the beach towards the grounded trawler.

CUT TO:

**99 INT. CABIN - MOONSTONE - DAY****99**

Peter goes down below to check on George. He checks the bleeding on the life jacket behind George's head.

PETER

What'd you want to come along for, George?

GEORGE

Sea cadet? You and Mr. Dawson? Best thing I ever done. Only thing I ever



done. I told my dad I never done nothing at school. I told my dad I'd do something one day. Maybe get in the local paper.

PETER  
The Herald? Why?

GEORGE  
Maybe teachers would see it. Make my school proud.

PETER  
(laughs)  
Who cares what your bloody school thinks, George?

George looks up at Peter, desperate.

GEORGE  
Please! Please don't laugh at me!

Peter looks at George, deciding how to respond.

PETER  
I'm going to laugh at you, George, 'cos you're being bloody silly.

George is crying.

PETER  
Now, stop it. I need you back up on deck.

George keeps crying.

GEORGE  
I can't. I can't see.

Peter looks at him. Gets a blanket, puts it across George's chest.

PETER  
Get some rest.

Peter gets up. Looks down at the softly weeping boy.

PETER  
I'll need you as soon as you're able.

George nods. Smiling through his tears.

**100 EXT. MOONSTONE - ENGLISH CHANNEL - DAY****100**

Peter comes up on deck.

The Shivering Soldier, crouched in the well, STARES at him. Mr.Dawson is at the helm. Peter comes close. Speaking low.

PETER

The blood won't stop. Should we turn back?

Mr.Dawson looks back towards Britain. Then forward to France. Thinking. Shakes his head.

MR.DAWSON

Come too far.

BOOM! Explosions nearby.

The Shivering Soldier moves into a foetal position.

Mr.Dawson and Peter look ahead to where PLUMES of water rise, seemingly in slow motion, amongst the ships up ahead.

German BOMBERS drifting overhead, 109 fighters buzzing around them.

Mr.Dawson holds his course.

CUT TO:

**101 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - DAY****101**

Farrier flies, DISTRACTED, glancing from his broken fuel gauge to the switch for his reserve fuel tank.

FARRIER

Sod it.

Farrier BANKS, COMING AROUND.

Farrier CLIMBS, trying to gain advantage for the coming encounter, lining up on the German planes threatening the Destroyer and the blue trawler.

CUT TO:

**102 EXT. BASE OF THE MOLE - CONTINUOUS****102**

Colonel Winnant makes his way towards the crowded mole. Stretchers of FRENCH TROOPS are brought down to the mole. A PRIVATE comes out of the crowd, BREATHLESS.

PRIVATE

The French've been forced back on  
the western side, sir.

Colonel Winnant looks at EXPLOSIONS over the warehouses.

COLONEL WINNANT

But they're still holding a  
perimeter?

PRIVATE

For now.

Colonel Winnant pushes on down the mole.

**103 EXT. THE MOLE - MOMENTS LATER**

**103**

He finds Bolton, but NO SHIPS.

COLONEL WINNANT

Where're the destroyers?

COMMANDER BOLTON

There'll be one soon.

COLONEL WINNANT

One?

COMMANDER BOLTON

After yesterday's losses, it's one  
ship on the mole at a time.

COLONEL WINNANT

The battle's here, what're they  
saving them for?

COMMANDER BOLTON

The next battle. The one for  
Britain. Same with the planes.

COLONEL WINNANT

(peers through his field  
glasses)

But it's right there! You can  
practically-

COMMANDER BOLTON

Seeing home doesn't help us get  
there, Captain.

Colonel Winnant turns to the flaming town at their backs.

COLONEL WINNANT

They need to send more ships,  
dammit! Every hour the enemy pushes  
closer.

COMMANDER BOLTON  
They've activated the small vessels  
pool --

COLONEL WINNANT  
Vessels pool?

COMMANDER BOLTON  
The list of civilian boats for  
requisition --

COLONEL WINNANT  
Civilian? We need destroyers.

COMMANDER BOLTON  
Small boats could load from the  
beach.

Colonel Winnant watches men struggling to load in the surf.

COLONEL WINNANT  
Not in these conditions.

COMMANDER BOLTON  
I'd rather face waves than dive  
bombers.

Colonel Winnant looks up at the cloudy sky.

COLONEL WINNANT  
You're right, they won't get up in  
this --

COLONEL WINNANT  
(points)  
The Royal Engineers are building  
piers from lorries, should help when  
the tide comes back.

COMMANDER BOLTON  
We'll know in six hours.

COLONEL WINNANT  
I thought tides were every three?

COMMANDER BOLTON  
Then it's good that you're army and  
I'm navy, isn't it?

Colonel Winnant allows himself a smile. Commander Bolton spots a shape on the horizon.

COMMANDER BOLTON  
Vanquisher --

CUT TO:

**104 EXT. MOONSTONE - ENGLISH CHANNEL - DAY**

**104**

Mr.Dawson, at the helm, studies the horizon. Peter joins him, GLARING at the Shivering Soldier before taking a seat.

Mr.Dawson hears something, starts scanning the sky.

Spots a distant plane. Peter follows his gaze.

Mr.Dawson THROWS the wheel, bearing to starboard, hard, throttling up.

MR.DAWSON  
Heinkel.

Mr.Dawson points at a MINESWEEPER heading towards them.

MR.DAWSON  
They'll go for the minesweeper.

PETER  
Shouldn't we stand by? To pick up survivors?

MR.DAWSON  
To do that we have to survive ourselves.

As the boat MOTORS away, Peter looks back to see the HEINKEL AND ITS TWO FIGHTERS moving towards the MINESWEEPER.

CUT TO:

**105 EXT. GROUNDED TRAWLER - DAY**

**105**

The Highlanders approach, cautiously, the beach is DESERTED here, just disabled army vehicles and dead bodies.

The blue trawler is tilted towards them, they circle the hull, checking it, it seems sound enough.

Tommy and Gibson follow the Highlanders as they climb up onto the abandoned trawler.

**106 EXT. DECK OF GROUNDED TRAWLER - CONTINUOUS****106**

Tommy looks over at the dunes above them. Alex looks around the boat, turns to Highlander 1.

ALEX

Where's the crew?

HIGHLANDER 1

Probably got spooked after they ran aground. Scarpered up the beach.

ALEX

Why?

HIGHLANDER 2

We're outside the perimeter. Enemy could be right there.

Points at the dunes.

HIGHLANDER 2

Best shut ourselves inside and wait for high tide.

Highlander 3 heads down the companionway into the small hold.

ALEX

How long's that?

HIGHLANDER 3

Every three hours.

They descend into the hold, shutting the door behind them.

CUT TO:

**107 EXT. MOONSTONE - ENGLISH CHANNEL - DAY****107**

As Moonstone ploughs through the swell, Peter looks back at the Heinkel coming over the minesweeper.

Peter SPOTS.

PETER

Spitfires! Dad, Spitfires!

Mr. Dawson TURNS to see two Spitfires DIVING at the German bomber and its fighter escort.

One Spitfire DIVES RIGHT BETWEEN TWO 109'S SETTING ONE ALIGHT.

PETER

He got him, he got him!!

The other Spitfire flies close over the Heinkel, which turns away from the ship, Mr.Dawson eases back on the speed.

MR.DAWSON

The Heinkel's moved off.

As they watch, ONE OF THE SPITFIRES STARTS SMOKING.

PETER

Oh, no.

Mr.Dawson sees the smoke, THROWS the wheel, spinning the yacht around to head back.

MR.DAWSON

Watch for a parachute!

Mr.Dawson THROTTLES up.

CUT TO:

**108 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - DAY**

**108**

Farrier hears his engine skip a beat, puts his gloved finger on the RESERVE TANK TOGGLE SWITCH, LISTENING, his engine evens out again. He puts his hand back on the stick, focusing on the German planes.

He THROTTLES UP, speeding into the fray, CLIMBING.

CUT TO:

**109 INT. HOLD - GROUNDED TRAWLER - DAY**

**109**

Dimly lit by a couple of small, dirty portholes.

The soldiers lie around the hold. Sleeping or chatting. Alex is scrounging around the hold, finding nothing useful.

ALEX

(to Gibson)

Poke your head out, see if the water's coming in.

Gibson shakes his head, pulling his arms tight around himself. Alex GLARES at him.

ALEX

Talkative sod.

Tommy gets up, climbs up to the door, cracks it, CRAWLS up into the well, PEEKS over the rail.

The boat is in INCHES OF WATER.

TOMMY  
Bugger. Barely come in at all.

ALEX  
For fuck's sake.

HIGHLANDER3  
Calm down. What goes out comes back in, right?

ALEX  
Yeah, but how long?

Silence answers this. Clearly no sailors aboard.

CUT TO:

**110 EXT. MOONSTONE - ENGLISH CHANNEL - DAY 110**

The Moonstone PUSHES through the swell, FULL SPEED, diesel engine STRAINING.

Peter watches the SMOKE-TRAILING SPITFIRE fly LOWER and LOWER.

PETER  
No parachute --

Mr.Dawson is watching the plane like a hawk, steering around the waves by instinct.

**111 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 2 - CONTINUOUS 111**

The water FLASHES BY BLINDINGLY FAST.

Collins PULLS BACK ON THE STICK, raising the nose as the plane.

HITS THE WATER WITH A JOLT AND A TEARING SOUND.

COLLINS THRASHED AGAINST HIS BELTS FORWARD/BACK/LEFT/RIGHT.

BANG.

**112 EXT. MOONSTONE - CONTINUOUS 112**



Peter watches the Spitfire 'land' on the surface of the water.

PETER  
He's down.

**113 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 2 - CONTINUOUS**

**113**

With a SHOOOOOSH, the plane is floating over the swell.

Like a sprinter hearing the gun, Collins RELEASES HIS BELTS, starts INFLATING his life vest, pulls the catch on the canopy, YANKING it back along its track, it JAMS, he THRUSTS his hand through the gap, STRUGGLING. From outside it looks like he is WAVING.

He looks up to see Farrier's spitfire shoot over, DIPPING A WING IN SALUTE.

Collins sits in the gently bobbing plane, collecting himself as he watches the water start to rise around the slowly SINKING PLANE.

Collins tries the canopy again.

JAMMED.

HE IS TRAPPED IN THE SINKING PLANE.

CUT TO:

**114 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - DAY**

**114**

Farrier levels off, looking down at the Heinkel approaching. It has a SINGLE FIGHTER ESCORT, an ME 109 off the port wing.

CUT TO:

**115 INT. HOLD - GROUNDED TRAWLER - DAY**

**115**

Tommy JOLTS awake, there are STEPS outside, he moves up to the door. Highlander1 gets his rifle, moves in front of the door. Aims. Nods at Tommy.

Tommy throws open the door, a SEAMAN stands there.

SEAMAN  
Nee, nee!

Highlander 1 is confused.

Tommy GRABS the Seaman, PULLING him down into the hold.  
Highlander 1 holds his gun on him.

ALEX

Kraut?

The Seaman looks uncomprehendingly up at Alex.

ALEX

Are you German?!

SEAMAN

Dutch! Dutch! Merchant navy. Here to  
pick you up. To help you.

They sit him up.

ALEX

Why'd you leave your boat?

SEAMAN

In case Germans come. We wait up the  
beach with the soldiers. Wait for  
the tide.

HIGHLANDER2

You came back, the tide must be in.

SEAMAN

Coming, yes. But more hours till we  
float.

ALEX

Hours?! Why'd you come back?

The Seaman gestures around the packed hold-

SEAMAN

Not so heavy when I left!

Alex and the others take this in.

A GUNSHOT PENETRATES THE HULL, everybody LIES FLAT, Tommy  
STARES at the bullet hole, which lets in light.

CUT TO:

**116 EXT. MOONSTONE - ENGLISH CHANNEL - DAY**

**116**

Mr. Dawson PUSHES the boat towards where the plane went down.

PETER

There was no 'chute, dad --

Mr.Dawson ignores him. The engine is SCREAMING.

PETER

Dad, there was no 'chute. He's probably dead.

MR.DAWSON

(snaps)

Damn it, he might be alive!!

Peter is SHOCKED at his dad's outburst.

Mr.Dawson stares at where the plane went down.

CUT TO:

**117 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - DAY**

**117**

Farrier lines up for his attack, sighting the Heinkel as it commits to its bombing run over the Destroyer.

Farrier pushes forward on his stick, going into his DIVE.

CUT TO:

**118 INT. HOLD - GROUNDED TRAWLER - DAY**

**118**

Everybody STARES at the bullet hole, not making a sound.

Another SHOT PUNCHES A HOLE 2 FEET FROM THE FIRST.

Highlanders near the holes ease away, SQUEEZING up against other soldiers.

BANG! A third shot, directly above the first.

Two Highlanders GRAB their rifles, going for the stairs.

TOMMY

No! Then they'll know we're in here.

HIGHLANDER1

Why else are they shooting at us?!

TOMMY

Look at the grouping --

Everybody looks at the three bullet holes.

TOMMY

-- target practice.

BANG! A fourth hole, near the others.

CUT TO:

**119 EXT. MOONSTONE - ENGLISH CHANNEL - DAY 119**

The Moonstone is getting closer to the Spitfire bobbing on the waves.

Close enough to see that it is SINKING.

MR. DAWSON

Peter, go forward with the boat hook.

**120 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 2 - CONTINUOUS 120**

Collins SMASHES the canopy back and forth on its track, JAMMED, JAMMED, JAMMED.

WATER STARTS POURING IN, streaming through the gap in the half-open canopy, he SHUTS IT. TRAPPED. OPENS IT, YANKING, WATER POURING IN.

Collins SEARCHES around looking for inspiration, for an implement, for ANYTHING.

Water RISING past his ankles, his calves.

CUT TO:

**121 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - DAY 121**

Farrier DIVES, plummeting towards the Heinkel.

He GLANCES across at the 109, which suddenly BANKS TOWARDS HIM, clearly REACTING to Farrier's ATTACK.

CUT TO:

**122 INT. HOLD - GROUNDED TRAWLER - DAY 122**

As the men STARE at the bullet holes, WATER starts SLOPPING through the lowest ones, a highlander goes to plug the holes. BANG! The highlander SCREAMS, clutching his face, his comrades pull him back, trying to SMOTHER his cries.

The water pours in STEADILY through the lowest holes. Alex points at the target zone.

ALEX  
We have to plug it!

HIGHLANDER2  
After you, mate!

They stay back from the holes, wary. Watching the WATER POUR  
IN --

CUT TO:

**123 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 2 - DAY 123**

Collins pulls the steel FLARE GUN from its holder.

Water is coming up OVER HIS LEGS NOW.

He SMASHES the flare gun into the canopy, again and again.

CUT TO:

**124 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - DAY 124**

Farrier FIRES at the Heinkel. TRACERS ZIPPING at the bomber.

The 109 RISES at him, GUNS BLAZING.

Farrier ROLLS away, trying to dodge the fire.

**125 EXT. SKY ABOVE DUNKIRK HARBOUR - DAY 125**

As Spitfire 1 rolls away, the Heinkel releases its load.

BOMBS FALLING AROUND THE DESTROYER.

CUT TO:

**126 INT. HOLD - GROUNDED TRAWLER - DAY 126**

A BURST OF MACHINE GUN FIRE OPENS A NEW GROUP OF HOLES BESIDE  
THE FIRST.

Alex watches the water spraying in. He TURNS to the Dutch  
Seaman.

ALEX  
How do we get off?! Do we need to  
ditch some ballast?!

The Dutch Seaman looks at him, uncomprehending.

ALEX

Weight! Do we need to lose weight!

The Dutch Seaman shrugs.

SEAMAN

Weight, yes.

Alex turns to face the group.

ALEX

Somebody needs to get off.

HIGHLANDER 1

Well volunteered.

ALEX

We don't need a volunteer. I know someone who ought to get off --

Alex turns to Tommy and Gibson. Points at Gibson.

ALEX

This one. He's a German spy.

TOMMY

Don't be daft.

Alex stares Gibson down.

ALEX

He's a bloody jerry. You might not've noticed that he hasn't said a word, but I have. He doesn't speak English or if he does it's with an accent thicker than sauerkraut sauce.

TOMMY

You're daft. Tell him.

Gibson just stares at Alex.

ALEX

Yeah, tell me.

Nothing. Just the sound of water SPRAYING IN HARD, jetting in through the bottom holes.

CUT TO:

Collins SMACKS the canopy.

The flare gun BOUNCES OFF.

He DROPS the flare gun.

SCRAMBLES to find it under the water.

The water is RISING UP HIS CHEST.

CUT TO:

**129 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - DAY**

**129**

Farrier CUTS RIGHT, dodging away from the 109.

BANKING HARD, he gets a clear look at the Destroyer weathering the EXPLOSIONS.

A PLUME OF WATER RIGHT NEXT TO THE DESTROYER comes so high he flies through the top of its spray.

CUT TO:

**130 INT. HOLD - GROUNDED TRAWLER - DAY**

**130**

Alex TURNS to Highlander 1, holds out his hand for his gun. Highlander 1 hands it over.

Alex moves at Gibson pointing the rifle, he hooks the barrel on Gibson's tags, pulling them closer to read.

ALEX

Tell me--, Gibson!

Tommy looks at Gibson, panicking.

TOMMY

Tell him, for God's sake!

Alex PUSHES the rifle against Gibson's CHEEK. Gibson CRACKS.

GIBSON

FRANCAIS! JE SUIS FRANCAIS!

Tommy stares, SHOCKED. Alex moves back slightly, taking this in.

A BURST OF MACHINE GUN FIRE, everyone DUCKS from ricochets.

ALEX

A Frog. A bloody Frog. A cowardly  
little queue-jumping frog.

With the end of his rifle Alex shakes Gibson's tags.

ALEX

Who's Gibson, eh? A naked dead  
Englishman lying out on that sand.  
Or did you at least have the decency  
to bury him?

'Gibson' just stares.

TOMMY

He did. I helped him, I thought it  
was his mate.

ALEX

Maybe he killed him.

TOMMY

He didn't kill him.

ALEX

How do we know?!

TOMMY

How hard is it to find a dead  
Englishman on Dunkirk beach, for  
God's sake?! He didn't kill anyone,  
he was looking for a way off the  
damned sand like the rest of us!

The water is SPRAYING IN FROM MORE AND MORE HOLES as the  
WATER LEVEL RISES.

Alex has the rifle on Gibson. Another BURST OF MACHINE GUN  
FIRE.

HIGHLANDER 2

Haven't they had enough practice by  
now?!!!

HIGHLANDER 1

They're making sure she won't float.

Highlander 2 looks at the holes SPRAYING WATER, the water  
POOLING in the bottom of the hold, he turns to the Seaman.

HIGHLANDER 2

Will she still float?!

The Seaman assesses the leaks.



SEAMAN

Float, yes. With less weight, yes.

ALEX

And we know who's getting off.

TOMMY

You can't do that. We're on the same side.

Alex NUDGES Gibson with the rifle.

ALEX

Go on, up you go.

TOMMY

As soon as he pokes his head out they'll slaughter him.

ALEX

Better him than me.

TOMMY

It's not fair.

ALEX

Survival's not fair.

HIGHLANDER 1

No, it's shit. It's fear and greed. Fate squeezed through the bowels of men. Shit.

TOMMY

He saved our lives.

HIGHLANDER 2

And he's about to do it again, go on.

Alex starts shoving Gibson up the stairs.

TOMMY

No! Just stop!

Alex turns to Tommy, looks him in the eye.

ALEX

We need someone to get off so the rest of us can live, you want to volunteer?

TOMMY

Fuck no. I'm going home.

ALEX  
And if this is the price?

TOMMY  
I'll live with it, but it's wrong.

Alex shoves Gibson up another step, opens the door.

TOMMY  
Alex, one man's not going to make  
enough difference.

HIGHLANDER 1  
You'd best hope it does, 'cos you'd  
be volunteering next.

TOMMY  
What?

ALEX  
(indicates Highlanders)  
We're regimental brothers, mate.  
Just the way it is.

Gibson GRABS for the rifle. Tommy JUMPS at Alex to help  
Gibson, they SMASH against the hull as they drop into the  
water, the ship LEVELS.

SEAMAN  
FLOAT! WE FLOAT!

HIGHLANDER2  
START THE BLOODY ENGINE!

The Seaman is already crawling out the hatch, reaching up to.

The ENGINE STARTS. LOUD as LOUD can be.

MACHINE GUN FIRE STRAFES THE HULL. THE MEN DUCK BELOW THE  
WATERLINE.

The Seaman THROWS the screw into reverse, FULL THROTTLE.

The men HOLD THEIR BREATHS UNDER THE WATER AT THE BOTTOM OF  
THE HOLD AS BULLETS PEPPER THE HULL.

CUT TO:

**131 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 2 - DAY**

**131**

Collins, WATER UP TO HIS EARS NOW, grabs the flare gun,  
SWINGING UNDERWATER LESS EFFECTIVE.

Now he PANICS, pushing his face up against the canopy, BANGING WITH HIS FISTS, INSTINCT TAKING OVER, NO MORE THOUGHT, NO MORE PLAN, BANGING, BANGING, WATER RISING OVER HIS EARS.

SMASH. SOMETHING CRACKS INTO THE CANOPY RIGHT ABOVE HIS HEAD, he RECOILS, it IMPACTS the canopy again, SMASHING A HOLE.

It is a BOAT HOOK.

Collins PULLS HIMSELF THROUGH THE HOLE, ELBOWS FIRST, FORCING HIMSELF THROUGH, PUSHING OFF HIS SEAT.

UNDERWATER, HE PUSHES UP FROM THE SINKING PLANE.

**132 EXT. WATER - JUST OUTSIDE DUNKIRK HARBOUR - CONTINUOUS 132**

Collins BREAKS the surface, GASPING, looks around.

A private yacht with a young man on the bow, boat hook extended.

Collins GRASPS the boat hook.

COLLINS  
(breathless)  
Afternoon.

CUT TO:

**133 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - DAY 133**

Farrier comes around again, searching the sky for the German planes.

He looks down at the Destroyer.

It is LEAKING OIL FROM A LARGE HOLE IN ITS SIDE.

The dark OIL SLICK SPREADS QUICKLY ACROSS THE WATER, COVERING THE MEN IN THE WATER BETWEEN THE TRAWLER AND THE DESTROYER.

CUT TO:

**134 EXT. THE MOLE - DAY 134**

The Destroyer BASILISK casts off. Men cover every available piece of deck.

Commander Bolton watches her wake. Colonel Winnant approaches.

COLONEL WINNANT  
We've wasted the day, Commander.

COMMANDER BOLTON  
I share your frustration, Colonel.

They hear distant SHOTS.

Commander Bolton raises his FIELD GLASSES, he sees a blue trawler stuck in the shallows miles down the beach.

COMMANDER BOLTON  
Grounded trawler, taking fire.

Colonel Winnant takes the field glasses.

COLONEL WINNANT  
The enemy's breaking through the dunes to the east. This is it.

**135 INT. HOLD - GROUNDED TRAWLER - DAY**

**135**

Tommy comes up for air, GASPING, SPLUTTERING.

Water is POURING IN FROM DOZENS AND DOZENS OF HOLES.

Alex comes up, COUGHING, with Gibson.

ALEX  
We're off!

Alex crawls over to the stairs, climbs out into the well.

**136 EXT. TRAWLER - CONTINUOUS**

**136**

Alex pokes his head out as the Seaman is sneaking up to see where they are headed.

The Dutch Seaman TURNS the wheel, JUMPS back onto the floor of the well as BULLETS IMPACT the cabin.

He throws the engine into FORWARD gear.

Turns to Alex.

DUTCH SEAMAN  
THE HOLES! PLUG THE HOLES!

Alex crawls back downstairs.

**137 INT. HOLD - TRAWLER - CONTINUOUS**

**137**

Alex FALLS down the stairs.

ALEX  
PLUG THE HOLES! PLUG THE HOLES!

The men STUFF RAGS, BOLTS, FINGERS, ANYTHING they can lay hands on to plug as many holes as possible.

CUT TO:

**138 INT. CABIN - MOONSTONE - MOMENTS LATER**

**138**

Collins, drying himself with a blanket, looks down at George, whose breathing is shallow, sightless eyes open.

COLLINS  
(to Peter)  
I don't really know, son. You were right not to move him.  
(reassuring)  
You've done the best for him you can.

**139 EXT. MOONSTONE - WATER OUTSIDE DUNKIRK HARBOUR - CONTINUOUS**

**139**

The Shivering Soldier watches Collins come out on deck.

SHIVERING SOLDIER  
Is he alright?

PETER (O.S.)  
No.

Peter is glaring at the Shivering Soldier.

PETER  
No, he's not.

BOOM! Collins follows Mr.Dawson's gaze to a Destroyer up ahead being BOMBED by a Heinkel, HUGE PLUMES of water rising just beside her.

The Shivering Soldier retreats into himself, Peter runs up to the bow.

A BLUE FISHING TRAWLER a quarter of a mile off, sinking.

PETER  
Dad, there's men in the water!

Mr.Dawson looks ahead to where Peter is pointing.

He puts the throttle forward, heading into the fray.

Collins spots Spitfire 1 arcing around, trying to get a bead on the Heinkel.

COLLINS  
Come on, Farrier --

CUT TO:

**140 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - DAY**

**140**

Farrier pulls on the stick, lining up behind a 109.

He FIRES, chasing down the plane, FIRING again, SMOKE from the German plane, which starts to drop.

Farrier is in a heavy DIVE, when HIS ENGINE CHOKES.

Farrier's hand DARTS forward, SWITCHING TO HIS RESERVE TANK BEFORE THE ENGINE CAN DIE.

The engine CATCHES AGAIN. Farrier PULLS OUT OF THE DIVE.

CUT TO:

**141 EXT. THE MOLE - DAY**

**141**

Through the binoculars Colonel Winnant watches the Blue Trawler pushing out to sea, LOW in the water.

Commander Bolton watches a Destroyer, under full steam, heading out to the channel.

Where there are SHAPES OF BOATS ON THE HORIZON.

**142 EXT. DECK OF TRAWLER - CONTINUOUS**

**142**

The Dutch Seaman aims the boat at a Destroyer out at the mouth of the harbour.

**143 INT. HOLD - TRAWLER - DAY**

**143**

Tommy, Gibson, Alex, Highlander 1 and the others STUFF the holes as best they can, the makeshift plugs POP OUT every few seconds, the soldiers SCRABBLE UNDER WATER to find them and STUFF them back in, hands PRESSED against water jets, SPRAY COMING IN EVERYWHERE.

**144 EXT. DECK OF TRAWLER - CONTINUOUS 144**

The Dutch Seaman looks over the rail, CONCERNED, to see how fast his boat is lowering into the swell.

CUT TO:

**145 EXT. MOONSTONE - WATER OUTSIDE DUNKIRK HARBOUR - DAY 145**

Collins watches Farrier spin around to get after the Heinkel.

The Moonstone comes up on the men in the water. Collins comes to the side, to help Peter fish men out.

Collins notices the surface of the water.

COLLINS  
(to Mr.Dawson)  
Oil. We're getting into oil!

Mr.Dawson puts the screw into reverse, stopping the boat.

They fish men out of the water, the men COVERED IN OIL,  
ANONYMOUS IN THEIR GLOSSY BLACK FILTH.

CUT TO:

**146 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - DAY 146**

Farrier chases down the Heinkel, closing in as its top turret OPENS UP ON HIM, TRACER FIRE LIGHTING UP ALL AROUND HIM.

HE DIVES DOWN UNDER THE RANGE OF THE REAR TURRET.

THEN ANGLES UP, FIRING AT THE BOMBER'S TAIL.

CUT TO:

**147 EXT. BLUE TRAWLER - DAY 147**

The Dutch Seaman sees water SLOSHING OVER THE DECK.

DUTCH SEAMAN  
ABANDON SHIP! ABANDON SHIP!

**148 INT. HOLD - TRAWLER - CONTINUOUS 148**

The soldiers, holding back the water, cannot hear him, one by one they start to abandon the task, more and more water pouring in. Alex and Gibson are last. Alex TURNS, sees they

are alone, GRABS Gibson by the shoulder then JUMPS for the exit.

Gibson, STILL HOLDING BACK THE WATER, notices too late.

**149 EXT. BLUE TRAWLER - CONTINUOUS**

**149**

Tommy gets on deck.

Sees the Keith, a quarter of a mile away.

He DIVES INTO THE WATER, pulling away from the SWAMPED TRAWLER-All the men dive off the sinking boat, swimming for the Keith.

**150 INT. HOLD - TRAWLER - CONTINUOUS**

**150**

Gibson DIVES for the exit.

He is BLASTED back by water.

DRAGGED DOWN with the sinking trawler.

CUT TO:

**151 EXT. MOONSTONE - WATER OUTSIDE DUNKIRK HARBOUR - DAY**

**151**

Peter, Collins and the first oil-covered men pull more oily men from the water, the decks of the yacht rapidly filling.

Mr.Dawson looks at the oil slick, concerned. He addresses the oily survivors.

MR.DAWSON

Below deck.

OILY SURVIVOR

No fear.

MR.DAWSON

We need to get as many of you on board as we can before the oil catches fire, get below or get off my boat, your choice.

The oily survivors head below decks, Peter runs back to the companionway to shout down.

PETER

Careful there--!



**152 INT. CABIN - MOONSTONE - CONTINUOUS****152**

Peter pokes his head down.

Sees two oily survivors moving George from the bottom of the steps.

PETER

Careful!

The oily survivors look up at him, Alex is one of them.

ALEX

(quiet)

He's dead, mate.

Peter takes this in.

PETER

So be bloody careful with him!

**153 EXT. THE MOLE - CONTINUOUS****153**

Commander Bolton STARES at the shapes in the distance.

He GRABS the field glasses from Colonel Winnant, puts them to his eyes.

BOATS. CIVILIAN BOATS. ALL SHAPES AND SIZES. AN ARMADA.

Colonel Winnant PEERS over Commander Bolton's shoulder.

COLONEL WINNANT

What can you see?

Commander Bolton slowly lowers the glasses.

COMMANDER BOLTON

(gentle)

Home.

Colonel Winnant grabs the glasses, confused.

**154 EXT. DECK OF A DESTROYER - CONTINUOUS****154**

The SOLDIERS peer over the railing at the absurd collection of vessels passing them in the opposite direction:

YACHTS, PADDLE STEAMERS, FISHING TRAWLERS, DAY SAILERS, FERRIES, DREDGERS, DINGHIES, ROW BOATS.

Crewed by:

FISHERMEN, MERCHANT NAVY SAILORS, NAVAL OFFICERS, CIVILIAN CREW, NAVAL CREW, NURSES, RETIRED SAILORS.

The EXHAUSTED SOLDIERS lining the decks of the Basilisk start to CLAP then to CHEER, some are CRYING.

**155 EXT. MOONSTONE - WATER OUTSIDE DUNKIRK HARBOUR - CONTINUOUS 155**

Peter steps out of the cabin, REELING. Meets his dad's questioning glance with unmistakable shock.

SHIVERING SOLDIER (O.S.)

The lad.

Peter turns. The Shivering Soldier is looking up at him with terrified eyes, blanket TIGHT around his shoulders.

SHIVERING SOLDIER

Will he be okay?

Peter looks at the Shivering Soldier. Sees the WHITE KNUCKLES clasping the edge of the rough blanket. Peter NODS.

The Shivering Soldier turns, staring out at the destroyer.

Peter catches Mr.Dawson looking at him. Approving.

Collins, pulling a man from the water, looks up at Spitfire 1 chasing down the Heinkel.

COLLINS

Come on, Farrier --

CUT TO:

**156 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - DAY 156**

Farrier strafes the Heinkel, no apparent effect.

Ziping over it, he dives down out of range of its turret.

BANKS hard left to line up for another shot.

A 109 CUTS across him, TRACER FIRE SHOOTING PAST.

CUT TO:

**157 EXT. WATER - JUST OUTSIDE DUNKIRK HARBOUR - DAY 157**

Tommy SWIMS for the Keith.

He hears an airplane, looks up to see a Heinkel coming in over the Keith, the BOMBS DROP.

PLUMES OF WATER SHOOT UPWARDS ALL AROUND THE SHIP, Tommy DIVES under the water for protection, the EXPLOSIONS ARE DEAFENING, HE HOLDS HIS EARS WITH HIS HANDS.

Tommy BREAKS the surface, the barrage is over, the Keith is still afloat, Tommy swims for it.

Getting closer, Tommy realizes he's swimming in OIL, the black sludge covering his head and arms, he looks back, the blue trawler is gently slipping beneath the water.

Tommy makes for the Keith, even as he sees men JUMPING into the water from her decks. LIFEBOATS being lowered.

Tommy SPOTS another craft, a YACHT HEADING TOWARDS THEM.

Tommy PULLS for the yacht as hard as he can.

CUT TO:

**158 EXT. BEACH AT MALO LES BAINS - CONTINUOUS**

**158**

The rag tag collection of SMALL SHIPS works the beach, picking men up in the shallows, ferrying them out to bigger ships.

Small open boats use the truck 'pier' to load men as the Engineer looks on with pride.

**159 EXT. MOONSTONE - WATER OUTSIDE DUNKIRK HARBOUR - DAY**

**159**

The Moonstone is FILLED with oil-covered men, throughout the hold and across the decks.

MANY MORE still in the water, the Keith LISTS, men jump off the far side, away from the oil slick, where small ships are gathering to pick them up.

Collins moves up the side, watching Farrier bank hard to get behind the Heinkel, a 109 ZIPS across his path, guns blazing.

Collins looks down at the oil-covered water.

**160 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - CONTINUOUS**

**160**

Farrier pulls around, HARD, the Heinkel is in front of him, side on, heading in for another run at Keith.

Farrier banks and pulls up to keep the bomber in his sights as he FIRES his cannons.

The HEINKEL CATCHES FIRE and starts FALLING.

**161 EXT. MOONSTONE - WATER OUTSIDE DUNKIRK HARBOUR - CONTINUOUS 161**

Collins sees the Heinkel CATCH FIRE, TURNS to Mr.Dawson.

COLLINS  
GO! GO! GO!

Mr.Dawson THROWS the engine into gear, TURNS the wheel.

The Heinkel FALLS FLAMING TOWARDS THE OIL SLICK.

Peter has hold of one last oil-covered survivor, who hangs on for dear life as the boat DRAGS HIM THROUGH THE OILY WATER.

The men left in the water shout with despair as the Moonstone motors away.

The FLAMING HEINKEL HITS THE WATER. EXPLODES.

THE SURFACE OF THE WATER CATCHES FIRE, SPREADING ACROSS THE WATER, MEN DUCK UNDERWATER TO ESCAPE THE FLAMES.

UNDERWATER: HIGHLANDER 1 pushes down under, LOOKING UP AT THE FIRE, the SURFACE IS AFLAME AS FAR AS HE CAN SEE.

Peter HOLDS on to the oil-covered soldier.

Who is now being washed with cleaner water as they COME out of the slick.

As the oil comes off his face we see that IT IS TOMMY.

Collins watches, appalled, as the men in the water are engulfed by RELENTLESS FLAMES, the Keith is going down, survivors on the far side are picked up by the various SMALL SHIPS.

Under the water, HIGHLANDER1'S AIR RUNS OUT, the FLAMES RAGE ABOVE.

HIS INSTINCT TO BREATHE PUSHES HIM UP INTO THE FLAMES WHERE HE IS ENGULFED, SCREAMING, DYING.

Tommy lies on the deck at Peter's feet, eyes closed.

TOMMY  
(a whisper)  
Take me home.

CUT TO:

**162 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - DAY****162**

Farrier sees the Heinkel EXPLODE, turns away towards the beaches.

He looks down at --

The thousands of men on the beach,

The small ships ferrying out to the larger vessels.

The narrow mole with its endless rope of men.

Farrier is awestruck.

He hears his engine start to SPUTTER.

It dies and the prop STOPS.

**163 EXT. THE MOLE - CONTINUOUS****163**

Commander Bolton watches with satisfaction as a PADDLE STEAMER ties up, he calls up to a STEWARDESS (59).

COMMANDER BOLTON  
Where're you from?

STEWARDESS  
Out of Dartmouth!

Bolton shakes his head in joyous disbelief. He watches men load into a SMALL OPEN SAILBOAT crewed by two YOUNG MEN.

COMMANDER BOLTON  
From Deal?  
(they nod)  
Mind the current at the mouth, boys.

Bolton spots Spitfire 1, it SOARS overhead. He waves.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Where've you been all my life?!

Commander Bolton SIGHS at this then notices. No engine noise.

He watches the spitfire, concerned, until.

Hears something BEHIND, another engine, a high whine, he turns to see.

A STUKA.

The men lining the mole shift restlessly. TRAPPED.

CUT TO:

**164 EXT. MOONSTONE - ENGLISH CHANNEL - EVENING 164**

The Moonstone chugs along, low in the water, men laying down along her decks.

**165 INT. CABIN - MOONSTONE - CONTINUOUS 165**

Men lie on every available space, packed in like sardines. Tommy catches sight of Alex looking at him. Tommy nods.

**166 EXT. MOONSTONE - ENGLISH CHANNEL - CONTINUOUS 166**

Mr.Dawson is at the helm. Collins hears a distant engine.

COLLINS  
That's a fighter.

MR.DAWSON  
ME 109, from the South. Peter, take  
the wheel, listen for my  
instructions.

Mr.Dawson steps up onto the seat to look above the roof of the cabin.

MR.DAWSON  
Point her south.

Peter turns the wheel, the Moonstone swings to port, straightens up. Mr.Dawson SPOTS THE 109, CLOSING.

CUT TO:

**167 EXT. THE MOLE - DAY 167**

Commander Bolton turns to see the STUKA approaching, its distinctive kinked-wing silhouette bearing down like an AWFUL BIRD OF PREY.

The soldiers stir, some crouching, some closing their eyes. Commander Bolton takes a knee, BRACING. He bites his lip as the STUKA goes into its dive, that TERRIBLE WHINE BUILDING.

CUT TO:

**168 EXT. MOONSTONE - ENGLISH CHANNEL - EVENING****168**

Mr.Dawson STARES at the approaching 109.

MR.DAWSON  
Full speed ahead.

Peter throttles up.

The 109 is GROWING, CLOSE NOW.

MR.DAWSON  
Get ready to pull hard to port --  
before he fires he'll have to lower  
his nose, I'll give you the signal -  
-

Peter reaches over to the side of the wheel, ready to throw  
it, the 109 is practically upon them.

CUT TO:

**169 EXT. THE MOLE - DAY****169**

Commander Bolton is mumbling a prayer as he watches the STUKA  
come at them.

BLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAM!!!

THE STUKA IS STRAFED WITH FIRE AS SPITFIRE 1 FLASHES PAST.

**170 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - CONTINUOUS****170**

Farrier darts past the STUKA, GLIDING, GUNS BLAZING.

**171 EXT. THE MOLE - CONTINUOUS****171**

The STUKA never fires, it just SMASHES into the sea.

The soldiers all along the Mole CHEER.

**172 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - CONTINUOUS****172**

Farrier watches the STUKA disintegrate on the surface of the  
water. He nods, feeling the UNACCUSTOMED SILENCE.

CUT TO:

**173 EXT. MOONSTONE - ENGLISH CHANNEL - EVENING****173**

Mr.Dawson STARES at the approaching 109, Peter glances back and forth between the 109 and his father.

MR.DAWSON  
Wait for it, wait till he's  
committed to his line.

The nose of the 109 DIPS DOWN.

MR.DAWSON  
NOW!!

Peter THROWS THE WHEEL, the Moonstone LURCHES TO PORT.

The GUNS ON THE 109 LIGHT UP, STRAFING THE WATER TO  
STARBOARD.

The 109 FLASHES OVER, Collins watches it recede.

COLLINS  
He's off.

MR.DAWSON  
Bigger fish to fry.

Collins looks at Mr.Dawson. Curious.

COLLINS  
How'd you know all that, anyway?

Mr.Dawson steps onto the deck.

MR.DAWSON  
My son's one of you lot. I knew he'd  
see us through.

Mr.Dawson moves forward. Collins steps up beside Peter.

COLLINS  
You're RAF?

PETER  
Not me. My brother. Flew Hurricanes.  
He died third week into the war.

Collins looks forward at the proud father standing by the  
mast.

CUT TO:

**174 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - DAY****174**



Farrier sits in the silence, GLIDING, looking to see how far he might make it up the beach.

CUT TO:

**175 INT. CABIN - MOONSTONE - EVENING 175**

Tommy gets to his feet, steps over other men as he slips over to the stairs.

**176 EXT. MOONSTONE - ENGLISH CHANNEL - EVENING 176**

Tommy and Alex poke their heads out.

PETER  
Stay below, please.

TOMMY  
We just want to see the cliffs.

Tommy looks over at WHITE CLIFFS, ghostly above the dark water.

TOMMY  
Dover?

Peter shakes his head, amused.

PETER  
Weymouth.

Alex shakes his head, sadly.

ALEX  
We let you all down, didn't we?

Peter just looks at this exhausted, ragged boy his own age.

CUT TO:

**177 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - DAY 177**

Farrier GLIDES, banking, looking for a suitable stretch of beach to ditch.

In the strangely SILENT plane, he passes over the troops, lines up on the vast stretch of sand beyond Malo les Bains.

CUT TO:

**178 EXT. HARBOUR AT WEYMOUTH - NIGHT****178**

Soldier after soldier climbs out of the yacht. The CORPORAL handing out travel chits marvels at the absurd amount.

CORPORAL

How many you got in there?

The Shivering Soldier is taken ashore, wrapped in blankets.

Tommy and Alex stick together as they are handed hot cups of tea and shepherded out of the harbour in long lines.

Peter supervises as George's body is taken ashore.

As Collins steps off the boat a soldier from another boat spots his RAF uniform.

SOLDIER

(furious)

Where the hell were you!

Collins just stands there. He feels a hand on his shoulder. It is Mr. Dawson. He indicates the men filing off the Moonstone.

MR. DAWSON

They know where you were.

Mr. Dawson puts his hat on. To go home.

**179 EXT. WEYMOUTH RAIL YARD - NIGHT****179**

Tommy and Alex, exhausted, downcast, are herded across the tracks towards a train. Before getting on they are handed a BLANKET and cup of tea by an ELDERLY MAN, who looks at their hands not their faces as he hands the rough blanket over.

ELDERLY MAN

-- well done, lads -- well done,  
lads --

ALEX

All we did is survive.

ELDERLY MAN

That's enough. Well, done, lads,  
well done, lads --

Alex steps up onto the train. The Elderly Man reaches out to Tommy, touching his face, clearly BLIND.

**180 INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS****180**

Tommy FLOPS down, lying across the seat. Alex is slumped opposite, tears starting to roll down his cheeks.

ALEX

That old bloke wouldn't even look us  
in the eye.

No response. He looks over. Tommy is already asleep.

CUT TO:

**181 EXT. THE MOLE - EVENING****181**

The Mole is EMPTY but for bodies.

A PRIVATE opens his eyes. He sits up, alone on the deserted Mole, his comrades gone, mistaken for dead.

COMMANDER BOLTON (O.S.)

Come on, then, private --

The Private looks down at the water to see Commander Bolton standing in a launch full of ARMY OFFICERS.

COMMANDER BOLTON

I know we're officers, but it's us  
or the enemy, so now's not the time  
to be particular --

The Private scrambles down into the launch, where Colonel Winnant stands talking to Commander Bolton.

They look out at the vast deserted beach, littered with corpses and abandoned equipment.

COLONEL WINNANT

(to Commander Bolton)

Churchill got his 30 thousand.

COMMANDER BOLTON

And then some. Almost three hundred  
thousand. So far.

Commander Bolton steps back up onto the mole.

COLONEL WINNANT

So far?

COMMANDER BOLTON

I'm staying.  
(off look)

For the French.

The Launch pulls away from Commander Bolton on the mole.

CUT TO:

**182 INT. TRAIN - MORNING**

**182**

Sunlight FLICKERING on Tommy's eyelids wakes him. We have the sense that he has been asleep for a very long time.

The train full of soldiers rolls to a halt. Alex opens the window, spots a BOY near the tracks.

ALEX  
Hey! Where are we?!

BOY  
Siding. You'll pull in in a minute.

ALEX  
What station?

BOY  
(surprised)  
Woking.

Alex spots stacks of NEWSPAPERS waiting to be loaded.

ALEX  
Grab me one of them papers.  
(the boy hesitates)  
Go on!

The boy pulls the paper off the top and stretches up to hand it to Alex. Alex slumps into his seat, the headline:

"CHURCHILL ADDRESSES DUNKIRK EVACUATION IN COMMONS"

Alex thrusts the paper at Tommy.

ALEX  
I can't bear it. You read it.

TOMMY  
Can't bear it?

ALEX  
They'll be spitting at us in the streets. If they're not locked up waiting for the invasion.

CUT TO:

**183 EXT. WEYMOUTH TOWN - DAY 183**

Peter walks down the DESERTED HIGH STREET. He stops. Walks into the office of the local papep, the Herald.

**184 INT. HERALD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 184**

Peter hands the EDITOR a photograph. Of George.

CUT TO:

**185 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - CONTINUOUS 185**

Farrier CHECKS his CANOPY is locked. STOWS loose items. PUMPING the handle all the while.

**186 EXT. SPITFIRE 1 - DAY 186**

The landing gear INCHES out of its housing.

CUT TO:

**187 INT. TRAIN - DAY 187**

Tommy looks down at the paper. Starts to read. Poorly.

TOMMY

"Wars are not won by evacuations."

Alex shakes his head at this.

The train starts to pull into the station.

The platform is CROWDED WITH CIVILIANS. Alex SLINKS DOWN into his seat, turning away from the window.

A CIVILIAN BANGS on the glass, PEERING in.

ALEX

I can't look.

TOMMY

"But there was a victory inside this deliverance which should be noted--"

Alex turns- the Civilian GRINS, holding up two beer bottles. The platform is packed with CHEERING AND WAVING CIVILIANS.

Women with SANDWICHES and DRINKS rush up to the windows.

TOMMY

"Our thankfulness at the escape of  
our army--"

Alex opens the window, GRABBING food and drink as Tommy  
continues to read --

TOMMY

"Must not blind us to the fact that  
what has happened in France -- Is a  
colossal military disaster--"

**188 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - DAY 188**

Farrier PUMPS the handle.

**189 EXT. SPITFIRE - CONTINUOUS 189**

The landing gear INCHES past HALFWAY DOWN.

**190 INT. COCKPIT - SPITFIRE 1 - CONTINUOUS 190**

PUMPING the handle, Farrier checks his belts.

TOMMY (V.O.)

"-- and we must expect another blow  
to be struck almost immediately --"

He holds the plane steady in its descent towards the sands.

**191 EXT. BEACH AT LA PANNE - CONTINUOUS 191**

Spitfire 1 SWOOPS onto the flat sand, WHEELS DOWN.

TOMMY (V.O.)

"We shall go on to the end, we shall  
fight in France--,"

Farrier SLIDES back the canopy and climbs out of the plane.

**192 INT. MR.DAWSON HOME - DAY 192**

Peter, gets up from the kitchen table. MRS.DAWSON is at the  
stove, her back to us.

As Peter grabs his coat he runs into Mr.Dawson, letters in  
hand, looking at the Herald. He hands it to Peter.

TOMMY (V.O.)

"We shall fight on the seas and oceans--,"

The small headline:

"LOCAL BOY, GEORGE MILLS, JUST 17, HERO AT DUNKIRK"

Peter looks at his father. Nods with satisfaction.

**193 EXT. BEACH AT LA PANNE - DAY**

**193**

Farrier brushes sand from the wing of his beloved Spitfire.

TOMMY (V.O.)

"-- We shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air --"

Farrier pulls his FLARE GUN, he SHOTS INTO THE COCKPIT.

**194 INT. TRAIN - DAY**

**194**

Alex hangs out the window, GUZZLING from a beer bottle, GRINNING at the women outside.

TOMMY

"We shall defend our Island --"

Alex turns, deliriously HAPPY, beer running down his chin.

ALEX

What?!

TOMMY

(louder, over the celebration)

"-- we shall defend our island, whatever the cost may be, we shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds --"

**195 EXT. DUNKIRK HARBOUR - EVENING**

**195**

Bodies gently bob in the water.

TOMMY (V.O.)

"We shall fight in the fields and the streets --"

Abandoned trucks and anti-aircraft guns, piles of boots, stacks of rifles catch the last light.

TOMMY (V.O.)  
 "We shall fight in the hills; we  
 shall never surrender --"

Bodies line the length of the mole.

TOMMY (V.O.)  
 "And even if, which I do not for a  
 moment believe, this island -- were  
 subjugated and starving --,"

**196 EXT. BEACH AT LA PANNE - CONTINUOUS**

**196**

Farrier KNEELS, HANDS ON HEAD, as DARK SHAPES OF GERMAN  
 SOLDIERS (seen only from behind) surround him.

TOMMY (V.O.)  
 "-- then our empire beyond the seas,  
 armed and guarded by the British  
 fleet, would carry on the struggle -  
 -"

Farrier is led away from the BURNING PLANE.

**197 INT. TRAIN - DAY**

**197**

Alex is oblivious. Tommy continues, to himself.

TOMMY  
 "-- until, in God's good time --"

**198 EXT. BEACH AT LA PANNE - TWILIGHT**

**198**

Moving towards the BURNING SPITFIRE.

TOMMY (V.O.)  
 "-- the New World, with all its  
 power and might --,"

The shape of the plane is still visible beneath the FLAMES.

TOMMY (V.O.)  
 "-- steps forth to the rescue and  
 the liberation of the old."

MOVE IN on the burning spitfire until the FLAMES FILL THE  
 FRAME and we --

CUT TO BLACK.

CREDITS.



DUNKIRK

81.

END.