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# Laughter in Paradise

By Michael Pertwee

Here, in this mansion in a quiet London square,  
a man lies dying.  
And as he dies, the world remembers  
the feats which made him famous.  
The outrageous pranks, which time and again  
shook officialdom to its very foundations.  
Yes, Henry Augustus Russell  
will soon be joining the great majority.  
It's hard to believe that this frail ghostlike figure  
was once the greatest practical joker of modern times.  
The dusky eastern potentate  
who so nearly purchased The Albert Hall.  
The bronzed red-indian chief,  
feted for swimming the Channel...  
complete with feathered headdress  
and tomahawk.  
Goodbye Henry Russell...  
your last practical joke is done.  
Or is it?  
Telegram...  
For Miss Agnes Russell.  
Thank you.  
Oh... will you please wait here.  
Come in!  
Excuse me ma'am... there's a telegram.  
That's no excuse coming in here  
looking like a chimneysweep...  
Go and put your apron on at once!  
Yes ma'am.  
But the boy's waiting for a reply.  
Well, let him wait...  
that's what he's paid for.  
It's dusty.  
Ethel... you see this photograph...  
Yes, ma'am...  
Well, don't stand there... come here!  
My brother... he died this morning.  
Oh, I am sorry, ma'am...  
This photograph is smothered with dust!  
But if I'd known the poor gentleman  
had passed away...  
It should not be necessary for people to die  
in order to have their photograph dusted.  
No, ma'am.

I'm ever so sorry about your bad news, ma'am.  
You have reason to be.  
For I shall now be able to afford some servants  
who know their duty.  
You can take a fortnight's notice from today.  
Now go!  
Mr Russell, it's useless arguing.  
If every bank clerk in every bank in England  
was half a crown short in his calculations every week...  
Do you know how much that would cost?  
If you like to let me have  
pencil and paper sir...  
I'll work it out for you  
if you really want to know.  
I don't want to know...  
I want you to think about it!  
Oh, yes sir...  
It's a very disturbing thought sir.  
But sometimes sir, it isn't easy.  
If it was easy, Mr Russell, there'd be  
no need for bank clerks.  
Yes... no, sir.  
Come in!  
Sorry to disturb you, sir...  
There's a person in the bank  
asking for Mr Russell.  
Let one of the other clerks  
deal with him.  
It's a personal visit, sir... a lady...  
a Mrs Goodwin.  
Oh?... Who might this lady be?  
No sir, she's no lady...  
she's my landlady.  
The bank, Mr Russell, is no place  
for music-hall repartee...  
Get rid of her at once.  
Yessir.  
I'm sorry to worry you like this sir,  
but she was most...  
Wipe that syncopatic smile off your face!  
Hello, Mrs Goodwin.  
Oh, Mr Russell... I thought I'd better pop in.  
Just after you left, a telegraphic communication  
arrived for you.

And I thought it might be urgent.  
I didn't open it, of course...  
So I don't know what  
there may be in it.  
But I think you should be prepared  
for some rather sad news.  
Oh, Mr Russell... was he very dear to you?  
Pray accept my heartiest condolences!  
Thank you Mrs Goodwin... thank you!  
Not at all, I'm sure.  
Well... see you at supper.  
Yes.  
Not bad news, I hope...?  
Yes, in a way it was, yes.  
A distant cousin of mine has just died.  
Henry Russell... you've probably read about him.  
He was always telling me that I lacked 'push'.  
Yes, 'push' I think it was.  
Nonsense... why don't you go and ask  
Mr Wagstaffe for the afternoon off?  
Everyone does on these occasions.  
Oh, no... I couldn't!  
Go on!... Show you've got some push.  
Go on!  
Yes... why not?!  
Yes... I jolly well will!  
Come in!  
Yes?!  
I...  
Well?  
A distant cousin of mine  
has just died, sir...  
How distant?  
A long way off, sir.  
What about it, then?  
Well, it seems I'm a beneficiary  
under his will, sir.  
Just because you've come into a few pounds,  
doesn't mean you can behave like a millionaire!  
You'll be asking for the afternoon off, next!  
Oh, no sir.  
Oh, no.  
No.  
I'll raise you a fiver.

Your 5...  
...and 10 more, Russell.  
Tenner, eh?...  
I'll see you.  
Fours...  
Fours?  
How high?  
4 kings.  
If you beat that, I'll eat my cigar.  
Better start eating, old son... 4 aces!  
- Telegram sir...  
- Open it, Benson.  
Bad luck, old boy... but I did have  
the decency not to raise you.  
Very kind of you Simon, I'm sure.  
Well, I hate fleecing a pal in my own flat.  
What?...  
Fantastic!  
Well... you'll have to carry on  
without me...  
So make yourselves at home...  
there's plenty of whisky...  
Well, I like that!  
You would pardon Mr Russell, sir...  
He's had some very sad news.  
My heart bleeds for him.  
Hello... Mr Endicott?  
Simon Russell here... I just got your wire.  
Is it true?  
Splendid!...  
Yes, I thought it might have been another  
of those infernal practical jokes of his.  
See you on Wednesday at the celebration.  
No... of course... I mean the funeral...  
I'm sorry!  
I'm happy as a lark!  
Benson... my dinner jacket...  
I'm celebrating tonight.  
Now look here... get on to Christine...  
and tell her... no... she drinks too much...  
Call Zena, and tell her  
to meet me at The Garter...  
She's always a certainty.  
Are you ready Miss Wilcott?

- Yes.

- Good.

"Blood Lust"...

A novel by Jeremy Sinclair

Chapter I... entitled "Sweet Meeting"

Paragraph

I walked into the room and there stood Petal...

her silken hair languorously

caressing one fair cheek...

her lips, red and inviting...

I walked over to her and slugged her

on the mouth...

No... no... change that, Miss Wilcott... to...

slugged her in the kisser...

Kisser!

Before going down, she threw me a single glance...

of searing hate suffused with scorn...

She was certainly a swell tomato!

That's a beautiful beginning, Capt. Russell...

It really is!

I'm afraid it's all rather disgusting really,

but... well, they seem to like the American touch.

Well.. um... proceed...

I leaned over her as she lay on the floor...

her green eyes half closed...

her bruised lips curled

in a slightly contemptuous smile.

"Petal", I whispered, "I love you, I love you. "

I love you.

- Three "I love you"s?

- That's right.

Then 4 dots and 4 X's...

Bother!

Capt. Deniston Russell's secretary.

Who wants him, please?

Oh... just a moment...

Your fiance...

Hello dear...

Yes, yes... I said I'd phone you at 6.

Well it's only 2 minutes past, you know.

Sorry, dear...

Just dictating letters...

paying bills, you know...

Yes, dear...

Oh dear, really, dear!  
Goodbye, dear!  
Well now... where were we?  
dot-dot-dot and 4 X's  
Oh yes...  
A convulsive tremor shook her slender frame...  
and Petal moaned...  
Miss Wilcott?  
Petal moaned.  
I know it's none of my business,  
but I think you ought to tell her.  
Tell who... what?  
Your fiance... about your being a writer.  
If you're getting married in a fortnight...  
But I couldn't do that...  
Oh dear... good gracious no...  
Oh, she'd never approve...  
I mean it's not as if I were a... Bernard Shaw...  
Oh, but she'd be proud of you!  
Not many people can get  
a book published at all...  
And look at you... scores of them!  
And under 15 different names!  
Yes, well I'm afraid Elizabeth doesn't  
consider this sort of thing... art.  
Well, if you ask me, I think she's a...  
But I didn't ask you, Miss Wilcott!  
Now, shall we proceed?  
A convulsive tremor shook her slender frame...  
...and Petal moaned...  
Petal moaned...  
Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear...  
Hello, Deniston Russel here.  
What... a telegram?  
Yes, yes... I'll take it.  
Just a moment...  
Yes...  
Thank you... thank you very much.  
Well, well, well!  
Cousin Henry's dead...  
Murdered?!  
No, no, no, no... very peaceful.  
Henry... he seems to have left me  
a lot of money.

What?... good!  
Good?... No... I was very fond of cousin Henry.  
He was a remarkable man.  
He was rich... he was very rich...  
Well at least this ought to put an end to my  
having to write this sort of stuff.  
Goodbye to "Blood Lust"!  
Goodbye to Mervyn Someby  
and Jeremy St Clair!  
And Gloria Trabshaw!  
Capt. Russell!... You wouldn't give up writing  
just because you got a bit of money!?  
Well, it would be a crime... you couldn't!  
No, no... of course not, Miss Wilcott...  
but don't you see now...  
Now I can afford to write  
under my own name  
But good books... great books!  
Yes... books that will live.  
As you all know, our old friend Henry  
scorned the use of a solicitor  
in drawing up of his last will and testament...  
So he called upon me, his oldest  
and dearest friend, to help him.  
It was a melancholy occasion.  
- Because he knew that his...  
- End...  
Thank you.  
He knew that his end was near.  
With your permission,  
I'll omit the preliminaries...  
and merely read the essential...  
- points.  
Items.  
Good idea... let's hear how much we get.  
To each of you he has left the sum of 50,000.  
But before you become  
entitled to this money,  
there are certain tasks  
of a somewhat unusual nature  
which must be carried out  
by each of you.  
I might have known it.  
These tasks must be carried out



to the letter.

And may not be divulged, under any circumstances,  
to anybody outside this room.

And each of you must take a solemn oath  
to that effect.

Well, what are these ridiculous provisions?

I will now proceed to read them.

My sister, Agnes Russell...

who for many years has made life a purgatory  
for those who she considers her inferiors...

shall, for a period of not less  
than one calendar month...

and within one week

of the reading of this will...

obtain a post as a domestic servant  
in a middle class home.

How dare he!

Should she for any reason whatsoever  
be dismissed, or resign from this post...

before the end of this month

she shall forfeit her share in my fortune.

I shall contest the will!

I forgot to add, that if any one of you  
contests the will...

the whole fortune for all of you  
will be forfeited.

In that case, cousin Agnes  
will not contest the will.

My second cousin, Capt. Deniston Russel  
Royal Army Pay Corps, Retired...

whose hideous secret

I must now reveal to you...

has become a writer of penny-dreadfuls  
in the worst possible taste and style.

How on earth did he find out?

You... a writer?!

And in the worst possible taste, too!

Are they a bit...?

Certainly not!

The gallant captain shall spend not less  
and not more than 28 days...

in one of His Majesty's London prisons...  
having been properly sentenced

for a genuine crime...

committed by himself within one week  
of the reading of this will.  
Should he fail in this endeavour,  
he shall forfeit his share of my fortune.  
Crime!?  
Prison?  
Oh, but I'm to be married in a fortnight.  
And to the daughter of a magistrate.  
Now, perhaps you'll marry her in prison!  
My fourth cousin twice removed, Herbert Russell,  
who has surely failed in the banking world  
owing to his determination to be bullied...  
shall with the aid of a mask and a toy pistol...  
hold up his current bank manager in his own office...  
in the manner of one of his cousin  
Deniston's fictional gangsters.  
And will force him to hand over  
the keys of the bank  
Should he fail, or be unmasked or overpowered  
before 2 minutes are up...  
his share of the fortune will be forfeited.  
But... how could I?  
How could he...?  
It's impossible.  
Not even a real gangster would dare  
to point a gun at Mr Wagstaffe.  
Or point anything at Mr Wagstaffe.  
My first cousin, Simon Russell...  
who has gone through life at the expense  
of others' hearts and pockets...  
shall marry the first unmarried woman  
to whom he speaks after the reading of this will...  
of no matter what age.  
Should his well-known charm fail  
to persuade the lady to marry him...  
his share of my fortune shall be forfeited.  
Easy!  
I always knew he liked me best!  
Thanks, cousin Henry!  
Listen... we'll all plan together  
and contest the will.  
You can tell cousin Agnes that she's  
the last woman I shall speak to first.  
What's he grumbling about anyway?

Nobody in their right mind would sack a servant,  
with the present shortage.  
After all, 50,000 quid is 50,000 quid!  
Before we come to the taking  
of the solemn oath...  
there is one small formality  
to be carried out.  
We must all rise... rise!  
ALL rise!  
Come along... upsadaisy!  
This way...  
And drink a toast to our  
beloved benefactor.  
By singing a verse of that popular melody  
"For He's a Jolly Good... "  
- "Fella"?  
- Exactly.  
Here's to our benefactor...  
Raise your glasses!  
Raise your glasses!  
And sing with me  
For he's a jolly good fellow  
And so say all of us  
For he's a jolly good fellow  
And so say all of us.  
Now drink to our dear departed.  
Ask cousin Agnes if I can give her a lift  
to the nearest employment exchange.  
No?  
How about you, Herbert  
Can I drop you at the gunsmith?  
What for?  
You can't hold up a bank  
with a fountain pen.  
I know... I'm going to get that  
at a toy shop.  
That's the least of my worries.  
It's where I'm going to find the courage  
that's puzzling me.  
Look, Herbert... there's a little work of mine  
called "The Bank Bandit"...  
It might give you a few pointers...  
I'll be glad to put in the post for you.  
Oh, thank you!

Well, hop in both of you!  
No... I think I'll get my bus at the corner.  
Goodbye.  
Come on, Den old boy...  
I'll buy you a snifter.  
How on earth do you afford  
a vehicle like this?  
I don't. old boy...  
got it on appro.  
You keep it a week, then send it back...  
say you don't want it.  
Give you the address,  
if you want to try.  
Two more large whiskies, please George.  
Cheer up old boy...  
It's only a matter of time!  
Everything seemed so rosy this morning.  
The hope of money to come...  
marriage in a fortnight.  
And now, instead of  
a honeymoon in Harrogate...  
Prison in Pentonville.  
I fear I shall lose my Elizabeth.  
Nonsense!... She'll stand by you  
if she's a good scout.  
Elizabeth is an officer and a lady.  
Well just tell her  
it's worth 50,000 smackers  
and I'm sure she'll be delighted  
with the whole affair.  
I would remind you Russell that we have  
both taken a most solemn oath  
not to divulge the contents of the will.  
Yes, so we have.  
Look here... if she does kip with a bird...  
what about palming her off on me?  
Certainly not.  
What a disgusting suggestion!  
To marry, I mean.  
Here's your next order.  
Remarkable thing... I've come out  
without my wallet.  
Lend me a fiver, old boy.  
Thanks.

Better make it a tenner...  
easier to remember.  
What on earth's that?  
That is Elizabeth.  
You're dead right old boy...  
Not my cup of tea at all!  
I should hope not.  
Look, I must telephone her now...  
Box is over there.  
Oh, thank you.  
With all this on my mind...  
I just cannot face her tonight.  
Couldn't face her any night.  
Hello!  
You want some ciggies?  
No sweetie, I'm afraid you? from now on.  
What about a date later on this evening?  
I feel like celebrating.  
Look... I don't want that old goat  
in the telephone box to see us talking.  
Why?  
Well, don't think me mad...  
But just for the moment, I'm not allowed  
to talk to women.  
Don't I count as a woman?  
You see dear, something has occurred.  
But... you promised to take me out tonight...  
...and I've had a bath... specially!  
I've got some splendid news for you  
about my wedding leave.  
Commandant Borthwaite's given me 28 days!  
28!  
28 days?!  
Oh dear... I know...  
Yes dear, of course... of course...  
It could be splendid.  
But you see...  
Well she said you only get life once...  
Might as well enjoy it!  
Denny... the? after 10 years?  
You're not serious!  
You don't mean it!  
What am I to say to Commandant Borthwaite  
and the girls?

They've bought us a toast-rack, and everything.  
You're breaking my heart, that's all.  
No, you can't explain!  
Alright then... tomorrow morning at 11.  
On the dot!  
Daddykins... daddy...  
Daddy... did you hear that?  
Did you hear it?  
I told you so... shifty customer.  
Always said so... always will.  
Never liked him, never shall...  
Sort of fellow who'll end up  
in the hands of the police.  
Scott dropped the ball...  
He tricks to outside left...  
Lobs to Menster...  
who pleas to the captain...  
The captain checks his guard...  
...passes it to Loguie...  
Loguie to Louis...  
Louis takes to the outside...  
Roper?  
Roper... Roper...  
He flies in and he slams...  
Good evening...  
I think I am most anxious  
to go to prison for 28 days.  
And I wondered if you had  
any suggestions.  
Well... have you committed any crime?  
Felony? Or breach of the peace?  
No, not yet... though within reason,  
I am prepared to.  
Then get out of here...  
can't you see we're very busy?  
Go on Eddie... Roper had the ball...  
What happened?  
Wait, I don't think you quite understand.  
For reasons which I cannot divulge,  
I must go to prison.  
And I've come for your advice.  
You've 'ad it, now 'op it!  
Look here my man, I'm asking  
a perfectly civil question.

And you got a civil answer.  
Now 'op it!  
I'm a taxpayer...  
And what is more, I'm a personal friend  
of the commissioner.  
Then I should go and see him...  
You'll find he's far less busy  
than WE are.  
Good evening Benson...  
Your lord and master  
is now a man of substance.  
Congratulations, sir...  
How much?  
50,000 smackern Benson...  
50,000 iron men.  
Splendid sir, splendid...  
In that case we might have little chat  
about my arrears of salary?  
Quite, but I shall have to borrow a few more quid,  
just to see me through the testing period.  
In that case we haven't been  
left anything at all...  
Is that it, sir?  
No it isn't Benson...  
now sit down and listen to me.  
I shouldn't be telling you this...  
as I made a solemn oath not to do so.  
I'll rely on your discretion...  
Or honour among thieves,  
scouts' honour, and all that.  
Well, carry on, sir.  
Well, it's like this...  
I forfeit the whole darned lot, if I don't marry  
the first unmarried girl I speak to.  
Of course I shan't take any notice of that.  
Oh, naturally not, sir!  
Oh, but I must do it carefully, Benson...  
In fact I'm just as keen to find someone  
with a tidy bank balance of her own.  
After all, I don't want to get landed  
with a gold-digger, now that I'm rich.  
You listening, Benson?  
Oh, yes sir... I see your point...  
Since hearing your... bad news...

Several young ladies have telephoned  
their heartfelt sympathy.  
That's what I mean... you see  
they're closing in already!  
Shocking bad taste...  
with the old boy hardly cold.  
Oh, quite sir, quite.  
Well, if I might be allowed  
to offer some advice...  
Why not leave town and  
spend a few days on the boat.  
Good idea, Benson...  
I'll go tomorrow.  
I'll take MY car.  
Oh, better send the other one back  
to Sports Cars Ltd.  
Give them the usual spiel...  
I wasn't satisfied.  
Then bolt the front door,  
disconnect the telephone...  
This is worse than the bailiffs, Benson!  
How right you are sir...  
But don't worry... I'll look after you.  
Don't forget tonight!  
6.30 sharp... best bib and tucker.  
Alright.  
Oh, Miss Heath...  
It's such a lovely day today...  
I wondered whether you'd like to come  
to the pictures with me tonight.  
Oh... I...  
There's a particular picture  
that I want to see...  
It's all about a holdup man.  
I'd love to, Mr Russell...  
But unfortunately Mr Stewart has asked me  
to go out with HIM tonight.  
Mr Wagstaffe's mail, Mr Russell.  
Thank you Mr Stewart.  
"Unfortunately" did you say?  
Of course, if you'd rather go out  
with 'Handsome Herbert'...  
Why are you always  
so nasty about him?



Little twerp!  
Reach!... Reach for the sky!  
Come on... stick 'em up!  
No mucking about!  
Come on! I said no mucking about.  
Reach!...  
...brother... for the sky.  
Come on... stick 'em up!  
I haven't any time to waste.  
Apparently you HAVE.  
One of the signs of softening of the brain  
is talking to oneself.  
Watch it, Mr Russell, watch it!  
Get back to your work!  
Yessir.  
Softening of the head.  
You said something, sir?  
No... I was talking to myself.  
Get out!  
Get out!  
In your advertisement about a domestic,  
you mentioned references.  
I haven't done this sort of work before  
Oh, don't worry about that...  
I'm sorry, I've forgotten your name again.  
Agnes Russell.  
I'll be frank with you Agnes...  
We've had quite a number  
of servants here.  
Some with excellent references, but...  
None of them have lasted.  
But I'm sure you'll do us very well.  
That'll be my father...  
I expect he wants to see you.  
Shall we go up?  
Aren't men impatient!  
My father is a semi invalid,  
and this is...  
Father's not really very ill.  
Father, this is our new helper.  
An older instance.  
What's your name?  
Agnes Russell.  
Need be perfect from now on, my girl...

All the others worked badly,  
and a rotten lot they were!  
I'm sure Agnes will work very well, father.  
We'll see.  
Can you cook better?  
Yes...  
You can cook my supper tonight.  
There's a steak in the larder...  
You don't make a mess of it now!  
You're a sour face!  
I like happy people about me!  
Smile!  
Go on!... Smile!  
That's better!  
He likes you...  
He likes you very much.  
He does!  
I'm as happy as a lark...  
A lark, a lark...  
I'm as happy as a dog!  
Bumbum... bumbum...  
Hello there!  
I say, are you in difficulty?  
Don't bother, thanks...  
I can manage.  
No bother at all!  
So, what's the trouble?  
I don't quite know...  
It just stopped.  
Got any petrol?  
Oh, yes...  
My chauffeur filled it up this morning.  
Just stubborn, eh?  
Got far to go?  
Eton. My brother's at school there  
and I promised to take him out...  
It's maddening.  
- Leave it to me.  
- Thank you.  
Do you know anything about cars?  
- Not a thing.  
- Fine!  
Well... if you ask me, the 'circumventor'  
on the 'ubiquitous praxile'...

What?

The 'sheerstall' has blown.

You can tell just by looking at it?

Oh, one gets the knack you know...

Like doctors lifting your eyelid and knowing  
your great grandmother was a dipsomaniac.

Can I give you a lift somewhere?

If you would... to the telephone.

It's a pleasure... come along.

I'll ring my chauffeur to come  
and collect the beastly thing.

What do you know about...

'praxile'... thingumajigs?

I doubt it... very few people do.

I hate that car, anyway.

I much prefer my big one.

Your big one?

Oh, you'll have to forgive old "Griselda".

Both mine are in dock.

This thing belongs to my butler.

I think she's sweet... and I'm  
very grateful to both of you.

What did you say your name was?

I didn't. It's Lucille Grayson.

How do you do?... Simon Russell.

I'm going to make

a very impertinent suggestion...

Instead of you singing the "Eton Boating Song"  
with your brother...

Why not come boating with me?

My cruiser's just along the road...  
on the water of course.

No thank you...

I couldn't possibly.

My uncle would raise Cain if he heard  
I'd been out with strange men.

Well, there's only one of me  
and I'm not all that strange.

In fact I behave pretty normally  
on the whole.

It's very tempting, Mr Russell...  
but I must say no.

- No?

- Yes.

Do you really know anything  
about cars?

No.

Nothing at all?

Nothing at all.

How clever of you.

Do you like my little boat?

Mmm... very much.

Small, of course.

Getting another one soon,  
with a big funnel.

Comfy?

Lucky you had 2 of these  
mattress things.

Yes, I was here last weekend  
with a business pal.

He left his lipstick behind.

Odd!

I wonder how that got here.

I'm beginning to wonder  
how I did!

Not regretting it, are you?

Not yet... but I shall!

My uncle wouldn't approve of this at all.

Like all very rich men...

He wants to run everybody else's life.

You poor sweet...

I know the form...

You can't tell him to go to blazes  
or he'll cut you off with a shilling.

No... he can't do that...

the money's in trust for me.

That's good...

That's very good!

No!

No!

No!

Deniston... I will not postpone our wedding  
without a reason.

No, you can't fob me off like that.

Fluffy... I wouldn't dream of fobbing you.

Nonsense!...

This is the clearest case of fobbing  
that's ever come my way.

You've been dilly-dallying  
with my daughter for 10 years.  
Only because of my financial situation,  
Sir Charles.  
What's happened to it now?  
Nothing, nothing... I only asked  
for a slight postponement.  
28 days.  
Why?  
I know you'll understand when I tell you  
that I've given my solemn oath  
not to divulge the reason.  
But when we got engaged,  
10 years ago...  
You solemnly swore we wouldn't  
have any secrets from each other.  
Except, of course, official ones.  
Oh... but this IS official!...  
In a way.  
You see, Fluffy... in strict confidence...  
I have to go away for a month.  
Officially?  
Officially.  
Got a government?  
Well, the government will  
be paying my expenses.  
What's that?  
Just a minute.  
I thought the Pay Corps  
kicked you out 5 years ago.  
I shall not be in uniform, Sir Charles...  
at least I don't think so.  
Will you excuse me... I really have to go  
to catch my train...  
Denny... you're not going  
behind the Iron Curtain?  
I suppose you could put it like that.  
Daddykins, he's in the Secret Service...  
And all the time we thought  
he was doing nothing!  
Oh, Denny... my brave Denny-boy!  
Fluffy, dear... look I promise  
as soon as ever I am free...  
...free to talk... I'll explain everything.

No need to explain, when duty calls!  
Quite right...  
Now don't go and land yourself  
in one of those filthy jails!  
No, but I...  
Will you excuse me, sir Charles?...  
I must catch my train.  
Well, good luck... I'm sorry I was  
a bit shirty with you.  
I know you won't be able to write...  
But I shall be watching the newspapers  
and hoping so much there won't be  
any news of you.  
Oh, the newspapers!...  
Oh, yes... hope that... please hope that!  
Kings Cross station, please.  
Good luck!... and if they catch you,  
none of those confessions, mind!  
Goodbye, dear boy.  
Not the railway station... the police station.  
Good morning, inspector,  
do you remember me?  
Yes, I do remember you...  
go on get outta here.  
Please, please listen...  
you see, I am a writer...  
And it is necessary for one of my characters  
to go to prison for a month.  
I only thought you could tell me  
a few crimes that could fit the bill.  
Look... here's a little opus of mine,  
if you'd care to...  
It's about football.  
About football, eh?  
The whole of the Cup Final team get poisoned  
on the eve of the match.  
"Death and the FA Cup"  
No, no, please... keep it...  
if you'd care to.  
For me?  
Well, that's very kind of you sir...  
thank you!  
Well, I'm always ready  
to support the arts, as it were!

I dare say Archibald ought to  
be able to help us.  
Who is Archibald?  
The encyclopedia of crime.  
Look, I want it to be  
a very respectable crime.  
Nothing nasty.  
You see, he's a very upright  
and honourable man...  
I can't possibly have his reputation  
soiled in any way.  
He has to get the heroine.  
'appy endin', eh?  
That's the stuff to give 'em.  
I'm so glad you understand.  
Now, let's see, there's trains.  
There's lot of things happen  
in trains, you know...  
You'd be surprised.  
Most of them go for about 6 months.  
No... no... no...  
Bag snatchin' ain't bad.  
I'll take note of one or two of these.  
Yes, do that.  
Here, I've got this.  
Bag snatching...  
Then there's... shoplifting.  
Yes... shoplifting.  
They're gettin' very down on that  
nowadays, you know.  
Especially among the upper classes.  
Then there's... I think I've got it here.  
I may be wrong.  
How about stealing lead  
from churches?  
Just climb up on the roof and rip it off.  
No... he has no head for heights.  
Oh, that's a pity.  
Well, car-stealing's very popular,  
you know.  
Yes... car stealing...  
Bung that down.  
Oh... alright!  
Alright... alright... alright!

Shut the window!  
My feet are cold!  
Don't stand there gaping...  
my dinner'll spoil.  
Alright.. alright... alright!  
Have you got asthma?  
No...  
Then stop puffin' like a train...  
it gets on my nerves.  
You left the door open.  
Shut it when you go!  
- Is that all you...?  
- Go on!  
You're fired!  
Mr Webb...  
I beg you to reconsider this.  
The only matter for consideration is whether  
I kick you out now or tomorrow morning.  
I'm willing to work for no wages.  
Still all too expensive.  
In fact, I'm willing to pay YOU  
to let me stay.  
I only ask to remain a month...  
If you let me stay, I'll give you 1,000.  
What did you say?  
1,000!  
You're off your head!  
- I know it sounds insane...  
- Don't come near me!  
- But I mean it!  
- Go and lie down!  
- I'll put it in writing!  
- Get out!  
Potty!... Completely potty!  
You rang for me?  
Yes... but not to appear like  
something out of a French farce.  
Go away and put your clothes on.  
Never mind... you look terrible anyway.  
Take those flowers out...  
they're eatin' up the oxygen.  
And you dare to send for me  
just for that?  
Ah... keep a civil tongue in your head!



Why should I?  
You've dismissed me haven't you?  
I'll say what I like...  
And here and now I'd like to say  
that you're the most detestable,  
abominable old man  
it's ever been my misfortune  
to encounter.  
A pity... because I'd changed my mind  
about sending you away.  
Anything to say about that?  
Mind you, it's not for your 1,000...  
which obviously doesn't exist.  
But it does, and I mean it.  
Nor for your beauty or efficiency...  
Which don't exist either...  
But purely for my own convenience,  
until I can find somebody better.  
Which shouldn't be difficult.  
See the door closes when you go.  
Uh... the flowers.  
Your 'Handsome Herbert' seems to be  
a little late this morning.  
He may not be handsome...  
But at least he's not a wolf  
at the Hammersmith Palais.  
Naughty, naughty!  
What on earth are you doing, Mr Stewart.  
Leave that young lady alone!  
And in Mr Wagstaffe's office, too!  
I think Miss Heath is capable  
of looking after herself.  
No she isn't, not while I'm here  
to stop her.  
Thank you Mr Russell,  
but it's quite alright.  
Oh, no it isn't...  
Now you run along  
and leave this to me.  
Now look here, Stewart...  
I'm not going to stand for any nonsense...  
Oh, go away...  
Go away, little man.  
Alright! Little man I may be,

but not for long.  
Let me tell you that one day  
I'll come in here in a Rolls-Royce.  
And I'll have an overdraft of 20,000.  
Or more!  
And you'll me calling me "sir".  
Oh, I'd like to see that!  
Well, sometimes... worms change their...  
Their spots!  
And when I do, I'll march in here  
without knocking...  
And I'll...  
I'll sit on the desk.  
And I'll say "Hello Wagstaffe... how's the... "  
You fool! Look what you've done  
to my suit!  
I'm terribly sorry, Mr Stewart...  
You'll pay for this!  
No, it was both of our faults, really.  
Oh, no... you wait until  
Mr Wagstaffe hears about this.  
Oh, bother Mr Wagstaffe...  
Mr Wagstaffe... Mr Wagstaffe...  
Come on, don't just stand there...  
help me pick them up.  
Come on...  
And what are you doing NOW, Mr Russell?  
It's your wife again, sir...  
She's... gone to pieces.  
Mr Russell, how long you remain with us,  
I don't know, but I hope not long.  
But until you go, you won't set foot  
in my office again.  
Yessir... no sir...  
Oh but sir, I...  
That was an order, Mr Russell.  
Father... what are you doing?  
Searching her belongings...  
what do you think I'm doing?  
That's a dreadful thing to do.  
You mind your own business  
and answer the bell.  
That'll be the detective.  
Detective?

Oh father, not again...  
Just when we get somebody  
good at last.  
Away you go!  
I had an appointment with Mr Webb.  
If you're from the police,  
you're wasting your time.  
Oh I'm not from the police,  
I'm a private inquiry agent, Mrs...  
or Miss...  
Miss.  
What private enquiry there can be  
about that poor soul, I can't imagine.  
- Good morning, sir.  
- Your detective.  
A bit young, aren't you?  
For what, sir?  
For what I've a mind to.  
Listen to me.  
Last night I sacked my maid.  
Whereupon she offered me 1,000  
to let her stay for a month.  
Did she now?  
Father, isn't this going a bit too far?  
That's why I sent for you.  
Nobody in their right mind would stay  
in this house a minute longer than they need.  
I don't agree, sir.  
You're here to do a job of work...  
not to be flippant... Sit down.  
Sorry, sir.  
Now then... either she's cracked,  
and has escaped from some asylum...  
Or she's a criminal lying low.  
I tend to think she's a criminal.  
This identity card... obviously forged...  
Look at it.  
No 30-bob-a-week domestic servant  
could live in that neighbourhood.  
Certainly looks a bit odd.  
What do you want ME  
to do about it?  
Check up on her...  
Find out where she comes from,

where she goes... everything about her.  
Is she here now?  
No... gave her the afternoon off.  
Didn't want her spotting you.  
Well? You'll take the job?  
Certainly, sir.  
Good.  
It'll be a pleasure.  
Oh, ma'am!...  
I didn't expect you!  
I'll just put me apron on...  
It doesn't matter about the apron.  
Come here please.  
Have you found another post?  
No, ma'am. You see...  
What with no references...  
Ethel, I'm afraid I've been  
a little hard on you at times.  
One doesn't realise...  
If you care to stay with me,  
you can.  
I shall be away about a month.  
You could have a little holiday.  
Oh, ma'am...  
With pay, of course.  
I should like you to stay, if you would.  
Oh, thank you very much, ma'am.  
Oh yes, I will.  
Good.  
Well, I'm going to have a little rest...  
I'm rather tired.  
Is Miss Agnes Russell in?  
Yes.  
But she's asleep.  
Is she? Good.  
I dare say you can help me.  
I'm a reporter.  
Shall we go in?  
I s'pose.  
What's your name?  
Ethel.  
Sit down, Ethel.  
I know that face.  
Miss Russell's brother.

He passed away last week, poor gentleman.  
Henry Russell... the joker?  
That's right, the practical joking man.  
He left her a fortune, so they say.  
Did he now?  
How much did he leave her?  
Ethel...  
Who is this gentleman?  
What does he want?  
I'm glad to meet you, Miss Russell.  
I'm from the Chelsea Chronicle,  
and I wonder if you'll give me  
a line or two on your brother.  
I have nothing to say.  
Ethel... show the gentleman out.  
I don't wish to see him again.  
But Miss Russell, I...  
Please!  
5 please!  
You don't understand... I...  
Oh, that's alright, sir... 5.  
Oh yes, of course... 5.  
Thank you.  
Wrong tartan.  
The wrong tartan, sir?  
I'll be with you in a moment, sir.  
Terribly sorry!  
I wasn't looking where I was going.  
Pardon... my fault.  
Excuse me, sir...  
Did you purchase anything in the store?  
No, no... oh yes... a pedigreed pipe.  
5.  
Nothing else, sir?  
Absolutely not.  
Would you mind just  
stepping into the office?  
Oh. of course... I'd be delighted.  
Come in here, please.  
Well, gentlemen...  
What can I do for you?  
Have you any objection  
to being searched?  
None at all... none at all...

Where would you like to begin?  
This pocket.  
I've been robbed!  
My wallet!  
I demand compensation!  
What have you done with it?  
My wallet's gone!  
I don't understand...  
It doesn't make sense.  
Why is she working here, then?  
Search me...  
Either practical jokes run in the family...  
Or she's cracked, as your father suggested.  
The doctor's with him now,  
but he won't be long.  
Will you wait?  
Better not... Agnes may return...  
She mustn't spot me.  
But there are some more questions  
I'd like to ask her.  
There isn't much time now, so...  
Perhaps we could have some food  
together tonight and discuss it.  
What questions?  
Oh... a few details.  
After all one must go into details  
in a detailed manner.  
Mr Godfrey, I don't often get invited out.  
But if you really want me to come and dine with you,  
would you mind asking me properly?  
Madam, would you care  
to dine with me tonight?  
I should love it.  
If you promise not to discuss the case.  
Nothing was further from my mind.  
Good!  
Champagne of course...  
A bottle of Krug '34 to start with.  
Keep the usual on the ice for later on.  
Women never know the second bottle.  
Yes, Mr Simon.  
This is a very important date...  
So pass the word around to the girls  
that I'm not on "hello terms" tonight.

Hello darling!...  
Oh... better take that back.  
Russell!  
Russell, your man told me  
I might find you here.  
He had no business!  
Why aren't you in jail?  
That's what I've come  
to talk to you about.  
Oh, is it?...  
Come and have a drink.  
I'm getting a little desperate.  
It may be easy for people like you...  
But I just don't seem to be able  
to get into prison.  
Don't be silly...  
Anyone can!  
What's in there?  
Oh, burglar tools...  
Keep your voice down!  
What are you going to do with them?  
You see, I thought a little housebreaking  
might do the trick.  
Well i wish you the best of luck.  
The trouble is, some people are inclined to be  
a little rough with burglars, and...  
Well, I thought, that with  
your permission of course  
I might break into YOUR flat tonight.  
What? That's quite out of the question...  
I shall be using it tonight anyway.  
All the better... then you can  
catch me red-handed.  
Now look, old boy... I've got  
very important plans for tonight.  
Catching burglars isn't one of them.  
You pop off and burgle someone else.  
I couldn't possibly burgle  
somebody I didn't know.  
Wouldn't be playing the game.  
Go and pinch a car or something.  
Do you mind awfully... got plans... pop off.  
Lucille darling!  
You look quite heavenly!

Who on earth was that?  
He's some old crook  
with a hard luck story...  
Used to flog petrol coupons...  
lives on charity now.  
Costs me a fiver every time I see him.  
You're much too nice, Simon...  
That's your trouble.  
Nonsense!  
These things yours, sir?  
No, no... I borrowed... I... yes.  
Yes, they're my burglar tools.  
Burglar tools... what do you want  
with them?  
I refuse to say.  
Well in that case sir, I shall have to ask you  
to come along with me to the station.  
I'll take the bag, sir.  
You take the bag.  
Sergeant, I picked this man up  
with a set of burglar tools.  
Oh yeah... name?  
So, it's you, you naughty boy.  
After a bit of local colour, eh?  
Now you want to be careful sir,  
or you will land yourself in the clink.  
I want...  
That's alright sir, I quite understand.  
It's OK, Cafferty... I know this gentleman.  
Jeremy Sinclair, the famous author.  
You know, sir...  
I've been enjoying that book  
of yours very much.  
Very good stuff.  
I'll lay 6 to 1 the referee  
murdered the outside left...  
Am I right?  
No, I'm afraid it was the goalkeeper's daughter.  
What? But that's impossible.  
If you don't want me anymore, I'll...  
You run along and drop in  
any time you're passing...  
Always welcome.  
Good night.



One moment sir...  
Might I have your autograph, please.  
Lucille darling... you know, I'm serious...  
This isn't just casual fun.  
Let's sit down, shall we.  
But... what did I do?  
Nothing.  
I swear to you I only...  
Before you say anything more  
I think I'd better tell you something  
about myself that you don't know.  
What?  
I've lied to you about myself.  
You mean you're not  
what you pretend to be?  
No, I'm a fraud.  
Mr Simon?  
No, hold it Gustav,  
I may not be needing that.  
You'd better explain yourself.  
That first day we met...  
I wasn't going to Eton  
to see my brother.  
Why not?  
I haven't got a brother at Eton.  
In fact, I haven't got a brother at all.  
I see... so you've been fooling me.  
Why?  
I was on my way to meet the man...  
the man my uncle wants me to marry.  
He's rich, a title... everything  
a girl could want.  
I didn't want him, even before I met you...  
Then you came along and I...  
Is that all?!  
Gustav... where's that bottle of champagne?  
But I haven't told my uncle yet.  
Or the other man.  
I haven't dared to, until I knew  
whether you were serious about me.  
Serious?... but I'm crazy about you!  
Lucille darling, will you marry me?  
Oh, Simon... yes please!  
When will you tell your uncle?

Would you like me to ring him now?  
Yes, do! I'll come with you.  
I've got a call to make, too.  
Gustav... make that a magnum!  
Very well, sir.  
Darling...  
Benson... it's in the bag!  
Well, put a couple of bottles on the ice  
and go to bed.  
My heartiest congratulations, sir...  
a notable achievement.  
Hello... Uncle Arthur?  
Lucille speaking.  
He's hooked!  
Open up a bottle of champagne  
and have one on me.  
My heartiest congratulations, my dear...  
Oh, a notable achievement!  
These flowers have just been delivered.  
Who for?  
For you I s'pose.  
Why? I'm not dead yet.  
You sent me those.  
I did no such thing!  
You must have done...  
Nobody likes me enough  
to send me flowers.  
Without wishing to appear rude...  
Mr Webb... I don't like you enough either.  
Oh, yes you do... enough to offer me  
1,000 to stay here.  
But don't imagine that smothering me  
in blooms is gonna do the trick...  
You'll leave when I want you to leave.  
I've no illusions about that.  
What lovely flowers.  
Give them to me and get a vase  
and some water, will you.  
Yes, Miss Webb.  
Who are they from?  
More bribery and corruption  
from that idiotic maid.  
Where are you all dolled up  
this morning?

What are you grinning at?  
The flowers are meant for me!  
Who from?  
Your detective.  
Why is he sending you flowers?  
Because he likes me I suppose.  
He's no business liking you.  
He's not paid to send you flowers.  
Well he's hoping to buy them.  
This must stop at once!  
He's a perfect right to send me flowers  
And i hope he goes on doing so.  
I was out with him until midnight last night.  
I expect to be much later tonight.  
You'll stay in your room.  
I'm sorry, father... I won't!  
You've successfully wrecked  
every chance I ever had.  
We can't go on like that...  
It's no good, father.  
You can't want me to  
waste my life and become...  
Something like that dreary  
old spinster out there.  
While the doctor's upstairs,  
I thought you might like a cup of tea.  
Thank you Agnes, that was  
very thoughtful of you.  
Miss Webb... I couldn't help overhearing  
what you said about me upstairs.  
I'm very sorry, I was overwrought and I...  
Oh, don't apologise... please.  
I know well enough what I am.  
It takes some people a long time  
to find out about themselves.  
And when they do... it's too late  
to do anything about it.  
It isn't too late for you.  
How is he, Doctor?  
Your father's an old humbug, m'dear.  
He enjoys bad health more  
than anyone I know.  
You see the trouble with  
these hypochondriacs is

they can make themselves  
just as ill as they want to be.  
He has a dicky heart, there's no denying...  
But it's not going to kill him...  
Unless he wants it to.  
What can I do?  
Be gentle with him.  
Try not to cross him in any way...  
That might be dangerous.  
Not much else you can do.  
I see.  
Thank you Doctor, I'll do what you say.  
Goodbye, my dear.  
I'll look in again tonight.  
Yes, Doctor.  
Why... Captain Russell!  
I thought you were going away.  
Yes, I am going very shortly now.  
What on earth have you got there?  
A brick.  
A brick...  
I do hope you'll be back soon...  
I'm just longing to get on with "Blood Lust"...  
The best yet, you know.  
Yes, Sheila.  
That's the first time you've ever  
called me Sheila.  
Oh, is it?  
Well, do forgive me,  
I'm not feeling very well.  
In fact I'm not myself at all.  
Don't move, Sheila.  
Now listen dear...  
Don't ask any questions  
and don't look back...  
I'll explain everything later...  
Please go away quickly Sheila...  
as quickly as you can...  
Hurry, dear.  
Deniston!  
Fluffy!  
So this is your Secret Service?  
I haven't gone yet, Fluffy.  
Daddy was quite right...

he warned me!  
Please... listen Fluffy...  
Don't call me that!  
How could you do it?  
You're supposed to be behind  
the Iron Curtain... and look at you!  
Who was that woman?  
What were you giving her?  
- Nothing dear... nothing...  
- Well, what's in that parcel?  
A brick.  
This is no moment  
to start being funny.  
You've humiliated me quite enough.  
I shall apply to Commandant Borthwaite  
for an immediate posting overseas.  
- Elizabeth...  
- No!  
Did you do that?  
Yes, he did... I saw him!  
You?!  
What are you doing here?  
Don't worry, it's nothing to do with you.  
Where's Joan?  
Now what's all this about?  
Please go away...  
You've no right to come in here.  
I've every right to know why you're out  
every time I telephone.  
Why you lock yourself  
up in this dismal house  
as if you were terrified  
of the sight of me?  
I just don't want to see you any more,  
that's all.  
- Liar!  
- Would you please go!  
Oh no! I'm not going to stand by and see you  
waste your life on that old fraud upstairs.  
I'm going to see him now.  
Would you please try to understand..  
I'm the only one he's got, and I...  
I can't leave him.  
Listen, you little fool...

I want to marry you so badly, that I'm even prepared to let your father live with us.

Ever seen one of these?

It's a Special Licence.

And we're going to use it tomorrow.

Oh no!... He'd never stand the shock!

Joan, if you don't make up your mind, it'll be too late.

Please... could you leave us alone for a moment.

Just for a minute... I only want to help you if I can.

Please!

Alright... but only for a moment.

You probably found out by now that I live alone on a small income.

And that I'm rather a friendless sort of person.

But perhaps you don't know why.

The answer's a simple one.

I sacrificed my youth, like you are doing, for someone like your father.

Like you, I received no gratitude... No reward.

Only misery... and loneliness.

But... someone must look after him.

I will!

You?!

Yes... I'll take care of him for as long as it's necessary.

Go and marry your young man... tomorrow!

Then come back and worry about your father.

- He'd never stand it!

- Yes he will... go on!

Go on!

Thanks.

You're very late this morning.

A hold-up, I suppose.

A hold-up... on the train.

Train... yes.

Your hat.

Thank you.

Good morning Mr Russell.  
Miss Heath...  
Is Mr Wagstaffe alone just now?  
Yes.  
I was afraid he would be.  
What?  
You know he never sees anyone  
between 10 and half-past.  
Well I wanted to see him  
on rather a personal matter.  
Would you mind stopping  
anyone coming in?  
Until I've finished with him.  
Of course.  
Is something on your mind?  
Yes.  
I hope one day you'll let me take you out  
to dinner and explain.  
Ask me and see.  
I'll hope you'll come...  
after... after...  
But Mr Russell has all day  
to badger Mr Wagstaffe.  
These two gentlemen have  
an appointment with him.  
I'm sorry, but there's nothing  
in the book about it.  
Then you must have forgotten  
to put it down.  
This way gentlemen, please.  
You on holidays yet gentlemen?  
I'm going next week... camping.  
Athletic.  
Bit of an amateur boxer.  
Two gentlemen to see you sir.  
All right... put 'em up!  
Reach!... Reach for the sky!  
Well done, Russell!  
I levelled the pistol at them...  
and after a brief spot of struggle,  
they capitulated.  
Unconditionally, eh? Absolutely terrific,  
Mr Russell.  
Now tell me... what are your plans

for the future?

Well, I understand I'm to be offered  
a branch managership... immediately.

Absolutely terrific.

Now tell me... one last question...

why do you carry a water pistol?

Well... it was...

It was a sort of... surprise for somebody.

Absolutely terrific.

Your family's getting up to some  
funny pranks these days, eh?

I've brought you the evening papers.

Thank you.

Where's that daughter of mine?

She should have been back hours ago.

She's here now.

She wants you to meet her husband  
before they go away.

What did you say?

She's just married that young detective  
you hired to spy up on me.

She's... married... detective?

This is YOUR doing!

No... it's yours.

You brought him into the house.

You needn't put on a show for ME.

Because I shan't send for the doctor  
even if you do.

- How dare you!

- Now, now, now!

As far as you're concerned,  
there's no need to worry.

Because I've promised your daughter to stay here  
with you for as long as it may be necessary.

Smile, Mr Webb...

Look... over there.

Congratulations, my dear!

I hope he makes a better husband  
than he does a detective.

Oh, thank you, daddy!

I was so worried.

Very foolish f you...

You don't have to worry...

It's poor "Bertha" who must bear the brunt.



It won't be for long, daddy...  
and then you'll come and live with us.  
Live with a detective?  
I'd never feel safe.  
Remarkably kind of you.  
Daddy, we must fly... our train leaves  
in half an hour.  
- I'll look after her, sir.  
- You'd better.  
Thank you, Agnes, for everything.  
- Good luck.  
- Thanks.  
Touching little scene!  
Thank you for taking it so well.  
I'm never one to shut the door  
after the horse has bolted.  
But I'm sometimes liable to look  
a gift horse in the mouth.  
That was a noble gesture of yours...  
offering to stay indefinitely  
with an unpleasant old man like me.  
I've made 2 such gestures in my life.  
I was happy to do it.  
It was only necessary for you  
to stay a month, wasn't it?  
Yes.  
Well, I don't think such unselfishness  
should go unrewarded...  
I'm prepared to make a sacrifice, too...  
And do without you and your 1,000...  
You're fired, Miss Russell!  
Pack your bags and go now.  
I might have expected that.  
Aye... I think you might.  
I don't know what you're losing...  
but it must be worth a lot.  
It was... but I think I've gained more.  
In other ways.  
Goodbye Mr Webb.  
And congratulations.  
Enjoy your weekend?  
You're for the 'igh jump.  
There's a new beak on the bench today...  
he's up from the East End court...

Prob'ly have a down  
on the upper classes.  
No. 1 on your list...  
Deniston Russell.  
Excuse me...  
Here... what are you doing?  
- It's alright...  
I think I've changed my mind...  
I'm innocent.  
I know... I know.  
James Deniston Russell...  
You are charged that on the 14th instant  
at No. 121 Mayfair Street...  
You caused wilful damage to a plate glass window,  
valued at 15.  
You are further charged that you did  
at the same time, date and place  
assault Charles Baker, a constable  
in the Metropolitan Police,  
by striking him with your umbrella.  
Do you plead guilty or not guilty?  
Do you plead guilty or not guilty?  
Well... it's true that certain unfortunate circumstances  
did force me into certain actions.  
But I mean, if I'd dreamt that I'd be  
meeting you, Sir Charles...  
Or dear Elizabeth...  
We shall take that as a plea of Not Guilty.  
I swear by almighty God, that  
the evidence I shall give the court  
shall be the truth, the whole truth  
and nothing but the truth.  
Charles Baker, Police Constable 149, please...  
You mustn't come in here.  
You can't put me off like that!  
- He's innocent.  
- They all are!  
I want to give evidence.  
Well, if you just wait a moment,  
I'll see what I can do.  
The accused thereupon assaulted me  
in the course of my duty  
by striking me with his umbrella,  
your worship.

You heard the constable's evidence,  
Captain Russell...

Do you wish to ask him  
any questions on it?

Oh, no, no, no... thank you.

Have you anything you wish to say?

No, no... not at present.

Although I'll be most happy to explain it all  
to you personally in 28 days time.

Now is the time, if you want to say  
anything at all.

Have you no witnesses you wish to call?

Excuse me sir... there's a lady outside  
who'd like to give evidence on his behalf.

Call her then... call her!

Captain Russell, you poor dear...

what are they doing to you?

Don't you worry,

I'll get you out of here.

No, no, no, no... please... please!

Take the Book in the right hand  
and read what it says on the card.

I swear by Almighty God to tell the truth,  
the whole truth and nothing but the truth

so help me God... Sheila Wilcott, 21 Juniper Drive, Ealing,  
secretary to the Captain here.

I don't know what you think he's done  
but it's all a lie!

Quiet!

It's a lie.

Captain Russell admits throwing a brick  
through a shop window, Miss Wilcott.

Well then, he's suffering from strain  
and overwork.

I always said he would.

It's medical attention he needs,  
not this.

Just a minute, I understood he retired  
from the army 5 years ago  
and has had no employment since.

That's because he's too retiring  
to talk about it.

Captain Russell is one of the most  
successful writers of the age.

Writers? What's he write?

Books!

Lots of them!

I read a good deal... I've never heard of him.

No, you wouldn't... not by Captain Russell.

But you've no doubt heard of Merton Somersby,  
Jeremy Sinclair... and Gloria Trubshaw!

Gloria Trubshaw?!

Who's she?

What's she got to do with it?

It's one of the captain's names, sir.

Alias, you say?

Here's "Bloody Justice" for you.

What's that?!

"Bloody Justice. "

Give it to me.

Thank you.

"Bloody Justice"?

By Gloria Trubshaw...

Do you admit to writing this, Miss Trubshaw?

I mean Capt. Russell.

I thank you Miss Wilcott...

I admire your spirit in coming here.

But the fact that Capt. Russell has written...  
these things... does not alter the facts of the case.

Though my own private view is  
that this type of literature  
encourages hooliganism and crime.

You're wrong! Just because...

Thank you Miss Wilcott, I'm much obliged.

But you don't understand!

I'm much obliged.

Don't take any notice of them.

I find the case proved...

Anything previous?

No sir. He had an excellent record in the army.

It's a tragedy to see a man in your position  
standing in this court.

Had you shown the slightest desire  
to defend yourself...

I might have been able to take  
a different course.

However, I have no option  
but to send you to prison.

You may not realise it, but it's in my power to send you away for at least 3 months. However I'm inclined to think that a total of 14 days in jail will probably be enough. 14 days?

Oh, but that's not enough.

Did you say something?

Yes... I said you were a pompous ass.

Very well... 14 days on the first charge and 7 on the second.

21 days in all!

That's still not enough.

"Pompous ass" I said...

and "pompous ass" I meant.

You're not fit to conduct a bus, let alone a court of justice.

And a further 7 days for contempt of court. With sentences to run consecutively.

28 days in all!

28 days!

Thank you, Sir Charles, very much.

I'm terribly sorry.

I suggest he's medically examined by the prison doctor.

No, no... no need for that Sir Charles, I assure you.

Take him away!

Take him away!

Elizabeth...

Yes, Deniston...

I want to give you this.

Oh, Elizabeth...

I have permission to see you, because there's something I want to say.

Please... please... listen, Elizabeth...

Or for that matter, what it would have cost if I hadn't been...

But I promise you, that in one month you'll understand the awful predicament I was in. I have no wish to hear your excuses now or any other time.

Apart from behaving like a complete rotter to poor darling daddykins...

I couldn't possibly marry someone

who's deceived me.  
Deceived you?  
Oh, but I haven't.  
I mean about your profession.  
I could never marry a man who  
earns his living in such a low way.  
If I found one of my girls  
reading such rubbish...  
I'd punish her!  
It's trash!  
Alright... trash it is...  
But at least it doesn't pretend  
to be important.  
Perhaps I'd be happier with someone  
who thinks that what I do is good.  
Even if it isn't.  
Alright constable...  
I've finished with him!  
You can take him away.  
Yessir... I mean ma'am.  
Come along, then.  
Keep your chin up!  
It won't be long!  
Of course it won't!  
And then back to "Blood Lust"!  
Yes! "Blood Lust"!  
We'll finish it together!  
What are you looking so happy about?  
Oh, why not?  
It's the happiest day of my life!  
It's the happiest day of my life, Mrs Russell!  
If I may say so, sir... it's an honour  
to be a witness on such a happy occasion.  
Dear old Benson... you know I wouldn't  
have had any other witness.  
You've no idea of the scrapes  
he's got me out of.  
If it hadn't been for Benson,  
I wouldn't be with you now.  
I can believe you, darling.  
See you in a couple of weeks then...  
and thanks for everything.  
And thank you for everything, too.  
I wish you every happiness... Mrs Russell.

Thank you.  
And have a jolly good time!  
I hope!  
Don't think me fussy old girl...  
but I shouldn't make a habit  
of kissing Benson.  
Why not, darling...  
he's my uncle.  
What?!  
Benson's your uncle?!  
Yes, my mother's brother...  
didn't I tell you?  
But you... cheating little fraud!  
Oh, we both are, darling!  
We're going to get on fine.  
Oh, ma'am...  
Yes?  
I'm going out now Ethel.  
Will you be back for dinner tonight, ma'am?  
Yes, I'll be back.  
I've nothing to celebrate.  
Today I might have claimed a fortune.  
But I can't.  
Alright, Ethel...  
What are YOU doing here?  
I thought I'd just walk round and see you.  
Why?  
I wondered if maybe you'd be so kind  
as to come and have a meal with me.  
Why?  
Call it a Celtic conscience.  
I know you sacrificed a lot  
to put my girl on her feet.  
Yes... a fortune.  
Though if you've any ideas  
about claiming that 1,000...  
No... good gracious, no...  
I've freights of money...  
and nobody to spend it on but myself.  
You know it's a gloomy discovery to make...  
but there's not a soul in the world  
that wants to dine with me.  
Won't you help me out?  
Please.

Is there any reason why I should?

None whatsoever.

Ethel!...

I shan't be in to dinner tonight.

Thank you!

The deceased left a sealed letter  
with instructions that it should not be  
opened or read

until you had all completed your tasks.

I will now proceed to read it.

I trust that you've all gained something  
from the tasks I set you...

apart from the material consideration involved...

I have always been a practical joker...

but practically all my jokes

have had some practical intent...

What a complicated sentence!

As the one who failed, I'd like to say at once  
how deeply grateful I am to my brother

for giving me a measure of happiness

I never dreamt of finding in this world.

Well now, cousin Agnes,

I'd like to second that.

True, I win my fortune, but I also  
benefitted enormously.

In other ways.

Here! Here!... I feel a new man too!

Well, jolly good luck to you all.

But I don't mind saying that the cash  
is my one consolation.

And knowing my dear wife...

well that's not going to last very long.

If I might be able to continue, please.

I sincerely hope that you've all gained  
a little something

for now comes the biggest joke of all...

I died, flat b...

Flat...

Not... broke?!

Broke... that's it... flat broke!

There isn't a penny for any of you.

Good.