



Scripts.com

Noises Off...

By Marty Kaplan

"Noises Off..."

[doorman] Curtain's going up.

Curtain is going up!

Curtain's going up.

[man] A big Broadway opening.

Everybody who's anybody in New York
is inside this theater tonight.

Everybody but one man.

This man. Me!

Lloyd, where are you going?

Didn't you direct this?

I just have to...

- One of two things.

- [Lloyd] One thing, get out of this theater.

Mr. Fellows,

anything wrong with your seat?

- It's facing the stage.

- No, just go ahead.

It's gonna be a disaster.

I can't just sit there and watch.

Five seconds,

and we still haven't got a laugh.

I'm not running away.

I'm just not a person who gets a kick
out of watching an automobile crash.

Particularly when it's my automobile.

It'll be the worst catastrophe

Broadway's ever seen.

They'll forget their lines,

the set will fall down.

None of us will

get out of New York alive.

They've got big pictures of us in the lobby.

I'll get on a plane.

I should've got on a plane

when we first opened in Des Moines.

I should've got on a plane

before we opened in Des Moines.

I should've got on a plane

at the dress rehearsal,

as soon as that curtain went up

at the beginning of Act I.

As soon as that damn phone rang,

and Dotty came on

with that first plate of sardines.
[phone rings]
[woman] Hold on! Hold your horses.
Oh, Lord love a duck!
Shut up, I'm on my way.
It's no good you going on.
I can't open sardines
and answer the phone.
I've only got one pair of feet.
Hello?
Yes, but there's no one here, love.
No, Mr. Brent's not here.
He lives here, yes, but he don't live here
now because he lives in Spain.
Mr. Philip Brent,
the one that writes the plays,
only now he writes them in Spain.
Nope, she's in Spain, too.
They're all in Spain.
Am I in Spain?
No, I'm not in Spain, dear.
I look after the house for them,
only I go home at 1:00 on Wednesdays.
So, that's where I am.
No, because I got a nice plate of sardines
to put me feet up with.
And they got color here
and it's the Royal...
What's it called?
You know, the horse race.
Where'd the paper go?
If it's about letting the house,
then you'll have to ring the house agents
'cause they're the agents for the house.
Squire, Squire, Hackham
and who's the other one...
No, they're not in Spain.
They're next to the phone in the study.
Squire, Squire, Hackham and...
Hold on, I'll go and look.
Always the same, isn't it?
Soon as you take the weight off your feet,
then it all comes on your head.
And I take the sardines.

No, I leave the sardines.
No, I take the sardines.
[Lloyd] You leave the sardines
and you hang up the phone.
Yes, right. I hang up... the phone.
[Lloyd] And you leave the sardines.
I leave the sardines?
You leave the sardines.
I hang up the phone
and I leave the sardines?
Right!
We've changed that, have we, dear?
- No, dear.
- That's what I've always been doing?
I wouldn't say that, Dotty, my precious.
How about the words, dear?
Am I getting some of them right?
Some of them have a very familiar ring.
It's like a slot machine up here.
I know that, Dotty.
I open my mouth and I never know
what's going to come out.
Three oranges or two lemons
and a banana.
Anyway, it's not midnight yet.
And we don't open till tomorrow.
You're holding the receiver.
I'm holding the receiver.
"Squire, Squire, Hackham".
And "hold on". And noises off.
Squire, Squire, Hackham
and hold on, don't go away.
I'm hanging up the phone.
Always the same, isn't it?
Put your feet up for two minutes
and they all come running after you.
Hold it!
My housekeeper, yes,
but this is her afternoon off.
Hold it, Larry. Dotty!
We've got the place entirely to ourselves.
Hold it, Brooke.
Dotty!
Come back?

Yes, and go out again
with the newspaper.
The newspaper?
Oh, the newspaper.
Hang up the phone, you leave the sardines
and you go out with the newspaper.
- Here you are.
- Sorry, hon.
Don't worry about it, hon.
It's just the tech rehearsal.
It's the dress rehearsal, Garry, hon.
- When was the tech rehearsal?
- When's the dress? We open tomorrow.
We're all thinking of it
as the tech, aren't we?
- All those words...
- Don't worry about the words!
And that accent.
It's coming out like oranges and lemons.
Your words are fine. Your words are better
than the... you know what I mean.
- Isn't that right?
- Sorry?
Okay, so he's the... fine!
But, dear, you've been
playing this kind of part for...
Jesus, you know what I mean!
All right, Garry and Brooke are off.
Dotty is holding the receiver.
No, but here we are. We're all thinking,
"My God, we open tomorrow."
"We had two weeks to rehearse. We don't
know where we are, but here we are!"
That's right, sweetie! Isn't it?
Beautifully put, Garry.
We've got to play Des Moines
this week, then Pittsburgh,
and then God knows where, and where
else, and so on, for God knows how long.
We're all feeling pretty much...
- Aren't you?
- Sorry?
Anyway, you're off
and Dotty's holding the phone.

Sometimes you have
to come right out with it.

- I know.

- Thanks.

So, you're off.

Let me just say one thing,
since we've stopped.

I've worked with a lot of directors.
Some were geniuses, some were bastards,
but I've never met one who was
so totally and absolutely, I don't know...
Thank you, I'm very touched.

Now will you get off the fucking stage?

- And Brooke?

- Yes?

- Are you in?

- In?

- Are you there?

- What?

You're out, okay. I'll call again.

And on we go,

so there you are holding the receiver.

There I am holding the receiver.

I hang it up, I leave the sardines.

- Always the same story...

- And you take the newspaper.

I take the newspaper.

I leave the sardines.

Always the same story.

It's a weight off your mind,
it's a load off your stomach.

And off I go at last.

Leaving the receiver.

My housekeeper, yes, but...

And, noises off.

Stage!

My housekeeper, yes,

but this is her afternoon off.

We've got the place
entirely to ourselves.

I'll just check.

Hello? Anyone at home?

No, there's no one here.

So, what do you think?

Great and this is all yours?

Just a little shack in the woods really.

- Converted posset mill, 16th century.

- Must've cost a bomb.

One has to have somewhere

to entertain associates.

Someone coming at 4:00, in fact.

Arab, oil, you know.

I've got to get those files

to our Basingstoke office by 4:00.

Yes, we'll only just manage to fit it in.

I mean, we'll only just do it.

- Right.

- We won't bother to chill the champagne.

- All these doors.

- Just a handful, really.

Study, kitchen and

a service flat for the housekeeper.

- Terrific, and which one's the...

- What?

- You know.

- Through here.

Fantastic.

Only now I've lost the sardines.

I'm sorry, I thought there was no one here.

I'm not here, I'm off.

Only it's the Royal.

The horse race, where they wear
those hats all covered in fruit.

- And who are you?

- I'm from the agents.

- Squire, Squire, Hackham and Dudley.

- Which one are you then?

I'm Tramplemain.

Walking in here as if you own the place,

I thought you was a burglar.

No, I just dropped in

to go into a few things.

To check some of the measurements.

Do one or two odd jobs.

And I'm showing

a prospective tenant the house.

- What's wrong with the door?

- She's thinking of renting it.

Her interest is definitely roused.

- That's not the bedroom.

- The bedroom?

No, that's the downstairs bathroom
and W.C. suite.

This is the housekeeper, Mrs. Crockett.

- Clackett, dear.

- She's not really here.

- Only it's the color.

- It's the Royal.

- It's black and white at home.

- Don't worry about us.

I'll have the sound on low.

- We'll just inspect the house.

- Only now I've lost the newspaper.

- [Lloyd] Sardines!

- I'm sorry about this.

That's all right,

we don't want the television, do we?

Sardines!

I forgot the sardines.

Lloyd! These damn sardines.

We gotta do something about them.

We can't go on like this.

- Can't go on like what, Garry?

- It's all right for you,

but we've got to work with these sardines.

We all feel the same, don't we?

- Sorry?

- The sardines.

- What sardines?

- We're up here working our asses off,
and there are four plates of sardines
coming on in Act I alone.

You want something instead of sardines,
is that what you're saying?

You want Poppy

to mash up some banana?

We don't want four plates
of mashed banana.

We're changing the sardines.

- We're not angry at you, Poppy.

- No, we think the sardines are lovely.

I'm perfectly happy

with the sardines if you are.

I am, if you are, hon.

Garry, what exactly are you saying?

Simply this. Here we are,

busting our guts up here, and Christ.

- I see. You got that?

- Um, well...

Right and on we go, from Dotty's exit.

And Poppy?

- Yes?

- Don't let this happen again.

Oh, no.

I just thought

we should get that straight.

- Of course, as long as Dotty's happy.

- Absolutely happy.

Would you do something for me?

Anything, sweetheart.

Take the sardines off with you.

- [Garry] I'm sorry about this.

- [Brooke] That's all right.

We don't want the television, do we?

She's been in the family for generations.

Great. Come on, then.

I have to be in Basingstoke by 4:00.

Perhaps we should just have champagne.

Take it up with us.

Don't let my files out of sight.

- No, only...

- What?

She has been in the family for generations.

Sardines!

It's not for me to say of course,

dear, only I will.

Take the plunge,

you'll really enjoy it here.

- Great.

- Won't she, love?

- Yes.

- And we'll enjoy having you.

- Won't we, love?

- Terrific.

Sardines! Can't put your feet up

on an empty stomach, can you?

See? She thinks it's great.

She's even making us sardines.

I think she's terrific.

- Terrific.

- So, which way?

Before she comes back with the sardines.

- Up here?

- Yes.

- In here?

- Yes!

It's another bathroom.

Always trying to get me in the bathroom.

I mean, in here.

- A black sheet.

- That's the linen closet.

This one!

- You're in a real state.

- Come on, then.

You can't even get the door open.

[doors banging]

This is Mrs. Clackett's afternoon off.

We've got the place entirely to ourselves.

Look at it.

Hold it!

And God said, "Hold it"!

And they held it,

and God saw that it was terrible.

- [Garry] Sorry, the door won't open.

- Sorry, folks, this door won't close.

And God said, Poppy!

Am I doing something wrong?

You know how stupid I am about doors.

- Freddie, darling, you're doing it perfectly.

- As long as it wasn't me who broke it.

And there was Poppy.

And God said, "Be fruitful and multiply.

- "And fetch Tim, to fix the doors".

- God, I love tech rehearsals.

She loves tech rehearsals, isn't she just...

Where's Dotty?

- Everyone's always so nice to everyone.

- Isn't she... She really is.

Belinda's being all, you know.

Freddie, don't you like

a nice all-night tech rehearsal?
Only thing I like about them
is you get to sit on the furniture.
Freddie, it's so good to see you
cheering up and making jokes.
Was that a joke?
This is such a nice company to work with.
Such a happy company.
Wait till we get to Broadway in six months.
- If.
- Wait till Cleveland in three months.
Lloyd, my darling, are you all right?
I'm starting to know what God felt like when
he sat in darkness creating the world.
What did he feel like?
Very pleased he'd taken his Valium.
He had six days, of course.
We've only got six hours.
God said, "Where the hell is Tim"?
And there the hell was Tim.
"Let there be doors that open when they
open, and close when they close".
- Do something?
- Doors!
- I was getting bananas for the sardines.
- Doors!
I bet God had a stage manager
who understood English, too.
- That door won't close.
- And the bedroom won't...
- Right.
- He hasn't been to bed for 48 hours.
Don't worry, Tim. Only another 24 hours,
and it'll be the end of the day.
Look, he's come down to earth,
amongst us.
Listen, since we've stopped anyway.
It took two days to put the set up.
So we shan't have time for dress rehearsal.
- What?
- Don't worry.
Think of the first night
as the dress rehearsal.
If we can just get through

the play once tonight,
for doors and sardines,
that's what it's all about.
Doors and sardines.
Getting on, getting off,
getting the sardines on and off.
That's farce. That's the theater.
That's life.
God, you're so deep.
So, just keep going.
Bang, bang, bang!
Bang, you're on. Bang, you said it.
Bang, you're off!
Everything will be perfectly...
Where's Selsdon?
- Oh, God!
- Selsdon?
- I thought he was with you.
- I thought he was round back with you.
Is Mr. Mowbray in his dressing room?
I don't think he would.
Not during a tech rehearsal.
- Would who?
- We can't find Selsdon.
- I'm sure he wouldn't.
- Half a chance, he would.
- Would what?
- Glug, glug, glug!
Now come on, people, be fair.
We don't know.
- Don't jump to conclusions.
- Get the understudy ready. Tim?
Hurry up with those doors.
You're going on for Selsdon.
Right.
He should never have been let
out of our sight. I said that!
He's been good in rehearsal.
Because in the rehearsal hall,
it was all, but there we were, you know?
- You mean, you could see everyone.
- Here, it's all...
Split in two.
There's a front and a back.

Instantly, we've lost him.

- He's not in his dressing room.

- And the bathroom?

In the prop room, the paint shop,
the scenery dock?

- You've worked with him before.

- Call the police.

Door's finished? Get the gear on.

I'm sorry, my precious.

No, it's my fault, my love.

- I cast him.

- Give him one last chance, I said.

What could I do? We did summer
stock together when I was a kid.

It's my fault.

I should never have left you.

This tour isn't just for her.

This is her life savings.

- We know that.

- I'm not out to make my fortune.

- Of course not.

- We know that.

- I just wanted to put something away.

- We know.

Something to buy a little house.

Jesus, that's not so much to ask.

- Don't blame yourself.

- Sorry?

- I won't let you cry.

- I've got something behind my lens.

You couldn't expect Brooke
to keep an eye on anything.

He was standing right there
in the orchestra, I saw him.

Who are we talking about now?

It's all right,

we know you can't see anything.

Do you mean Selsdon?

I'm not blind, I can see Selsdon.

- He's been here all the time.

- Standing there like Hamlet's father.

You really surprised us.

We thought you were...

- Not there.

- Where have you been?
- Are you all right?
- Speak to us.
Is it a party?
Is it a party?
Is it? How killing. I got it into my head
there was going to be a rehearsal.
I was having a little postprandial snooze
at the side of the stall,
so to be ready for the rehearsal.
- Isn't he lovely?
- Much lovelier now that we can see him.
- What are we celebrating?
- What are we celebrating?
You look strained.
You're not trying to do too much, are you?
I can't find the gear.
I've looked all through his wardrobe.
Beer? In the wardrobe?
No, Selsdon.
You need a break.
Why don't you sit down quietly upstairs
and do the company payroll?
I'll just do the bananas first.
He has been on his feet for 48 hours.
Don't fall down. We may not be insured.
[crash]
[Selsdon] What's next on the bill?
I thought we might try a spot of rehearsal.
- I won't, thank you.
- You won't?
You all go ahead. I'll just sit and watch.
- This is the beer in the wardrobe?
- No, my dear, he wants us to rehearse.
Yes, but we've got to rehearse, haven't we?
Rehearse, yes, well done.
I knew you'd think of something.
Right, from Belinda
and Freddie's entrance.
What's happened now?
The police.
They found an old man lying unconscious
across the street.
- Thank you.

- They say he's very dirty and smelly.
I thought, "Oh, my God"
because when you get close to Selsdon...
No, I mean, if you stand
anywhere near Selsdon,
you can't help noticing
this very distinctive...
I'll tell you something, once you get it
in your nostrils, you never forget it.
Sixty years now, and the smell
of the theater still haunts me.
Bless him.
Tell me, love. How did you get a job like
this that requires tact and understanding?
You're not somebody's girlfriend, are you?
Don't worry, he truly did not hear.
- Not here?
- Yes, there.
- Sit down, darling.
- Go back to sleep.
You're not on for another 20 pages.
I might go back to sleep.
I'm not on for another 20 pages.
And on we go. Dotty in the kitchen,
wildly roasting sardines.
Garry and Brooke ascending the stairs.
Freddie and Belinda,
waiting outside the front door.
Time sliding irrevocably into the past.
Aren't they sweet?
- Garry and Dotty.
- You mean they're...
- It's supposed to be a secret.
- She's old enough to be...
Tramplmain and Mrs. Clackett?
- Didn't you know?
- I'm just God.
The one with the English degree.
I don't know anything.
- [Garry] What's happening?
- You tell me.
What are we waiting for?
I don't know what you're waiting for.
Her 18th birthday.

Or maybe just the cue.

"You can't even get the door open".

- You can't even get the door open.

- Door closed.

[Brooke] You can't even get the door open.

But this is Mrs. Clackett's afternoon off.

We've got the place entirely to ourselves.

- Look at it.

- You like it?

I can't believe it.

- The perfect place for an assignation.

- Home.

Our secret hideaway.

The last place on earth

anyone will look for us.

- It's funny creeping in like this.

- It's damn serious.

If Inland Revenue finds out

we're in the country even for one night,

bang goes our claim to be resident abroad.

Bang goes most of this year's income.

- I feel like an illegal immigrant.

- I'll tell you what I feel like.

- Champagne?

- I wonder if Mrs. Clackett's aired the beds.

- Darling?

- Why not?

No children, no friends dropping in,

we're absolutely on our own.

True.

There is something to be said

for being a tax exile.

Leave those.

- What?

- Inland Revenue may hear us.

What I did with that first lot of sardines,

I shall never know.

- Mrs. Clackett!

- [Dotty screams]

[Dotty] You've given me a turn.

My heart jumped out of me boots.

- So did mine.

- We thought you'd gone.

I thought you was in Spain.

- We are.
- You haven't seen us.
- We're not here.
- Like that, is it?
- The income tax after you?
- They would be if they knew we were here.
All right. You're not here.
I haven't seen you.
Anybody asks for you,
I don't know nothing.
Off to bed?
That's right. Nowhere like bed
when they all get on top of you.
You'll want your things, look.
Yes, thanks.
- That bed hasn't been aired, love.
- I'll get a hot water bottle.
I put all your letters in the study, dear.
What letters?
You forward all the letters, don't you?
Not the ones from the income tax.
I don't want to spoil your holiday.
- Where are they?
- In the little pigeon house.
In your desk, love.
- Yes, but I could hear voices.
- What sort of voices?
- [Lloyd] Hold it. What's the trouble?
- [Freddie] Well, I'm stupid about moves.
Sorry, Garry. Sorry, Brooke.
It's just my usual dimness.
Why do I take this into the study?
Wouldn't it be more natural if I left it?
No.
I just thought it might be more logical.
No.
I know it's late in the day
to go into this.
No, we've got several
more minutes before we open.
Thank you, as long
as we're not too rushed.
I never understood why he carries a bag
and groceries in to look at his mail.

They have to be out of the way
for my next scene.
And Selsdon needs them in the study
for his next scene.
- I see that.
- Selsdon, is he there?
[cast members] Selsdon!
- Am I on?
- No.
I thought I heard my voice.
Go back to sleep.
You're not on for another 10 pages yet.
Oh, yeah.
- I see all that.
- No.
- I just don't know why I take them.
- Why does anyone do anything?
Why does that other idiot go out the front
holding two plates of sardines?
I'm not getting at you, love.
Of course not. Why do I?
Jesus, when you think about it, why do I?
- Who knows?
- You see, Freddie?
The wellsprings of human action
are deep and cloudy.
Maybe something happened to you
when you were a very small child
that made you frightened
to let go of groceries.
Or it could be genetic.
Or it could be, you know...
- Could well be.
- Of course, thank you.
- I understand all that.
- I'm telling you, I don't know.
I don't think the author knows.
I don't know why the author
came into this industry.
I don't know why any of us came into it.
If you could just give me a reason
I could keep in my mind.
All right, I'll give you a reason.
You carry those groceries into the study

because it's just slightly after midnight,
and we're not going to be finished
before we open tomorrow night.
Correction. Before we open tonight.
And on we go.
From after Freddie's exit
with groceries.
His wife left him this morning.
Oh.
Freddie?
I think the point is
you had a great fright,
when she mentions income tax.
You felt very insecure and exposed.
You wanted something familiar
to hold onto.
Thank you.
- Bless you, darling.
- And on we merrily go.
"Yes, but I could hear voices".
"Yes, but I could hear voices".
Yes, but I could hear voices.
- What sort of voices?
- People's voices.
- But there's no one here.
- I saw the door handle moving.
Could be someone checking up.
I still don't see why you've got
to put your tie on to look.
Mrs. Clackett?
- She's been in the family for generations.
- She's opened the sardines.
Come back. I'll fetch them.
You can't go downstairs like that.
- Why not?
- Mrs. Crackett.
- She's irreplaceable.
- Sardines here, there!
It's like a Sunday school outing.
You're still poking around?
- Still poking. Well, still around.
- In the linen closet?
No.
Yes, checking the sheets and pillowcases.

Going through the inventory.

- Mrs. Blackett.

- Clackett, dear.

Mrs. Clackett,

Is there anyone else in the house?

- I hadn't seen no one, dear.

- I heard voices.

- There's no voices here, love.

- I must've imagined it.

Oh, my God.

I beg your pardon.

- Oh, my God.

- Why? What is it?

Oh, my God. The study door's open.

Oh, my God.

There's another car outside.

That's not Mr. Hackham's or Mr. Dudley's?

[door slams]

Nothing but flapping doors in this house.

[door slams]

"Final notice... steps will be taken...

foreclosure... proceedings in court".

That reminds me.

A gentleman come about the house.

- Don't tell me. I'm not here.

- He says he's got a lady quite aroused.

- Leave everything to the agents.

- Then I'll let them go all over, shall I?

Let them do anything,

just don't tell them we're here.

I'll just sit down and turn on the...

Sardines. I've forgotten the sardines.

I don't know. If it wasn't fixed to my
shoulders, I'd forget what day it was.

I didn't get this. I'm in Spain.

But if I didn't get it, I didn't open it.

- I never had a dress like this, did I?

- Didn't you?

I shouldn't buy anything this tarty.

It's not something you gave me, is it?

- I never should have touched it.

- It's lovely.

Stick it down and put it back.

Never saw it.

I'll put it in the attic with the other things
you gave me that are too precious to wear.

All right. Now the study door's open again.

What's going on?

- [knocking sound]

- Knocking? Upstairs?

Oh, my God, there's something
in the linen closet.

- It's you.

- Of course, it's me.

You put me in there in the dark
with all black sheets and things.

- Darling, why did you lock the door?

- Why did you lock the door?

- I didn't lock the door.

- Someone locked the door.

- We can't stand here like this.

- Like what?

- In your underwear.

- Okay, I'll take it off.

In here.

- Darling...

- Hold it.

...this glue isn't that special quick-drying
sort you can never get unstuck?

[Lloyd] Hold it!

- Mrs. Clackett's made us some sardines.

- [Lloyd] Hold it.

- We have a problem.

- Too bad, which one is it this time?

- Left.

- It's the left one, everybody.

Left one!

It could be anywhere. Could've gone over
the thing then bounced somewhere else.

[Poppy] Where'd you last see it?

- [Belinda] She didn't, it was in her eye.

- Probably on "Why did I lock the door"?

She opens her eyes, very sort of...

I always feel I should rush forward.

- Careful where you put your feet.

- Everyone look under their feet.

No one move their feet.

[Belinda] Everyone, put your feet back

exactly where they were.

Pick up your feet one at a time.

Brooke, is this going to happen during the performance?

We don't want the audience to miss their last buses.

- She'll just keep going, won't you?
- Can she see without them?
- Can she hear anything without them?
- Sorry!

You stepped on his hand.

Look at Freddie, the poor thing.

- What's the matter?
- He just has a nose bleed.
- No one touched him.
- He has a thing about violence.
- It makes his nose bleed.
- Where's he gone?
- He has a thing about blood.
- I thought you said something to me.

Go hit the box office manager with this and you'll have finished off live theater in Des Moines.

- Anyway, I found it.
- She found it.
- Where?
- In my eye.
- Her eye?
- Nice going, sweetie.
- Not in your left eye.
- Yes, it had gone around the side.

I knew it hadn't gone far.

- Are you all right?
- I think so.

Clear the stage. Walking wounded, carry the stretcher cases.

Are you all right?

I have a thing about...

I won't say the word.

- We all understand, my love.
- On we bloodily stagger.

Sorry, I'll rephrase that.

On we blindly stumble.

Brooke, I withdraw that.

From your exit... Where's Selsdon?

[cast members] Selsdon!

I think she might have dropped
it out here somewhere.

Good, keep looking.

Only another five pages.

[Lloyd] "Anyway, we can't
stand here like this.

"What? In your underwear.

Okay, I'll take it off".

In here.

Darling, this glue, it's not that special
quick-drying sort, is it?

That you can never get unstuck?

Mrs. Clackett's made us some sardines.

- Now what?

- A hot water bottle. I didn't put it there.

I didn't put it there.

Someone's in the bathroom

filling water bottles.

Is something creepy going on?

Are you coming to bed or aren't you?

- What did you say?

- I didn't say anything.

First the door handle,

now the water bottle.

I can feel goose pimples all over.

- Get something round you.

- Get the covers over our heads.

What did I do with the sardines?

You, wait here.

You hear funny things

about these old houses.

This one has been

extensively modernized.

Nothing creepy could survive

oil-fired central heating...

What? What is it?

What's happening?

The sardines. They've gone.

Perhaps there is

something funny going on.

- I'm going to get into bed...

- I put them there, or was it there?

I suppose Mrs. Sprockett
must've taken them away again.

- The bag.
- What?
- What is it?
- Bag!

What do you mean, bag?

What bag?

- No bag!
- Your bag, suddenly here, now gone.
- I put it in the bedroom.
- Don't go in there.
- The box! They've both gone.
- My files!

What's happening?

Where's Mrs. Sprachett?

- Wait in the bedroom.
 - No, no, no!
 - Get dressed then.
 - I am not going in there.
- I'll fetch your dress out here.
- Your dress is gone!
 - [screams]

Don't panic.

There's a rational explanation
for all of this.

I'll fetch Mrs. Splotchett,
she'll explain it. You wait here.
You can't stand here looking like that.
You wait in the study.
Study, study!

Roger, there's something in there.

Where are you?

Darling, I know this is going
to sound silly, but...

If we're not going to bed,
I'm going to clear out the attic.
I can't come to bed.

I'm glued to a tax demand.
- Why don't you put the sardines down.
- I'm stuck to the sardines.

Don't play the fool. Get that bottle
marked poison in the downstairs loo.
It eats through anything.

I've heard of people being stuck
with a problem, but this is ridiculous.

[Lloyd] Selsdon.

You're on, Selsdon.

We're there. The moment's arrived.

[Belinda] It's all right, Lloyd, he's coming.

There should be an arm coming through
the window even before Freddie's off.

- Here it comes.

- No bars, no burglar alarms.

They ought to be prosecuted
for incitement.

Hold it, let's take it again.

- Makes me want to sit down and weep.

- Hold it...

The old turkey

in the kitchen told me so.

Lloyd wants you to hold it.

Stop, Selsdon, darling!

Like the band playing on
as the Titanic sank.

- Stop?

- Stop!

Thank you, Belinda and Poppy.

- My dad was nearly on the Titanic.

- He can hear better than I can.

- Beg your pardon?

- From your entrance.

It was before the war,
so crossing the Atlantic...

- Thank you. Poppy!

- Not for me. It stops me sleeping.

- Put the glass back.

- Come on again?

Right, only a shade earlier
like yesterday.

Start moving as soon as Freddie
opens the door. What's the line?

"I've heard of people getting stuck
with a problem, but this is ridiculous".

Start moving when you hear, "I've heard of
people getting stopped with a problem..."

"Stuck with a problem,
but this is ridiculous".

I want your arm through the window.
Right?
Say no more.
May I make just one suggestion?
What's that?
Would it be better
if I came on a little earlier?
Only there does seem to be
something of a hiatus
between Freddie's exit and my entrance.
No, listen.
Don't worry, I've got it.
How about coming on a little earlier?
We're obviously thinking
along the same lines.
Am I putting him on
or is he putting me on?
Right, from your exit.
I've heard of people getting stuck
with a problem, but this is ridiculous.
[door slams]
[glass breaking]
No bars, no burglar alarms.
They ought to be prosecuted
for incitement.
It makes me want to sit down and weep
when I think I used to do banks.
When I remember
I used to do bullion vaults.
What am I doing now?
Breaking into paper bags.
I know they're all in Spain 'cause
the old turkey in the kitchen told me so.
And I know she's out 'cause
I saw her go through the front door
in her swimming costume.
Where is the front door?
Get the van loaded. No rush.
I've got all flaming afternoon.
What've they got to offer?
One microwave oven.
Junk! Junk! Junk!
Yes, if you insist.
Now, where's his desk?

See, they all say the same thing.
It's hard to adjust to retirement.
The prospective tenant
naturally wishes to know
if there's any previous history
of paranormal phenomena.
[door slams]
Yes, dear, everything's all nice
and paranormal here.
Has anything ever dematerialized before?
Has anything ever flown about?
No, the things move
themselves on their own.
See, just like they do in any house.
I'll tell the prospective tenant.
She is inspecting the study.
There's a man in there.
- There's no one in the house.
- Look!
- He's searching for something.
- I can't see no one.
You can't see him? This is extraordinary.
Where's my prospective tenant?
[Garry] I left her in there.
My prospective tenant has disappeared.
- My God!
- Now what?
- There.
- Where?
- The sardines.
- You can see them, can't you?
I can see them.
I can see the way they're going, too.
I'm not letting them out of my hand.
But, where's my prospective tenant?
I'm going to be opening
sardines all night.
Been in and out of there
like a cuckoo on a clock.
[Selsdon]
"Charles", he said, "You're 70 years old."
"It's time to hand over
the ammonia bottle to a younger man".
She can't have gone back

into the bedroom.

"I may be 70", I said,

"but I've still got all my wits about me".

[Selsdon] He didn't have an answer to that.

- Or if he did, I didn't hear it.

- [Freddie] Darling, where are you?

That stuff that eats through anything
doesn't eat through glue.

It just eats through trousers.

If it does, you don't think it eats through...

Listen, darling,

I better get these trousers off.

Darling, quick, this is an emergency.

If it eats through absolutely anything...

I feel it. It's eating through
absolutely everything.

- There's something evil in this house.

- Inland Revenue.

- He's back.

- No, I'm not here.

- Oh, my God.

- I'm abroad.

- He's walking abroad.

- I must go.

- Stay!

- I'm not staying.

- Speak!

- Only in the presence of my lawyer.

Hold on, you're just an intruder.

An ordinary intruder.

Nice to meet you.

I mean, have a sardine.

No, you're not.

You're some kind of sex criminal.

You've done something to Vicki.

I'll come down and sort you out.

I see, you've got some sardines.

- If there's nothing I can offer you...

- Police!

I'll be running along.

Hello, police?

Someone has broken into my house.

Someone has broken into
someone's house.

A sex criminal!
A young woman is missing.
It's in the garden now!
And it's a man.
The young woman has reappeared.
Are you all right?
- No, he almost saw me.
- He almost saw her!
No, but he's a burglar as well.
He's taken our things.
- The things are here.
- They've come back.
We're just missing a plate of sardines.
- Here are the sardines.
- And we've found the sardines.
This is the police. You want
the police here? In my underwear?
So, what am I saying?
I'm saying, let's say no more about it.
I thought something terrible
had happened to you.
- It has. I know him.
- You know him?
- He's dealt with by our office.
- He's just a sex criminal.
But he mustn't see me like this.
You have to keep up standards
working for Inland Revenue.
- Put something on!
- I haven't got anything.
There must be something in the bathroom.
Bring the sardines.
"What"? I said.
"When have I ever needed to run off
in the middle of a job to have a piddle"?
"Except when some stupid berk goes
and starts talking about it". Where is it?
Stay in there and don't come out
till you've got dressed.
I can't go around in front
of our taxpayers in this.
I knew I shouldn't have brought
the subject up.
Help! Where are you?

Just put it on.
It's a start at any rate.
I'll find a bottom. I'll find a top.
I'll find something.
There's someone in there.
It's him, it's him!
- Darling, I'm finding such lovely things.
- [Freddie screams]
Do you remember this old biscuit tin
you gave me on our first anniversary...
- Who are you?
- It's his wife and dependent!
I've taken your dress off you.
Where have you been?
I've been going mad.
Look at the state I'm in.
[crash]
I was just trying to explain to her
about Inland Revenue being after us,
- and my fingers got stuck.
- Don't keep waving that thing in my face.
I'm trying to find something.
Now look in the other room.
A pair of gold taps, anyway.
Oh, my God.
- Who are you?
- Doing the taps.
Tax? Income tax?
That's right. In come the new taps,
out go the old taps.
- Tax inspectors everywhere!
- [Garry] Oh, my God!
Tin boxes flying about.
There is something funny going on here.
Are you dressed yet?
I've got the dress
stuck to my head now.
- A man!
- I'm just doing the taps.
Attacks? Not attacks on women.
I'll try anything once,
but I'll do the taps on the bath first.
Sex criminals everywhere.
Where is Vicki?

People everywhere. Tax on women?
I don't know. They put a tax
on anything these days.
If I can't find her,
you're in trouble, you see.
- W.C.? I'll fix it.
- Vicki? Vicki!
Sheik! I thought you were coming at 4:00.
This is your charming wife!
You want to see over the house now,
do you? Right.
Since you're upstairs already.
Him and his floozy.
I'll break this over their heads.
- Let's start downstairs.
- Who are these creatures?
I'm sorry about this.
I don't know who she is.
No connection with the house.
Whereas this good lady with the sardines...
No other hands in my sardines.
This time I'm eating them.
...is fully occupied, so perhaps the toilet
facilities would be of more interest.
Who are these people?
We get 'em all the time, love.
They're just Arab sheiks.
This is the downstairs bathroom
and W.C. suite.
- Arab sheiks!
- Upstairs we have...
Governor, your ballcocks have gone.
- We have him.
- They're Irish sheets.
- Irish linen sheets off my own bed.
- The thieving devils.
- In the study, however...
- Give me that sheet!
There she stands in her smalls,
for all the world to see.
- You!
- It's her.
- It's my little girl.
- Dad!

It's my little Vicki that ran away.

I thought I'd never see her again.

Would you believe it?

- What are you doing here like this?

- What are you doing?

Me? I'm taking our files on tax evasion
to Inland Revenue in Basingstoke.

So, where's my other sheet?

A house of heavenly peace. I rent it.

- You?

- Is it?

I'm sorry, I still have my trousers
down around my ankles.

It's hard to do a quick change
without a dresser.

[Lloyd] Get Tim to help you.

Where's Tim?

Come on, Tim.

- What?

- Yes, you're acting.

- I must've dozed off down there.

- Never mind.

- Do something?

- [Lloyd] No, let it pass.

We'll struggle through on our own.

Tim has a sleep behind the sofa
while all the rest of us run around
with our trousers around our ankles.

Freddie, from your entrance,
with trousers round ankles.

"So, where's my other sheet"?

- Some other problem?

- Since we're stopped anyway.

- Why did I ask?

- You know how stupid I am about plot.

- I know.

- Could I ask another dumb question?

All of my studies in world drama
lie at your disposal.

I don't understand why the Sheik just
happens to look like Philip.

'Cause he comes in and we all think,
you know... I mean, that's the joke.

- I see that.

- The rest of the plot depends on it.
But it is kind of a coincidence, isn't it?
It is kind of a coincidence.
Yes. Until you reflect that
there was an earlier draft of the play.
Now unfortunately lost to us.
And in this, the author makes it clear,
that Philip's father as a young man
traveled extensively in the Middle East.

- I see!
- You see.
- Interesting.
- I thought you'd like that.
- Will the audience get it?
- You must show them.
With looks, gestures.
That's what acting's all about.
Yes, thank you.
Thank you.
Can we just finish the act?
From your entrance.
God, I'm being so clever out here.
What'll be left when I'm in New York
and you're on your own?

- [Lloyd] "So, where's my other sheet"?

- So, where's my other sheet?

[knocking]

A house of heavenly peace. I rent it.

- You?
- Is it?
Certainly is me. Who else?
You walk in asking to view a house when
you're nothing but a trouserless tramp.

- You take all the clean sheets.
- You snatched my nightdress.
You toss me aside like a broken china doll.
What you're up to down in Basingstoke
with my little girl, I won't ask.
I'll tell you one thing, Vicki...

[Lloyd] Brooke!

- Sorry.
- [Lloyd] Your line!
We're two lines away
from the end of the act.

I don't understand.

- Give her the line.

- "What's that, Dad"?

- But I don't understand.

- It's "What's that, Dad"?

I say to you, "I tell you something",
and you say to me, "What's that, Dad"?

I don't understand

why the sheik looks like Philip.

Poppy, bring the book.

Is that the line? "I don't understand
why the sheik looks like Philip"?

Can we consult the author's text?

Make absolutely sure.

- I think it's...

- "What's that, Dad"? Right, that's the line.

We know you've worked in London
in some very classy places,
where they let you make the play up
as you go, but we don't want that here.
Not when the author has provided us
with such a polished line of his own.

Not at 1:

Not two lines away from the end of Act 1.
Not when we're about to get a coffee break
before we drop dead from exhaustion.

We merely want to hear the line,
"What's that, Dad"?!
That's all. Nothing else.

I'm not being unreasonable, am I?
Exit? Does it say "exit"?

Oh, my God,
she's gonna wash away her lenses.

- Oh, dear.

- A little heavy with the Tabasco.

I thought it was going to be Poppy
when he finally...

- It usually is.

- It's all my fault.

- Why pick on, you know?

- I thought it was quite sweet actually.

- Sweet?

- A little lovers' quarrel.

- You mean?

- Lloyd and Brooke.

Didn't you know? Where do you think they've been all weekend?

That's why he didn't realize they put the whole set up wrong on Sunday.

Here they come.

Okay, all forgotten.

I was irresistible.

- I think I'm going to throw up.

- What?

- No!

- Oh, God!

You pig!

- You mean?

- Her, too?

- That's something I didn't know.

- I think I'm gonna faint.

- Sit down, dear.

- Head between your knees.

- That's something she didn't know.

- Two weeks rehearsal, that's all we've had.

- What's next?

- Most exciting.

Here he comes.

- Is she all right?

- She'll be all right in a minute.

- Something she ate probably.

- This one's feeling a bit, you know.

- I'm feeling a bit, you know, myself.

- Faint?

- Or throw up?

- Need that coffee break.

You're certainly overdoing it at the moment, dear.

Can we just have the last line... of the act!

Me? Last line? Right.

I'll tell you one thing.

What's that, Dad?

When all around is strife and uncertainty, there's nothing like a good old-fashioned plate of sardines.

And, curtain!

[Lloyd] All right, let's reset for night, Act 11.

[Lloyd] No, in fact, they loved it
in Des Moines.

The end of Act II, they loved.

[Selsdon] What's this?

There's only one thing I'm missing
and that's a good old-fashioned
plate of sardines.

[Lloyd] They clapped and clapped...
in Des Moines.

Well, they clapped.

Even Selsdon heard them.

But then there was Decatur, Illinois.

Then there was Cairo, Missouri.

And Paducah, Kentucky.

Okay, I wasn't there when they had
the difficulties in Decatur.

I missed out on the problems in Paducah.

But I couldn't hold their hands all the time.

How could I be in Decatur and Paducah

when I was in New York sorting out
Hamlet in Queens?

I caught up with the show
in Miami Beach after all.

I was right in there with them
when they did that famous matinee.

Sir, your ticket?

I am the director.

Don't tell anyone.

Act 1, places please.

Your calls Miss Otley, Miss Ashton,
Mr. Lejeune, Mr. Dallas, Miss Blair.

Act 1, places please.

Then maybe Act I places is what we'll get.

- What do you think?

- She'll pull herself together now.

She knows she's got to be
on stage in five minutes.

- Won't she?

- Will she?

- You know what Dotty's like.

- We've been on the road for a month.

We're only in Miami Beach.

What'll Cleveland be like?

- If only she'd speak.
- Or unlock the door.
- Look, if Dotty won't go on...
- She will! Won't she?
I'm sure she will, but if she doesn't...

- She must!
- She will.
- But if she didn't...
- I'd have five minutes to change.
- Four minutes.
- If only she'd say something.

I'll try again. Helps take your mind
off your own problems.

- Has she gone?
- We didn't expect you till next week.
- I didn't know you were coming here.
- I wasn't, I haven't.
- Thank God you're here.
- I'm not.

I don't want anyone to know I'm here.

- Dotty and Garry...
- Hide this.
- They've had some kind of fight.
- There's a flower stand.

I want you to buy me some very large
and expensive-looking flowers.

Right, now Dotty's locked herself
inside her dressing room.

- Don't let Poppy see.
- She won't speak to anyone.

The matinee finishes before 5:00.

The evening show starts at 7:30.

I want two hours alone with Brooke
in her dressing room between shows.

I'm on the 7:

That's what I'm trying to tell you.

There may not be a show.

- She's walked out?
- She's locked in her dressing room.
- She won't speak to anyone.
- You've called places.

I can't do it in five minutes,
it's not physiologically possible.

- She's broken up with Garry before.

- Brooke and Garry?

Not Brooke, Dotty!

There was the famous breakup
week before last in Pittsburgh.

- You told me.

- She went out with a reporter.

Garry threatened to kill him.

Listen, don't worry about Dotty.

She's got money in the show.

Last night it happened again.

At 2:

by banging on my door. It's Garry.

"Do I know where Dotty is"?

Let me tell you about my life
in the Big Apple.

I have Hamlet's ghost on the phone
for an hour after every rehearsal,
complaining that Polonius is sucking
sour balls through his speeches.

Claudius is off every afternoon
doing a soap.

Gertrude is off the entire week
doing a commercial for Gallo wine.

Hamlet himself, would you believe, has
come down with a psychological problem.

Last night Brooke rings me to say
she's very unhappy here.

She has a doctor's note
for nervous exhaustion.

I haven't got the time to find
and rehearse a new Vicki.

I have one afternoon
while Hamlet sees his shrink,
and Ophelia starts divorce proceedings,
to cure Brooke of her ailment,

with no medical aids except whiskey;
you've got it,

flowers; you've got money for the flowers,
and a certain fading bedside manner.

I haven't come here to hear about
other people's problems.

I've come to be taken out of myself.

And preferably, not put back again.

- Have you done the front-of-house calls?

- Front-of-house calls.

Don't let Poppy see those flowers.

[Tim] Ladies and gentleman,

will you please take your seats?

The curtain will rise in three minutes.

We're going to be so late going up.

- No luck?

- Belinda's trying.

I haven't even started
the front-of-house calls.

Money? Is that for me?

- No.

- Whiskey.

- Is it?

- Where'd you find that?

Not up here.

Oh, my God, he's hiding it up here now.

I'll put it downstairs
where he can't find it.

You know what Dotty's like.

Freddie's trying.

- He's hiding 'em up here now.

- You didn't try for very long.

He's hiding them up here now.

Garry came rushing out, all fired up.

I couldn't understand what he said,
but I often feel with Garry

I've missed something.

You know how stupid I can be,

but I think he said he wanted to kill me.

- You poor thing.

- I better leave him alone.

- He's all right?

- Anything but, by the sound of it.

- He's going on?

- Of course Garry's going on.

What's this about Garry?

If you have to go on for Garry,

Poppy can't go on for Dotty.

If she does, you'll have
to be on the Prompt Book.

- Money? Is that for us?

- No, that's for...
Oh, my God.
She's such a funny woman.
She's so up and down.
She was perfectly all right last night.
Last night?
She took me out for a drink
after the show to some pub.
She was with you?
You were with her?
She was very sympathetic
about all my troubles.
- I won't let her sink her teeth into you.
- She couldn't have been nicer.
She came back to my room for coffee.
Told me about her troubles.
We sat there till 3:00 a.m.
I don't know what the guy
from room service thought.
- Another thing.
- Nothing else.
- Where's Selsdon?
- Freddie's the cause of all this.
He's not in his dressing room.
The front-of-house calls!
You do them. I'll get Selsdon.
- What should I do?
- Absolutely nothing at all.
You've done quite enough already.
[Poppy] Ladies and gentleman,
please take your seats.
The curtain will rise in three minutes.
- He wants to kill someone?
- Selsdon wants to kill someone?
- We've lost him!
- Oh, my God.
Flowers.
That's really sweet of you.
Isn't that sweet of him?
- Very charming.
- I'll go look in the bar. Hold these.
I'll take those.
Front-of-house calls. Hold these.
Poppy's already done them.

She gave 'em two minutes?

I'll give them one.

[Tim] Ladies and gentleman,
will you please take your seats?
The curtain will rise in one minute.

- I think she said three minutes.

- But I said three minutes.

- I think so.

- Hold these.

[Tim] Ladies and gentleman,
please take your seats.
The curtain will rise in two minutes.

- Any luck?

- No, but I found this.

It was hidden
behind the fire extinguisher.

- Not a good sign.

- I'll take it.

Put it somewhere out of sight.

He's... not in the bar.

Have you checked the green room?

I'll check again.

Now what?

Ladies and gentleman, please take your
seats. The curtain will rise in two minutes.

- Tim already said two minutes.

- He has?

Ladies and gentleman, please take your
seats. The curtain will rise in one minute.

- What the fuck is going on?

- Holy cow!

- I didn't know you were here.

- I'm not. I'm in New York.

I can't sit there and listen
to two minutes, one minute, three minutes.

- We're having big dramas back here.

- We're having big dramas out there.

This is a matinee.

There are senior citizens out there.

The curtain will rise in three minutes,
we all start for the gents.

In one minute, we all start running
out again. We don't know which way to go.

- I've got to talk to you.

- Just tell me one thing.
- I tried calling you.
- Is Brooke going on?
- You're going on, aren't you?
- Sorry?
- Are you all right?
- Fine, she sounds like her usual self.
- What's this?
- Another one?

I was lying on the floor of the green room.
For her relaxation.

- I saw it hidden behind the radiator.
- He's hiding them everywhere.
- I'll put it where he won't find it.
- Put it in Brooke's dressing room.

What's this?

- Sorry.
- Tim bought them for me.
- There's something I must tell you.
- I've heard everything I want to hear.
- [Belinda] What about Dotty?
- No!
- [Freddie] And Garry?
- No!

[Belinda] What about Selsdon?

This show is beyond
the help of any director.
I'll sit out there in the dark
with a bag of gummy bears and enjoy it.
One minute was the last call,
if your memory goes back that far.

- Is she all right?
- [Belinda] It's her way of relaxing.
- [Belinda] You're all right?
- I couldn't concentrate back there.
- Everyone was shouting, running around.
- It's her breathing, you see?

You don't have to go on
if you're not up to it.
It's only a matinee. I'm sure Poppy
would love to try her hand at your part.
I'll see what's happening with Dotty.
Freddie, my darling, dear.

- Did I say something wrong?

- Where's Tim?

Where have you been?

We've been looking for you everywhere.

Everywhere. In front, the manager's office,
the bar, there's no sign of him.

He's been looking for you back there.

Great shindig going on back there.

I thought Tim ought to know about it.

- I think he's heard.

- Everything? He really went for her.

"I know when you have your eye
on someone", he says.

"I've seen the way you look at Freddie".

- Me?

- Yes, darling.

- You sure he said Freddie?

- May have been Teddie.

One of the two.

- I think they're coming.

- They're coming?!

- I knew they wouldn't.

- You're here?

- Yes, every word.

- Right.

Ladies and gentleman,

will you please take your seats?

The performance is about to begin.

- They're coming.

- We found Selsdon.

- How did you get here?

- How did she take it?

[Selsdon] In one word, amiss, that's how.

[Tim] Ladies and gentleman,

please take your seats.

- I've done it!

- The performance is...

Poor Lloyd, he'll choke

on his gummy bears.

Try to give some poor fellow a leg up.

Or she may have said a leg over. What?

[Selsdon] There he is.

Are you all right?

- What's he say?

- He's not saying anything, Selsdon.

Very sensible. Only stir it up again.

[Selsdon] "I know when you put
your claws into someone,
"and you've got them into
poor ol' Freddie..."

- [Freddie] Are you all right?

- Is she all right?

She's fine.

[Tim] All right, everyone?

- Teddie or Freddie, one of the two.

- Hush, dear.

Places, please.

[Freddie] Look, Garry, Dotty...

I'm not going to make a big speech,
but we've all got to give a performance.

We can't do it in silence, you guys!

We're gonna have to speak to each other.

What's the house like?

- That's the spirit!

- Well done.

It's quite good, for a matinee.

There's quite a crowd
at the front of the back of the orchestra.
Come on, girl, get the taps out.

Some of the seniors don't have long to go.

Quiet then, please.

Preset please. Quiet on stage.

- Stand by. Curtain up. Act 1.

- [door rattles]

- Now, what?

- We're just going up.

We've been sitting out there for an hour.

They think someone's died.

It's my fault, I was saying a few words.

Ever thought of having
a brain transplant?

Sorry, wrong moment.

Anybody else have any thoughts
they must communicate?

Not right now. I mean, later.

You bought these flowers for Poppy?

- No, well, yes.

- You didn't buy any for me?

Have you ever heard

of such a thing as a jealous rage?
Then take \$10 of your own money,
go to the flower stand and
buy some flowers for me.
Gave Poppy the flowers.
You two could have Freddie's old brain.
You could have half each.
Oh, dear.
- Don't cry.
- Get the old bus on the road.
Act 1. In music. Summer noises.
House lights go.
[Dotty] Coming!
- [phone rings]
- [Dotty] Oh, Lord love a duck!
I'm coming!
Shut up, I'm coming.
Hold on.
- [applause]
- [ringing continues]
[Dotty] I can't open sardines and answer
the phone, I've only got one pair of hands.
Hello? Yes, but there's
no one here, love.
No, Mr. Brent's not here.
He lives here, yes, but he don't live
here now, because he lives in Spain.
Mr. Philip Brent,
the one that writes them plays.
That's him,
only now he writes them in Spain.
No, she's in Spain, too.
They're all in Spain.
There's no one here.
Am I in Spain? I'm not in Spain, dear.
I look after the house for them,
only I go home at 1:00 on Wednesdays.
So, that's where I am.
No, because I've got a nice plate
of sardines to put my feet up with.
They've got color and it's the Royal.
What's it called? The horse race.
If it's to do with letting the house,
then you'll have to ring the house agents

'cause they're the agents for the house.
Squire, Squire, Hackham
and who's the other one?
[Freddie screams]
[audience laughs]
My housekeeper, yes,
but this is her afternoon off.
[Garry] So, we've got the place
entirely to ourselves.
[Brooke] Wow!
[Garry] I'll just check.
Hello? Anyone at home?
No, there's no one here.
What do you think?
- [Brooke] All these doors.
- [Garry] Just a handful, really.
Study, kitchen, and a self-contained
service flat for the housekeeper.
[Brooke] Terrific! Which one's the...
- [Garry] Through here.
- [Brooke] Fantastic!
No, I've lost...
I've lost the sardines!
[Garry, Brooke and Dotty scream]
[Garry] I'm sorry, I thought
there was no one here.
[Dotty] I'm not here.
I'm off, only it's the Royal.
The horse race, where they wear
those hats covered in fruit.
[Garry] I'm from the agents. I dropped in
to check some measurements.
Do one or two odd jobs.
I'm showing a prospective tenant
over the house.
[Brooke] What's with this door?
[Garry] She's thinking of renting it.
Her interest is definitely aroused.
The bedroom?
No, that's the downstairs bathroom.
- This is the housekeeper, Mrs. Crockett.
- [Dotty] Clackett, dear.
Only now I've lost the newspaper.
- [Garry] I'm sorry.

- [Brooke] That's all right.
[Garry] She's been in the family
for generations.
[Brooke] I've got to be
in Basingstoke by 4:00.
- [Garry] Let's just have champagne.
- [Brooke] Take it with us. Bring my files.
[Brooke] What?
[Garry] She's been
in the family for generations.
Sardines!
[Dotty] It's not for me to say, of course.
Only I will, don't think twice about it.
Take the plunge. You'll really enjoy it here.
- [Brooke] Great.
- [Dotty] We'll enjoy having you.
- [Brooke] Terrific.
- [Dotty] Sardines.
Can't put your feet up
on an empty stomach.
[Brooke] She thinks it's great.
She's even making us sardines.
I think she's terrific. Which way?
[Garry] Before she comes back
with the sardines.
[Brooke] In here?
It's another bathroom.
You're always trying
to get me in the bathroom.
[Garry] I mean, in here.
[Brooke] A black sheet.
[Garry] That's the linen closet.
This one!
- [Brooke] You're in a real state.
- [Garry] Come on.
[Brooke] You can't even get the door open.
[Freddie] Yes, but this is
Mrs. Clackett's afternoon off.
We've got the place
entirely to ourselves.
- Look at it!
- You like it?
[Belinda] I can't believe it.
- [Freddie] Perfect for an assignation.

- [Belinda] Home. Our secret hideaway.
[Freddie] The last place
anyone will look for us.
[Belinda] I wonder if the beds are aired.
- [Freddie] Darling!
[Belinda] Why not? No children, no friends
dropping in, we're absolutely on our own.
[Freddie] True. There is something
to be said for being a tax exile.
[Belinda] Leave those.
- [laughter]
- [Freddie] Shh.
- [Belinda] What?
- [Freddie] Inland Revenue may hear us.
[Dotty] What I did with that first lot
of sardines, I shall never know.
[Freddie and Belinda] Mrs. Clackett!
[Dotty] You gave me a turn.
My heart jumped out of my boots.
- [Dotty] I thought you was in Spain.
- [Freddie] We are.
- [Belinda] You haven't seen us.
[Dotty] Then, you're not here.
I haven't seen you.
If anybody asks for you,
I don't know nothing.
Nowhere like bed when
they all get on top of you.
You'll want your things.
- That bed hasn't been aired.
- I'll get a hot water bottle.
I put all your letters in the study.
- [Freddie] Where are they?
- [Dotty] In the little pigeon house.
In your desk, love.
- [Garry] Yes, but I could hear voices.
- [Brooke] What sort of voices?
[Garry] People's voices.
- [Brooke] She's opened our sardines.
- [Garry] Come back.
I'll fetch them.
You can't go downstairs like that.
- [Brooke] Why not?
- [Garry] Mrs. Clackett! She's irreplaceable.

- [Dotty] Sardines, here. Sardines, there.
It's like a Sunday school outing.
You're still poking around, are you?

- [Garry] Still poking, still around.

- [Dotty] In the linen closet, were you?

[Garry] Checking the sheets and
pillowcases. Doing an inventory.

- [Garry] Mrs. Blackett.

- [Dotty] Clackett, dear.

- [Garry] Is there anyone else in the house?

- [Dotty] I've seen no one, dear.

- [Garry] I thought I heard voices.

- [Dotty] There are no voices here.

- [Garry] I must've imagined it.

- Oh, my God.

- [Garry] I beg your pardon?

- [Dotty] Oh, my God.

- [Garry] Why, what is it?

- [Dotty] The study door's open.

[Garry] There's another car outside.
That's not Mr. Hackham's, is it?
Or Mr. Dudley's?

[Belinda] Nothing but
flapping doors in this house.

[Freddie] "The final notice... steps will be
taken... foreclosure... court proceedings"?

[Dotty] That reminds me,
a gentleman come about the house.

[Freddie] Don't tell me. I'm not here.

[Dotty] I'll just sit down and turn on...
Sardines!
I've forgotten the sardines.
I don't know.
If it wasn't fixed to my shoulders,
I'd forget what day it was.

- Give it to me!

- [Freddie] I didn't get this. I'm not here.
I'm in Spain. But if I didn't get it,
I didn't open it.
I never should've touched it.

[Belinda] Darling, I never had a dress...
Or rather a bunch of flowers
like these, did I?
Didn't you?

[Belinda] I shouldn't buy anything
as tarty as these.

They aren't something
you gave me, are they?

- [Freddie] I never should've touched it.
Stick it down. Why, put it back.
I never saw it.

[Belinda] I'll just go and
put them in the attic.
Pack them away with the other things
you gave me that are too precious to use.

[scuffling and banging]

[Garry] All right, now the study door's
open again.

What's going on?

Knocking.

Knocking!

[knocking]

Upstairs!

[knocking]

[Garry] Oh, my God.

There's something in the linen closet.

It's you! Is it you?

I mean, you know, hidden under
all the sheets and towels in here.

I can't, you know,
just stand here indefinitely.

Of course it's me.

You put me here in the dark
with all black sheets and things.

[Garry] But, darling,
why did you lock the door?

Why did I lock the door?

Why did you?

[Garry] I didn't lock the door.

Anyway, we can't stand here like this.

- Like what?

- In your underwear.

Okay, I'll take it off.

You, on!

In here.

[Freddie] Darling, this glue, it's not that
special quick-drying sort, is it?

That you could never get unstuck.

Look, Mrs. Clackett's made us sardines.
[Garry] A hot water bottle?
I didn't put it there.
I didn't put this hot water bottle,
I mean, I'm standing here,
with this hot water bottle in my hands.
Of course, it's me. You put me here in
the dark with all black sheets and things.
[Garry] Someone in the bathroom
filling hot water bottles?
What? Don't panic!
- Why did you lock the door?
- Don't panic! Don't panic!
[Garry] There's some perfectly
rational explanation for all this.
I'll fetch Mrs. Splochett
and she'll explain it.
You wait in here.
You can't stand there looking like that.
Wait in the study!
[Brooke] There's something in there.
Where are you?
[screams]
[Freddie] Darling, I know
this is going to sound silly, but...
[Belinda] If we aren't going to bed,
I'm going to clear out the attic.
[Freddie] Darling, I can't come to bed.
I'm glued to a tax demand.
[Belinda] Put the sardines down.
[Freddie] Darling, I'm stuck to the sardines.
[Belinda] Don't play the fool. Get that bottle
marked poison in the downstairs loo.
It eats through anything.
[Freddie] I've heard of people
getting stuck with a problem before,
but this is ridiculous.
I've heard of people getting stuck
with a problem, but this is ridiculous.
No bars, no burglar alarm.
They ought to be prosecuted
for incitement.
[laughter]
[Selsdon] Sometimes it makes me want to

weep when I think I used to do banks.
When I remember
I used to do bullion vaults.
What am I doing now?
Breaking into paper bags.
I know they're all in Spain 'cause
the old turkey in the kitchen told me so.
I know she's out 'cause I just
saw her go through the front door
in her swimming costume.
Where is the front door?
A line, a prompt.
"Get the van loaded".
- What?
- [all cast] "Get the van loaded".
Get the van loaded.
[Selsdon] There's no rush.
I've got all flaming afternoon.
What have they got here.
One microwave oven.
Hardly worth lifting it.
They all say the same thing.
It's hard to adjust to retirement.
[Garry] The prospective tenant
wishes to know
if there is any history
of paranormal phenomena.
[Dotty] Yes, dear,
it's all nice and paranormal.
[Garry] Has anything ever
dematerialized before, flown about?
I'll tell the prospective tenant.
She's inspecting the study.
- There's a man in there.
- [Dotty] There's no one in the house.
- Look, he's searching for something.
- [Dotty] I can't see no one.
[Garry] This is extraordinary.
Where is my prospective tenant?
I left her in there. She's disappeared.
- [Garry] Oh, my God.
- [Freddie] Oh, no. Dear.
- [Dotty] The sardines.
- [Garry] You can see them, can't you?

[Dotty] I can see the way they're going, too.

[Garry] I'm not letting these sardines
out of my hand.

But, where is my prospective tenant?

[Dotty] I'm going to be opening
sardines all night.

Been in and out of here
like a cuckoo on a clock.

[Selsdon] "Charles", he said,
"You're 70 years old.

"It's time to hang up the sawed-off shotgun
"and hand over the ammonia bottle
to a younger man".

[Garry] She can't have gone back
into the bedroom.

[Selsdon] "I may be 70", I said,
"but I've still got all my wits about me".
He didn't have an answer to that.

[Garry] She's not in the bedroom.
Where can she have got to?

[Selsdon] Or if he did, I didn't hear him.

[Freddie] That stuff that eats through
anything doesn't eat through glue.

It just eats through trousers.

If it does,

you don't think it eats through...

Listen, darling,

I better get these trousers off.

Darling, quick, this is an emergency.

Have we got any stuff
that stops the stuff?

If it eats through absolutely anything...

I think I can feel it.

It's eating through absolutely everything.

[Garry] There's something
evil in this house.

- [Freddie] Inland Revenue.

- [Garry] He's back.

[Freddie] No, I'm not here.

I'm abroad.

I must go.

- [Garry] Stay!

- [Freddie] I'm not staying.

- [Garry] Speak!

- [Freddie] Only with my lawyer present.
[Garry] Hold on, you're just an intruder.
An ordinary intruder.
[Freddie] Nice to meet you.
I mean, have a sardine.
[Garry] No, you're not.
You're a sex criminal.
I'm going to come downstairs
and sort you...
[crash]
[laughter]
[Freddie] I see, you've got some sardines.
If there's nothing I can offer you...
Are you all right?
- [Garry] Police!
- [Freddie] I'll be running along.
Come back.
[Garry] Hello, police?
Someone has broken into my house.
Or rather, someone has broken
into someone's house.
Yes, a sex criminal.
And a young woman is missing.
And a young woman is missing!
And a young woman is missing!
[Brooke] It's in the garden now!
And it's a man.
[laughter]
- [Garry] Are you all right?
- [Brooke] No, he almost saw me.
[Garry] He almost saw her!
No, but he's a burglar as well.
He's taken our things.
- [Brooke] The things are here.
- [Garry] They've come back. So...
[Selsdon] I knew I shouldn't have
brought the subject up.
[Freddie] Help! Where are you?
[Garry] Just put it on.
It's a start at any rate.
I'll find a bottom. I'll find a top.
I'll find something.
[Brooke] There's someone in there.
It's him, it's him!

[Belinda] Darling,
I'm finding such lovely things.
Do you remember this old biscuit tin
you gave me?
On the very first anniversary of our...
Who are you?
[Brooke] Oh, my God,
it's his wife and dependent!
[Freddie] I've taken your dress off you.
Where have you been?
I've been going mad.
[Selsdon] A pair of gold taps, anyway.
Oh, my God.
- [Freddie] Who are you?
- [Selsdon] I'm doing the taps.
I don't know. They put a tax
on anything these days.
[Garry] If I can't find her,
you're in trouble, you see?
[Selsdon] W.C.? I'll fix it.
No sheik yet?
I thought he was coming at 4:00.
[Garry] I mean, you know,

it's nearly 4:

It's after 3:

standing here for what seems like forever.
- Listen.
- What?
I've got to talk to you now.
Not a good time, I know.
It's never a good time.
You're right. Freddie's quick change.
What? Christ, Freddie's quick change.
Those thieving devils.
Give me that sheet, you devil!
There she stands in her sheet
that won't come off
so no one in the world can see you.
My little girl, so far as I could see
before she went.
[Selsdon] It's you, I mean, I think.
[Belinda] It's her, isn't it?

Dad!

[Selsdon] Surely that was our little Vicki that ran away. I thought I'd never see her. Here she is again.

[Belinda] So where's my...

So where's my other sheet?!

A house of heavenly peace. I rent it.

You?

I tried calling. You're in rehearsals all day, but you're not there at night or in the morning.

I don't know where you are.

No, I'm not going to be put off.

As soon as that curtain's down, you'll be seeing her. I know that.

She's being difficult.

I saw that cactus. I'm not blind.

Then you'll be on the next plane to New York.

I'm starting to know the way you operate.

I bet there's somebody else in Hamlet!

You can't walk away from it this time.

You've got to hear because I'm pregnant.

And, curtain.

[screaming]

[Lloyd] If you thought Miami Beach was as bad as things could get, you're very much mistaken, my friend.

Things got a lot worse backstage by the time we got to Spartanburg.

Then after Spartanburg,

there was Lynchburg.

After Lynchburg,

there was Parkersburg and Petersburg.

Then after Parkersburg and Petersburg,

there was Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppersburg.

But nothing could've prepared us for the final horror.

Cleveland.

[telephone rings]

[scuffling and fighting]

[screaming and bickering]

[phone continues ringing]

[Garry] Quiet!
[Dotty] Hold on, I'm coming!
Hold your horses. I'll be right there.
Hold on. I can't pick sardines
off the floor and answer the phone.
I've only got one leg.
Hello?
Hello? Yes, but there's no one here.
No, Mr. Brent's not here. He lives in Spain.
Mr. Philip Brent,
the one that writes the plays.
Only why he wants to get mixed up
in plays God only knows.
He'd be safer off in a snake pit.
No, she's in Spain, too.
They're all in Spain.
Am I in Spain? No, I'm not in Spain.
I'm in agony, that's where I am.
We haven't been on the road
for three months
and already she's trying to kill me.
I'm back there standing with sardines
and the next thing I know
she's kicking me in the...
Where the hell are they?
If it's to do with letting the house...
- I can't find him.
- I'll find him.
They're next to the study... the phone.
Squire, Squire, Hackham
and hold on.
I'm going to do something wrong here.
Always the same, isn't it?
As soon as you got too much on your plate,
there you go putting your foot in it.
Speak of the devil.
They go putting their foot in it now,
won't they?
I'll take care of that,
I'll just put that there.
Look, see? That'll keep them
out of harm's way.
What I'm holding now, I don't know.
And off I go at last.

My housekeeper, yes.
But this is her afternoon off.
So, we've got the place
entirely to ourselves.
I'll just check.
Hello? Anyone at home?
No, there's no one here.
So, what do you think?
Great! And this is all yours?
Just a little shack in the woods, really.
Converted posset mill. 16th century.
[phone crashes]
One has to have somewhere to entertain
one's business associates.
There's someone on the phone now,
by the look of it.
It's probably this Arab,
saying he's coming at 4:00.
I'll just have a word with him.
Right, and I've got to get those files
to our Basingstoke office by 4:00.
Yes, we'll only just manage to pick it in,
to pick it up.
Right then.
I won't bother to pull the champagne.
- [Brooke] All these doors!
- [Garry] Only a handful.
Study, kitchen and a self-contained
service flat for the...
receiver.
Terrific.
- And which one's the...
- The what?
- You know.
- Yes, through here.
[Garry] It's through here.
[Brooke] Fantastic!
Just come for me sardines.
- I thought there was no one here.
- I'm not here. I don't know where I am.
I'm from the agents.
- Lost the phone?
- Squire, Squire, Hackham and Dudley.
- I've never lost the phone before.

- I'm Mr. Tramplemain.
I'll just put it up here
in case anybody wants it.

- Look.

- Right, thanks.

I just dropped in
to go into a few things.
To check some of the measurements.
Do some odd jobs.
Now the plate's gone.
I'm showing a prospective tenant
the house.

[Brooke] What's with this door?
She's thinking of renting it.
Her interest is aroused.

- That's not the bedroom.

- No! That's the downstairs bathroom.
And W.C. suite.
This is the housekeeper, Mrs. Crockett.
Sardines here!

- She's not really here.

- You're standing on 'em.
It's the Royal, you know.
The horse race.
You shouldn't have stood on them.

- Don't worry about us.

- I need those sardines.

- We'll just inspect the house.

- I'll have to give the floor a wash now.

- I'm sorry.

- That's all right.

We don't want the television, do we?
Right, she didn't explain about
wanting to watch the Royal
because obviously there's been
this thing with the...
I'm just, in case... somebody's
looking at all this, thinking, "My God"!
Great! Come on, then.
I've got to be in Basingstoke by 4:00.
I thought we ought to get that straight.

- Take it up with us.

- Where are we?

- Don't let my files out of sight.

- We've gotten out of...

- What?

- Her?

Okay, her! She's been
in the family for generations.
Sardines. I'll just give the floor a wash
with this and they'll be out of your way.
Look what I've got hold of now.

- Great!

- Like a battlefield back there.

I'll just put this up here.

Then if he wants it,

he won't know where to find it.

You'll have to do the sardines,
'cause I have to go to the kitchen
and do some more sardines.

See, she thinks it's great.

She's even making us sardines.

- So, what do you think?

- I think she's terrific.

- I mean, do you want to do the...

- Which way?

I don't know, just kind of wrap them up...

- Up here?

- I'll do the...

- In here.

- Okay, you take the...

- It's another bathroom.

- box back.

Always trying to get me in the bathroom.

Bag! Box!

A black sheet.

Box! Box! Bag! Bag!

You're in a real state.

If we haven't got the upstairs...

You can't even get the door open.

This is Mrs. Clackett's afternoon off.

We've got the place entirely to ourselves.

- Look at it!

- Do you like it?

I can't believe it.

- A perfect place for an assignation.

- Home!

But how odd to find a telephone

in the garden.

- I'll put it back.

- I thought I better bring it in.

- Sensible.

- Someone's bound to want it.

- Why don't you put it on the table?

- The wire seems to be caught.

Look, it's caught round

the downstairs bathroom.

So it is.

- I think I've disentangled it.

- I climbed through the bathroom window.

Anyway... Our little secret hideaway.

- The last place on earth anyone will...

- Look for us!

But it's rather funny creeping in like this.

What?

- You're thinking, "It's damn serious".

- Yes, it's damn serious.

You're thinking about Inland Revenue.

Absolutely, Inland Revenue.

To cut a long story short,

I think I'll wash up and go to bed.

Yes, but we must have our little talk

first about Inland Revenue.

You're thinking, "If Inland

Revenue finds out we're in the country,

"bang goes our claim to be residents

abroad, bang goes most of this year's..."

Leave those downstairs!

- Not upstairs.

- Inland Revenue may hear us.

One moment they're kicking you to death,

the next moment they expect you

to come waltzing out with sardines.

- Newspaper!

- You gave me a turn!

My heart jumped right out of the sofa.

- We thought you'd gone.

- I thought you were in Sardinia.

- We are.

- You haven't seen us.

- We're not here.

- They've brought me a lovely present.

The main thing is
the income tax people are after us.
I can guess who thought of this.

- We're off to bed.
- She leaves them quietly on the sofa.
- Has the bed been aired?
- I got a surprise for you.
- I'll get a hot water bottle.
- I'll give you some sardines, sweetheart.
- Let me at her!
- Oh, dear!

She's left you on your own, has she?
What are you supposed to do?
Has she talked about your letters?

- What's she telling you now?
- Your tax letters in the study!

I'm supposed to tell him that!

- In the pigeon house?
- In the pigeonhole. You come with me.

Anybody would think
she was married to you.

- Yes, but I can hear voices.
- What sort of voices?

Box voices, I mean...
People's boxes.
But there's no one here.
[Garry] Darling, I saw
the door handle move.
These bags, I'm not sure they were...
When we went into the,
you know what I mean?
I still don't see why you have
to put your tie on to look.
Because if someone left
these things outside, come on,
they obviously wish them
to be downstairs inside the...
Mrs. Clockett?
It could be, on her way up here
to carry various things. Who knows?
I'll fetch them.
You can't go downstairs like that.
Mrs. Crackett,
she's irreplaceable.

At least I thanked
her properly for the sardines.
You're still poking around?
Yes, still poking. Still pulling.
Lucky I can't see far with this leg.
Just trying all the doors...
Checking all the door handles.

- Mrs. Blackett...
- Clackett, dear.
- Is there anyone else in the house?
- I've seen no one, dear.
I thought I heard boxes.
I found the voices.
- There's no voices here, love.
- I must've imagined it.
- [big crash]
- [Freddie] Oh my God!
I beg your pardon.
Oh, my God!
- Why, what is it?
- The study door's open.
They'll need these things inside the...
so I'll just put them outside...
You know what I mean.
Nothing but flapping doors in this... handle.
"Final notice... steps will be taken...
foreclosure... proceedings in court".
Oh, my God, who are you?
- I'm Philip.
- You're Philip? What happened to you?
- There were these sardines on the floor.
- He stepped in it?
- And he slipped.
- She's killed him. She's killed you!
No, he's just a bit shaken.
He'll be all right in a minute.
You were going to tell me a gentleman
had come about the house, were you?
What?
You were going to tell me a gentleman
had come about the house.
A gentleman come about the house.
- Don't tell me, I'm not here.
- You haven't hurt himself, have ya?

Just leave everything
to Squire, Squire, Hackham and Poppy.
All right, then, love.
I'll just sit down and turn on the sardines.
I've forgotten the sardines.
No, I haven't forgotten the sardines.
I remembered them.
What a surprise!
I guess I'll just go into the kitchen
and fix some more sardines to celebrate.
I didn't get this. I'm not here.
I'm in Spain.
But if I didn't get it,
I didn't open it.
Darling, I never had
a handle like this, did I?
- Didn't you?
- I shouldn't buy anything as brassy as this.
- It's not something you gave me?
- I should never have touched it.
No, it's lovely.
Stick it down, put it back, never saw it.
I'll just put it in the attic
in case anyone else wants to have a try.
All right, now the study door's
closed again!
What's going on?
Knocking. Upstairs.
[knocking]
Oh, my God. There's something
in the linen... Oh, my God!
Listen, I can't.
I can't because
the handle seems to have, you know...
You'll just have to... Come on!
I mean, whatever's in there.
Can you hear me, darling?
Look, there's no need to keep banging.
There's nothing I can... It won't...
There's no place to...
Listen, climb round to the...
Squeeze through the, you know...
Shin down the...
There must be some way.

For God's sake!

"Final notice... steps will be taken...
foreclosure... proceedings in court".

- It's you!

- Of course, it's me.

You put me in here in the dark
with all black sheets.

I put you in there, but you managed
to squeeze through the...

- Why did you lock the door?

- I couldn't. I mean, look, it's come off.

- Someone locked the door.

- Sorry.

- Anyway, you can't stand here like that.

- Like what?

With people going in and out!

- Okay, I'll take it off.

- In here!

"Final notice... steps will be taken...
foreclosure... proceedings in court".

- Now what?

- A hot water box? I didn't put it there.

- I didn't put it there.

- Sorry.

Is someone in the bathroom
filling first aid bottles?

[Brooke] There's something freaky
going on here.

Darling!

Are you coming to bed or aren't you?

- What did you say?

- I didn't say anything.

I mean, there's the door handle.

Now, the first water box.

- I feel goose pimples all over.

- Get something round you!

Get the covers over our heads!

What did I do with those sardines?

You, wait here!

You hear funny things
about these old houses.

But this one has been
extensively modernized.

I can't see how anything creepy

would survive oil-fired central heating...
What is it? What's happening?
The sardines, they've gone!
No, they haven't. They're here.
Oh, my God!
You put a plate of sardines down for
two minutes and the last thing you expect
to find, I mean, these days,
the one thing you do not expect to find
when you come back is a plate of...
That's really weird.
Perhaps there is
something funny going on!
I'm going to get into bed
and put my head under the...
Because there they are, exactly where I...
I suppose Mrs. Stockett must've...
Jesus, what is going on?
- Bag!
- Bag?
What do you mean, bag?
- Sardines!
- Bag!
Bag? What bag?
- No bag!
- No bag?
Your bag's suddenly here now.
It's in the bedroom. It was in the bedroom.
I put it there.
- I'll put it in the bedroom.
- Don't go in there.
The box. They've both not gone.
[Garry] What's happening? Where's
Mrs. Spratchett? Wait in the bedroom.
- No.
- [Garry] Get dressed, then.
I am not going in there.
I'll fetch your dress out here.
Your dress has gone.
[Garry] Don't panic!
There's a perfectly rational explanation...
for this.
[screaming]
Darling, I know this is going

to sound silly, but...

If we're not going to bed,
I'm going to clear out the attic.

- Are you all right?

- Oh, my God!

What happened?

- She's killed this one now.

- He's stunned, that's all. Keep going.

She's putting sardines
on the stairs for him.

- Are you all right?

- Don't panic!

- He's all right.

- Well done.

She'll get you next time.

- There's a rational explanation for all this.

- Where are we?

I'll fetch Mrs. Splotchett
and she'll explain.

I'm here.

I fetch Mrs. Splotchett
and she'll explain.

No, she won't. She doesn't know
if it's Christmas or Cleveland.

- I'll tell you.

- There's a man in there, yes?

No, he's not in there, my precious.

- He's here, look, and so am I.

- No, there's no one in the house, love.

Look, I know this is
quite a surprise for everyone.

It's a shock to find a man
lying at the bottom of the stairs.

Isn't it, darling?

But now we've all met.

We'll just have to introduce ourselves.

Won't we, darling?

This is my husband.

I'm afraid he hates surprises.

Why don't you get that bottle
marked poison in the downstairs loo?

- It eats through anything.

- Eats through anything, right. Thank you.

I've heard of people getting stuck

with a problem, but this is ridiculous.
No bars, no burglar alarms.
They ought to be prosecuted
for incitement.
Come in, and join the party, honey.
A burglar. This is most exciting.
This is all my fault because when I say,
"I've heard of people
getting stuck with a problem",
and I open this door...
No bars, no burglar alarms.
They ought to be prosecuted
for incitement.
Oh, dear. I've done it again.
Sometimes it makes me
want to sit down and weep.
I know, it's getting
like a funeral out here.
When I think I used to do banks.
Just keep going!
When I remember I used to do
bullion vaults. What am I doing now?
I'm breaking into paper bags.
- Keep going.
- Stop?
You see, the coast was clear.
I saw him go through to the bathroom.
We'll think of something.
No, I was listening most carefully.
What is it he says?
I've heard of people getting stuck
with a problem, but this is ridiculous.
And he opens a door.
No bars, no burglar alarms.
They ought to be prosecuted
for incitement.
They always come in threes, don't they?
When I think I used to do banks.
When I remember I used
to do bullion vaults.
Hold on! We know this man!
He's not a burglar.
He's our social worker.
He's that nice man

who comes and tells us what to do.

[all] Oh!

I've been working on Hamlet

for the last six weeks.

You think he needs working on

more than we do?

He's playing the burglar now?

Okay, I'll think of something.

Fetch the sardines.

- I fetched the sardines.

- You fetched the sardines?

She's fetched the sardines!

- Get the tax demand.

- He's got the tax demand.

All right, I suggest.

What's he saying?

He's saying, "Ring the police"!

Ring the police?!

It's for you.

- No phone.

- Get the phone.

- [Belinda] Here's the phone.

- We found the phone!

[phone rings]

Pick it up!

[all] Pick it up!

It's the police!

I'll just tell them a young woman is missing.

Yes, a young woman is missing.

It's in the garden now.

And it's a man.

It's her. We forgot all about her.

- No, he almost saw me.

- All right.

- So what do you think of that, my sweet?

- I've got to get the 8:40 to New York!

House of heavenly peace! I rent it.

It's the other one!

In her wedding dress.

Yes, it's their wedding day!

What a happy ending!

To the first act!

Of their new life together.

They just want to be alone

in their new home.
If only someone would pull the shades.
Come in?
- It's the mother of the bride.
- Go out?
Pull the shades!
Last line!
I'll tell you one thing, Vicki...
[all] What's that, Dad?
When all around is strife and uncertainty,
there's nothing like
a good old-fashioned plate of...
Curtain!
[Selsdon] What's this?
Only one thing I'm missing now
and that's a good old-fashioned plate of...
[audience] Sardines!
[laughter and cheers]
Bravo!
Yes! I did it!
We did it!
[Lloyd] My wonderful cast!
I knew we'd make it.
Never doubted it for a moment.
Let me tell you something.
You are a wonderful stage doorkeeper.
Look at these two. Don't they make
a wonderful couple together?
Tim's wonderful.
She's wonderful, whoever she is.
Poppy's wonderful.
The baby's going to be wonderful.
We're all wonderful.
I'm wonderful!
That's all it takes to have a success.
Wonderful actors,
wonderful teamwork, dedication...
six months on the road, professionalism.
Plus something else.
I think some kind of miracle.
Don't forget the miracle!
Yes, and by the way, another funny thing
happened out there on the road.
I didn't tell you about this one.

What, you don't believe this?
Let me tell you something. Neither do I.
Never seen anything like it in my life,
but then what did Shakespeare say?

Translation: