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School for Scoundrels

By Patricia Moyes

lions gate entertainment

Mr. Potter?

Come in, you're late.

I'm sorry.

The, erm, the train.

Punctuality is the politeness of
princes, Mr. Potter always says.

Mr. Potter is just starting his
beginning-of-term speech.

You'll have to wait.

...with which sentiment I'm sure
you will agree.

You all know that

in the beginning,

there were Adam and Eve.

You'll remember that Adam bit

into that apple,

at which moment the first

loser was born.

Yes, the pattern was set,

and the world divided,

not into male and female.

Oh, no, no, no.

That's just a mere superficial
division of minor importance.

No, gentlemen, there is

another division,

another dichotomy,

more basic, more profound.

At that fateful moment,

the world was divided

into winners...

and losers.

Top men...

and underdogs.

In a word, the one-up...

and the one-down.

Ah, yes, yes, yes, yes,

I can see the question

in your hungry eyes.

You want to know

what is Lifemanship.

Well, gentlemen,

Lifemanship is the science of

being one up on your opponents
at all times.

It is the art of making him feel
that somewhere somehow,
he has become less than you,
less desirable, less worthy...
less blessed.

Who then, you ask,
are your opponents?

Everybody, in a word,
who is not you.

And the purpose of your life
must be to be one up on them,
because, and mark this well,
he who is not one up...
is one down.

Come in!

Potter?

Yes.

They sometimes call me,
Mr. Potter, but...

I beg your pardon.

I'm Mr. Henry Palfrey.

Ah! Sit down, Palfrey.

Well? Tell me all about
yourself, Palfrey.

Well, it's like this,
Mr. Potter...

have a cigarette, Palfrey.

Thank you, Potter.

You don't mind my cigar,
do you, Mr. Palfrey?

Not at all, Mr. Potter.

Thank you, Henry. Ha ha!

My round, I think.

What do you mean?

Never mind, we'll talk
about that later.

Now tell me, what first prompted
you to enrol in the college?

Well...

frankly, Mr. Potter,

I'm a failure.

No.

You'll have some tea with me,
won't you, Palfrey?
Thank you very much.
So, you want to be a success.
Well, I think we can help you.
But first, I like to have a
clear picture of the background
of the student.
You're in love, of course.
How did you know?
Thank you, Alice.
Have a muffin, Palfrey.
Thank you.
Blonde?
Erm...
no, with lemon.
The young lady...
is she a blonde?
Oh, I see!
Er, well, not quite.
That could be serious.
Now, let's begin at
the beginning.
How did you first meet this
not quite blonde young lady?
Well, it happened on Tuesday.
Or was it Wednesday?
Yes, Wedn... no, it wasn't,
it was Tuesday.
I was on my way to the office
in the morning as usual.
Oh!
Oh! Oh!
Of all the stupid, awkward...
Clumsy?
Clumsy idiots. Ooh!
I say, I'm most terribly sorry
sorry? Is that all you've
got to say
when you knocked me down
like a wild...
uncivilised?
Uncivilised.
Savage?

Sava...

No, not really.

Oh, but I am.

Yes, I am permanently
uncivilised, I'm...

Oh!

What's the matter?

My beautiful new stocking's
ruined.

Oh!

I'll probably sue you.

Oh, I do wish you would.

I'm fully insured, you know.

Personal, property,
accident, medical,
all that sort of thing.

Just take your pick.

No, thank you, but it's very
nice of you to offer.

Look, give me those, I'm going
to be late for work.

Under no circumstances.

You're probably shaken
or bruised or something.

The least I can do is to
carry them for you.

But then you'll be
late for work.

Work? Oh, work!

That old thing. Ha ha ha.

Well, you do work,
don't you?

Well, of course, I do,
but they can do
without me for a while.

I'm a... well,
I'm an executive.

Oh!

So, the later
the better, really.

Yes, yes, of course.

I say, are you sure you
don't want to sue me?

Absolutely positive.

Yes, well, erm...
what about the stockings?
I'll let you into a secret.
They weren't new, anyway.
Well, perhaps they had some
sentimental value?
Not really enough to sue for.
Pity, really.
Ha ha ha.
Do you always come
this way to work?
Yes, yes, I do.
Someone's coming.
The most handsome batting...
ok, it's only the boss.
And the lead's now 126...
good morning!
Evan has caught him
most gloriously!
What's the score?
Shhh, I can't hear.
Sorry.
And now all round
the ground...
Miss Stevens!
Miss Wilson! Appleby!
Yes, if times were normal,
you'd all take
a week's notice,
but as times are
regrettably abnormal,
I shall have to content myself
with a severe reprimand
on my return from Mr. Henry's
office.
Meanwhile, back to your desks.
Good morning, sir.
Ah, the very man
I wanted to see.
Would you book a table for me
at the Camellia Room
for tonight for two,
for 9 o'clock?
The Camellia Room, sir?

I'm taking someone to dinner.
Taking or being taken, sir?
Taking.
Your late uncle always used
to say that the best place
for taking was the
Hampshire Buttery, sir.
A very satisfying meal
for seven and sixpence.
Here is the morning's business
sir,
which I had ready on your desk
at 9 o'clock,
but removed to a place of safety
pending your arrival.
Thank you, Gloatbridge.
Are there any decisions,
or are they just signatures?
I think we decided that it
should be just signatures, sir,
since you inadvertently...
yes.
You will remember I feel sure,
sir, just why we decided
it should be just signatures
and not decisions.
Of course.
Yes.
Perhaps these painful memories
are best forgotten, sir.
Hello?
Yes, speaking.
Douglas, old man.
What?
Ha ha ha ha.
Tell me, what time is
the match on Saturday?
Hmm?
I'm not playing?
I must say I'm a
little surprised, yes.
Well, who's in?
Walter?
But good gracious me, I can beat

Walter any day of the week.

It was 6-2, 6-3 last time.

Hmm?

Well, listen, Douglas,
you know I've got absolutely
nothing against Walter,
in fact, he is, well,
he is one of my best friends,
but it's just that I've been
looking forward to the game.
I've made all my arrangements.

Yes, Douglas.

Yes, I appreciate that, but...

yes, Douglas.

Yes, of course.

Goodbye.

Oh, Douglas!

My regards to Walter.

Your morning newspaper, sir.

Hmm? Oh, yes.

And just to start you off,
sir,

number 23 Across is
"castles in Spain".

Oh, erm...

you won't forget that booking,
Gloatbridge?

The Hampshire Buttery,
for two, at 9.

The Camellia Room,
for two, at 9.

Very well, sir.

And number 13 Down is
"Cleopatra's needle".

Good evening, madam.

Good evening, sir.

Good evening, sir.

Good evening.

Madam.

Good evening.

May I take your coat?

Thank you.

Good evening.

There we are.

Shall we go in?

Oh, yes.

Yes?

Palfrey.

Yes?

Table for two.

I'm sorry, no table is free.

Good evening, my lady.

Good evening.

Number 27.

I thought you said
you'd booked.

Yes, I did.

Erm, excuse me, I booked.

Oh?

Erm, Palfrey. Henry Palfrey.

Well, there's no one here
of that name.

Palfrey.

P- a-l-f-r-e-y.

My chief clerk booked it for me.

May I see that list?

If you please, sir.

He must've have booked at
another restaurant.

Maybe if you gave him something.

Yes, of course.

Erm...

do you think, perhaps, you...
might have another look?

And what did you say

the name was, sir?

Palfrey.

We have a Mr. Poultry, here,
sir, table for two at 9 o'clock.

That's me, Mr. Poultry. Ha ha!

9 o'clock, Henry Poultry.

Unfortunately, sir,

it's now 9:

and tables aren't held
beyond the booked time.

You can wait.

I'll see what I can do for you

of course.
But look!
There's a table over there.
How discerning you are, madam.
But you see, it's that
gentleman's table.
Hail, good innkeeper!
Hello, Sam.
Thank you, sir.
Rose.
Good evening, Mr. Delauney.
Evening, Skinner.
Hello, Ray!
Oh, hello, er...
Palfrey.
Hello, hello, hello.
Where did you find this
lovely creature?
Oh, we met quite by accident,
as a matter of fact.
I was trying to catch a bus
and April was...
well, do the decent thing,
old chap.
Fellow club members
and that sort of thing.
Yes, of course. Mr. Raymond
Delauney, Miss April Smith.
What a romantic name.
"Oh, to be in England
now that April's here."
How do you do?
How do you do?
You two chaps finished
dinner already?
We haven't even started.
We can't get a table.
Oh, fiddle-dl-diddle.
Skinner, my guests.
Certainly, sir.
Now, tell me,
you lovely creature...
oh, Palfrey, look after skinner,
this chap.

Thank you, Mr. Delauney.

N. Oh! I'm so sorry,

I beg your pardo

sir.

Oh, later, later.

We'll order the wine first.

I always feel that the food

should be chosen

to suit the wine rather than

the other way, don't you?

Here you are.

Thank you very much.

Erm... number 93 looks...

that little vineyard

in the Loire Valley,

across the river from Pouilly.

Carcajanette?

That's it.

The '49, of course

only if all the 47's gone.

Very good, sir.

Merci.

Number 93 looked

pretty good to me.

Really?

Carcajanette isn't expensive,

it's an honest little wine,

especially if it's allowed

to breathe for a while,

unless, of course, the grapes

have had too much of the

Dordogne wind in which case

they have a tendency to sulk.

I think you'll like it

I'm sure I will.

And now for the fodder.

Monsieur.

Monsieur.

Ah, splendid.

Shall I order for all of us?

Oh, yes, please do.

Thank you, but I'd like

to see what there is.

Waiter!

What is "tortue nicoise"?
Fried turtle.
The brain of the calf.
The liver of the chicken.
The legs of the frog.
The hoof of the mountain goat
in jelly.
Tomatoes.
Perhaps you had better
order for all of us.
Thank you.
Waiter.
Tell the chef Mr. Delauney
would like to see him.
Oui, monsieur.
I simply gritted my teeth to
hide the excruciating pain
and played the next three sets
on strategy,
determination, and one leg.
How wonderful.
Isn't that wonderful, Henry?
Mm, wonderful.
I play a fair game of tennis
myself, you know.
Oh, do you...?
Oh, yes, I remember once...
yes, he does.
Very fair game.
As a matter of fact,
you can see it for yourself.
Palfrey, why don't you
invite our little lady
to see you play
for the club on Saturday?
Could I?
Erm...
well, the fact is they seem
to have decided...
Oh, yes, I did hear
something about that.
Hard cheese, old boy.
They say Walter has
improved enormously.

Still, there's no reason
why our little lady
shouldn't see you play.
Why don't you and I have a go?
I'm not playing for the club
either... the old leg, you know.
Well, if your leg's still
troubling you...
oh, no, it's really quite all
right for a friendly game.
We mustn't let a minor thing
like that deprive April
the pleasure of seeing
you play, must we?
Just don't tell Sir Humphrey.
My doctor.
Three o'clock?
And you must both
consider yourselves
to be my guests afterwards.
Your guests?
Oh, I insist.
It's only fair seeing that I've
been your guest this evening.
We'll wait for you in the lobby.
Sorry.
My gloves, please.
Thank you.
Yes, erm...
yes, well, er...
thank you very much.
Good night.
Taxi, sir?
Erm, no, no, erm... no, thanks.
I thought you might like to take
a little stroll. Ha ha.
So nice out tonight.
Yes, of course.
I'd like to offer you both
a lift,
but I've only got
a two-seater.
That's the most wonderful car
I ever saw.

The new Bellini 3.6.
I could offer one of you a lift.
No, thanks. We'll walk.
Pity, nice night for a drive,
wind through the hair,
all that sort of thing.
Yes, well, good night, Delauney.
Good night, Mr. Delauney.
It's been so nice meeting you.
The earth shook tonight.
You know, I've often thought of
buying a car, but...
well, then I think,
silly, really.
Buses and undergrounds and...
taxis, erm...
buses, and things.
Yes, I suppose it would be
a bit silly, really.
I say!
I just had a brilliant idea.
Why don't I pick up
our young lady
and drive her to the club
tomorrow?
Save her the bus fare.
That won't be necessary.
you're in the book?
Uh-huh.

2:

Delauney!
Don't mention it old chap,
anytime.
Splendid!
She takes to the eye,
doesn't she?
She certainly does.
May I try the horn?
Certainly.
Dudley, gentleman would like
to try the horn.
The horn? Oh, yes,
certainly, sir.

Yeah,
it should give them
a fair warning.
Ha ha ha!
Beautiful tone, mellow,
more mellow than anything.
I've got a temporary flex
in there.
It's not really wired
for excessive use.
Oh, yes, one of the old-type
exhaustible horn,
runs on the helical friction
principle.
Oh, what's that?
Too complicated to explain.
I mean either you know,
or you don't.
Is she fast?
Is she fast?
Timed around Silverstone,
112.73 miles per hour,
and yours truly at the wheel.
And I drove her from Doncaster
to Newport, Monmouthshire,
in 2 hours 17 minutes. That's
an average of over 70 per.
Oh, but that's impossible.
Not with the four-litre
Swiftmobile,
twin ohc,
you know.
The pioneers of hemispherical
combustion chambers,
these people.
Well, name me one manufacturer
what brought it out previous.
Oh, well, I don't really know.
What year is she?
With this sort of car,
age is really of no account.
Between you and me, she's
a little late for my taste.
If I didn't know the car,

I'd have my doubts.
1922 was a really big year.
Erm, how about spares?
Ha ha ha.
Spares? You never need them,
my man.
Well, is the company
still in existence?
They went out of business
because they were too good.
You'd never find this kind
of quality
in a company that survived
the depression. Never.
Never!
Never!
Well, I was toying with the idea
of buying a new Bellini.
Can't get them into the country,
old boy.
The Bellini's a good motor
if you have Bellini mechanics
around,
but is it worth the hard cash
you have to lay out?
No!
Now, with the old Swiftmobile,
she may lose a few inches
in sheer getaway,
but open her up
on the great west road
and you have that lovely
soothing roar that will...
how can I call it,
that swish of wind,
that beautiful gentle yell
of the old type of high-point
bevel transmission.
When you drive her,
you know she's there.
I mean, take that gearbox.
You get the coarse rasp
as you change down,
and then the familiar

deep-throated grind
as you move away.
And a real wonder, the brake
snatch adjusted really hard...
not hard, Dunstan, solid.
A really solid drive.
What are you asking for her?
Dirt cheap, a sacrifice, sir.
Can't be repeated.
The property of a maharaja.
The, er, Maharaja of...
Fawzigadore,
nephew of the cricketer.
Erm, what are you
asking for her?
We had new wheels
made to fit all the tyres.
Look at the stuff that's gone
into that, sheer metal.
Yes, but what are you
asking for her?
Well, we're just getting
down to that.
Actually, we're selling it
at a loss.
We spent 750 nicker on her.
Pounds, Dudley.
Pounds.
Oh, but that means...
not necessarily.
We like our cars going to
good homes, like dogs.
So we're prepared to sell at
the ridiculous figure of...
725 pounds.
Oh, I couldn't possibly.
715, making 715 pounds.
I'm sorry.
Ah, you're weakening, you've
fallen in love with her,
like we did at the start,
remember?
Remember? Oh ho ho ho.
Well...

695 guineas and that's
the rock bottom.
All right.
Done.
Start the car up
for the gentleman, Dunstan.
Yep.
Make the check out to bearer
if you don't mind.
And please don't cross it, sir
it confuses our books.
May the 21st.
Hmm? Oh, yes.
There we are.
Thank you very much.
Thank you, sir.
Well, she's all yours.
Here's the logbook
hop in.
Oh, thank you.
Now, there's one point to
remember.
Don't hang on to the gear lever
after you've changed.
She is liable to kick back.
Don't worry about your exhaust
fumes, it's quite normal.
And when you apply
the foot brake,
it is advisable to apply
the handbrake as well.
And the floorboards work
on the pivot principle.
It's liable to give you a star
when you're not used to it.
Oh! Ha ha.
Well, thank you both
very much indeed.
Bon voyage!
See you again!
I say, I'm frightfully sorry
I'm late, April.
Oh, that's all right.
It's very pleasant sitting

out here in the sun.
That's all settled.
Shall we play?
Erm, yes, of course.
Could I drive you home
after the game, April?
Drive?
I have a surprise for you.
You haven't bought a car?
Mm.
Get a move on.
Er, yes, of course.
Erm, would you care to
come down with us?
Mm-hm.
Thank you.
Call.
Rough.
Smooth.
I'll take this end.
No need to change, is there?
All right.
My serve, then.
I'm afraid I am a bit
out of practice.
So am I.
Would you like 15 start
or shall we play level?
Level!
Good luck.
No partisanship, little lady.
Wish Palfrey good luck too.
Aren't you standing rather
close to the net?
No, it's my game.
I move back for the second.
All right.
Hard cheese!
Aren't you going to
move back a bit?
No, I've changed my mind.
Hard cheese! Love-15.
Hard cheese!
Out, but I'll take it.

Hard cheese!
Good shot.
What is it? Love-30.
Didn't deserve it.
Rotten stroke.
Hard cheese!
Oh. Hard cheese!
Love-40.
Service.
Ready.
Out! Hard cheese!
Oh!
So sorry.
Oh, I say,
smashing cricket stroke.
Well, that's... one-love.
Sure you wouldn't like
that handicap?
No!
Were you ready?
Not really.
Ready now?
Right.
Good shot, Henry.
Thank you, April.
Oh! Oh!
Hard cheese!
15-love.
Ready?
Right!
Were you ready?
Did you say yes?
Yes!
30-love.
Pretty spin you put on them.
No, not really.
Court's a bit uneven.
Oh!
My game.
And set.
Sorry to keep you waiting,
dear girl,
but we had to get our friend
Palfrey here patched up a bit.

Ready to go?
Yes, erm, shall we go?
Of course, your new car.
I didn't think you'd
get one so soon, Henry.
Ha ha ha!
What on earth's that?
Looks like
a Polish stomach pump.
Let's go and look at it.
What sort of an idiot would
drive a thing like this?
Yes, what sort of an idiot...
Henry, is this...?
Oh, no, no, of course not.
I wouldn't be fool enough
to buy a car like that.
Well, where is yours?
Er, well, it doesn't appear
to have arrived yet. I...
well, you can't
expect Miss Smith
to hang around
all day, can you?
Oh, I don't mind waiting.
No, no, no, it doesn't matter.
Delauney is quite right.
You mustn't wait.
But, I...
no, no, no, I insist, really.
Splendid!
I know a little place
down in the river
where we might have a swim.
Do you like swimming?
Mmm.
Splendid!
I know a charming little pub
where we might have some
dinner afterwards.
And that's how it happened.
In fact, that's how
everything always happens,
and then I saw your

advertisement.

Well, what you've just
told me amounts to this,
that you find yourself
constantly
in a one-down position
to the world in general,
and to this young female
in particular.

Oh, well, before we go
any further,

I think I ought to mention
the little matter of fees.

Oh, yes, yes, of course.

Yes, well, these vary,
of course,

according to the needs
of the individual,
rates of progress and so on,
but in all cases,
we ask for a registration fee
of 250 pounds,
paid in advance,
of course.

This fairly substantial sum is
the first psychological process
we bring to bear on the student
to encourage him,
to associate himself with...
with the effort.

It is in fact...

well, it's part of
the treatment.

I see.

Oh, well, erm...

I'd better write you a cheque.

I'm sorry I haven't a pen.

It's all right.

That's a very handsome
one of yours. May I see it?

No, no, no,

when you're finished.

Now, I hope you notice that

I do not stand hovering over you

with a pen ready whenever I want
you to sign a document
in my favour. On the contrary,
I get you to use your own.
Erm, excuse me. Could I?
What?
The pen.
Well?
Could I have it back, please?
Of course.
Sorry.
Ah, you're sorry.
That was lesson number two.
I managed to make you feel
apologetic and somehow mean
by forcing you into a choice
between losing
a valued possession
or indirectly accusing me
of trying to steal it. You see?
I see. Yes.
Good, good.
Well, Mr. Palfrey, I think
you're about ready
to start the course in earnest.
Let me see now.
Yes, you are just in time
for the Partymanship class.
Good afternoon, Palfrey.
Good afternoon.
Oh, erm, thank you for the tea.
Now, one of the basic areas
in which a Lifeman
must put his Lifemanship into
play is the social gathering,
or, as it's sometimes
called, the party.
Sooner or later
during the party,
one person begins to dominate.
That person must be you.
Does anybody know
an amusing story?
I do, sir.

Good.

Well, suppose this were a party,
and suppose that dingle here
has been having rather a success
with his font of
amusing stories.

What would the Lifeman do?

Leave and go to another party.

No, Fleetsnod.

The true Lifeman
would rather die first.

He stops the flow.

To demonstrate...

Dingle, tell us your
amusing story.

Well, there was this chap,
had a bit too much to drink,
if you know what I mean.

Well, sir,
he finds himself walking home
with one foot on the curb
and one foot on the road.

Looks down and says,

"My word, that's funny.

When I left home this morning,
"they were both
the same length!"

Very good, Dingle.

Most amusing.

Where did I leave my pipe?

Sir!

I'm most terribly sorry.

I'd no idea.

It's quite all right,

Dingle.

You couldn't have known
about this
old war wound of mine,
could you?

No, sir.

Feeling bad, Dingle?

Feel like telling another story,

Dingle?

You see, gentlemen,

the flow has been stopped.
Out!
Now, what's your move?
Did you say in or out, sir?
Well, I thought it was out.
But would you care to
have it again?
No, just in future,
would you kindly state
in a loud and clear voice
whether the ball is in or out?
Hmm, you're getting it, Palfrey.
Now, suppose you are
completely outclassed,
and your one chance is in taking
your opponent's eye off the ball,
and keeping it off.
Go on. Let's see what you do.
Hmm?
Right.
I'm so sorry. Ha ha.
Sweaty hands.
Is it bleeding much?
Let us assume that Proudfoot
here has made a break of 8
and looks as if he is going on
to make 8 more.
Erm, would you mind?
Just a minute.
That's better.
Are they bothering you at all?
Who?
Dingle and Brazier?
I'm sorry. Go ahead.
Shhh.
Bad luck, Proudfoot.
Four to me.
You mean you do your
own cooking?
Oh, yes, and washing-up
and all that.
Well, it's quite fun,
really.
Henry?

Mm-hm?

You have a hole in your sock.

Oh, I'm afraid I'm not
very good at darning yet,
but I'm learning, you know.

Oh, poor Henry!

It's not right for you to do
your own washing and cooking.

I wish I could come
and do it for you.

Oh, I do wish you would.

How would tomorrow evening suit?

That's fine, Mr. Palfrey, fine
you're ready to move on
to the next class.

Thank you, Mrs. Grimmet.

Well, Palfrey, having
used various ploys
with which you are now familiar,
let us imagine that here she is
alone with you in your flat.
Her little heart a-flutter
and a-tremble.

What then is your next move?

Well, we have a
little gadget here,
which we developed in our
early days at Yeovil.

Ah, there it is.

What your follow-through
might be is no concern of mine.

However, it has two serious
disadvantages.

First, it smacks a little
of impatience, hmm?

And secondly, it is by no means
inexpensive.

So, except for our wealthier
and less patient students,
we recommend a subtler
and more economic ploy.

Well, now, I'll try to
give you an example
of what might happen

if luck is on your side.
You offer her a drink, which
we'll assume she accepts.
A reasonable assumption.
So, let's imagine that this
glass is filled to the brim
with some refreshing liquid,
having made sure that the part
she is going to hold it by
has been treated so that it is
very, very slippery indeed.
Why?
Because, Palfrey,
we are hoping for the best of
all possible accidents. Barbara.
Ooh!
Ha ha ha! Palfrey,
your luck is in,
look, it has worked.
The glass has
slipped out of her hand
and she spilt the stuff
all down her dress.
You, of course,
are frightfully upset,
but the main point is that you
cannot let her stand around
with a wet dress on now,
can you, hmm?
No, of course you can't,
so being a gentleman,
you offer her your dressing gown
while her dress is drying,
and that I think places you
quite definitely one up,
if not more.
According to just how much
of a gentleman you are.
Well, Palfrey,
the dressing gown!
Palfrey, the dressing...
Palfrey!
Hmm?
Oh, er, yes, dressing gown.

Well, gentlemen, having
delivered myself of these
qualified congratulations,
I think you are now ready to
move on to the second phase
of our work.
From the theory to the practice
of Lifemanship,
or, as we say here at Yeovil,
to the field trials.
Each of you in turn will now
proceed to the archives room
where you will find
photographic records
of all known anti-Lifemen,
and from these
you will select your opponents,
and, under the guidance
of an instructor,
proceed into the outside world
there to cross swords with them.
Come along, Palfrey,
you first.
It's him, that bloke we sold
the Swiftmobile to.
What? Is he alone?
He's got the car with him.
I say, sir.
Yours?
Yes, yes.
Do you mind if I look inside?
Thanks.
There we are.
How about that
for an engine, eh?
Marvellous job.
He's waving to us.
No, he isn't.
He's shaking his fist.
the, erm...
when you get round
the other side,
look as if you're making me
an offer, will you?

Anything you say.
come and have a look
at the altimeter.
I don't suppose you'd
part with her, eh?
Ah ha ha, no, no, no, no.
I've had so many offers for
this car, I can't tell you.
But I'm not selling.
Do you mind if I, er...?
No, no, no, help yourself,
by all means,
have a good look around.
Good morning, chaps.
Thought I'd bring the old girl
back to show you.
We never guaranteed anything.
No, you can't touch us.
We're insured.
What did you say you got
out of her? 112?
I never said anything.
Dunstan let her out.
He's not good at figures.
I had her up to 115.
What?
On Western Avenue. Easy.
Raced a brand-new Jag all
the way from Northolt to Ealing.
You know, I honestly believe
you chaps don't know
what that car really is.
She's a Swiftmobile 1924.
You really believe that?
Yeah.
I mean you had no idea what it
was you were selling me?
Always collects a crowd,
she does.
She's not a Swiftmobile 1924.
She's one of the
Swiftmobiles, 1925,
a supercharged Ravalli model.
Oh, superficially,

like a run-of-the-mill '24,
I grant you, but, ha ha,
one look at the valve seats...
didn't tell you, Dunstan?
I don't get it.
Will you talk English?
Of course, I had a bit of
trouble with her at first.
You chaps have been trying to
run her on ordinary petrol.
She takes a petrol-meths mixture
like the old Borottis.
And then the multi-hydro nuts on
the brakes were all oiled up
and the special two-way camshaft
was bent.
Ha! No wonder the steering was
all to pieces, ha!
So, I've had her stripped
right down and...
well, now I reckon that car is
practically priceless.
In fact, I've already been
offered almost three times
what I gave for her
by brassy digger.
The racing driver?
He had her on the track at
Silverstone, lapped at 121.7.
I said to Dunstan.
Didn't I, Dunstan?
I said, "I'd like
Mr. Palfrey to have that car,
because he'll know how to handle
her, he'll appreciate her.
Yes, that's right, that's why
we let you have her cheap.
We like our motorcars to go to
good homes, like dogs.
Brassy is coming around here,
as a matter of fact,
to see if you can
try and get him one.
Oh, I told him it was

absolutely useless.
Only 6 of them ever made.
Well, you know him, when he's
set his heart on a thing,
he is prepared to pay...
oh, anything.
Mind you, once you've
driven a car like that,
Well, you have driven it.
There's no getting away from it.
and what an experience it is.
Well, I must be getting along.
Wait a minute, Mr. Palfrey,
don't be in a rush.
I've been thinking about
that car.
It is a shade big for town work.
Oh, I don't know.
Yes, that's right, sir
that'll be more for a racing
driver, like Mr. Digger.
I was saying to Dunstan,
wasn't I, Dunstan?
You were, Dudley?
I was saying I'm worried about
Mr. Palfrey having that car.
I'm worried about him
parking it in town.
I'm worried about him being
stopped for speeding.
I mean, have you tried
driving her under 40,
that's all I am asking,
have you tried?
Yes, you want something smaller.
Well, I mean, something
like this for instance.
More your type of thing
altogether.
We can do a straight swap,
nothing in the books.
You're not seriously suggesting
I should trade a Swiftmobile
for one of those.

New one, mind you. Ex-works.
No, no, Dunstan,
complete with engine.
Oh, come, gentlemen.
Why, I could sell it
to Brassy myself.
Ah, a new car and 10 pounds.
Guineas.
A new car and a 100 guineas
would be nearer the mark.
It's a deal.
Do you want it in cash?
Now, don't rush me.
I shall probably finish up
by doing something I regret.
Maybe she is a bit large
for town.
Cash, did you say?
Cash.
It's a deal.
Done!
Dunstan, open the door
for the gentleman.
Thank you.
There we are.
And believe me, sir,
you've made a very shrewd move.
Excellent!
The ignition key.
Thank you.
Log book's in the pocket.
Thank you, gentlemen.
Give my regards to Brassy
when you see him,
and don't forget!
One of petrol, two of meths.
It's all theirs now, sir.
Make them an offer.
I'm sorry, sir,
this car is not for sale.
Oh, lucky I'm not interested.
Make yourself comfortable.
Mr. Gloatbridge, could you come
in here for a moment, please.

Unusually early this morning,
Mr. Henry.

You know very well the mail
isn't sorted until...

I'm not interested in the mail.

Would you kindly come in here
and bring the cash ledger
with you?

Yes, Mr. Henry.

You just talk a lot of
high finance and figures.

Come!

Some figures, you know.

Thank you.

...of capitalisation...

just one moment.

12 and a half?

12 and a half is very
reasonable, I should say.

About 2.7, very well done.

Right. Ha ha.

Ah!

Er, cigarette, Mr. Gloatbridge?

I haven't smoked for
10 and a half years.

No?

I've practically
given it up myself,
but I still find it helps me
at, erm... difficult moments.

You sure you won't change
your mind?

No, thank you, Mr. Henry.

Gloatbridge.

What would you think
about a merger with ACI?

A merger, sir? With the
biggest firm in the city?

Mr. Henry, you can't be serious.

Probably nothing will come
of it. I haven't decided yet.

But I've been having some
discussions on a very high level
These few weeks I've been away

Sir John Carruthers, the chairman of ACI seems very keen. I can only say, Mr. Henry, that I don't think your uncle would've been very keen. My uncle, Gloatbridge, being dead, is hardly in a position to express an opinion, nor is he in full possession of the facts. May I see that ledger? Really, Mr. Henry, I always understood that no major policy decisions would be taken without consulting me. I've been with this firm for 32 years now, and that's a very long time. 32 years. Have you really? That is indeed as you say a very long time, Gloatbridge, perhaps almost... Oh, well, may I see the ledger? Thank you. Just get me last year's as well, would you? Yes, Mr. Henry. Not bad, not bad at all. I liked the merger idea, and I also enjoyed the suggestion that I was Sir John Carruthers. Though the Chairman's name happens to be Abe Spoonforth. I see you can't use kid gloves with a man like Gloatbridge. I suppose, you know, there's an obvious move now. I know. A slight addition... here? Well, of course. Thanks to your interpolated accountancy class. Ah. Erm, Gloatbridge,

I may be wrong, but...
just check that total for me,
would you, please?
Yes, of course.
Don't hurry.
Take your time.
That's very odd, I...
I seem to make it...
283?
I- I-I can't understand it.
But the total entered here is...
In your handwriting,
I believe.
Correct me if I'm wrong.
But there must be some mistake.
I've never made an error
like this in all the years that
I have been with...
Never mind, Gloatbridge, we're
all of us human after all.
I'm not going to suggest that
should check the figures daily.
I still have confidence in you.
I want you to understand that.
But I think perhaps that I
should keep a firmer grip on the
financial side of the business
in future. Would you agree?
Oh, yes, of course, Mr. Henry.
But I feel I ought to apologise
I don't quite know what to say.
Don't worry, Gloatbridge.
Cigarette?
Oh, thank you, sir.
Now, about this
projected merger,
erm, don't mention it
to the rest of the staff.
If it happens, it might
mean, erm... changes.
I quite understand, Mr. Henry.
Ah, yes. Now, I must phone ACI.
Give me a line,
would you, please?

Thank you.

Hello, ACI? Boardroom, please.

Hmm?

Oh, it's you,
Delauney.

Oh, I'm so sorry.

Henry Palfrey here.

Oh, that stupid girl
on the switchboard
told me it was the ACI call.

No, no, just a moment.

There was something I wanted
to talk to you about.

Ah, yes, are you free for
a return match on Saturday?

Gloatbridge. Right,
thank you, thank you.

Hmm?

Yes, I suppose I am a
glutton for punishment.

Yes, yes, do.

That's very kind of you.

I've never ridden
in a Bellini.

No, don't worry.

I'll be ready.

Quarter to 3.

Goodbye.

What's up with the boss this
morning, Mr. Gloatbridge?

Mr. Henry and I
have been discussing
important policy matters
at a very high level.

I am not at liberty
to say any more.

Oh, Gloatbridge!

Mr. Henry.

We'll go into that little matter
in greater detail tomorrow.

Yes, of course, Mr. Henry,
certainly. Anything you wish...

good morning, sir.

Miss. Stevens,

fetch me all the ledgers
for the past five years.
Miss. Wilson, bring me up
the adding machine and...
Appleby,
get me a cup of tea.
Hello! What're you
doing here?
What am I doing here?
We said quarter to 3,
didn't we?
Quarter to...
oh, my dear fellow.
I'm so sorry.
I forgot all about it.
I'll be down in a flash.
Don't be long, we're picking
April up on the way.
April? April who?
Miss April Smith!
All right,
down in a minute.
Coming!
On guard!
So sorry, old man.
At last. Come on.
I say, what a
beautiful day.
For pete's sake, hurry up.
We're late for April already.
Oh, don't worry, she won't be
ready. You know women. Ha ha!
Ooh!
I've forgotten something.
What?
Er, my shoes. I won't be a
moment, won't be a moment!
Here we are.
All present and correct.
Get in.
Oh, just a moment.
What is it now?
My racquet.
Er, hang on. Um.

Did I leave it at the club or
is it upstairs under the bed?
Under the bed?!

I better go and look
just to make sure.

Look, get in,
you can borrow mine.

But what are you going to do?
I've got two.

But I can only play
with a 16-ounce,
and I know your old one is...
well, you can use my new one.

Get in!

Well, that's very decent of you
old boy.

Thank you
very much.

I say, you did see
that light, didn't you?
I saw the light
perfectly.

You did say April Smith,
didn't you?
Yes, I did.

Has she moved?
Why?

Well, if she's still
in Oakshades Avenue,
you've taken
the wrong turning.

The quickest way was to take
the last turning on left,
then first right
over the railway bridge.

Are you sure?
Yes, honestly.

It takes minutes
off it.

I should turn around
if I were you. Here.

No, wait a moment. Better still,
go left then left again.

There?

Wait a moment.
Hang on.
The second...
no, no, no, no,
the third on the right, here.
That's it.
I think.
Turn right.
Mind that tree!
A tree in the middle
of the road.
Are you sure
you know the way?
Positive.
Turn right, then bear left
at the waterworks.
That's it, yeah.
I say, I'm terribly sorry.
I...
sorry?
Trouble is I'm only used to
this shortcut after dark.
After dark!?
By the way, did I say
turn left at the waterworks?
Yes, you did.
Oh, I'm a fool
I meant right.
Why couldn't you keep your ruddy
mouth shut and let me go my way?
But this way is a lot
quicker, old chap.
Oh, I say, bad luck.
New paintwork too.
She didn't wait.
Women. They're all
the same.
All that rush
for nothing.
I must say I'm looking forward
to trying that new racquet.
What on earth
was that?
Can I help, old man?

It's the exhaust.
Oh, bad luck.
You know,
it must've happened
when you bashed into
that brick wall.
Have you got
a piece of string?
Well, we made it.
No thanks to you.
Whose is that car?
I haven't seen it here before.
Er, oh,
it's mine actually.
Yours?
Yeah.
What's it
doing here?
Er, oh, I had the racing heads
taken off.
I knew you were
picking me up anyway,
so I asked the garage
to deliver it here.
Shall we go?
Ah! We've got court 2,
I see.
All right, I'll get some balls
you get the racquets.
Aren't you
going to change?
Mmm? Oh,
only my shoes.
I always think it's a bit
pompous to dress up in whites
for a friendly game,
don't you?
Oh, I say.
You're putting it on a bit,
old man, aren't you?
Oh, Mr. Delauney.
I was just going to give
your court to the General.

It's 3:

Sorry, Carpenter.

3:

Sorry, sir.

But Palfrey wasn't quite ready
when I made the call for him.

Don't try to put the blame
on someone else, sir.

The court was booked in your
name and you're 30 minutes late.

That's all I want to know.

Carpenter, Complaints Book.

Thank you very much.

Right, call.

Rough.

Rough it is.

Oh! Lucky!

Side or service?

Oh, I'll serve.

All right, well,

I'll take this side.

You'll have the sun
in your eyes.

Well, we're changing,
aren't we?

Huh.

I say!

Hmm?

Shut the gate, old man,
would you?

Shut...?

Is the net all right?

Mm?

Er, would you like it
a little lower?

I'm ready.

I say!

I've just seen the General over
there talking to the Secretary.

Do you think I ought to tell him
it was my fault we were late?

No!

Right.

No!
Bad luck. Love-15.
Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Oh, bad luck! Love-30.
Have it again.
It was out!
Well, I honestly couldn't see.
The sun was in my eyes.
Could quite easily have been in.
Have two more.
It was out!
All right.
Oh!
Oh, bad luck!
Awfully good serve, though.
Love-40.
Hard cheese!
One-love.
I say, this is
a wonderful racquet.
Your service.
Fault!
Sorry.
But yours was in.
Was it?
I thought it was a fault.
It was well in.
Well, I couldn't see.
I'd have thought you'd have
shouted if it was in.
Oh, have it again.
Oh, no, no, no.
I couldn't have got your return
anyway. Love-15.
Have it again.
No, no, no, honestly.
I insist that you have it again!
Oh, all right.
Oh, bad luck!
I feel really bad about
that one.
15-love.
I say, old chap, I feel I've got
rather an unfair advantage.

I do wish you'd swap racquets.
I'm perfectly happy
with the one I've got.
No, no, no, I insist.
After all, this one
is yours.
Let me have a shot with
that old one. Ha ha ha.
Gently, now.
Don't know your own strength
with that racquet.
15-love.
Hello, April!
30-love.
April, I can explain everything.
We lost our way and...
there's nothing to explain.
You were late and that's that.
Oh, do get on with your game.
Lovely day, Henry!
Beautiful!
But, April...
30-love.
Good shot, Henry!
40-love.
April, you must listen to me.
I called for Palfrey...
young man! You, sir!
Are you or are you
not using this court
for the purpose of
playing tennis?
I booked this court for 4
o'clock, it's one minute to.
40-love.
Oh, nuts!
And we don't tolerate filthy
language in this club, sir.
Match point!
Ha ha ha!
Well played, sir!
Well played!
Well, shake hands, sir.
Shake?

Not me, you fool!
One thing I can't tolerate,
a bad loser, unsportsmanlike.
Well played, young man.
Thank you, general.
Best man won.
Thank you, sir.
April, April, let's get
this straight, I...
you're playing much better
today, Henry.
What was the score?
Oh, just one set to me.
Didn't have time for any more.
I mean the score in games.
Oh, it's not
important really.
After all, it was only
a friendly game.
It was 6-love.
Now, April...
Well, thank you, Raymond.
I enjoyed that.
And many thanks for
the loan of your racquet.
You mean to say you beat him
playing with a borrowed racquet?
Oh...
no!
I mean yes.
Well, not exactly.
But April, I can
explain the whole thing.
Raymond, I've already told you
there is nothing to explain.
But there is, damn it!
Language, old man, language.
Ha ha.
Oh, just forgotten
the balls.
Erm... look, go on, will you?
Join you in a couple
of seconds. Ha ha.
How well do you know Palfrey,

anyhow?

I beg your pardon.

Well, why is it

he only knows

the short cut

to your house in the dark?

I haven't the faintest idea

what you're talking about.

Congratulations, my boy.

You rather excelled yourself.

In fact you have passed

with honours.

Thank you, sir.

It was that changing of

the racquets that did it

just as he was getting used

to the feel of the old one.

Well, I take it you're eager

to get after the young girl?

That's right, sir.

Well, what I am about to do

is usually done in more formal
circumstances, you understand.

But, fortunately,

provisions have been made

for it to be

done in the field

where emergency so dictates.

So, just stand where

you are, Palfrey.

Take you hands

out of your pockets.

Now then, Henry Palfrey.

By virtue of the power vested
in me as founder and principal
of the College of

Lifemanship at Yeovil,

it gives me great pleasure

to award you this

Certificate of Lifemanship.

Now, bend your head.

Umm?

Bend your head,

Palfrey.

There, that's all,
my boy. Congratulations.
Thank you
very much indeed, sir.
Nonsense, my boy.
You deserve it.
As a matter of fact, I've never
said this to a student before,
but I was wondering if you'd
consider giving up this girl,
and instead joining me
at Yeovil.
Oh, that's terribly
flattering, sir,
and don't think I don't
appreciate it but...
I'm afraid not, sir.
No, I didn't think so.
Well, up and at her, Palfrey.
Yes, sir.
One last piece of advice,
Palfrey.
I take it it's your intention
to go out there
and lock horns
with this other fellow
about driving
the girl home.
Well, I was going to go...
umm. Once you've got
your opponent on the ropes,
surely you're in the perfect
position for calling into play
the calculated
indifference ploy.
Best summed up by a paraphrase
of the old nursery rhyme,
"leave her alone
and she'll come home,
"wagging her tail
behind her."
You really think the neglected
gambit is the one to use?
Old, tried and true.

I've just had a thought, sir.
What if she doesn't like me?
Well, that's a detail.
Some of the most
successful marriages
are made up of people who
scarcely talk to each other.
Well, good luck, Palfrey.
Thank you very much, sir.
Three guineas, please.
Three guineas?
Well, we use
only the best parchment.
Oh, yes.
Really, my dear,
it isn't necessary for you
to try to
make me jealous.
I'm quite your devoted slave
as it is.
Raymond, I've already
told you.
I was not trying
to make you jealous.
You're a dear little
storyteller.
I absolutely
adore you.
What have you done
to your car?
I had a bit of
an accident, actually.
Were you hurt?
No, it shook me up a bit.
It put me off my game,
I'm afraid.
Raymond, I'm so sorry.
I...
ah, there
you are.
I've asked Carpenter to
phone the garage, Raymond.
I said you'd had
an accident.

I thought it sounded better.
Better than what?
Well, it's a bit
embarrassing to admit
you backed into a wall in broad
daylight, isn't it? Cheers.
Aren't you
coming with us?
Oh, ho, ho, no.
Two's company,
you know.
Dear sweet girl, do you
realise how close you came
to suffering the consequences
of your little game?
Mm?
He might have accepted and we
should have been stuck with him.
What are you...? Now,
don't worry, little kitten
I would've saved you
and got rid of him.
Saved me?
And let that be a lesson
to you, my sweet.
You mean...?
Now, just a minute.
In the first place,
I am not your sweet.
Oh!
In the second place,
despite what you might think,
I genuinely meant
that invitation
and I'd have been delighted
had he accepted.
In the third place,
I have never met such a smug,
self-centred,
conceited...
and in the fourth place,
good-bye.
Oh, Mr. Delauney, the garage
people will be here shortly.

Who is that man?
He's not a member, is he?
Oh, no, sir. He came in today
as a guest of Mr. Palfrey's.
What?
Are you sure?
Oh, yes, sir.
As a matter of fact,
I saw them behaving
in the most peculiar manner
on the croquet lawn
just now, sir.
Really?
Thanks.
Where to?
Anywhere.
I should think you could use
a drink, couldn't you?
Yes, I could.
Thank you.
Oh, that smug,
conceited...
boor?
Yes, boor.
Follow that bus!
I should change before we go out
for that drink, shouldn't I?
Do you mind if we stop off
at my place for a moment?
Of course not.
There we are!
Look, this may sound
a bit Victorian, but...
if you'd prefer to stay here,
I'd quite understand.
You are sweet, Henry.
Look, why don't we have
that drink in your flat?
Fine!
There we are.
Oh, Henry!
How nice and cosy.
Thank you.
Erm, sit down?

Thank you.
Now, then.
What's it to be?
Whiskey?
Fine.
Good.
Soda?
Please.
Cheers!
Thank you. Oops! Ooh!
Oh, I am sorry.
Oh, look at the sofa.
Never mind my sofa,
what about your dress?
It's terrible.
I'm awfully clumsy
you can't very well
sit around like that, can you?
Erm... I know.
Just a minute.
There. Now, why don't you
pop into that
and I'll dry your dress
in front of the fire?
Oh, I really don't think
I ought...
then, you can tell your
uncle Henry all about it.
Uncle Henry?
Yes, well, I suppose
I better had.
Good. Give me a shout
when you're ready.
You are kind
and thoughtful, Henry.
Mrs. Stringer?
Henry Palfrey here.
When you have a free moment,
could you pop up here, please?
Thank you,
Mrs. Stringer.
You can come
in now!
Splendid!

Now, then.

We'll just pop these things on
the chair in front of the fire.

They should be dry
in no time at all. That's it.

How do you feel?

Fine, thanks, uncle Henry.

Good. Let's get you
another drink, shall we?

First to Yeovil,
please.

Ah!

There we are!

Now, then.

How do you feel?

Much more comfortable.

This was a very good idea,
uncle Henry.

Cheers.

Cheers.

Ah!

Oh, that's much better.

Mm?

Henry, your socks.

So... oh!

Oh, dear!

Oh, oh, actually, I usually
manage pretty well, but...

Look, I must come in
one day and mend it.

Who's that

hmm?

Oh, I haven't
the faintest idea.

Ah, I say, this is a bit awkward
now I come to think of it.

Yes.

You being here alone
in a man's flat,
wearing his dressing gown,
guzzling whiskey.

Yes, it is.

You've got your shoes off too.
Better hide. Um...

quickly.

In here.

Won't be a moment.

Ah, Mrs. Stringer.

I come up as quick as I could,

Mr. Palfrey. What is it?

Well, I'm afraid it was
a mistake, Mrs. Stringer.

Mistake?

But only just now you telephoned
down and asked me to come up.

Yes, well, I thought

I was going to need you
but I've been able to
manage myself.

Telephoning down and then
changing your mind.

I suppose you think

that's fun for me,
to run up five flight
of stairs.

You know I wouldn't dare opera
the lift in my state of nerves.

I'm very sorry,

Mrs. Stringer.

Yes, and I'm sorry too
there... ah!

Come on, Queenie.

Just the porter's wife

I managed to get rid of her
as quickly as I could.

Good.

What is it?

It's amazing how sexless a woman
looks in a man's dressing gown.

Sexless?

Umm, well...

shapeless.

Shapeless?

Mmm.

A little girlish.

I don't know

what it is,

it makes a man

feel protective.
Just protective?
Well, paternal.
Paternal?
Well, no.
Perhaps more like a friend.
How good a friend?
Oh, a good friend.
A very good friend.
A very...
very good friend
indeed.
No.
What is it?
Put your dress on.
I'll take you home.
But why?
What happened?
Get dressed, please.
Open up!
I know you're in there.
Let me in.
Let me in, you cad,
or I'll call the police.
Open this door,
you cad!
I'll have to let him i
n. You go in there.
I'll get rid of him as quickly
as I can and I'll take you home.
Now, come on.
Open the door!
Open up, I say.
Come on, you boulder. I know
you're in there, you stinker.
Where is she? Come on. I know
she is here. Where is she?
Will you keep your voice down?
The neighbours will hear you.
So they should, you spoiler.
Come on. Where is she?
She is not here.
Oh? These, I suppose,
are yours.

April smith,
you can come out now.
This is Raymond.
If this means I'm too late,
you rotter...
Am I, kitten?
No.
You're not too late.
Oh, thank goodness.
Well, now do you see where
your little jealousies lead?
If it hadn't been for my
quick thinking, this man...
this man? This rat.
Let me tell you something about
your fine-feathered friend.
Do you know what he did?
He went to Yeovil,
he went to the
college of Lifemanship
and he learnt
all the tricks.
All his dirty rotten tricks.
No, no, no, not tricks,
my good man.
Arts, science, philosophy
if you like, but...
no, no, no, not tricks.
Well, you can call them
what you like.
But all they are
are dastardly, low down devices
designed to pull
the wool over the eyes
of innocent
young things.
Look!
"Potter's Woo-manship.
"Woo-manship... the art
of being one up on women
"without actually
marrying them.
"The uncle ploy
for trust and confidence,

"from living room to bedroom
in 3 easy moves.
"After the bedroom, what?"
What indeed?
Henry, is it true?
What on earth is
the matter with you, man?
Ploy 64...
throw yourself on her mercy.
No, Mr. Potter.
It's true, April.
They were tricks.
All tricks.
Ploys, boy,
ploys.
Tricks, ploys,
what difference does it make?
That's why I...
that's why
you stopped,
isn't it?
That's right.
Come, April. Let me take you
away from all this.
I love you, April.
Oh, Henry.
I love you too.
Shhh. We're witnessing
the birth of a new ploy.
No, Mr. Potter. I love April
and I want April to love me.
I do. I do.
No...
not, not sincerity,
Palfrey.
Just a minute.
Something's gone wrong.
Stop that I say!
You can't
do this to me.
Kissing.
Well, don't just stand there,
Mr. Potter, do something.
Pull yourself

together, Palfrey.
We're not alone!
I do apologise,
ladies and gentlemen.
Events seem to have taken
a most unfortunate turn.
This sort of calamity
we cannot always guard against,
even amongst
our best students.
You see, once... once sincerity
rears its ugly head,
well, Lifemanship
is powerless.
Stop that music.
Orchestra!
Orchestra,
stop that infernal din!
Oh, please! No.
Forgive me, I must
get back to Yeovil.