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That 's Carry On

By Anthony Church

KENNETH WILLIAMS:

Ooh, how am I going to get all this lot in?

BARBARA WINDSOR:

Bilmey! You have got a lot there.

KENNETH:

(She strains and groans)

Ooh, listen. You wriggle and I'll shove.

We're nearly there.

Don't stop!

(He groans)

Push the knob in.

It won't work if you don't push the knob in.

Oh.

You're right!

She's not just a pretty face.

Ladies and gentlemen, from 28 films...

And God knows how many film stars...

That's Carry On!

Fanfare

We don't need your recommendation,
thank you.

Ooh! No, it wasn't like that at all.

It was noble, a pageant of history.

A cavalcade of contemporary comment!

A colossal Carry On cockup!

Yes. No! Stop messing about.

KENNETH:

Huge action colour spectacular
and a cast of thousands!

(Breaks wind)

Ooh, yes, the Carry Ons certainly had
an atmosphere of their own.

You can say that again.

KENNETH:

we'd start off with one of my favourites,
Carry On Don't Lose Your Head.

In the end, I did lose my head.

- Oh, it don't show.

- No, well, it...

Miss Sharp, straight out of the knife box!

Mm... Ooh!
(Hum of conversation)
Oh, hark at me.
You needn't request an audience.
You've got one.
It's these bubbles.
They get lodged in my chest.
Hmm, there's room for a few lodgers there.
(Rhythmic clapping)
Lively music #
Excuse me, my dear. May I cut in?
Of course, Rodney, darling.
Thank you, my dear.
Act naturally.
Ah, Sir Rodney! I must congratulate you.
A perfectly splendid charity ball!
Thank you, Lady Binder.
Now, do tell me. What is it all in aid of?
SFA.
Oh, come. It must be in aid of something.
SFA- Stranded French Aristocrats.
Oh, of course. A very worthy cause.
And you've done them proud tonight.
But then, you've always had magnificent
balls, and I wouldn't miss one of them!
Thank you, Lady Binder.
I bet they didn't hold any balls
there for a long time.
They did! Every Tuesday.
I'd go round clearing up the mess after
with a bucket and shovel.
Like you did in the next Carry on,
Follow That Camel.
Good day.
(Camel grunts)
(Cock crows)
(Cock crow again)
This appears to be the place, sir.
Well, help me down, will you, Simpson?
Ho! Camel, boo-boo.
Hi-ha! Hi-ha!
I've got it.
Good morning, madam.
My name is Bertram Oliphant West.

Well, I'm sorry, but what can I do about it?

My name is Zigzig.

And what can you do about that?

No, no, you misunderstand me, madam.

I merely wish to ask where one goes
to join the Foreign Legion.

Ah, just one moment!

I go ask the sergeant.

Sergeant?

Sergeant Nocker.

He is important man in Legion.

He know everything.

Is he here?

Oh, yes.

Often.

Perhaps it's the married quarters, Simpson.

There are two men here
who are wanting to join you.

Nothing doing. Let them find their own bed!

Ah, sugar date. Hold it right here, sugar.

Sergeant, do you have to go back now?

You're a good girl. Thanks a lot, honey.

Thanks for the lift.

I have a good ass.

No?

Was ist das? Ze joke?

Oh, I forgot I had it on my head, sir.

- Deal with this man, Sergeant!

- Yes, sir. It'll be a pleasure.

Oh, it's the hat! Oh, don't blame him, sir.

- He was so busy helping me, that he...

- Silence!

Exotic rhythm

I don't know if you happened to notice,
sir, but these things...

Yes, Simpson, I did happen to notice.

We have some casserole dishes
just like that at home, sir.

Oh, yes, that's right.

We used to put our dumpings in them.

We use them for the same reason here.

The infidels will all perish when the
second crescent of the moon enters

- Orion's third phase.

- When in that?

Tuesday.

First, the legionnaires at Fort Zuassantneuf,
and then the infidels at Sidi-bel-Abbes.

It has been ordained by the prophet,

Mustafa Leak.

Mustafa Leak!

Mustafa Leak.

Now,

you have until nightfall

to come to your senses.

If not, they will come off...

..one by one.

I suppose he means our ears.

That's my boy.

Always thinking of the higher things.

- You're in.

- Oh, thank you very much indeed.

How is that?

Oh, that wasn't fair,

blowing up people's balls like that.

If you think that's not cricket,

what about our hospital films?

(Siren Wails)

- (Groans)

- Hurts, does it, sir?

Ooh, no. I'm just doing this

to while away the journey.

(Tyres Screech)

Blimey! He's in a hurry.

WOMAN:

If I let you, would that make
me a sensible one?

What's going on here, Nurse?

Sister, he won't let me take his
underpants off, the silly boy.

You're damn right, I won't.

And I'm not a boy, as you'd soon find out.

- Mr Bigger...

- All right, Sister. That's quite enough.

I'll handle this.

(Groans)

What are you in here for, then?

Something nasty?

No, not really. Just a pain in the back.

Last bloke in that bed

had the same thing.

- Did he?

- Right up to the end.

Oh. That's cheering.

I'll say one thing for them.

It's a nice, warm bed.

Should be.

They only took him out half an hour ago.

Well, I'll give you a local

jab to kill the pain.

If you just turn over...

Turn over, turn here, turn there!

I wish I'd never come here in the

first place. Oh, get out of it!

Fine. Now, this isn't going to hurt.

Huh... Who?

Good morning.

Oh. Good morning.

I'm afraid I must have overslept.

- What time is it?

- Six o'clock.

Six o'clock.

- In the morning?

- Yes, that's right.

Did you have a good night?

I'll let you know when it's over.

I dreamt about you last night, Nurse.

- Did you?

- No, you wouldn't let me.

Is it all right if I finish my sleep now?

- By all means.

- Thank you.

Sleep's good for you.

Washy time!

Look, I don't want washy time.

Stop!

I wouldn't put that in my mouth,

if I were you. It might explode.

I hope not. Matron doesn't approve

of banging in the wards.

(Vacuum Cleaner Rattles)

(Clang)
(Rattling drowns out speech)
Cow!
(Doors Bang Open)
(Clatter)
Try and use it, My Bigger.
Thank you. It's just what I needed.
All right. Here we go, then.
Let's see those dimples.
(Yells)
(Groans)
Yaaaa!
(Groans)
Mr Bigger!
What are you doing down there?
Waiting for a No.7 bus.
I'm Nurse May. I was told
to report here, Sister.
- I'll be with you in a moment.
- Hi.
(Bang)
(Whistle blows)

KENNETH:

Where's the colour, you silly girlie?
There ain't no colour in this bit.
Course there is.
It's like the telly: "Turn up your colour knob."
Haven't you ever heard of black and white?
It was all the go when I was a kid.
I'm far too young to remember.
Oh, yeah? Well, cop a load of this.
Cop a... Oh!
No, don't!
Would you mind not smoking?
It affects me. I've got a weak stomach.
Are you going to hospital?
Into the army.
- The army?
- Yeah.
Huh! So am I.
Army doctors... huh!
I'll tell you, mate. Two of everything
you should have two of, and you're in.

Stand up.

Stand still.

Cough.

Who are you?

- James Bailey, BSc Economics.

- Your number?

I'm not proud of it. It was given to me.

I earned my degree.

- Your rank!

- That's a matter of opinion.

Look at this, man.

You've nothing to complain of.

Look at the suit they've given me.

This was plumped on my head
without even the pretence of fitting.

Who is that young lad
in the funny hat, then?

The young lad in... How dare you!

Yes, you can laugh,
but we were real men in those days.

Young stalwarts
called to the colours.

Charge!

Ooh, dear.

Charge!

(Yells)

I ought to have thrown the lot
of you in the guard room,
for persistent, unrelenting,
blundering, malicious stupidity!

I'll paralyse the lot of you!

Look at you, standing as
if you're pregnant.

It wouldn't surprise me,
after the way I've been mucked about.

Oh, those were the days!

Explosions to the left of us,
explosions to the right of us!

Once more unto the breach, dear friends.

You do go on about your army days,
don't you?

On the contrary, Barbara dear,
I'm simply setting the scene
for Carry On Nurse.

Nurse Dawson, is it your intention
to wreck my ward?

I'm going to shave you.

Shave? My appendix isn't on my face.

I'm not going to shave your face.

(Scraping)

(Scraping continues)

Relax, Mr York.

Now, Mr Bishop, will you sit down, please?

There.

- Now...

- What? What, what?

You can't sleep in those.

That's quite all right. I can take them off.

- With one hand?

- Yeah, yeah, I can manage. Thank you.

You two ladies just turn your back.

Wait! What's going on?

What a sauce! Nurse, please.

Ooh...

What a fuss about such a little thing.

Orchestra tune up

Virtuoso piano playing

Whoa...

Anything wrong?

No, very nice, thank you.

Phew...

Piano cadenza

Er, just a minute, Mr York.

Hello, what's that?

For your bowels. Sit down, please.

Have you er... given one of these before?

Oh, good gracious. Hundreds.

Get it down, now.

Other end, Nurse.

Never mind. With a face like mine,
it's a mistake anyone might make.

MAN:

Hello, hello, hello.

Hello, Colonel.

To what do I owe the honour of this visit?

- You're going back into the ward tomorrow.

- That's right.

We have to carry out just one final test.
- It'll only take a few minutes.
- That's all right.
(Hushed) Hey! What goes on?
We're getting our own back on the old boy.
Oh, he's a sport.
By the time we're through with him,
he'll need to be.

WOMAN:

Matron.
I have a lot to do today, Sister.
I must get through my rounds early.
- Everything won't be ready.
- Oh, quite all right.
I do hope our troublesome Colonel
won't delay me too long today.
- (Knock at door)

- COLONEL:

Good...
Colonel! Whatever's going on?
Come, come, Matron. Surely you've seen
a temperature taken like this before?
Oh... (Chuckles)
Yes, Colonel, many times,
but never... with a daffodil.
Fancy being lumbered with a daffodil.
We were always being lumbered
with something, especially names.
Like Hope Springs.
Dan, Dan, the sanitary man.
Miss Easy Rider.
Private Widdle.
- But there's one name they couldn't call you.
- What was that?
Miss Allcock.
Ooh!
Hup! Monica, dear.
Keep it hup, hup, hup, hup, hup, hup!
Hup, hup, hup! Halt.
Feet apart. Spring.
And relax.
How do you do?

So pleased to meet you.

- Miss Allcock.

- Mr Grigg.

Are you satisfied with your equipment,
Miss Allcock?

Well, I've had no complaints so far.

Do you find mental relaxation
follows physical activity?

Oh, always.

Do you favour the Swedish method?

Well, I always say
it's the same the whole world over.

(She giggles)

Shall we have a demonstration,
Miss Allcock?

Right-oh.

Hands on hips, please.

And... to the left, two, three.

To the right, two, three.

Forward, two, three.

And up!

Hands above head, place.

Fast-forward, bend.

You're drunk!

- Watch your hands...

- Miss Allcock!

...or I'll flatten you out like a carpet,
you slanderous cat!

(Groans)

Ooh! I'll bet that hurt.

But the gang always took a
lot of stick.

- Eh?

- Stick!

Oh, yes. That, too.

I had a big stick once.

It was so enormous,

I had to hide it down my trousers.

Is that why you walked so funny
in Carry on Constable?

Just a moment. Could you possibly direct
me to the police station?

Certainly.

Er, just cross over and it's up

there on the left.

Hello.

Hello, Gorse.

Sorry I'm late, Sergeant,
but I couldn't leave home without
bringing something bright and gay
for the poor indisposed constables.

So... it was off to my greenhouse
and with a little snip here,
a little snip there... Snip, snip!
And here we are, with my love.

Ooh! What have I said?

With my very best floral greetings.

Thank you.

And now you must all meet Bobby,
my budgie.

Say hello, Bobby.

Hello, Bobby.

Isn't he the greatest thing?

I just couldn't leave him behind.

Yes, well, Gorse will be working full time with us
as from today, on account of this flu trouble.

You'll all sleep together.

Charmed, I'm sure.

- All ready, then?

- Yes, come on. Turn it on!

Oh, I'm frightfully sorry. I remember now.

- It only comes out hot at certain times.

- You maniac!

Let's get out of here.

Ooh! Aah!

Ooh! Aah! Ooh!

(Woman screams)

Gentlemen, really!

Ooh! Aah!

It's disgraceful!

Well, you did ask for a cell
with a southern exposure.

Sergeant Wilkins sent me, sir.

Said you wanted a constable.

Yes. I've finished with those. Burn them.

Sir.

Potter!

- What?

- Not those!
- You told me to, sir.
- They're my consolidating notes!
Well, get water. Don't panic.
Don't panic.
Stand clear, sir.
Potter!
- (Barks excitedly)
- Heel, heel.
Good dog! Good dog!
(Barks)
I'm frightfully sorry...
Sir!
Let me help you out.
Whoa! Aah!
Oh, what a couple of wets.
Fancy offering a hand to your
superior officer.
That's crawling.
- Wouldn't you give anyone a hand?
- Certainly not.
Not unless it was someone
vastly superior to myself.
Then I'd Carry On Regardless.
Which way? This way? That way?
Oh, down here? All right.
Come along.
Go for a nice walk, shall we?
Come along, then. Walk nicely.
You're not bring that thing on here,
and that's final.
But he's tired of walking, and beside,
I want to give him a proper outing.
The best way to see London
is from the top of a bus.
Not from the top of this one.
Great hairy thing!
- I am not. I...
- Hold tight!
I've a good mind to report you to
the RSPCA. Cheeky monkey!
No offence.
Yes, the British Transport Commission
should hear about this!

Taxi! Taxi!
Can you take us to...
I'll take you, but not your brother.
Don't go. Think of brainwashing.
How can they wash what isn't there?
(Foreign accent) Thank you.
You're not English.
And you're not Chinese. So what?
So this.
We might be on the same journey.
Of course we are.
OK. I'm persevering.
So I see, and I don't like it.
Ah, quit the pretence, baby.
I'm your man.
- What?
- I'm very glad we've met.
I wasn't altogether looking forward
to jumping off the train.
- Huh?
- But that's OK by me.
You say we jump together, then we jump.
Can we talk this over somewhere less public?
(Cockney) Sorry, mate.
'Ere, did he get his jump?
No, he got taken for a ride with rest
of them in Carry On Cabby.
Take it easy. Take it easy.
You're not driving a bulldozer now.
Just relax. Watch out!
(Brakes screech)
Missed him.
Do me a favour. Just take it easy.
This may be an old cab,
but I'm very fond of her.
(Horn honks)
- (Tyres screech)
- Round here!
(Horn honks)
That Cabby film, it played
to packed houses everywhere.
Well, almost everywhere.
Anyone home?
Somebody's potty.

How do I look?

Oh, smashing, yeah. You look ever so nice.

- Will you help me with mine?

- Of course.

Oh! 'Ere, that's fantastic. That's me when I first joined the gang in Carry On Spying.

KENNETH:

how to get your pistol under your bristols.

You'd better just put in

your handbag, Daphne.

All right, men. If you're ready...

Oh, no.

Oh, Mr Simpkins,

I hope we don't have to do much walking.

You're not supposed to wear it down there!

You'll do yourself a mischief.

It's supposed to be up here.

See? All ready to get off

a slick draw like that, you see?

I wish they'd make these things

the right way round.

Oh, Mr Simpkins, that was wonderful!

I'm sure I'll never get my draws off as slickly as that.

I just want to say, Chief,

you can sleep peacefully.

You've chosen the right man for the job.

A man with a cool head,

a man who knows where he's going.

By the way, where are we going?

Vienna!

Waltz

What's the matter with you?

The journey from London to Vienna by diesel locomotive is uncomfortably long.

Especially on a train with no corridor.

Caf Mozart, ten o'clock.

The penalty for smuggling in English steak-and-kidney pudding is very excessive.

I have put my English steak-and-kidney pudding in the next man's case.

Caf Mozart, ten o'clock.

Zither melody

(Cat meows)
I'd like a packed of filter-tipped
matches, please.
I'm sorry, I've only got
filter-tipped bootlaces.
I cannot smoke those. They make me deaf.
Caf Mozart, ten o'clock.
Schnitzelstrae, that's right.
Now, let me see. First of all I've got
to wait here and then I've got to...
- Hoo, hoo!
- (Sultrily) Good evening, darling.
You would like to come home and
see my fine old Viennese etchings?
I beg your pardon?
You would like to to come home
and see my fine old Viennese etchings?
Oh, I'm sorry, I'm afriad I cannot,
because I have broken my looking
glasses in two different places.
(Manly voice) About time.
Caf Mozart, ten o'clock.
Hey, wait a minute. Where's Carstairs?
I am Carstairs.
Good evening.
(Man continues to wash hands)
(Toilet flushes)
Oh, good evening.
I should give it a minute.
Get back. There's someone there.
- Is it Carstairs?
- No,
it's a small man standing on one leg.
That didn't half hurt!
I was blown up as well, after that.
- I had to go away for a long sea voyage.
- Did it do you any good?
The rest of the gang went, too.
It was Carry On Cruising.
- Oh, look! It's in colour again.
- Yeah.
Good day, madam.
Care for a knock-up while
awaiting your partner?

Yes, Officer. Thank you.
But I'm not very good at the game.
Oh, it's quite easy.
Just be careful not to pong
instead of ping.
(He chuckles)
- Gently to begin, eh?
- If you please.
- (Woman screams)
- I'm terribly sorry.
Most unfortunate.
(Clears throat)
Beginner's luck.
Try your luck on this.
Clever! Do it again.
(She giggles)
I'm terribly sorry, Captain, sir, dear.
I mean...
May I have the next dance?
I didn't know this was a dance.
Oh. Ooh...
No. It isn't, is it?
But every time I look at you,
I hear music.
Every time I look at you,
I think of music.
- Do you?
- Mm, Colonel Bogey. Excuse me.
Oh, wait.
Yes, the tropical...
Please.
A doctor! Aah!
Come along, sir. Everything will be
all right. Come along, now.
Two days on a simple cruise with
you lot, and look at me!
We made another film after that,
Carry On Jack.
Why did they call it Jack?
If we'd used the navy's word for it,
we'd have been censored.
Forward. Back.
Forward. Back.
Forward. Back. Forward. Back.

Forward. Back.
Heave-to. That's enough.
Let's have a look at it.
- Have you got it now?
- Mm.
Just swing the lead twice
and then heave it.
Right. Try it.
Right.
(He screams)
Ship ahoy!
Ah, yes. One of our luggers on
channel patrol.
Are you sure, sir?
Of course. Don't you think I know
a lugger when I see one?
An English frigate.
Give a signal for her to
come alongside.
Aye aye, sir.
They're making a signal.
They want us to come...
...alongside?
Down here, sir?
Yes, out there.
Easy does it.
That's it.
Now, gentlemen, we may be a
somewhat weary and depleted crew,
but we must still welcome our captain
aboard in a fitting and traditional manner.
Right. Give them three hearty
cheers, lads. Hip, hip...
Hooray!
(Commotion)
Lugger patrol? They're pirates!
Well, anyone can make a mistake.
Oh, you caught a cold in that one.
Darling, I can catch a cold anywhere.
Ooh, I do feel queer.
Oh, my dear! You've no idea
how much I've missed you.
Three years is a long time
to go without.

- Without what?
- Without the company a beautiful wife.
What about all those women abroad?
Mmm... There weren't any.
They don't have them abroad, you know.
They're a very bashful people there.
Really, Julius?
Really, darling.
(Door bursts open)
Sorry, sir, but what shall we
do with your woman here?
What is that?
Just a little thing I picked
up in Britain.
- It's for you.
- I don't want any of your pick-ups!
Citizens, today is your lucky day.
Top quality Britons, all fresh in today.
All right, there, citizens.
Here is another of our special offers.
Now, then. What am I bid for this...
for this er...
...for this?
One at a time, please, ladies.
Right. Now, come on. Who's
going to start the ball rolling, then?
Did I hear five sesterces?
- (Silence)
- No, I didn't.
How did you get on?
I don't know. They just
stamped me with a little lion.
Look.
That means you'll be going
to the lions, mate.
- I hope they're a nice family.
- You'll find out.
Er, Hengist, what he means is, you're
to be thrown to the lions in the arena.
Oh, those lions... No!
Hengist! Well, it's quick, anyway.
The old head in the mouth a quick
snap of the old jaws and it's all over.
That's all very well, but how am I

going to get his head in my mouth?

Trumpet fanfare

Friends...

Romans...

- Countrymen.

- I know!

I have been away from you

now for three years.

(All cheer)

But now I am back!

(All blow raspberries)

You've never had it so good!

(Whispers) Here's the door.

Strictly no admittance.

Vestal virgins and eunuchs only.

What are we?

Well, you should know!

Well, they must be somewhere around.

We'll have to chance it.

If anyone in there asks who we are,

say we're eunuchs.

Eh? Oh, yeah.

What have we got to lose?

Trumpet fanfare

CAESAR:

- Sir!

- Let me out of here.

It's a disgrace!

Guard the door. Let no-one enter.

O, wise daughters of the goddess Vesta,

grant me an augury.

Caesar! We shall all die for this!

Open up, I say, or must I enter?

Yes?

Oh, good evening. I wanted to ask...

Are you really a vestal virgin?

I'm sorry. Vestal virgins are off tonight.

Are my senses deserting me?

There's something funny

going on here.

Bilius... what are you doing

with you thing?

I'm sorry, sir, but for

the good of Rome, you must die.
But you're my personal bodyguard.
I don't want to die.
Infamy! Infamy!
They've all got it in for me.
I know how to handle this
ambitious battle-axe.
She's too big for her boots.
That's her trouble.
All right, I'll come straight
to the point. You...
Yes?
Is there something I can do for you?
(Growls softly)
Now, look. I'm sorry, miss,
but I've had my orders.
Madam, I...
(Growls softly)
Oh, don't apologise, please.
I could forgive such a handsome
visitor anything.
You said you knew how to
handle women.
Well, I do. It's all right.
Now, look here, miss.
I have come from Rome
at Caesar's express bidding
to get...
Just one moment. Look,
if you are going to get cross with me,
I'll just get of my bath and slip into something
a little more comfortable, if you don't mind.
(Growls softly)
You have got to see her!
Her hair is as black as ebony.
Her face is like an ivory goddess.
And her neck... is like a swan.
Ooh, yes! Go on.
Her feet like sculptured marble.
Don't leave out all the best bits!
I cannot tell you any more
about this woman.
She is absolute perfection!
They call her "the siren of the Nile".

Ooh, I hope she don't go off.
Think. Think. There must be some
way we can get rid of him.
I have a poisonous asp.
Ooh, I wouldn't say that.
No, no, no. I have. Look.
One bite from this is enough.
You're right.
One bite's enough for anyone.
That's shocking.
No, no, it is supposed to bite you.
Ah, didn't they have lovely frocks
in Carry On Cleo!
Especially the men!
They weren't frocks. They were togas.
And we sat on lovely, soft divans.
Better than those hard saddles
in Carry on Cowboy.
(Horse whinnies)
I wonder what they wanted.
(Shot rings out)
Piano tinkles jauntily #
(Growls softly)
I'll just take that gun of yours, cowboy.
- What for?
- I don't allow no shootin' at my place.
Lady, I wouldn't dream of shooting
at your place.
I'm not afraid to use this, you know.
My, but you got a big one!
I'm from Texas, ma'am.
We all got big ones down there.
What are we waiting for, then?
You go right ahead.
I just got to get something.
OK.
Piano melody #
- You can't go to her, Johnny.
- Don't talk so silly.
Johnny, don't turn our story into a
burning tale of lust, jealousy and passion
under a white-hot desert sun.
Don't make it a saga of sex, vengeance
and sudden death in the primitive West.

You delirious, or somethin'?
But, Johnny, she's no good!
Take it from me - she's after something.
And if you get out of the way,
she's gonna get it!
Oh, no, no! Not this way.
What other way is there?
I mean, not here.
Not here, in an office.
Come to my room at ten o'clock
and er... I'll be waiting for you.
(Cocks pistols)

MAN:

Now what?
- Marshall?
- That's right. I wanna talk to you.
OK. Drop by tomorrow.
I'm kinda busy right now.
Are you gonna walk down,
or do I have to shoot you down?
Oh, OK...
Fantastic. A fella can't even
live up to his name these days.
Go on, Marshall. You tell him.
Well, it seems that last night Colonel
Houston's ranch was raided again by rustlers.
What's that got to do with me?
I think it's got a lot to do with you.
They got away with 40 cows.
Bullocks.
No, I know what I'm talking about.
Why did this have to happen tonight?
I'll get Charlie and the boys.
You get upstairs, tell Miss Oakley
I've been unavoidably detained.
Leave it to me, Kid.
(Cocks pistols)
- (Knock at door)
- Come and get it.
(Shots ring out)
(Glass shatters)
Oh! I'm terribly sorry.
I... thought you were somebody else.

Knutt!

This is Rumpo.

I'm coming in.

Rumpo!

Knutt!

Where are you?

Here, Rumpo!

Curly, you take that end.

Slim, you and me take the other.

KNUTT:

Knutt! Where are you?

Here, Rumpo!

(Cocks guns)

Just hold it right there, Rumpo.

I've been in some dark holes myself
in Carry On Screaming.

- Oh, which part did you play?

- Just a bit part.

I did the biting.

What's the matter? What did I do?

What was that funny noise?

What funny noise?

I don't know, sort of...

(Pants rapidly)

I can't help being a bit passionate.

I've got a feeling someone's
watching us.

Good luck to 'em.

I've been courting you a year

- and there's been nothing worth watching.

- Albert!

Well, I'm sorry, Doris, but after all,
I'm only flesh and blood.

If something doesn't happen soon, well...
something's going to happen.

That's all.

Ain't it funny!

I never thought of you being like that.

You know - flesh and blood, and that...

Well, it's time you started
thinking about... that.

- Oh, Albert...

- Oh, Doris.

- What now?
- There is something in those bushes.
(Footsteps approach slowly)
(Door creaks)
Yes?
Good evening.
Could I see the master of the house?
The master of the house is dead, sir.
He's been dead 15 years now.
But if you'll come in,
I'll ask him if he can see you.
(Thunderclap)
(Rumble of thunder)
(Thunderclap)
Do you mind!
That does it!
I have had enough!
You've had enough? What about me?
That's the trouble.
I don't know about you.
It's an old and rather unusual brandy.
It has a... smoky flavour.
It has a smoky look, too.
To get the most out of it,
it's best to take it straight
down in one go.
Well, here's to... friendship.
Aah!
Yes... 1870.
A very good year.
Valeria, has it worked?
I don't know yet.
(Groans)
Yaa-aah-ha-ha-ha-aah!
He looks absolutely lovely.
Very nice.
Rubatiti! I've done it!
He's come alive.
Oh, isn't he lovely!
(Mummy grunts)
What are you doing?
Why are you looking at me like that?
It's me, Watty.
I'm your friend.

Rubatiti!

I'm your friend!

Rubatiti!

No! No! Oh, God!

Frying tonight!

Oh! I bet that made your hair
stand on end.

No, no. I was completely under control
the whole time.

Mm. Don't let anything stand
on end in the next bit.

Ooh!

NARRATOR:

In spite of all she'd heard,
Sally was quite unprepared
for the sight that met her eyes
as she looked out of her tent on
this first morning in Paradise Camp.

Everywhere she looked, happy campers
went about their everyday tasks
uncumbered by clothing,
unembarrassed and unashamed.

So this was Paradise.

How beautiful it seemed to her.

How unlike her past holidays
in Bournemouth.

Suddenly, Sally's shyness
and natural timidity vanished
and, forgetting

all about her strict convert training,
she stepped put from her tent
as naked and free as nature intended.

Cor!

That's quite enough of that, thank you.

- What's up with you?

- You said this film was about camping.

Well, it is. Those are tents.

Not what you're looking at.

NARRATOR:

Sally's first stop was at the tennis court,
where four sun-bronzed campers
were playing a mixed doubles.

Oh, cor blimey!
You won't see nothing like that at
Wimbledon, open or not.

NARRATOR:

a party of carefree young people
were just starting off on a bicycle ride.

I feel sick.

It's disgusting, that's what it is.

What are you talking about?

It's artistic!

- Artistic?

- Certainly.

With all those big bottoms bobbling
about all over the screen?

You wouldn't think anything of it if we
walked around like that all the time,
free, unfettered, unashamed.

Oh, no? I suppose you'd
rather we sat here all stark naked!
Wouldn't bother me.

It would if your ice lolly fell in your lap.

- Are you the owner of this site?

- No.

- Where is he?

- Gone for a pee.

(Rumble of thunder)

Whoa! Mind where you're putting that!

Give me a peg.

Here you are.

All right, bang it in.

- Ow! God!

- I'm sorry.

There's bedding and bunks by the coach.

No, no, Barbara.

Tent up first. Bunk up later.

Oh, that's it, girls.

Get your sopping clothes off my bed.

Get up!

Sorry.

Evening.

And up...

And down.

And up.

And rest.
Now, legs astride,
arms flinging from side to side.
Begin.
And fling. And in.
And fling. And in.
And both arms fling.
Now really let's see those
 chests come out.
And fling! And in.
And fling!
And in. And fling!
Matron, take them away. Oh!
(She screams)
If you were a gentleman,
you'd close your eyes.
Ooh, I should think so, too.
I don't mind camping, but I hate
those creepy-crawly things.
They sting me and I come up in bumps.
Mm, yeah, I see what you mean.
I think you should see the doctor again.
(Woman screams)
They've started early today.
(Screams)
What's all the fuss about?
What's happened, Doctor?
What scared you, Miss Armitage?
I was just having a shower
when she suddenly barged in.
That is the women's washroom.
Women's washroom?
Well, it was only changed yesterday, Doctor,
while the women's is being redecorated.
I'm afraid the notice isn't very clear.
I'm most terribly sorry, miss.
Excuse me, sir, but my friend and I,
we're doing spot diagnoses,
and I was wondering if you could help me.
Now, I'd say you've got haemorrhoids
and he thinks it's a slipped disc.
Could you tell us?
Let me see, now.
You thought it was a slipped disc?

- That's right.
- I'm afraid you were wrong.
- And you thought it was haemorrhoids?
- That's right.
I'm afraid you were wrong.
Well, what, then?
As a matter of fact,
I thought I was going to break wind.
I'm afraid I was wrong.
You see, I was posing on top of this enormous packet, and I slipped and fell.
Well, we'd better have a closer look at you.
If you would, Matron.
Cor!
What's wrong?
Er, n-n-nothing. No, nothing at all.
It's... marvellous.
I can't see any sign of bruising.
Can you, Doctor?
I think we'd better turn you over, hadn't we?
Turn over, please.
Cor!
Can you see them?
Oh, yes. Not half!
Oh, yes, yes. Nasty, very nasty. Er...
Tell me if this hurts you, would you?
Oh...
Well, I don't think there's much of a fracture here.
Do you feel any fever or giddiness?
Yes, I do feel a bit hot.
I meant Miss Locks.
Oh. Oh, yes.
We'd better check you for that.
Would you turn over again, please?
Well, that one's all right.
Will you be wanting an X-ray, Doctor?
Pardon?
(Bellows) Do you wish an X-ray?
Now say cheese.
(Equipment beeps)
(Screams)

Just st-stay where you are.
I'll pull the main fuse out.
He-e-e-elp!
(Screams)
I wouldn't have thought it possible
for one man to create such utter chaos.
Welcome to Azure Bay, doc.
May the fertility of Sumaca
swell your coconuts.
I beg your pardon?
Oh, it's just a local greeting.
Nothing personal.
I'm the orderly here. Screwer's the name.
- Screwer?
- Gladstone Screwer.
Most of them just call me Gladstone.
I'm not altogether surprised.
Well, may I come in?
Oh, yes, yes.
Katunga. Katunga. Chop chop.
Ooh! Ah!
Marvellous. Rain for nine months,
hurricanes for three.
That's why the natives call these
islands Allpiss N'Alfalfa.
All rain and wind.
(Draws breath sharply)
- Do you mind?
- As a matter of fact, I don't.
Well, I do!
You don't have to move out, you know.
It's a big bed.
Well, as I told you earlier today,
I'm not your sort of woman.
- I don't mean anything nasty. I'll marry you first.
- Are you mad?
- Marry me in the middle of the night?
- Where I come from, it's a simple ceremony.
We just make a quick cut
in each other's left hands,
put them together,
say "we are one" and it's legal.
Oh, I see.
Sort of... instant wedlock.

- Out there they call it a bleedin' ceremony.
- Yes, they often call it that here, too.
- Good luck, Lady Puddleton.
- (Hisses) Wait.
I can't share a room with a woman.
What about undressing?
You're a doctor.
She'll have nothing to surprise you.
No, but I'll have something to surprise her.
I'll have to get to know you
a bit better first.
- What are you doing?
- We have to get married first.
- What?
- Doesn't hurt much, just a quick slash.
I don't want a quick...
I don't want to get married.
Suit yourslef. Only don't come
complaining to me afterwards.
- You mustn't.
- Ooh, playing hard to get.
Come here.
- You little tease. Come here.
- No, listen...
- Come here, come on.
- Aargh!
(Gladstone cackles) Hello?
Oh, blimey! It couldn't have been!
A quick slash. That reminds me,
is there a little boys' room round here?
You should've thought of that before.
But this is a call of nature.
But this is the call of the jungle.
(Distant drumming)
Ooh! Phwoar...
That's enough.
You're getting too excited.
Take something, man. Take something.
What? Oh...
No.
What's this? Pickett's muscular elixir.
Eases stiffness.
(Growls softly)
(Cocks rifle)

Africa is so very romantic.

I never get tired of listening
to the strange noises.

- (Night insects chirrup)

- Let us just sit quietly and enjoy the night.

(Mouths)

Is there something wrong, my dear?

No.

No, no, no. It's... quite all right.

A little more?

I don't mind.

Of course.

How dare you!

(Squeals)

Haven't you ever seen
a woman before?

Obviously not.

- (Grunts)

- It's all right. It's nothing to be afraid of.

No, no, no. I know yours isn't like that,
but you're different from me.

I'm a woman.

Look. I'll show you.

See? Woman like that.

(Grunts)

Oh! No, no, that's a man.

A woman doesn't have a...

I mean... Oh, dear.

This is going to be very difficult.

ALL:

Stick it up your honka.

(Honk)

It is written that man is
the fountain of life.

ALL:

Without him, women are as
dried-up gardens.

ALL:

They can use my sprinkler any time.

You will be serious, please.

- Take it.

- What for?

It is the symbol of marriage.

I might have guessed.

Oh, yes? And what is this?

The symbol of fruitfulness.

Ask a silly question.

Yes.

'Ere, why did that girl give Sid a banana?

It was a marriage custom on the Limpopo.

Ooh, those poor girls! Going through

all that palaver to find Mr Right.

That's why the gang started a marriage

bureau in Carry On Loving.

They put couples together

using a computer.

Beats using a banana!

Fares, please.

Going all the way?

You must be joking!

That's better.

- Ooh!

- What's the matter?

You've got cold hands.

- Jenny...

- Oh. Terry...

(Door opens)

(Zipper)

Oh, sorry, Jenny.

I didn't know you were here.

Sally, this is my night. Wednesday.

I know.

It's all right. I'm going out...

As soon as I find my blue

sweater, anyway.

- Have you had it?

- Not yet.

Sophie, come and get it!

'Ere, look. How about that? Champers.

Oh, very nice. May I crack it?

Yes, go on, go ahead. There we are.

Ladies and gents, I realise that our marriage

has come as a bit of a shock to you all,

but I would like you to know

we are delighted to have you share

this great day with us,
all you blissfully happy couples
that we have brought together.
Farcical wedding medley #
How dare you, you old bag!
Incoming.
Oh, I do like a nice sloppy wedding.
I think every girl should have one.
You'll like Carry On Henry, then.
He had eight of 'em.
Music starts #
Ah! The pavane. My favourite measure.
Mine too.
May I have the pleasure?
Oh, no. I only came here to dance.
I promised my mother
I'd be a good Bette.
You're the best bet I've seen in years.
- Fancy that!
- Yes, I'm afraid he does.
Ooh, I can hardly believe it.
Little me in the King's arms.
Well, it's the best boozier in town.
With all those beautiful ladies in there,
why on earth did you pick on me?
There's a couple of things, I suppose.
Oh, Maj! You're only after one thing.
Why, what's the matter with
the other one?
Your Majesty, it is a great honour.
The King has done me.
No, no, no. No full stop.
"A great honour the King has done me."
Oh. That's right. Sorry.
It is a great honour the King has done me
by making me.
"By making me your lady in-waiting."
Dear, oh, dear, oh, dear.
Your Majesty,
if that isn't the best tunic I ever made,
my name isn't Moshe Montmerency.
- Yes, it's not bad.
- Not bad?
- The skirt's a bit on the long side.

- Skirt? Long?

We're proud of our royal legs, Moshe. We like the ladies of the court to marvel at their length. Your Majesty, I make the skirt any higher and they won't be marvelling at the length of the legs.

That remind me,

I need a bit more length on my hose.

Your Majesty is much too modest.

You see, I've really got

the biggest swan in the country.

- I'll show it to you.

- Yes.

Now, just over here you get

a beautiful view.

Just... round about there, I would say.

- Oh!

- There you are.

You twit!

Oh! You poor thing!

You're all wet through.

Oh, here.

Let me help you off with your clothes.

No, no, no. It's the wrong way round.

I was supposed to help...

That is the window of the room

where she daily bathes at this hour.

Ha, ha! Right, no mistakes this time.

Oh, don't worry, sire.

Nothing can go wrong.

All right. Let's go.

- Giddy-up, you lazy lump!

- (Horse whinnies)

Put me down! No!

Bugle sounds

Ha, ha, ha!

Don't be frightened.

Who are you?

And what do you want?

Come here. Come here.

Hey, not so fast, there!

Oh, no, you don't.

Come on. We're not in

the hay just to look for needles!

People are prepared to pay
handsomely for my favours.
Oh... Blimey.
Here. I've only got a two-shilling piece.
Oh. I haven't got any change.
Don't worry, darling.
You can owe it to me.
(Coin rattles)
The thing to do, sire, is to play for time.
Act the part of a loving husband.
- Impossible!
- You don't have to enjoy it, sire.
Simply go through the motions.
How can I, without doing anything?
It would seem the Queen has got
you by the well-known chandeliers.
Exactly. And if I do bed her,
Wolsey won't be able to get the annulment.
Yes, well, that is liable to take time,
your Majesty.
I haven't got time! I need another wife.
Yes, well, perhaps in the meantime you
could make some other arrangements, sire?
What other arrangements?
Like taking a mistress.
I am the King,
with a proud family motto to uphold.
Never spit on your own doorstep.
But my Lord Cardinal is right, sire.
We must step cautiously.
Don't tell me.
How do you think we got the motto?
At least Henry could sit on the
throne when he wanted to.
Well, you'll have to wait.
Think yourself lucky.
Poor Joan Sims had to wait nearly
ten months in Carry On Matron.
Well, now, you're three weeks overdue.
Your husband's getting very impatient.
Him? Well, he can talk!
Took him seven years to
get me pregnant.
Now I am, I'm going to enjoy myself.

If nothing happens soon,
we must think about inducing labour.
What, just to please him?
It's only a bit over nine months.
He should be glad I'm not an elephant.
I'm sure we're all very thankful
for that, Mrs Tidey.
Your baby's perfectly all right.
He's not! He's not!
- What the matter, Nurse?
- Oh, it nothing, Matron.
What do you mean, "nothing"?
There's something wrong with him.
Nonsense, Mrs Pullitt.
You have a fine little boy!
Take a look at his little thing, then.

MATRON:

Well, I can't see anything
wrong with it.
But it's all bent to one side.
(Siren wails)
Nurse, in that case there,
you'll find a hypo.
- A what?
- A hypodermic.
Oh.
- What, this thing?
- Yes. Fill it from that bottle there.
The one labelled pethidine.
Take it easy.
It won't be long now, Miss Darling.
(She moans)
Hurry up, Nurse.
I'm coming.
(Tyres screech)
Ooh! You idiot.
You've given me the lot.
Mrs Tidey, another false alarm, I see.
Afraid so, Matron.
Do you know what I think?
All that talk of injecting me put him off.
Possibly.
Still, it's nice to be back.

I don't like that delivery room.
It's not very comfortable.
Well, it isn't meant for comfort, Mrs Tidey.
It looks as if we'll have to try
something else, doesn't it?
Now you mention it, I wouldn't mind
some of the sausages and tomatoes.
Ah!
Cor! What is it?
Quick, tell me. What's she had?
Bacon and egg and fried potatoes.
Eh?
Oi!
Where do you think you're going?
I've got a load here.
I wouldn't want to drop it.
My sentiments exactly.
Oh, give us a hand.
Look, this'll take your mind off it.
Remember that lovely holiday
we had in Carry On Abroad?
Oh, yes.
Please! Please, working!
Why not working?
Welcoming, ladies and gentlemens.
Welcomings. I am Monsieur Pp.
Oh, yes. I see. Well, I'm the representative
of Wundatours. Stuart Farquhar.
Stupid what?
- Stuart. Stuart Farquhar.
- I think he was right the first time.
(Clanking and whirring)
What the hell is that?
Five o'clock!
(Drilling)
(Buzzing)
I'm not standing for that!
Ooh!
(Racket continues)
(Drilling)
Vic! Vic!
Look up there!
(Voice drowned out)
Do you think you can do something

about the windows? They won't open.

Holdings, please.

One minute, please.

It is easies, no? Thankings.

- (Screams)

- Blimey.

Vic! What are you doing in here?

Get out of here!

Sorry. If I'd known you were in here,
I wouldn't have come.

Yes, all right. Just get out of here
quick before somebody comes in.

You haven't got any soap on that bit.

- Sadie, just a minute...

- **CORA:**

Oh, cor blimey! Get back inside.

Quick.

I er... I think you dropped something.

Oh.

I, er...

Good thing I happened to come along,
because she mightn't have noticed.

Cora. Cora, just a minute.

Swinging instrumental

Aah!

(Splash)

- I think we'd better go to bed.

- That's a rather good idea.

Can we go up now, Bert?

It's been a lovely evening.

Might as well. Things seem
to be breaking up, anyway.

(Chuckles) Open the windows,
love, and let's get a bit of air.

Right. That's a good idea.

Won't be long. (Cackles)

I forgot!

(Screams with laughter)

They put the bloody glass in!

(Rumbling)

What's going on out there?

(Wind howls)

Aaargh!

Bert! Are you all right?

Fine. Just fine.

- (Rumbling)

- Oh, do hurry up, darling.

Coming.

Stand by to repel boarders!

(Whinnies)

(Coughing)

That does it. Everybody out!

Everyone out. Abandoning hotel.

Oh, look at all that water gushing.

Ooh, it makes you grit
your teeth, doesn't it?

- Well, you'll just have to hold it, Kenny.

- Why?

Well, look. There's me showing off
my assets in Carry On Girls. Ooh!

(Clears throat) Excuse me,
do you mind if I join you?

Oh, help yourself.

It's big enough, isn't it?

By Jove, yes.

I won't ask how far you want to go.

I might get the wrong answer.

Only to the bottom, my dear.

Sid, I want you to meet Cleopatra.

How do you...

- Have you gone out of your mind?

- No, it's for the photos.

Beauty and the beast. Get it?

Beauty and the... Beauty and
the beast! What a great idea.

Come on. Come over here.

- Come on.

- I am not having it in here. William, take it out.

Be reasonable.

It's only for a couple of minutes.

- Reasonable? I don't even allow dogs in here.

- It's not a dog.

I know it's not, but these
carpets are very expensive.

(Splat)

I'm afraid it's too late.

You thieving bitch!

- What's going on here?
- That's my bikini she's got on.
Really, I don't know
what she's talking about.
- Just a minute.
- She nicked it from my dressing room last year.
Darling, I wouldn't be
seen dead in your old rags.
You'll be seen dead
if you don't give it back!
That's quite enough.
You stay out of this!
You rotten cow!
(Screams) Oh, stop it, stop it!
(Chuckles) Ooh,
we certainly suffered in that one.
I'm suffering now.
Hurry up! What's next?
My favourite subject. Dick.
- It's manners to wait till you're asked.
- Cheeky!
All right, ladies. We just want
your clothes and your valuables.
Oh, is that all?
That'll do, Lizzie.
Now, then, what about you?
No, you are not having it off.
That's not what I had in mind.
What's on the end of that gold chain?
No. No, you must not touch that.
It is my only means of support.
- Let me have a look at it.
- You mustn't.
(Cockney) I told you
it was my only means of support!
As I was saying, sir,
All these hold-ups seems to have happened
within a 20-mile radius of this area here.
Yes, yes. Well?
We can deduce from that Turpin's
headquarters are somewhere around there.
What?! Oh,
any imbecile could see that, man!
Well, I just wanted to make

sure that you did.

Of course I did. Are you implying that any imbecile has got more sense than I have?

No, sir.

There's a notorious inn just as you go into Lower Dencher here.

It's the Old Cock, on the right.

That's where we've been going wrong!

- What?

- I've made provision on the left.

Will you shut up about the wretched breeches!

Go on, get up them stairs!

You minx, madam. Go on!

(Drunken jeers)

I am warning you lot for the last time.

This is for the next man who tries to make free with one of my girls!

- I wouldn't fancy a poke with that.

- What did you say?

Your blade, ma'am.

You handle it too expertly for my liking.

I shouldn't worry. You don't look as if you've got much to lose.

- Ha-ha! Much to lose!

- Shut up.

I understand you've met Dick Turpin.

Big Dick come up my place one night with some buckshot in his cheek.

So you say his face?

No, not that cheek, silly.

You mean he kept his face mask on?

Of course. But I'd know him anywhere again with his breeches down.

Really? How?

Well, he's got this funny birthmark on his diddler.

- On his what?

- You know what a diddler is, don't you?

A diddler is a slang term for...

Flap me sideways!

I've never heard it called that before.

(Passes water)

How do you do?
Have you had any luck
with your investigation?
It appears he has a curious
making on his -
if you'll pardon the expression,
Reverend - on his diddler.
Diddler? I don't know what that is.
Well, perhaps a more familiar
word for you would be...
Oh.
- But I fear that won't be of much use to you.
- Why not?
Well, so many folk round
here keep poultry.
I don't mean that kind of co...
This is very difficult.
If I may be permitted to speak?
What he means, Rector,
is that he's got a birthmark on his...
- Ah!
- Now he's got it!
Now I have got it, yes.
But I don't think it's possible
that Jack the woodcutter...
Jack the woodcutter?
He's the only one I know that has a chopper.
What you need, sir, is someone by your
side, to comfort you, share life's burdens.
Warm you, if needs be.
Oh, I don't know, Miss Hoggett.
I do have my warming pan, you know.
Yes, but where would you be
without me to put it in for you?
Eh?
I may be wrong,
but I think she's after a rise.
Out of the way! Out of my way!
Come on, get up there.
Up! Come on, boys!
Without bleeding doubt,
you are the most useless...
(Bong! Bong!)
...that ever drew (Bong) breath.

Ooh!

My reputation will be in ruins
if this goes on much longer.

Your reputation was in ruins
in Carry On Behind.

An interesting example of
Roman tessellation.

Tessellation - is name
for what they're doing, huh?

It simply means various Roman
pieces get laid... on cement.

Ooh! Is very uncomfortable
for them, no?

Anyway, tomorrow we are poking
holes all over caravan site with spikes.

I don't think they'll like that at all!

Oh, is all right. We're poking early.

What about that Peeping Tom?

I'd like to know what he...

Don't worry, love. I'll get it.

(Air hisses)

Hey!

What do you think you're doing?

That belongs to me!

- What are you yelling about?

- My ball's burning.

Don't stand so close to the fire.

Here! You might knock, or something.

I was getting undressed.

Is luxury, undressing on expedition.

When I was in Gobi desert,

we did not undress for ten weeks.

You didn't take your clothes off
for ten weeks?

Well, most of them.

I see.

Professor Crump and I
are living in caravan together.

We have been all over the site, poking.

Don't you think it would be
better if I wrote the report?

Who's expert on Romans - you or I?

You are.

Then will you please continue,

Professor Crump.
First we are finding remains
of Roman paving...
showing pictures of... an erotic nature.
One of the pictures is showing an...
a venus.
A what?
A venus.
You must know what a venus is, no?
Well, it's neither one thing
nor the other, really, is it?
A venus, Professor Crump,
is the goddess of love.
Oh, you mean Venus!
Is what I am saying. Venus!
Whoever built this dump should be shot.
There ought to be a
convenience in here!
Ooh, but there are lots of them,
in Carry On At Your Convenience.
You're looking very well this morning,
Mrs Moore.
Thank you, Doctor.
Can I get dressed again now?
Yes, while I put my eyes back in.
- A new suit?
- Yeah. Had a bit of luck on the gee-gees.
- You'll have to give me some tips.
- I've got a good one.
Don't bend over in a tight skirt.
Saucy!
Come on, then, ladies.
Off you come. Careful.
(Women giggle)
- Go on!
- (Giggling)
You can open your eyes now.
It's all over.
Oh, no, it's not! You haven't seen me
in my most magnificent role.
My public would never forgive me
if they didn't see me putting all I've got
into the Khasi.
Who's the turban job on the throne?

You mean the Khasi.

That's Randy Lal.

Who?

Randy Lal, the Khasi of Kalabar.

Ooh. How do you know he is, then?

How do I know he's what?

Randy.

That's his name!

My father, who are those people?

That, light of my darkness,

is Sir Sidney Ruff Diamond,

the British governor, whose benevolent rule
and wise guidance we could well do without.

Oh, no, you don't. Saty where you are.

I've got you covered.

Oh, just a minute. Covered.

No, no, no, sir. No need for antagonism.

I have a present for you here.

- Oh.

- Very good Indian scimitar.

Can cut men in two with one stroke.

I wonder...

Now we know! Hurr-hurr-ha-ha!

- Ho, ho!

- I do not understand, my father.

What is there to fear from a warrior
who wears nothing underneath his skirt?

Oh, my child, you have not made war!

But think how frightening it would be
to have such a man charging at you
with his skirts flying in the air and
flashing his great big bayonet at you.

Well, thank goodness.

Now we can finish our tiffin.

- Later. I've got something important to do.

- What?

- I've got to go to the Khasi.

- You should have gone before.

The Khasi of Kalabar.

May the benevolence of the god Shivu
bring blessings on your house.

And on yours.

And may his wisdom bring success
in all your undertakings.

And in yours.
And may his radiance light up your life.
And up yours.
Widdle, run!
(Shots ring out)
Close the gates. Come on, inside!
All right, cease fire. Cease fire!
Reporting back, sir. I'm sorry but we
were unable to hold them at the Pass.
Carry on. Take over the defence.
Sir.
Now, gentlemen, this revolt
will have to be suppressed
with the utmost tact and diplomacy.
We'll string up half a dozen of
'em for a start.
I have come to offer you and your
people safe conduct out of Kalabar.
Waltz #
You, up there! What is this noise?
- Can you see what is happening?
- Yes, they are sitting down to dinner.
- Start the attack!
- Imshi!
Fire!
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!
That will teach them
to ban turbans on the buses.
(Explosion)
Terrible noise.
Yes. It's shocking, innit?
It's not a first-class orchestra.
They're doing their best.
I must say, the wind seems
to be a little strong tonight.
- You rang, sir?
- Yes, Chindi, you may serve the wine.
Wine? They're all raving mad.
More wine, Mr Belcher?
Chindi, get me some more Margauz.
This one's bit off.
Oh, dear.
I seem to have got a little plastered.
(Fierce gunfire)

(Applause)

(Pop)

Cor blimey!

You frightened the life out of me!

(Explosion)

I wonder if I might pop out, sir,

and see if anything's happening?

But you haven't had your pudding yet.

Oh, and it's strawberry mousse.

Oh. Well, in that case...

- They've broken into the compound, sir.

- That's a dashed bad show!

Perhaps we ought to go out

and have a look, eh, Captain?

- Yes, sir.

- If the ladies'll excuse us.

(Commotion)

Fall back to the Residency, men!

Fall back!

Captain Keene. Your collar's undone.

Oh. Sorry, sir.

I'm afraid we're done for, sir.

There's too many of them.

Not yet. Line the men up down there.

Sir?

- Line them up! Facing the enemy.

- Yes, sir.

Dis... engage!

Form one straight line

facing the enemy!

Stop!

Redi, get the Raj.

Company... kilts... front!

Go on! There are no Devils in

Skirts to frighten you now!

Hands... raise!

ALL:

Come back! Come back!

There's nothing to be afraid of!

Oh, I don't know, though.

- Sidney, dear, are you all right?

- I'm top-hole, dear.

- I thought we'd have coffee in the lounge.

- Yes, why not?

Oh, dear.

That's all right.

We'll clear it up in the morning.

Oh, come on, Kenny. It's all over.

Oh, no, it's not all over!

That's the trouble with the world today.

They haven't the courage to Carry On
like that brave few up there.

But never fear! There'll always be
ordinary, decent men and women
ready to step in and fill the ranks
and all the other cinemas
throughout this septic isle!

Ah, the far flung Dominions
and the Majestics and the Regals
and the Gaumonts
with their great organs coming up
out of the floor - the mighty Wurlitzers,
not to mention the Granadas
and the Roxys and the Ionics
and the raviolis and the saveloys
and the pease pudding.

One empire may have gone,
but another will spring up to take its place.

Nay, twins or even triplets!

And we shall Carry On beyond
these shores

in Thailand in Iceland,
in Hindustan and Pakistan,
in the faeaway Burmese
and the takeaway Chinese.

We shall make them laugh on
the beaches in the Middle East,
in the front stalls and up the back,
and the back stalls, as well.

Yes, for we are that
that precious few,
that happy band that is forever England.

I don't speak for one. I speak for all!

Oh, he does, you know.

He's a terrible bigmouth.

Give us the fools and we will
finish the job!

For in a corner of every foreign field,
we'll leave a little something
that is part of our national heritage.

(Kenneth rants on)

He's quite mad, you know.

But then, we all are.

That'll fix him.

Ta-ta!

And I say unto you that never before,
in all the field of human entertainment,
have so few done so much to so many!

Here, here, Barbara!

Barbara. Barbara!

I can't open the door.

You must let me out.

Let me out!

You must help me.

I have to pee. I want a pee.

I...

Captioned by Grantman Brown