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# The Belles of St. Trinian's

By Frank Launder

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Well done!

Tell Arshad to have the windows facing the street boarded up.

Yes, Your Highness.

...the favour of an early reply.

My felicitations, et cetera.

I was told you wished to see me with Fatima, sir.

Yes, I do. Will you sit down, please, both of you?

Miss Anderson, first let me say that I've always been delighted with the way

you've brought up my children.

However, in a few years' time, Fatima will reach an age when...

Well, as you know, I've had to let the Americans build air bases here and in the circumstances

I thought it advisable for her to finish her schooling abroad.

I take it it's England

you wish to send her to, sir?

It is.

Since my racehorses are there, I shall be able to visit them and Fatima at the same time.

Had you any particular school in mind, Your Highness?

Well, I thought you might be able to advise me about that, Miss Anderson.

There are many excellent schools where I've no doubt Fatima would be...

Tell Arshad I wish to see him on a domestic matter.

I'm awfully sorry, Your Highness, but... that girl...

- Hm?

- She isn't your wife, sir.

- I beg your pardon?

- No, sir. She's not on the strength.

She's an American lady writing a series of articles called "The Lure of the Harem"

for the "Saturday Evening Post".  
Arshad has no right to do these things  
without my permission.  
You were saying, Miss Anderson?  
Well, I've been thinking.  
An old school friend of mine is  
headmistress at a school in Barchester  
called St Trinian's.  
Barchester?  
But what could be more convenient?  
My horses are trained  
in the same county.  
Would you like me  
to write to my friend, then, sir?  
Will you, please, Miss Anderson?  
Inform her mother  
what I'm proposing, will you?  
Her mother?  
My dear girl, look in the files!  
'The train now standing  
in platform one is the school special'  
'calling at Reading, Hungerford...'  
St Trinian's?  
Now, girls, put away those whistles  
at once and get into the train.  
Good morning. I'm Prudence Buckland,  
physics mistress, St Trinian's.  
Princes Fatima, I presume.  
Miss Fritton, our head, told me to keep  
a special eye open for little Fatima.  
Now, come along, my dear.  
The train's just off. Thank you so much.  
- Yes?  
- Is that you, Superintendent?  
This is Sergeant Goobold  
of Little Twining speaking. They're back!  
I shouldn't be  
more than five minutes, Sam.  
- Bella, hurry up.  
- OK.  
Come along.  
Good morning.  
Excuse me. My name is Fritton.  
Clarence Fritton. I'm Bella's father.

She knows! How do, Rose?  
How do you do? Actually, I've come  
to see my sister, Miss Fritton.  
She's... she's... she's head...  
Oh... Thank you.  
Thank you very much. Excuse me.  
What a very odd woman.  
What does she teach?  
- Scripture and needlework.  
- Oh, really?  
Bella!  
How lovely to see you!  
I told you I'd be back!  
We have that hurdle yet to cross, my girl.  
Now, you just behave yourself  
and let me do the talking.  
Come in.  
- Morning, Millie.  
- Hello, Auntie.  
Clarence.  
Clarence, I thought I'd made it  
abundantly clear from my letter  
that I had expelled Arabella.  
Yes, I know. I know, Millie. I know.  
Goodness knows, I've been lenient  
with her to the point of imbecility!  
Monica Drew wasn't expelled  
when she burnt down the gymnasium.  
The gymnasium was insured!  
The sports pavilion was not.  
I appreciate the distinction, Millie.  
I can no longer afford to have... to have  
continual arson about in my school.  
I had to make an example!  
But why pick on Arabella?  
Clarence, when poor Frieda and I  
started this school,  
during the general strike of 1926,  
we vowed to make it the happiest carefree  
establishment to the whole of Britain.  
And what a gay arcadia of happy girlhood  
it was then until the war broke out.  
And such things as good manners  
and good taste

were replaced by...

by your black-market values.

- Why are you in that dreadful get-up?

- I'm going to Newbury races.

Hm!

Still following those pernicious animals.

Really, Clarence,

you're a disgrace to the family.

I'd hardly call you a credit to it, Millie.

Then why are you so anxious for me

to take Arabella back?

Business.

I hear that the Sultan of Makyad  
is sending his daughter to school here.

And what, pray, has that got to do  
with you or Arabella?

The Sultan of Makyad has a string  
of first-class racehorses, Millie.

Do you... do you mean to say  
that you're sending Arabella back here  
simply to get you racing information?  
But in my world, we live by information.

Really, Clarence, this is a school,  
not... not Newmarket Heath! Oh!

Now, nothing on earth will persuade me  
to take Arabella back.

Oh... Oh!

Millie...

You wouldn't like it if I went to Mother  
and told her that you had mortgaged  
the family home up to the hilt, would you?  
Mummy would never believe you.

She'd cut you out of her will in a trice  
and you know it.

But Clarence, you come here  
with a request like that  
without having the grace to offer  
to pay Arabella's back school fees.

Oh, well,

I'll give you something on account.

And supposing, just supposing,

I was insane enough to accept,

how long do you expect

this evil child to remain here?

Only for this term.  
Yes, and I should think so, too.  
She'll well over school age as it is.  
Jane Andrews is older than me.  
So's Pogo Williams.  
What's more, Pogo's married.  
Not officially.  
Clarence, I'll take 40 in cash  
and the balance by cheque.  
I'm sorry, Millie. A tenner's the top.  
Clarence, I said 20 in cash.  
Not a penny less.  
I only wish I could spare it, Millie.  
Of course, if you don't...  
Oh, I suppose  
I'm just a foolish weak woman.  
And you're an unscrupulous rogue,  
Clarence.  
Come in.  
Oh... I'm sorry, Miss Fritton.  
I didn't know you were engaged.  
It's all right, it's all right.  
We're just going.  
I've brought the new girls.  
How do you do?  
Is this the little princess?  
Yes, this is her little highness.  
Bless her!  
How are you, my dear?  
I know your father very well.  
He and I are both great animal lovers.  
Miss Buckland, bring the children  
over here, will you, please?  
This is my daughter, Arabella.  
She's going to be  
a good friend to you, aren't you?  
- You bet!  
- Come along, girls.  
Goodbye, Millicent.  
I'll tell Mummy you're doing splendidly.  
How do you do, my clears?  
This is Daphne Potter and Celeste West.  
Hello , Daphne, Celeste.  
And this is the Princess Fatima.

Ah, yes! And welcome to St Trinian's.  
You'll find us all  
one big happy family here.  
Perhaps just a teeny-weeny bit  
unorthodox,  
but, there, that's better  
than being old-fashioned, isn't it?  
You see, in other schools,  
girls are sent out quite unprepared  
into a merciless world.  
But when our girls leave here,  
it is the merciless world  
which has to be prepared.  
That is why we set great store here  
on physical fitness.  
Lots of games, lots of exercise,  
a certain amount of food  
and, above all, lots and lots of fresh air!  
Particularly fresh air!  
Thank you.  
We're gonna be late  
if we don't hurry, gov.  
Two o'clock's the first race.  
It's gone one now.  
It's only half an hour to the course.  
Hold that a minute.  
Carry on, Sam, and don't dawdle.  
OK, gov.  
You'll show the girls round the school,  
won't you, Miss Buckland?  
- I will, Miss Fritton.  
- Right. Off you go.  
Good bye!  
Ah, Miss Holland, come right in.  
- Oh, the post.  
- It is.  
Quite a collection.  
There isn't any food in the school.  
Unless the tradespeople are paid,  
there won't be.  
- There may be some cheques there.  
- Cheques are no good.  
- Some of them might be!  
- We need cash!

Want me to draw it on the blackboard?  
Unless we get food today,  
you might as well close the dump.  
Please do not refer  
to my school as a "dump".  
Your school?  
You mean the bank's school,  
the pawnbroker's school.  
And I suppose that's where the school's  
challenge cups have gone again.  
- I needed a holiday.  
- You'll have a long one soon.  
How do you think you can carry on  
with an overdraft and bouncing cheques?  
Some of them have not bounced,  
Miss Holland.  
They're merely post-dated.  
What is the use of cheques  
dated 1956, 7, 8 and 9?  
Well, I was...  
I was taking the long-term view.  
It's this term you want  
to think about, my lady.  
You live in a sort of dream world,  
queening it over this heathen rabble!  
Why don't you enquire what families  
they come from before you accept them?  
You know, Miss Holland,  
I sometimes think  
you haven't  
one ounce of humanity in you  
and I suppose the truth is  
that I have too much.  
Yes, I sometimes think it's just  
the frustrated mother instinct in me  
that... that urges me on.  
This... this must be a letter  
from the Sultan.  
Oh, yes. Look, Holland. A cheque.  
A cheque for two terms in advance.  
Miss Fritton, must I keep repeating?  
We need cash!  
Oh, but I dare say, we shall have it,  
we shall have it.



Oh, just listen to this.  
He wants Fatima to take piano,  
horse riding, Greek dancing,  
verse speaking and all kinds of extras.  
We need cash! And now!  
"I have given Fatima  
100 pocket money."  
100...  
...pocket money!  
Holland, not only do I think  
that this is the silver lining,  
but I fancy it will be muffins for tea.  
This is where we, mistresses, relax  
in our free time.  
Hello, everybody.  
I said, hello, everybody.  
I've brought the new girls to meet you.  
This is Fatima,  
the Princess of Makyad, you know,  
Daphne and Celeste.  
This is Miss Brimmer. She'll be  
taking you in art and handicrafts.  
- Like a tot, Aggie?  
- No, thank you.  
This is Miss Wilson. She teaches maths.  
I say, would you mind getting the kids  
off the eye line, old sport?  
Really, Sybil!  
Mademoiselle de Saint Emilion,  
your French mistress.  
Enchante.  
This is Miss Drownder.  
She'll be taking you in geography...  
some of the time. Come along, girls.  
And this is Miss Gale who will  
be taking you in English literature.  
'Ello, ducks. How are you?  
I hope you like it here.  
Come along, girls. Come along.  
Like it here? Like it here?  
That's a funny one!  
Really, Brimmer, you might at least wait  
until they're out of earshot!  
If Fritton would only pay

what she owes me,  
I'd have been out of this dump  
like a shot!  
You wouldn't see me for dust.  
Oh, if only I had the courage  
to give myself up.  
The food would be better  
and the company.  
I'm not complaining. I haven't got  
a single jolly qualification.  
Still, if we've got to stick here,  
we ought to make an effort  
to prize some dough out of the old witch.  
Good morning, all.  
I hope you enjoyed your holidays.  
Oh, this place.  
It always reminds me  
of a ladies' powder room in Port Said.  
But if I may interrupt you to tell you  
that I've had the usual communication  
from the Ministry,  
only this time they're threatening  
to close the school.  
Thank heavens someone's seen the light.  
May I remind you, Miss Waters,  
that if this school closes,  
it'll be at least five years  
before you see the light.  
But, seriously, ladies,  
I think we ought to attempt  
to affect at least an appearance  
of improvement this term.  
I'm sure that if we all pull together,  
we can manage  
the odd school certificate.  
You realise none of us  
has been paid since Easter.  
I know that. I know that.  
- And, believe me, it's on my conscience.  
- Well, get it off your conscience!  
I have the greatest hopes of doing so.  
Shortly.  
We have several affluent pupils  
this term,

including  
the Sultan of Makyad's daughter.  
He must be crazy to send her here.  
Doubtless, doubtless,  
but the point is we've got her  
and it's not merely  
what he's prepared to spend.  
Goodness knows,  
money appears to be no object.  
He's given her 100 pocket money.  
- How much?  
- 100.  
But it's what it may lead to  
that is important.  
I'm told that the Sultan  
has at least 17 other daughters.  
Well, of course, I don't want  
to be too optimistic, ladies,  
but I really think that the tide  
has ceased to ebb and it's about to...  
I understand your father gave you  
100 pocket money, my dear.  
That's a lot of cash to carry around here.  
Most unwise. Almost fatal, in fact.  
Now, if you give it to me,  
I'll look after it for you.  
Hurry. Come on. Cough up. Where is it?  
What's it say?  
Well, what do you know!  
The old so-and-so!  
Come on, girls. Off you go to bed.  
No messing about!  
Another bedtime, another term.  
Oh, it's good to be back in harness again.  
Oh, yes.  
For some, just routine,  
but for us, my dear Prudence,  
the breath of life.  
Listen.  
Term has begun!  
Come in.  
Superintendent Kemp Bird  
of the Barchester Constabulary, sir.  
Ah, sit down, Superintendent.

It isn't often we have the pleasure  
of entertaining the police here.

- Cigarette?

- Thank you.

I... I'm sorry

I wasn't more explicit in my letter.

Thank you.

It's... it's not the sort of thing  
one can discuss on paper.

Oh, you intrigue me.

Well, it's about a girls' school  
called... St Trinian's.

Pardon me.

Not at all.

You... you know all about it, I see.

You observe the abnormal size  
of the "T" file.

What sort of line have you taken?

In the first place,

I sent one of my best men to inspect it.

- And what did he report?

- He never came back.

- I beg your pardon?

- Disappeared. Completely.

- What did you do, then?

- Send another man after him.

- Oh, and he bought him back?

- No, he disappeared, too.

You sent two inspectors  
and never heard of either of them again?

- Not a word.

- But why didn't you inform the police?

It's hardly the sort of thing the Ministry  
wants to draw attention to.

Besides, I knew they were all right.

They kept drawing their pay.

I put a stop to that in the end.

- You simply accepted the situation?

- Superintendent, bear with me, please!

This school has practically reduced me  
to a nervous wreck!

A year ago, I went to a psychiatrist.

He told me to put it out of my mind.

That's what I've done.

Now my secretary just sends them  
routine letters and I sign them.

My dear fellow,

I wouldn't trouble you now,

but there's been

a positive crime wave in the area.

Arson, forged fivers, poison pen letters.

I'm surprised to hear the girls can write.

- The trouble is we've no direct evidence.

- Ah.

And that's where I really need your help.

I want to get someone

to work for me on the inside.

What makes you think he'll come back?

I thought we might get

a woman police officer

on the teaching staff for a few months.

If there are any vacancies.

There are always vacancies

at St Trinian's.

The significant thing is nothing

ever happens during the school holidays.

Oh, the school holidays.

Happy clays! I long for them!

Me, too.

I... I suppose you wouldn't care

to give me the name of your psychiatrist.

- I'd be delighted, old man.

- Oh, thanks very much.

Ah! Just as I thought. There we are.

That's what you're after, I fancy.

'Sergeant Gates to see you, sir.'

Send her in.

Come in.

- You sent for me?

- Yes.

I have

the most important assignment for you.

Oh, good-oh, Sammy!

How many times must I tell you

not to call me "Sammy" in the office?

Sorry, Sammy. Sorry.

Before you joined the police,

you taught in a girls' school.

Yes. I was a games mistress.  
Quite. That's the reason  
I've chosen you for this job.  
I want you to go into a girls' school,  
incognito, of course,  
and see what's going on there.  
It's not St Trinian's?  
St Trinian's.  
No, Sammy. No.  
You of all people to send me there!  
There are limits. I won't do it!  
I shall regard a refusal  
as a dereliction of duty.  
I can't help it. It's not fair.  
You're taking advantage of me.  
Don't be ridiculous.  
Yes, you are.  
After all we've meant to each other.  
It's. .. it's rotten!  
Now, listen to me, Ruby.  
I didn't mean to mention this,  
but didn't I give you a promotion?  
Didn't I take you off the beat?  
I know! I know!  
Then surely you can do  
this one little thing in return.  
But it's not a little thing.  
It's... it's horrible!  
Ruby, dear, please don't be so...  
so un-policewomanly.  
I can't help it.  
It's a terrible place!  
Why do you suppose  
I want you to go there?  
Don't you see that we must work together  
to stamp out this... this canker?  
But we shan't be together.  
You'll be here and I'll be there.  
We shan't even get  
to the pictures together.  
It won't be forever.  
I wrote to the school on your behalf,  
applying for the post of games mistress.  
- You didn't!

- They've accepted you.  
Who's Chloe Crawley?  
That's you, dear.  
I couldn't use your real name.  
But "Chloe"? That' a terrible name!  
And "Crawley".  
They'll call me "Creepy Crawley".  
Why couldn't you have thought  
of something like "Mavis"?  
- You don't look like a Mavis to me, clear.  
- I hope I don't look like a Chloe either.  
No, of course, you don't, dear.  
To me, you'll always be just...  
plain Ruby.  
Don't you see, dear,  
how much this means to us?  
And you will do it? For both our sakes?  
All right. I'll have to polish up  
my hockey before I bully off.  
What sort of record  
have we got at hockey?  
My dear, the trouble  
has been to get a fixtures list,  
owing to the spirit of defeatism  
that even our little girls  
seem to have instilled  
into their opponents.  
We have won practically every cup  
in the county.  
With the exception  
of the Markham trophy.  
We're playing Billstone Lane  
for that shortly.  
Not... not quite  
the same class of school perhaps.  
We'll never lay the spectre of juvenile  
delinquency by cold-shouldering it.  
Oh, careful.  
School cups, I suppose.  
Oh, yes, yes, yes. That's right.  
They've... they've gone  
to be "pawnished"... polished!  
Quite a collection,  
Miss Crawley, isn't it?

Sorry I can't show you the gym.  
We're temporarily out of action.  
- What are you doing, Euphemia?  
- Nothing, Miss Fritton!  
Who is that man?  
Oh...  
You know, I'm not absolutely sure.  
It could be Harry.  
A boot boy I engaged in 1940.  
Of course, he was only 12  
and didn't have any moustache then,  
but, apart from that, I see no reason  
why it shouldn't be Harry.  
The fourth form are  
amazingly advanced in their chemistry.  
Shall we see what they're up to, hm?  
Bessie, you will be careful  
of that nitroglycerin, won't you, pet?  
Yes, Miss Fritton.  
I told you they're frightfully advanced.  
Ah, there you are, Miss Wilson!  
Well, great activity, as usual.  
Oh, rather! But I haven't a clue  
what they're making.  
Really? Well... well, let's see, shall we?  
Gangway! Would you mind?  
Hold it steady, Molly!  
Lower away!  
Here it comes now!  
This is... It's got something.  
I don't quite know what,  
but send a few bottles up to my room.  
Whatever it is,  
it'll do for the Old Girls' reunion.  
Come along now, Miss Crawley.  
You must tear yourself away.  
We've lots more to see, you know.  
Practical things like chemistry prove  
such a natural outlet, I always think.  
Oh, dear. Poor little Bessie.  
I warned her to be careful  
of that nitroglycerin.  
I think perhaps leave that till you're  
more used to our ways, Miss Crawley.



Geography.

...Rhone, Burgundy, Pouilly and Chablis.

Quite right, dear.

And now I want you to write down  
the six best vintage years of champagne  
since 1928.

- Bella, your dad wants you on the phone.

- OK.

Oh, I'll give your love to the old man.

Miss Crawley, I think that gives you  
a fair picture of the school.

Quite.

Hi, Pop!

Hello, kid. How are you getting on  
with the little princess?

'OK. Why?'

Just that it looks as if we might need  
the little lady sooner than I expected.

You know the horse, Blue Prince,  
that Benny and I have entered  
for the Gold Cup?

Well, we've backed it to win the fortune.

Ah. Now let me tell you.

The Sultan's got a horse  
he bought from France called Arab Boy,  
entered in the same race.

You want the princess to take me to  
the stables to find out the form. Is that it?

Yes, yes. But not so loud, Bella.

Arab Boy doesn't stand  
an earthly on the book,

but, well,

we'd like to be on an absolute certainty  
and they're running it  
in a trial tomorrow morning.

- Well, what time?

- 'Nine o'clock I'm told.'

Nine.

Now, you know what we want. The time,  
the distance and the weight he carries.

Well, you leave that to me.

I'll take a few of the gang along.

OK. OK.

OK. Don't worry, Pop.

We'll get the dough.

Jackie, what'll you give me  
if I tell you what I've just heard?

- What have you heard?
- Something you'd like to know.
- What is it?
- No!

Let me go! Stop it! Let go of my arm!

- What is it now?
- Stop twisting my arm first, you pigs!

It's not fair! I make it my... Oh!

Come on! Spill it!

Well, you know Bella's dad's  
got a horse in the Gold Cup?

We know!

He's told her to find out  
the form of the horse  
the Sultan's got in the same race.

- Arab Boy!
- They're running it in a trial tomorrow.
- What does that mean?
- I think we ought to know about it.

Yes! There may be a chance  
to make some money.

Oh!

- Ready, John?
- Yes, sir.

Right-oh, then.

Well, it looks all right on paper,  
but it doesn't mean much  
unless we know the weight.

- Where do they put the weight?
- In the saddle, of course!
- Lumps of lead.
- How are we going to find that out?

OK. What about the weight?

Leave that to Amanda. That baby's  
giving him the full treatment.

Corn Exchange, then.

Nine o'clock Thursday.

Hurry up, Jackie! As quick as you can!

- I am hurrying!
- What does it say?

Listen, rabble!

Making allowance for the weight,  
according to my reckoning,  
Arab Boy ran that trial ten seconds faster  
than the horse  
that won the Gold Cup last year.

We've got to get our money on  
before the news leaks out!

Why?

Because the price  
will drop like a stone when it does.

- Don't you know anything about racing?

- Not much.

Well, it's time you did at your age.

Come on, kids! Get your lolly together  
and we'll shove it onto Arab Boy, OK?

I'll whistle up Flash Harry!

How do, lady.

How do.

Here he comes!

Come on, Flash!

What on earth are you doing there?

- Listening.

- Go away at once, you disgusting child!

You never know what goes on  
if you don't keep your ear to the ground.  
Now, hurry up or I'll give you 100 lines!  
100 lines!

We've got a machine for doing them!

It's all we have.

Three nicker? You ain't gonna make  
a fortune on that, are you?

How about our gin money, Harry?

What about...?

Oh, no, no. I haven't flogged it yet.

It ain't everyone who like home-made gin.

There's a lot of good stuff  
on the market nowadays.

I've just thought of something!

What about the 100 quid Fatima's got?

I haven't got it. Miss Fritton has.

Supposing if we could get it off her.

Would you lend it to us?

- It's in a good cause, Fatty.

- She'd never part with it.

Why not? It's your lard, innit? Why don't  
you put the screws on the old custard?  
There you are, at last.  
Because I warded off the tradespeople,  
do think you can forget about it?  
Miss Holland, I pay you  
to attend to my accounts.  
Would you kindly get up out of my chair?  
Huh-huh! One really can't call anything  
one's own in this place.  
You're right there. We've got 400  
in the bank and we owe 4,000.  
What? 4,000? Oh, dear.  
Oh, are you... are you quite sure?  
Of course I'm sure! Look for yourself!  
Right. I don't want to look.  
Figures mean nothing to me.  
They will when the bailiffs arrive.  
And while I'm here, I should like  
to give you my fortnight's notice.  
I'm taking a job with the pools.  
It will be heaven  
to be in the money again.  
Come in.  
Can we see you, Miss Fritton, please?  
Hm? Oh, yes, yes, yes. I suppose so.  
If you... if you must.  
Can I have my pocket money, please?  
Why? Whatever for, Fatima?  
Because it's hers.  
Do you have to bring your friends  
with you to ask for your pocket money?  
- They want to borrow some, don't you?  
- But borrowing is against the rules.  
But we'll pay it back on Thursday  
when the gee wins.  
The gee?  
You mean you want to borrow  
Fatima's money to put upon a horse?  
It's her dad's horse.  
The very idea of asking me for money  
to gamble upon racehorses!  
It isn't gambling. Arab Boy's  
a stone-cold certainty. He can't lose.

We watched the trial.  
He did the distance  
in 6 minutes 12 seconds.  
- Carrying 12 and something.  
- The price is 10-1 now.  
If we can rake up 50 quid,  
we'll get 500 back on Thursday!  
Girls, girls, girls!  
You're making me blench!  
- Off to your rooms at once!  
- But, Miss Fritton, it's an investment!  
At once, at once! Do you hear?  
10-1?  
400 at 10-1.  
Must be about 4,000.  
If you are practising for your Tenderfoot  
badge, mind doing it elsewhere?  
- Yes, Miss Fritton.  
- Thank you, Miss Crawley.  
My name is Fritton. Millicent Fritton.  
I'm headmistress here.  
- I know, lady.  
- Oh, you do.  
Well, I'm afraid I don't know you.  
Do you mind telling me your name?  
Harry.  
Harry. Oh, Harry was the name  
of a boot boy I engaged in 1940.  
- That's me.  
- Oh, I was right.  
Then, tell me are you...  
are you still... polishing?  
No.  
Of course, I don't wish to pry,  
but do you mind telling me  
what you do do?  
I trade. Gin. Nylons. Anything.  
Oh, really?  
Well, in that case,  
I suppose you know something  
about the... about the workings  
of the racing world.  
Racing? Brought up on it.  
My dad sold race cards.

Funny, innit? Beginning like that  
and ending up in a public school.  
Yes, quite, but what I want from you now  
is some racing information.  
Do you want a winner?  
No, no. I... I already have the winner.  
What I want to know is how to...  
to invest money on it.  
'Ere, it's not this Stone Ginger, is it?  
You know, the Sultan's horse?  
- It is the Sultan's horse.  
- Oh, no trouble at all.  
You slip me the mazuma. I'll nip down  
to Alf. The same as I do for the girls.  
Girls? Are you telling me that you take  
betting money from my girls?  
What, if it wasn't for this place,  
how do you think old Alf  
would go off with his wife and kids  
to the "riverara" every year, eh?  
Eh? How much do you want on?  
I am not sure that I want anything on.  
But if I... if I were to put something on,  
it would be... 400.  
- Come again.  
- 400 and I should want 10-1.  
Cor! What a dame, eh? What a dame!  
It just shows you how you can be wrong  
about people, dunnit, eh?  
400 smackers, eh? 400 smackers.  
Ante-post, I suppose.  
Ante who?  
Ante-post. Backing the nag  
before the day of the race.  
Oh, a load of dough like that  
is gonna take a lot of placing.  
- Must you keep pacing about like this?  
- Mm, yes. I must pace. Oh, must pace.  
If I don't pace, I can't concentrate.  
If I can't concentrate, I can't think.  
On a folding-money job this size,  
they'll want to know the stuffs good.  
- You'll have to come with me now.  
- What?

- Me? Go with you?

- Yeah.

Oh, dear.

Oh... well, I... suppose  
this is one occasion in life  
when one must sacrifice  
one's finer instincts.

'Ere... is that your mum?

I beg your pardon?

Oh, yeah, there couldn't be  
no mistake there!

- Oh, what a couple of dames, eh?

- Look, I'll call a taxi.

And meet you outside the school gates  
in ten minutes.

Okey-doke. 'Ere...

Oh, you know, funny,  
me and you meeting like this  
after all these years, eh?

It's extraordinarily amusing,  
but never mind about that now.

Right. We'll chew it over in the taxi, eh?

Outside the gates. Ten minutes.

Yes, and try not to be too conspicuous.

Me? Conspicuous?

Lady, I'm the invisible man.

Your daughter, sir.

- Bella! You haven't been expelled again?

- No! It's about the trial.

I didn't think it was safe to phone.

Hold on a minute, Benny.

Bella's here. She's got news.

Benny's scared.

The price of Arab Boy has dropped.

Well, no wonder.

He did the Gold Cup distance  
in 6 minutes 12 seconds, carrying 12, 3.  
12, 3.

- Er, 12... 12, 3? That's impossible!

- No mistake, Pop.

- Are you absolutely sure?

- Absolutely.

No, no. It can't be, it can't be.

No, no. That'd make Arab Boy

ten pounds better than the Prince.  
What am I to do?  
I've got a fortune on the Prince.  
- Can't you lay it off?  
- What?  
With every single penny I've got  
on the Prince, don't be a fool!  
The Prince has just got, got, got to win!  
Hello. Hello, Benny, Benny.  
Come down at once! I've got news.  
No, no, no, not bad news. Disastrous!  
I don't know how I ever got into  
partnership with such a nervous wreck!  
Couldn't we nobble Arab Boy, Pop?  
Don't you dare talk like that here!  
Well, we've got Arab Boy's stable lad  
eating out of our hands.  
We could fix him with 100 nicker,  
easy as falling off a log.  
I'm not listening!  
Fancy you suggesting schemes like that  
to your poor distracted father!  
Go on! Go on! Back to school,  
where you belong, you... you wicked girl.  
OK. But think it over, Pop.  
You're in a spot.  
And we've got the contact  
and we've got the organisation.  
Talk it over with Benny.  
Leave this office at once!  
Well, if you change your mind,  
slip down tomorrow.  
There'll be some parents down  
for the hockey match. So long!  
Come on, girls!  
At the double, for goodness' sake!  
Come on! You know the match starts  
in half an hour.  
OK!  
Come on, girls!  
You really are the laziest lot I ever saw!  
Matron mended the net.  
You might at least  
show some keenness by getting it up.



Listen, we don't wanna know!  
Well, really! At my other school...  
You know, it's a funny thing.  
Surely this goal's smaller than that one.  
- Only two feet.  
- It's our goal!  
How do you know it's our goal?  
We haven't won the toss yet.  
- We always win the toss.  
- How?  
Hold this.  
Two heads? That's cheating!  
- Nark it!  
- No, I refuse to nark it.  
What's the advantage? You've got  
to change over for the second half.  
- Never is a second half.  
- Give it to me! Gracious me!  
I thought hockey was a game,  
but with you girls  
it's more like jungle warfare.  
Lucretia, hold this thing taut  
at the back.  
Girls!  
Girls! Amanda!  
Come back! I never saw such girls!  
Come back this minute!  
Come back! Amanda!  
Girls!  
Girls! You really are a crummy lot!  
Girls!  
Girls! Where are you? Girls!  
Hello, darling!  
Hello. Who's this?  
It's Creepy, our new games mistress.  
Come on in, sport.  
Make yourself at home.  
Give her a drink, Bubbles, dear.  
Mademoiselle,  
would you tell me what's going on?  
Lunch!  
Poulet a Ia culbufera!  
Aubergines a la vaclusienne  
avec pommes Pont-Neuf. Voila!

I've never seen anything so disgusting  
in my life. At a girls' school, too.  
I shall go and tell Miss Fritton at once.  
Come in.

Miss Fritton, you have no idea  
what's going on in the summerhouse.  
There are two strange men in there.  
It's practically an orgy!

What are you saying, Miss Crawley?  
What are they doing?

They're having a "French" lunch.

- The lotus eaters.

- The what?

The lotus eaters, they... they meet  
and discuss things, I believe.

Mr Rowbottom-Smith is our gardener  
and Mr Woodley is our fencing master.

They used to be  
with the Ministry of Education,  
so, you see,  
there's nothing to worry about.

You mean  
they're Ministry of Education inspectors?

Well, they were,  
but they seemed to like it better here.

We were short of staff, you know,  
and somehow, well, it all fitted in.

The girls adore them!

The whole situation  
has me bereft of words! I can only say...

What can I say?

Whatever you like, Miss Crawley.

Only please...

Ah, that must be our girls giving  
a rousing welcome to their opponents.

Well, now, I've given you a cong.

Your place is on the hockey field.

Yes, Miss Fritton.

Psst!

What are you doing here?

Will you please knock before entering?

No! I don't want nobody to see me!

'Ere, there's something  
going on in this joint.

- Isn't there always?  
- This letter. I opened it this afternoon.  
Posted in the school box  
by one of your mistresses.  
Tell me, do you always open  
the school correspondence?  
- Not all of it.  
- Oh. Give me that letter at once.  
What's this?  
"The Superintendent Kemp Bird.  
Barchester Constabulary, Barchester"?  
- It's from Miss Crawley.  
- But it's signed "Sergeant Gates".  
Ah, that's her, see?

**"Re:**

Do you mean that this woman  
is a detective?  
A copper's mark in skirt.  
Oh, dear. Oh, but this is terrible.

**"Re:**

I have to report the following,  
"that there is an illicit still  
on the premises."  
It ain't a still. It's a home-made gadget  
for making bathtub gin.  
"There is a man here  
called Flash Harry who..."  
- Is that...?  
- Yeah.  
But she had no right to call me that  
in official documents.  
- "...who acts as a contact man..."  
- That's a lie! I'm a go-between.  
"And gambling is rife in the school  
"and there is  
a complete racing service..."  
What have you got in your hair?  
'Oney and flowers.  
Well, do you mind putting on your hat?  
"I cannot stand it much longer.  
"No woman  
has suffered so much for love."

Signed, Ruby.

And followed by five crosses.

You know, it's my deduction  
that that's a private signal  
between him and her.

The sheer effrontery  
of sending a private detective here!

What a bloomin' nerve!

Ain't been no murders here. Not so far.

- What are you gonna do about it?

- I don't know. I really don't know!

- What me to fix her?

- Certainly not!

- What do you mean "fix her"?

- Chuck her out.

Oh, is that all? No, on the whole,  
that would only precipitate trouble.

Ignore her. Tear up that letter. Get rid  
of that contraption in the laboratory.

- And take a holiday in Southend.

- I don't like Southend.

Well, wherever you wish to go.

Though I strongly disapprove  
of you opening letters,

I'm prepared to make an exception  
in the case of Miss Crawley.

Leave it to Flash.

Sit down, Pop.

I figured you'd come round to my way  
of thinking, so I got the gang together.

- So you did.

- We've got it all laid on the line.

Amanda takes Bert, the stableboy, to  
the flicks tonight and swings it on him.

100 an hour and another 100

when the Prince wins.

200 quid?

What are you proposing  
that this... this Bert should do?

- Can you get hold of a horse box?

- Why?

Send it to the school riding stables  
outside the village at four tomorrow.

Arab Boy will be in number one box.

Are you suggesting  
that we... we should steal the horse?  
- No! Borrow it!  
- Borrow it?  
Just for a couple of days.  
You only want the Prince to win.  
Get cracking, sisters!  
We've got to win this cup!  
Stick around, Pop,  
and see some hot hockey!  
A real chip 0' the old block, she is!  
What a girl!  
Don't say that, Benny. Don't say that!  
It makes my blood run cold.  
- It should be a very pleasant experience.  
- Yes, yes.  
Come on, sillies! Where's your stick?  
T-O-U-G-H B-A-B-I-E-S!  
Tough babies! St Trinian's!  
Heads.  
10-1 against Bilston.  
Place your bets now!  
Patronise the old firm...  
Did you see that? Did you see  
what that girl did to the referee?  
Yes! Yes, indeed. And a goal! A goal!  
But there's no referee!  
- There's no referee!  
- No.  
Place your bets now!  
But you can't conceivably allow that goal!  
The referee is unconscious.  
We don't usually worry.  
I demand that another referee  
be appointed at once.  
10-1 Bilston. 10-1...  
50-1 Bilston!  
Look what's going on over there!  
Look at that girl with a croquet mallet.  
If you don't appoint a referee at once,  
I shall stop the game!  
I've never seen  
such an... an exhibition of savagery!  
I shall stop it at once!

I did warn her.  
Wonderful!  
I must congratulate you  
on a thoroughly sterling performance.  
Now Arabella, as Captain,  
I am delighted to present you  
with the Markham Challenge trophy.  
Ah, a token presentation,  
of course, Arabella,  
as I shall be putting this  
into safe custody.  
All right! All right! I'll tell!  
Let me off this thing!  
Full astern, Maudie.  
Bella and her gang  
are going to steal Arab Boy.  
Steal him?  
The stableboy is helping them.  
We can't let them get away with this.  
If Arab Boy doesn't run, we'll lose money.  
We'll have to hurry up.  
Got the rope?  
They'll miss me in a minute.  
- Don't panic! Lie down!  
- You've got your story?  
Yes. Thugs. I never saw them before.  
They tripped me with a wire.  
- Got the mallet, Amanda?  
- Mallet? What for?  
We want to make it look good  
for your sake.  
- You're not going to hit me! No!  
- Amanda's doing it.  
- Oh, don't worry!  
- Is he out?  
Mm-hm. Yep. OK, Bella.  
Be there in 20 minutes.  
If it's stop press now,  
it'll be headlines in the morning.  
I'm nervous, Benny.  
- We get 60,000 if it comes off.  
- And three years if it doesn't.  
- Do you have to make jokes like that?  
- I wasn't joking.

I wish Sammy would ring!  
It must have taken him a couple of hours  
to get the horse to his place.  
Sam, I told you  
not to come near this office!  
Something's gone wrong, gov. We went...  
I've got a couple of tickets  
on the eight o'clock plane to Paris!  
We haven't got the horse! When we got  
to the stables, it wasn't there.  
That's right. We looked in the right box  
and the other boxes. No such animal.  
You didn't seen anything  
when you were dragged from the horse?  
I just caught a glimpse  
of a man's mackintosh, sir.  
I see. What kind of a mackintosh?  
An old grey one, sir.  
I don't remember any more.  
All right. That'll do for now.  
I shall want to see you again later.  
- Bring in Fred Smith, Constable.  
- Hey, Smith...  
How long has that lad been with you?  
About a year.  
He handles the horses well enough.  
What do you make of him, Doctor?  
Nothing fake about the way he was  
knocked out. Looked like a mallet blow.  
He certainly didn't do it himself!  
I just want  
to ask you one question, Smith.  
You were out on the downs at exercise  
with Fanning. See anyone around?  
Well, nobody, sir.  
Fanning dropped back on Arab Boy.  
When I looked around,  
there was no sign of them or anyone else,  
except a bunch of girls in the distance.  
Out riding from some school  
called St Trinian's.  
Oh, no.  
Sammy, it's me, but I was in bed.  
'Course I'm working!

I'm in the sunny, Sammy.  
Well, I got hit on the head with a mallet.  
You, too? What happened?  
At the hockey match.  
Haven't you had my report?  
I haven't had a line from you.  
Look, I'm on a whale of a case.  
A racehorse has been stolen.  
The Sultan of Makyad's Arab Boy  
entered for the Gold Cup tomorrow.  
Some of the St Trinian's girls  
were seen riding  
near the spot  
where the horse disappeared.  
Find out what they were doing.  
Oh, I say! How jolly pulse-throbbing!  
I wonder what they're up to!  
Yes, of course I'm going  
to try and find out, Sammy.  
No need to be so beastly.  
I say, Sammy, I know this is  
a frightfully important job,  
you know, for you and for me.  
If I sort of, well, you know, if I did  
pull it off, could it be wedding bells?  
If you don't, it'll be curtains!  
Oh, Sammy.  
You know, Albertina, if anyone  
had said this would happen to me,  
a jolly old school inspector strolling  
with a smashing French mistress...  
- You make me laugh, Robbie!  
- Do I?  
I suppose I do seem rather English to you  
at times, Albertina, old scout.  
Only funny English, Robby.  
Yes, I'm sorry.  
It's the Ministry of the Ed, you know.  
It's difficult to get the blood pounding  
uncontrollably after 14 years at a desk  
with only the odd day trip to Boulogne  
to give a chap a whiff  
of the joie de vivre.  
I love you for it, Robby.



By Jove! Do you really?

Well, come in here

and... have a Guinness.

- The drinks are over here.

- Aren't you going to turn on the lights?

- Oh. Do you want me to?

- Not if you don't want to.

I thought we might have a couple

of boissons dans le noir sur le sofa.

- Do you love me, Robby?

- Et comment!

- What was that?

- What was what?

Robbie!

Something's breathing down my neck!

By Jove! A horse!

In here! Ridiculous!

What the blazes is all this?

Psst! Old Woodley's coming

through the woods with Amanda.

Get that nag out. Is she gets her peepers  
on it, Bella will know in a flash.

- But where are we going to take him.

- Never mind. Let's get him out first!

Don't say a word

to Amanda about this, will you?

- Why not?

- Because he's got to win tomorrow.

I don't get the hang of this.

Why should we keep quiet?

- Shall I fix him?

- OK, Flash.

What? But...

What... what are you doing?

Well, I'm hanged!

Hello? Mr Alf, the bookmaker?

This is Miss Fritton

of St Trinian's speaking.

I've just read in the paper that Arab Boy  
has disappeared.

"Bad luck" is not the word for it, Mr Alf.

I was positively counting

on collecting 4,000 from you. Yes.

Well, know, look, Mr Alf,

if the horse doesn't turn up,  
would you please be good enough  
to return me my 400  
to reach me by Friday morning?  
You see, I... What?  
I don't quite follow you, Mr Alf.  
I don't get what back?  
Now, please, please.  
Don't be absurd, my good man.  
If I go into a telephone booth  
and make a call  
and the horse or the person  
I'm calling is not there,  
well, I simply press button "B"  
and I get...  
Haven't you read our rules?  
Rules? Rules?  
But I'm not interested in your rules.  
I want my money back!  
Well, you better start looking  
for the horse yourself.  
Now, where do you expect me  
to go looking for a horse?  
Mr Alf?  
Operator? Operator? Op...  
May I speak to you, Miss Fritton?  
- Not just now, Miss Crawley.  
- I must!  
- I beg your pardon?  
- There's something I've got to ask you.  
Could you tell me, please,  
which girls went riding?  
This is neither the place nor the time.  
If you...  
Why?  
Some of the girls were on the downs  
when a racehorse disappeared.  
- Well?  
- Well, they might have seen something.  
And if they did?  
I thought they might like  
to help the police.  
I mean, Guide's honour.  
We're all Girl Guides, aren't we?

Are we? Some of us may have aspired  
beyond that happy state, Miss Crawley.  
The girls are in bed  
and I'm not going to disturb them  
to satisfy your morbid curiosity.

- Yes, but I-
- Will you return to what concerns you?
- But it does concern-
- Yes, Miss Crawley?
- Nothing, Miss Fritton.
- Hm.

Girls, girls, you know perfectly well  
that pets are not allowed in dormitories  
and under the same rule, Mr Harry,  
I doubt if you should be here either.

Am I right in thinking  
that this animal is Arab Boy?

- Yes, Miss Fritton.
- Harry...

Now, tell me the truth, Harry,  
have you had anything to do with this?

- Me? Oh, lady!
- I'm glad, Harry.

Bella pinched him because she wants  
her dad's horse to win.

But we nipped in  
and swiped him from her, didn't we?  
Yes!

Why didn't you take the animal back  
to the stables? Why bring him here?  
Because if we took him back now,  
they'd nobble him.

One of the stableboys is in their pay.  
Then surely the most sensible thing  
would have been to phone the police.  
Just what I told 'em.

You can't go dragging a reputable  
racehorse like him from pillar to post.  
Certainly not!

How do you propose to get him back?  
Fatima's father arrives at London Airport  
at six in the morning.  
She's going to phone him.  
And tell him the horse is here? Half the

school appearing in the juvenile courts?

She's right. We don't want

our good name dragged through the mud.

Of course not.

There is only one thing to do.

The animal must be taken out of here

secretly at dawn.

Fatima can ride it back to the stables

and say that she found him straying.

- That's a wizard idea!

- Yes!

Meanwhile, I shall telephone to the police

anonymously, Harry,

and tell them about that stableboy.

Oh, what a dame, eh?

Now, set your alarms, girls,

for six o'clock.

Yes, Miss Fritton.

And I want every girl here

to promise on her Guide's honour

not to breathe a word about this.

We promise, Miss Fritton.

It's Parents' Day tomorrow,

so I want every single shred of evidence

that the horse has been here removed.

Yes, Miss Fritton!

Now, off to your bed at once, girls!

As quickly as you can.

And remember that St Trinian's expects

that every fourth-form girl,

tomorrow morning, will do her duty.

Yes, Miss Fritton.

- Good night, girls!

- Night, Miss Fritton!

Good night, lady. Good night!

- Harry, this way.

- Of course.

Bella! Bella! Wake up!

Oh, I'll brain you!

The fourth form

have got a horse in the dorm.

You're

Crazy'

See for yourself! It's looking

out of the window. Think it's Arab Boy?

I say, look at Arab Boy!

He's got his head out the window!

Get him back quickly!

Ah, now, don't worry, Pop.

He's in that dormitory to stay.

But we're going to need help

when things hot up.

How long will you be? Oh, you'd better

warn the boys it's Parents' Day today.

We can't have the police

dragged into this.

OK. We'll hold the fort till then.

So long!

OK. They're on their way.

- Where's Gladys?

- Working on the dormitory door.

Celeste, you go down and see

if the coast is clear.

It's locked!

- It can't be!

- Who's done that? Blimey!

- How's it going, kids?

- It'd take a tank to get out of there.

Ladies and gentlemen,

we are faced with open rebellion.

The sixth form have imprisoned

the fourth form in their dormitory,

I regret to say with a racehorse.

- Not this Arab Boy?

- Yes, this Arab Boy.

It is absolutely imperative

that it runs today for all our sakes.

- Our sakes?

- Yes. I have put the school funds on it.

So if you want to collect your salaries,

you must help to release it.

So the jolly old stipend

is on a non-runner!

Now I propose to storm the barricades.

I am sure that if we make one

consulted charge, we shall carry the clay.

So, arm ourselves and follow me.

There is not one moment to lose!

You see, I think the men should go first.  
They did last time when the bishop came.  
I say, look here. Must we?  
I say, shall we utter frightful war cries?  
That, I feel, is optional.  
But remember Napoleon's precept  
that the essence of attack is surprise.  
Come along now. Quietly. Quickly. Shh.  
Shh.  
- Are you ready?  
- Yes.  
Advance!  
Do you think you can make it, Fritters?  
I've got to. I've got to!  
What on earth is happening?  
Is anything wrong?  
The natives have risen, old sport!  
Miss Crawley, do you still wish to  
question the girls about that racehorse?  
Well, I only thought-  
It's the sixth form you want.  
They're upstairs now. Go quickly, quickly.  
Perhaps I should.  
Believe me you should.  
Collect her in 30 seconds.  
Who's that? Harry...  
'Ere, it's people!  
What? The parents already? We can't  
possibly let them see us like this.  
Miss Buckland,  
get the Brownies' campfire going at once.  
Yes, Miss Fritton.  
Come on, Woodley!  
Here, what are we gonna do  
about that mob upstairs?  
When the parents  
are round the Brownies' campfire,  
we will renew the attack,  
but this time we'll be properly armed.  
Great Scot the Zulu war!  
Gangway, please! Gangway!  
Phew! What a weight!  
Knocked cold. What'll we do with her?  
- Put her in my bathroom. Lock the door.

- Lock the door?  
Yes. Miss Crawley  
is a police officer in disguise.  
By George! We're for it now!  
This means Holloway for me.  
You may not be the only one,  
Miss Waters. Let me see.  
Harry, you appear  
to be the only one unscathed.  
Keep the parents at bay  
until we get cleaned up.  
And I feel sure that if we keep our heads,  
complete disaster may yet be averted.  
I'm very sorry, sir, gentlemen,  
but you can't come in here.

- OK, son.

- No, no, no! Not now! Not now!  
You don't want to worry about that.  
There's nothing in here of interest  
to you, you parents. It's outside.

- What is?

- The Brownies' campfire.

- Are you taking the rise out of us?

- No! Straight up!  
They're burning good stuff. No rubbish.  
Hold it, boys.

- Do you know where my daughter is?

- Upstairs, Mr Fritton.  
Wait here, Benny.  
You a teacher?

Erm, in a way.

- Never bargained for this sort of caper.

- No.  
'Ere... them people outside,  
they ain't parents.  
Your brother's with 'em.  
He's out there with a mob of his hobos.

- What on earth is he doing here?

- Search me.  
Good morning, Millicent.  
I'd like a few words with you.  
And I'd like more than a few with you.  
Leave us, Harry.  
I wish to speak with my brother alone.

How you have the audacity,  
Clarence, to show your face in here today,  
I do not know.  
You put Bella up to this,  
so your horse wins today.  
You don't give a fig  
what happens to my school!  
If this comes out, my girls will be  
dragged through the police courts.  
Why should it come out?  
How can it be prevented  
with a horse in a fourth-form dorm  
barricaded in by Bella  
and all her friends?  
Clarence, you will order them  
to stop this criminal lunacy at once!  
Millie, I stand to lose a fortune  
if Arab Boy gets there  
and wins this afternoon!  
I am concerned  
with the reputation of my school!  
Oh, I shall never, never  
forgive you, Clarence!  
That you should do this to me  
on Parents' Day!  
Parents' Day of all days!  
I brought the boys down suitably dressed.  
They can mix with your parents.  
Why did you bring them here?  
To make sure that that horse  
stays here till after the race.  
It is leaving here in time for the race.  
I shall see to that.  
- And I'll see that it doesn't.  
- Hm.  
I'm sorry  
you're so unreasonable, Millicent.  
I don't know who you're trying to phone,  
but I'm afraid you'll find  
you've been cut off.  
Sam, Joe, Bill. Three more of you boys.  
Come with me, will you?  
What's happening, Florrie?  
The sixths are holding the corridors.



Bella's father brought a gang to help.

Look! There's some of them now!

- Are you parents?

- That's right.

OK.

Morning. Brownies' campfire

is first on the cards.

Down that path. Back of them trees.

You can't miss it.

Brownies' campfire down that path.

Back of them trees.

You mustn't miss the Brownies' campfire.

Surely we can see...

I said the Brownies' campfire.

Down that path. You can't miss it.

Milk-0!

I say, Maudie, supposing we could rope  
all those blankets together.

- What for?

- I bet we could do it.

If we could flip a message to Miss Fritton  
to create a diversion  
and draw those men off.

Hi, Jill! Smoke bombs forward!

We'll make a smoke screen  
and then drop Florrie over  
with a message. Florrie?

Parent?

Mercifully, no.

I am from the Ministry of Education.

What business have you got here?

I am instructed on higher authority  
to inspect the school.

Well, you picked a nice day for it! OK.

Over there!

What are them kids up to  
chucking them things?

This way for the Brownies' campfire!

Hurry along, please! Pass on...

Pass right down the path there!

Get in them trees!

Any more for the Brownies' campfire?

The show's just about to start.

Roll up for the Brownies' campfire!

Any more  
for the bloomin' Brownies' campfire?  
This was for the Brownies' campfire.  
Greatest show on Earth.  
Ah... this way for the Brownies' campfire.  
Thank you. I have no wish  
to see the Brownies' campfire.  
I haven't the remotest idea who you are,  
but I am from the Ministry of Education.  
Oh. Oh, in that case,  
I'll give you a bum steer, sir.  
It's straight down that path  
you want for your mates.  
- Mates?  
- Yeah. Robby Smith and old Woodley.  
In the summerhouse down by the lake.  
You can't miss it.  
I'd like to, but under the circumstances,  
I think I'd better not.  
- Thank you.  
- You're welcome.  
This way for the Brownies' campfire.  
All the fun of the fair.  
At all costs, we must keep our heads  
and reconsider our strategy.  
It'd be useless to attempt another attack.  
A handful of women against hooligans.  
- Miss Fritton, Miss Fritton!  
- What is it?  
I've got a message  
from the beleaguered forces.  
Jackie says she's got a plan to get the  
horse away if you can create a diversion.  
What plan? What diversion?  
Apart from June doing a fan dance,  
I can't think of anything.  
Wait. I fancy I can. What do I hear?  
- The Old Girls!  
- The Old Girls!  
Yes!  
And all in prime condition!  
This Way, girls!  
We'll need every man we can spare  
to deal with this.

Sam, Joe, all of you,  
come with me. Quick!  
Come on, girls.  
Let's get the blankets! Quick!  
Hurry up, Fatima. OK, pull away, girls.  
Can I change horses with you?  
- Look, I'll give you some money.  
- No, I can't.  
Hey, Butch! Butch!  
Come on! As quick as you can!  
No, no. You stay there, Spider.  
Quick! Come on, man!  
- Hurry up. Quick.  
- Right. Wheel him in.  
Come on, Arab Boy!  
We've got to get you to the race.  
Come on, boy.  
Of course, it's not quite Roedean  
or Cheltenham, my dear,  
but it has its points.  
Come on!  
This way the Old Girls!  
Don't let them up! Block the stairs!  
Halt!  
Spears to the ready!  
Charge!  
Good old Arab Boy!  
Take it easy there, Arab Boy.  
'The horses are leaving the paddock.  
'Whatever thrills  
this great race may provide,  
'they can't compare with the excitement  
here in the past few minutes.  
'The Sultan of Makyad's Arab Boy,  
'for whom a nationwide search  
has been going on for the past 24 hours,  
'made a sensational appearance  
on the course.  
'Here he is leaving the paddock now.  
'I have just asked Inspector Kemp Bird  
of the Barchester Constabulary  
'how he managed  
to trace the missing animal,  
'but he told me he's not yet in a position

to make a statement.

'It's a first-class start for this coveted  
of all honours in national hunt racing.

'Mordonia is well away. So is Blue Prince.

'They're coming up to the first fence.

Mordonia jumped that well...'

He's lying fourth now,

jumping like a dream!

Matter of fact, I think you chaps  
are batting on a pretty good wicket.

Well, any time you care

to join us, old man.

Only means getting in another bed.

I'm sorely tempted, old man.

Sorely tempted.

He's moving up! Come on, Arab Boy!

'Arab Boy's going into 3rd  
place now. They come to the next fence.

'Three horses out in front,

Mordonia, Blue Prince and Arab Boy.

'It looks to me like a three-horse race.

'Now Mordonia's falling back.

'Blue Prince is moving into first place,  
followed by Arab Boy,

'as they come into the home stretch.

'They're heading for home now

and it's Arab Boy showing the way.

'Blue Prince is drawing level again.

They jumped that neck and neck.

'There are only two horses in it now.

Arab Boy's taking the lead.

'With only 50 yards to go,

it's Arab Boy from Blue Prince!

'Arab Boy has won

the Cheltenham Gold Cup!'

After this, I wouldn't dream of Violet  
staying here another hour!

Not after what we've witnessed today!

I was horrified! Quite horrified!

I shudder when I think

of what poor Mona has suffered!

'Ere, it's won! Arab Boy, it's won!

Really, Harry?

Oh, in that case, ladies and gentlemen,

courtesy forbids me to tell you exactly  
where you can send your daughters.  
Will you excuse me?  
Come with me, Harry.  
I think we have an appointment  
with Mr Alf.  
Yeah. No "riverara" for him this yeah, eh?  
I was more than delighted  
to accept your headmistress's invitation  
to come here tonight  
to present your annual awards.  
But for the resource of your fourth form,  
I should have not won the race today.  
It is, therefore,  
with the greatest pleasure  
that I begin these proceedings  
by presenting this cup for good conduct-  
which, I understand,  
has not been presented since 1927 -  
to Jacqueline West.  
Miss Wilson! Miss Wilson!  
Will you put on those lights?  
Really, girls...  
I'm terribly sorry, Your Highness.  
The cup... Where's the cup?  
Miss Brimmer, Miss...  
Girls, girls, girls!  
This really is too much!  
The honour of the school  
has suffered enough for one day  
and don't imagine for one moment  
that I don't know who did it.  
But, in view of the occasion,  
I am going to appeal to your  
sporting instincts to return that cup.  
And in order that the girls  
may suffer no ignominy,  
I'm going to have the lights  
put out for 30 seconds,  
in order to allow them  
to return it unseen.  
- Right, Miss Wilson.  
- Right-oh.  
Quickly now, girls. Come along.

Right, Miss Wilson. Lights, please.

..Two, pull!