Vote for Huggett

By Denis Constanduros
Oh, it's you. I suppose you'd better come in.
Thanks. (Whistles)
Sssh!
- What's up?
- (Whispers) Dad. He's writing to the paper.
(Whispers) Well, come on.
- (Whispers) Who is it?
- Peter.
- (Booming) Good evening, Mrs Huggett.
- Shhh!
- (Whispers) Hello, Peter. Aaargh!
(Clattering)
- He's writing to the paper.
- You mean he's trying to.
I can't hear myself think, with all this whispering.
Sorry, Mr Huggett. I'll go and wait in the hall.
Oh, that's all right. You come back here.
Come and sit down. I'm not going to bite you.
You might be able to help.
I don't know much about letter-writing.
All I want is a quotation.
Something about a garden.
- Garden?
- Yes.
It's quite a well-known one,
but I can't quite remember how it goes.

How about:
"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!"
Eh?
"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!"
What do you mean, "God wot"?
Is that how they teach you to talk at school?
Well, it's not her fault. She didn't write it.
- Well, who did, then?
- It's famous. Everyone knows that.
Well, I don't, for one.
Well, I think it's a beautiful line.
"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!"
Well, I think it's potty.
It's not the one I want, anyway.
My one goes,
"Ta-ra-rum, ta-ra-rum in a garden
than anywhere else on earth. "

Page 2/47
Sounds familiar.
"Ta-ra-rum, ta-ra-rum in a garden... "
"Ta-ra-rum, ta-ra-rum... "
(Whispering)
- Erm... is Susan ready, then?
- In a minute, dear.
I've got it. "You can grow better flowers in a garden than anywhere else on earth. "
- That's it.
- Write it down.
- "You can grow... "
- Better flowers.
- "... better flowers... "
- No, it's not right.
You're darn right, it isn't.
There's something queer about it.
- Susan will be down in a minute.
- Good.
What exactly do you want this quotation for?
My letter to The Advertiser.
That quotation would sort of round it off.
But if we can't find it, it can go without.
I still think you should use the "lovesome" one.
Well, I don't, see?
A nice fathead I'd look, writing stuff like that.
Well, anyway, you listen to this, Peter.
See what you think.
(Coughs)
"To the editor of The Advertiser. Dear Sir... "
(Coughs)
"In view of the discussion proceeding in the council, as to the proposed war memorial... "
- Hello, Peter!
- Sssh. He's reading.
- Oh, sorry.
- I was just...
- Can't you wait till I've read this?
- We'll be late for the film. It's Stewart Grainger.
- What's Stewart Grainger got that I haven't?
- Well...
Don't tell him. Just listen.
Where was I?
"In view of the discussion
proceeding in the council, as to the nature of the proposed war memorial, may I suggest that it should take the form of a pleasure garden and lido? This would not only beautify the river frontage of the borough, but would also provide a centre where our children could enjoy themselves in healthy surroundings, instead of frowsting in cinemas all the time. For the older folk, a pleasure garden would be a pleasant place of resort... "

- Of or to?
- Of.

".. of resort, where they could take their ease amid beautiful Mother Nature. I have the honour to remain yours faithfully, J Huggett."

I think it's a splendid idea, Mr Huggett. I'm surprised nobody's thought of it before. I think it's lovely, Joe. So artistic. Now we can go to the pictures. Coming, Peter?

Yes. I'm sorry I couldn't remember the quotation. Oh, that's all right. You enjoy yourselves.

ALL:
Pet, I've got a snooker game with Bill Adams. You copy that out neat and get it in the post. See? I want to get it in this week's issue. What, all that? I'll get writer's cramp. Oh, all right.

I say, John, that letter about pig clubs has to come out. What? The paper goes to bed in five minutes. I know, but the chief's got a pig club himself. Too bad. Well, what have we got instead? Here, Bill, give me the WPB. No. No. Not that one. Ah. Here's something. I think this'll do. It's from that chap Huggett. He wants a lido for a war memorial. Fine. Nobody cares about that. Bung it in.
- Is that The Advertiser?
- Yes. It's in!
- Then give it here.
- "Sir...
in view of the discussion now proceeding in
the council as to the nature of the war memorial,
may I suggest that you...
"Turn to page four, column three."
What's that? Here, hand it over.
Column three. Oh, yes.
".. that it should take the form
of a pleasure garden and lido."
- Well, go on.
- Well, that's all.
Why, rubbish!
That's only the beginning.
There you are.
".. take the form of a pleasure garden and lido.
'A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!'
Yours faithfully, J Huggett."
Why, you little...! I'll skin that child.
- What for, dear?
- She's cut out the best bits in my letter.
Oh, she never.
She copied it all out. I saw her myself.
- I tell you...
- I bet they blue-pencilled it.
Short of space - you know.
The editor
didn't put in that lovesome-god-wottery.

**ETHEL:**
- You?
Well, you were so keen on a quotation,
and I thought it was so pretty.
And you know -
literary, if you know what I mean.
- Literary?
- Well, the editor must have thought so,
or he'd have cut that bit out with the rest.
I can't think of any other man in Strutham
who has his breakfast mucked up more than me.
I'd like to give that editor a piece of my mind.
- I'd like to give that editor a piece of my mind.
Now what's he done?
Some silly fool writes in, suggesting the war
memorial should be a lido and pleasure garden,
and he's got to go and print it.
Well, there's no harm in that, surely?
No harm? Suppose people take him seriously?
They won't. Everyone knows your community
centre scheme is the one the council will accept.
Not yet. The report
won't come up for a couple of months.
And when it does, it'll be passed.
It goes without saying.
You've got a clear majority on the council.
That's just the trouble -
I've only a working majority.
If some Independents
decide to vote with the Progressives,
they might easily upset the whole thing.
- If they did, would it be the end of the world?
- It might easily be.
If my community-centre scheme goes through,
the council will buy that land
on Maddox Avenue.
- Doesn't that belong to Jim?
- It's in Jim's name.
and the building contract.
- But you'll get that, anyway.
- I'm not so sure.
Lidos are not in our line.
Don't worry, love. It'll all come right.
It had better.
- Morning, sir.
- Morning.
- Morning, Huggett.
- Good morning, sir.
- I hear you've been bursting into print.
- Just a few lines.
- Not a bad suggestion, I thought.
- Oh, thank you, sir.
And I liked something else about your letter.
It was terse, crisp and businesslike.
Not a word wasted.
- Well, that's nice of you to say so.
- Some would have waffled on.
But you knew when to stop. Congratulations.
Thank you, sir.
- Good morning, Susan.
- Morning, Mr Lever.
Saxton-Wallace would like you to ring them.
Oh, all right. Get them for me, will you?
By the way, I didn't know you came from a literary family, Susan.
- Oh, you'd be surprised!
- That was quite a smart letter of your father's.
You should see him when he's really roused.
Well, it was a good idea.
Where does he think this lido ought to be?
Down by the river, I suppose.
That's where lidos generally are, isn't it?
Yes. Yes, I suppose it is.
Only cod today, I'm afraid, Mrs Huggett.
- Oh, dear. What, again?
- Afraid so.
I see that your good man has been rushing into print.
- Oh, you read that?
- Naturally.
A splendid idea.
- Here we are. One and nine.
- Thank you. Goodbye.
Goodbye.
Ah, Mrs Huggett.
Just been wrapping your old man a bit of cod.
That's the stuff to shake 'em up!
Call themselves a council?
Feathering their own nests - that's what.
Got a nice bit of plaice.
Mum's the word, you know.
Cod. Two bob.
Why, Grandma!
I didn't know you ever came to Mackrill's.
I don't. But they've had nothing but cod at Mason's all week.
And if there's one thing I can't abide, it's cod.
My stomach just revolves on me at the sight.
Well, you may get a bit of plaice today.
Well, it's about time.
I see Joe's been pushing himself forward.
- What do you mean?
- Getting his name in the papers.
- Oh, that.
- Not that anyone troubled to tell me. I shouldn't have known about it, but for the milkman.
- It was a lovely letter, wasn't it? Wrote it all in one day, too.
- He'll be standing for parliament next.
- Oh, what a horrid thing to say about anyone! Well, I don't hold with people pushing their selves forward.
- You mean Joe? He never pushed in his life.
- Why, I couldn't even get him to push the pram when the kids was little.
- Grandma, look! You'll miss your place.
- No plaice, ma. How about a nice bit of cod? Theo!
- Come in. I've got something to show you.
- Oh? What's up?
- I'm not sure, but I think we might be onto something very sweet.

(Telephone rings)
- Lever-Wilson Company.
- Oh, it's you, Peter. I've told you before: Mr Lever doesn't like personal calls at work. I know, but I couldn't wait.
- I just had to phone up. I wanted to see if you'd decided yet.
- No, I haven't.
- Oh. Well, what about tonight? Oh, all right. Call for me about seven.
- Yes, but assuming they do have a lido, why on the south bank? The north would be better.
- Except for one thing. The land's not for sale.
- I didn't know that.
- Few people do. It's part of the Bramley Estate. There's a big lawsuit pending that'll tie it up indefinitely. They can't sell it. Do you mean, if they do decide to have a lido, they've got to build on the south bank?
- That's right. Now, look.
- Bramley Estate. We own all this bit. I've just taken an option on this bit.
So, as soon as we buy this small piece,
we've got 'em where we want 'em –
we can clean up.
But what about old Hall
and his community centre?
We'll have to see that the council turn that down.
- Easier said than done, old boy.
- I don't know so much.
There's a by-election soon in that ward.
Yes, but we haven't put up a candidate.
- You could nominate one, if you wanted to.
- Waste of time, old boy.
The Riverside's always voted Moderate,
since Julius Caesar.
A Progressive wouldn't stand a chance.
I'm not so sure.
Of course, Harold, whoever's lucky enough to
get the nomination will be returned unopposed.
There never has been a contest
in the Riverside ward, and there never will be.
It's a safe, Moderate seat.
Yes.
I've... I've never heard you, Harold,
but I'm told you speak very well
at the open-air meetings in the park.
Weather permitting, yes.
Well, in a town of this size,
I suppose you'll agree
that some kind of cultural centre is essential.
Why, I not only agree,
but I'd fight for it to my last breath.
Why, without a cultural centre,
the body politic is without a soul,
and the spirit is denied a chance to develop.
And we mustn't forget
the principles of democracy.
This is a country in which
all ideas should be allowed to flourish freely.
Jolly good, old boy, but... don't overdo it.
Sorry, Uncle, but I get carried away.
You know, I often think of Lincoln's words:
government for the people, by the pe...
Yes, yes, yes. Now, we're going to go
about this business in a fully democratic way.
I'm going to make a proposition to you.
As Chairman of the Independents,
I'm going to nominate you tomorrow
for the Riverside by-election.
- Me?
- Yes, you.
And when you're on the council, you can fight
for the community centre. What do you say?
Well, I don't know what to say.
The proposition appeals to me.
It appeals to my best instincts, but... well...
there's one thing that worries me, Uncle.
Oh? What's that?
Well, if I accept - and I feel I shall -
I must never let my personal ambitions,
or the vested interests of my friends,
blind me in the prosecution of my political faith,
or the furtherance of my country's interests.
Furtherance of my country's interests. Yes.
Well, I'm very glad to hear it, but for the moment,
just concentrate on my community centre.
Yes, I will. Thank you very much, Uncle.
Er... Oh, by the way...
Yes?
What exactly is a community centre?
Very attractive, if you don't mind my saying so.
Oh, you made me jump. I thought you'd gone.
No. In fact, I want to ask you something.
It won't take long, will it? I've got a date.
In that case, let me drive you home.
We can talk in the car.
- Oh, I don't want to take you out of your way.
- I don't mind being taken out of my way.
By some people. Come on.
Oh, it's you, Susan.
Why don't you use your key?
- Mother, this is Mr Lever.
- How do you do?
Pleased to meet you, I'm sure.
- (Whispers) Anything wrong?
- No, he wants to talk to Dad.
- Oh, why don't you come in?
- Oh, so sorry.
- If you'll wait in here, I'll call my husband.
- Thank you, Mrs Huggett.
Well, good night, Mr Lever,
and thank you for the lift.
Good night, Susan.
Perhaps we'll try it again sometime.
- Come on.
- No!
- It's Mr Lever.
- Well, what does he want to see me for?
I don't know. He didn't say.
You haven't been up to anything, have you?
Well, what can I get up to?
Me, a married man with three kids.
Well, I don't know.
You've been playing a lot of snooker lately.
Ah, hello, Mr Huggett.
- Delighted to meet you.
- Same here, sir.
I've brought Susan home in my car, so I took
the opportunity of dropping in. You don't mind?
No, of course not. Well, er... yes.
- Well, er...
- It's a wonderful kid you've got there.
- Well, I'm glad you think so, sir.
- She's smart at her work, too. So far.
- Well, she takes after her mother, you know.
- Mmm?
I'd have thought it was you she took after.
That letter of yours in The Advertiser
has caused quite a stir.
Oh, that? Oh, I just knocked it off in one evening,
you know.
Oh! No, I think you've started something.
Several people have mentioned it to me.
And Wilson – that's my partner, you know –
he's very keen on this lido suggestion.
He'd like to meet you
and talk over one or two ideas.
- Oh, really, sir?
- Mmm.
Tell you what.
How about having a drink with us sometime?
- Why, that's very kind of you, I'm sure.
- I'm glad.
Now, let's see. What's today? Friday.
I'm playing golf with him tomorrow.
Suppose you come to the club at about 6:30?
- Suits me.
- Good. Then that's a date.
All right, sir.
Quiet, isn't it?
What's the matter?
I can't go on like this, Sue. Honest, I can't.
Oh, Peter, must we have this all over again?
It's so hot.
Oh, it's no use. I can't help it.
I've been crazy about you ever since I swapped my tortoise for your white mouse.
Oh, Peter,
don't you realise we've got beyond that?
I know I have. I want to marry you, Susan.
Oh... Peter.
Don't say it like that.
What's wrong with being married?
Nothing. Especially if you're a tortoise.
I'm not joking, Sue. Really.
Neither am I.
But a tortoise has its own house. We haven't.
But even if we had to wait,
couldn't we be engaged or something?
Oh, I don't know.
Sue, please.
I'll have to think about it.
You'll have to give me time.
How long?
- A week.
- But that's ages.
Oh, Sue, couldn't we just...
Peter, look! We're drifting.
Quick! Get the pole. Peter! Peter, get it. Peter!
(Sighs)
Aaargh!
(Susan laughs)
- Mrs Huggett?
- That's right.
My name's Christie.
I've come on a small matter of business.
Yes, possible conveyance of titles
to certain properties — to wit, land.
To wit, land? Oh, no, not today.
Mr Huggett's out.
You'll have to come back another day.
Well, it wasn't Mr Huggett I wanted to see.
It was Mrs.
You are Mrs, aren't you?
What, me? Yes, of course I am.
Ah, well, I won't keep you a moment. May I?
Yes, come in.
Well, I'll come straight to business.
It's a question of certain holdings,
registered in your name,
which presumably might,
in certain eventualities, come on the market.
Follow me?
I'm not sure. Could you say it all again, please?
Oh, no need. I have here
the Ordnance Survey map of the district.
Here we are. Hereditament, hatched in red.
Popularly known as 28 Riverside Drive. Correct?
Oh, you mean that bit of land by the river?
— Precisely.
— Oh, why ever couldn't you say so?
All that palaver about holdings
and conveniences, and whatever...
Why? Is there anything the matter with the land?
Nothing at all. I merely wish to enquire
whether you're prepared to sell it.
Sell it? Oh, no, I couldn't do that.
I'll get you a very handsome price for it.
— How much?
— 300.
What, for this?
Well, perhaps 350, if you're lucky.
Oh, no, I'm sorry. I can't.
You see, it isn't mine to sell.
Not yours?
No, you see, it was left to me
and my cousin Edie by our grandfather,
cos we were the only two grandchildren.
— What, you mean it's a joint tenure?
— What?
The hereditament passed to you jointly
on the expiry of the deceased?
- No.
- But you just said that...
No, I just said it belonged
to me and my cousin Edie. Half each.
And you see, we promised our grandpa
that we'd keep it as a nest egg,
and not sell it
unless we was absolutely desperate.
- I see. What's your cousin's name?
- Edie Hopkins.
Edie Hopkins.
Well, I'd better see her, then, hadn't I?
You can't. She's dead, poor thing.
She had a bad stomach.
Oh, dear.
Well, that rather complicates matters, doesn't it?
Did she die intestate?
Oh, no. She had a bad stomach,
like I was telling you.
No, what I mean is,
who did she leave the land to?
Oh, to her daughter, Diana Hopkins.
Diana Hopkins.
Only, of course, she's not Hopkins any more.
- Do you mean she's changed her name?
- That's right.
She got married, you see.
Yes. Might I have her present name
and address, Mrs Huggett?
Erm... yes, of course. She married that young
Gowan who's got the garage on the Broadway.
Just before you come to the Green Man.
Erm... it's just on the corner.
I've forgotten the number.
- Don't bother, Mrs Huggett.
- But it's the third turning...
- Good afternoon. Good afternoon.
- But if you come the other way...
Thank you.
- Oh, it's your bit of tape.
- Oh, thank you.
Good heavens! Beau Brummel in person.
Is that Joe Huggett?
He only wants a mashie behind his ear, and he'll pass for Sid Fields.

Ah, there you are, Huggett!

Nice of you to come. (Chuckles)

- How are you?
- Yes...

Come and meet my friend and partner, Theo Wilson.

- Ah, Mr Huggett.
- Pleased to meet you.

How do you do?

- Now, what'll it be? Whisky?
- Thanks. I don't mind if I do.

Three doubles, George.

You... play golf, Mr Huggett?

Oh, no, I've got no time for games, really.

I do a bit of gardening, you know.

Ah, that accounts for your lido scheme.

You know, I'm not a sentimental man, but when I read that letter of yours, I was quite touched.

You weren't the only one, Theo.

Well, here's to your scheme for a people's park and lido, Huggett.

Yes, good luck.

You know, I said to old Maurice here: "That fellow Huggett - he's got something."

- What was that bit I liked so much?
- Hmm?
- I said, what was the bit I liked so much?
- Oh, the bit you liked?

Er... the hey-nonny-got-wot you put in.

What was it, Huggett?

Er... "A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot."

That's it. Jolly original.

Drink up. We'll have another.

- No, this is me. Same again, George.
- Yes, sir.

As a matter of fact, that came off a calendar in our kitchen.

(Chuckles) Well, it doesn't matter.

It shows the stuff you're made of.

Not one, but several chaps have said to me, "That's the sort of fella we need on the council."
Council? Come off it!
No, seriously, old boy.
It's men like you, with no axe to grind, 
that are needed in public life these days.
As a matter of fact, we happen to know 
that old Hall's scheme for a community centre 
is a complete racket.
You don't say?
- Shall we tell him, old boy?
- I think we must, old man.
Well, look. Our idea is this.
We want you to stand for the council 
in the by-election in Riverside ward.
- Me?
- Well, why not?
The lido was your idea.
You're the man to push it through.
Don't rush him. Give him time to think it over.
Oh, no. Oh, no. I couldn't do that.
I'd feel silly.
I'll have to ask the missus first.
Ask her, by all means,
but don't let her put you off. This is important.
I've got to tell the boss, too.
- Of course. Go right ahead.
- Drink up and have another.
George, same again.
I suppose, if I let you know by next Monday, 
it'll be OK?
- Sure.
- Of course. Nobody's rushing you.
But we'll all be very disappointed 
if you don't say yes.
Well, here's to Huggett.
- Councillor Huggett.
- His Worship the Mayor.
Oooh, no! Oh, dear.
- What's up, Mum?
- Aren't you well?
- I'm not sure.
- What's the matter?
It's your dad.
He's going to stand for the council.
- What?
- You heard.
Joe, it's not true?
What do you mean, it's not true?
I've as much right as anyone else to stand.
- Oh, dear. I feel queer.
- Good old Dad! Vote for Huggett!
- Don't worry, Mum. He'll never get in.
- Who says?
But nothing like that's ever happened before.
Not even Uncle Stan ever stood for the council.
I think it's a smashing idea.
Well, I'm glad to hear someone does.
Impudent, impertinent, crazy upstart!
Of all the blasted tomfoolery!
What's the matter now? More nationalisation?
No, worse.
That fellow Huggett's standing for the council.
Huggett? But he's only a workman, isn't he?
He'll never get in.
Not if I can prevent it.
It means I shall have to work twice as hard
to get Hinchley elected.
Oh, otherwise, my community scheme is off.
If only I could think of some way
to get Huggett to stand down.
It's really too absurd! Can you imagine that
funny little Mrs Huggett being a councillor's wife?
Funny?
Funny? Mildred, I think you've hit it.
Why didn't I think of it before?
You'll have to make her see.
Tell her she'll be a laughing stock.
Tell her she could never be a councillor's wife.
You can exaggerate the duties a bit,
but for Pete's sake, frighten her so much,
she makes that idiot, fool of a husband of hers
forget the whole idea.
I'd like to see Mrs Huggett.
Will you please tell her?
Oh, I'm Mrs Huggett.
Oh. Oh, how stupid of me
not to have recognised you at once! Of course.
You do remember me, I hope.
- Oh, do I?
I'm Mrs Hall. 
Alderman Hall's wife. 
Oh, yes. It was you who gave the...
prizes away at the flower show. 
That's right. How clever of you to remember!
May I come in?
Yes, of course.
Mind the Monkey Brand.
- Oh, do sit down.
- Thank you.
I'm so glad you remembered the flower show, 
because it rather brings me 
to what I came about.
You must be a very brave woman.
Why? Oh, because I scrub my own doorstep?
Oh, dear, no. Because you're prepared 
to be a councillor's wife.
Oh, that.
As soon as I read about your husband 
in the newspaper, 
I felt I simply had to come and sympathise.
- Sympathise?
- Perhaps I should explain.
You see, my husband 
has been a councillor for 25 years.
Mrs Huggett, 
I can't tell you what a strain it's been. 
Oh, I am sorry.
I don't know 
when I could last call my cell my own.
- Oh, dear.
- The social duties! You can't imagine. 
Not a day passes 
without I'm entertaining someone. 
Oh, you know the sort of thing. 
Best silver tea service. French pastry. 
Sardine fingers. Pt de foie gras. 
- Pattay de what?
- Pt de foie gras. 
- Will I have to do all that? 
- Of course. 
Then you'll be called upon to make speeches. 
- In public? 
- Oh, yes.
Public meetings. Committee meetings.
Welcoming important visitors. Royalty.
- Royalty?
- Oh, yes.
I'll make a cup of tea.
(Tyres squealing)
Aye-aye. They've got visitors.
Shall we call back?
What for? You're family now, aren't you?
- Course we are.
- Hey, you're darn right, toots. Come on, babe.
- Saucy.
- (Chuckles).
'Ere, dear, what about the goods?
Oh, all right.
Come on, girl. Ups-a-daisy.
Mrs Huggett, I was wondering if you'd consider
saying a few words at the garden fte
that the Women's Institute are getting up.
- Address a fte?
- Oh, I'm sure everyone would love to meet you.
And you could meet
all the other councillors' wives.
Oh, well... I don't know...
Anyone at home?
Grandma!
- This is my mother, Mrs Hall.
- How do you do?
Mustn't grumble.
But my poor feet
have been giving me what-for lately.
Really?
Yes.
Now, Mrs Huggett, about this fte...
How are you, Mrs H?
Got everything under control?
(Whispers) Go into the kitchen.
Why?
Aren't we good enough for the front room?
Oh, Di! Yes, come in.
This is Mrs Hall.
My niece Diana, and her husband Mr Gowan.
- Hello.
- How do you do?
- Here, park your carcass.
- Oh, Pet!

Oh, yes, Mrs Hall. About the Women's Institute.
I'd be very pleased to come,
if Pet could come with me.
Oh, well, that'll be splendid.
Of course, my dear. That will be nice.
Well, I know you're busy, Auntie,
so I'll just say why we came.
A fella named Christie
came to see us about Riverside Drive.
He made Di a very nice offer,
and I think she should take it.
- Well, I don't.
- Well, why should I suffer,
just because you want
to hang on to a measly bit of land?
Now, look here, Di. My grand...
Mrs Hall, what must you think of us?
We'll talk about it later on.
Quite all right. I must be getting along.
I can see that I'm disturbing a family reunion.
Oh, have a cup of tea before you go, Mrs Hall.
No, thank you so much. Well, goodbye.
I am delighted to have met you all.
- Charmed, I'm sure.
- Yes.

Pet! Show Mrs Hall out.
- Thank you, my dear.
(Door closes)

Now, Auntie, about that bit of land...
Now, don't you start shouting at me,
cos I won't do it! I won't do it.
Oi-oi!
(Door opens)
- Hello, dear.
- Any luck?
- I think I've scared her stiff!
Good.

Of course, I had to lay it on pretty thick.
But if she doesn't ask her husband to call
the whole thing off, my name's not Mildred Hall.
(Chuckles) What sort of time did you have?
Not too bad, really.
She's a nice enough little woman.
Then some awful relations arrived, so I left.
Come to offer their congratulations, I suppose.
No. Funnily enough,
they started talking about a man called Christie.
He wants to buy some land off them.

- Land, eh?
- Mmm. Mrs Huggett didn't seem keen to sell.
Looked like a family argument, so I thought
I'd better go. Can I have a light, dear?
They didn't say where it was, by any chance?
Riverside Drive, I think.

By George, Mildred!
I believe you've tumbled onto something.
- What?
- Wilson and Lever own the Riverside land.
The only place you can build a lido,
except for one small plot.
I'll bet this is the one.
Christie must be working for them.
- What are you going to do?
- I'll show you.

Bentley,
I want you to do something for me straightaway.
- Yes, sir?
- Go round to... Where is it, Mildred?
Huggetts'? 34 Oakfield Avenue.
I want you to go there and see Mrs Huggett.
She's got a plot of land for sale
on Riverside Drive. Buy it.
- What do you want to pay for it, sir?
- You can pay her 50 above her last offer.
Not for me, you understand?

Very good, sir.
- What's that for?
- To prevent Wilson and Lever getting it.
They can't push through their lido scheme
without it.
If they think they're gonna put a spoke
in my wheel, they're mistaken.

(Chuckles)
- I didn't think you'd have trouble getting it.
- Well, they want to sell, and I can get it for 350.
Only, they can't do anything
without Mrs Huggett.
- Can't they persuade her?
- My guess is they'll try. They want the money.
All right. You keep after them.
Go to 400, if you must.
I'll have a go in another direction.
- Good night.
- Good night, Mr Lever.
No, Peter. No, I don't want to.
Well, all right, then...
(Buzzer)
- OK. Call for me about seven.
Look, I must go now, cos I'm wanted. Goodbye.
- I'm sorry, Mr Lever. I was on the phone.
- That's all right.
Look, Susan, I hate asking you to work overtime,
but how are you fixed tonight?
- Well, I had promised to go out...
- Could I ask you to put it off?
Just this once? I'm in rather a hole.
There's a tricky job to settle with Harris
at the Blue Star Roadhouse,
and I'll need a note-taker.
We could have a spot to eat afterwards.
Can you bear the idea?
- Well, if you need me.
- Good girl. I knew I could rely on you.
We'll get moving about 6:30.
I'll be ready.
(Tyres squealing)
- Oh, hello!
- Hello, Pet.
- You're not waiting for Susan, are you?
- Yes. Why?
Well, she's just rung up. She's working overtime.
- Oh. Well, when will she be back?
- Not for ages. She said not to wait for supper.
- But didn't she leave any message for me?
- I don't think so.
I say, are you sure?
I'm sorry - I can't wait. I'll be late for the club.
Let's order a drink, shall we?
I'll scout round for old Harris. What'll it be?
Oh, I don't mind. Anything.
Well, what about a little gin and something?  
French?  
Two gin and French, Harvey.  
I'll go and see if he's about. Won't be a second.  
? Swing band  
? Compliments will get you nowhere  
? With a girl like me  
? What are you trying to sell me with those pretty speeches?  
? Pretty is as pretty does, the Good Book teaches  
? Compliments will get you nowhere  
? Words don't make me thrill  
? But if you think a lot of me and want to show it  
? Words are only words, so, baby, make me know it  
? Compliments will get you nowhere  
? Like some talkin' of affection will  
- A drink?  
- Oh, thank you.  
Well, here's to your lovely blue eyes.  
You're wrong, Mr Lever. They're grey.  
Oh, are they? Well, only 50 per cent wrong.  
They're still lovely. Do you like it here?  
- Not bad.  
- They've got a good band.  
If Harris doesn't keep us all night, we might have a turn round the floor.  
- I'd like that.  
- Good. We'll try and hurry him up.  
Excuse me, sir. A message for you.  
Mr Harris has been delayed.  
He won't be able to get here for an hour.  
He's very sorry.  
He hopes you'll have dinner here while you wait.  
Oh, that's not a bad idea. We'll eat straightaway.  
Very good, sir. I've got a table for you over there.  
- I'm starving. How are you?  
- Oh, I'm quite peckish.  
- I'm as hungry as a wolf.  
- As long as you don't eat me!  
Oh, I wouldn't be too sure of that, Miss Huggett.  
(Both laugh)  
? Light swing-band tune
You probably think our business is awfully dull.
Oh, no, I don't, really.
(Chuckles)
As a matter of fact, it can be quite exciting,
when you know what's going on.
For instance, right at this moment,
everyone who's in the know is selling.
Why?
Because land values are going to drop.
How do you know?
Inside information.
If you've got a property worth 1,000 today,
it may drop to 500 inside a month.
All the smart boys are getting out now.
Mum had an offer for her little bit of land.
Should I tell her?
Who's the offer from?
A man called Christie, I think.
Well, he's a very reliable chap.
Honest, too. I've done business with him myself.
If his offer's anything like good,
my advice would be to take it, quickly.
I'll tell Mum.
No charge for the advice,
since it's all in the family.
Excuse me, sir.
Mr Harris has come through again.
He's very sorry, but he can't manage it tonight.
He hopes you can make it tomorrow, instead.
All right.
Well, there's only one thing I can say after that.
What?
May I have the pleasure of this dance?
Oh, yes, of course.
Is that you, Peter?
Yes, Mr Huggett.
What are you doing here this time of night?
Waiting for Susan.
Isn't that girl home yet?
No. She's doing overtime.
Well, that's no reason why you should.
I know.
But I've just got to, Mr Huggett.
Well, don't you be silly.
Waiting for a woman's a mug's game.
- Yes, Mr Huggett.
- You cut off home, before you get pneumonia.
- Yes, Mr Huggett.
- Off you go, now.
- Good night.
- Good night.
- Happy?
- Mmm.
- We ought to do this more often.
- Mmm.

(Engine stops)
- What's the matter?
- I don't know.
(Turns ignition key)
Something wrong.
I'd better take a look.
Oh, excuse me.
Just pull the throttle out.
Now, try the starter, will you?
- Where?
- On the floor, by your foot.
(Engine splutters)
Are you out of petrol?
No, it's not that.
Blast the thing. (Chuckles)
No. I'm afraid it's something serious.
I can't do anything.
Well, what are we going to do? Walk?
We'd never make it. It's nearly 20 miles.
- Well, can't we get a lift?
- I doubt it. Nothing much comes this way.
But this is terrible!
Look, there's a pub I know about half a mile off.
They can probably put us up for the night.
- For the night? But Mum would have a fit.
- Well, why? You'll be quite safe.
She'd never believe that.
Too much like the old story.
I know. It's ridiculous, isn't it?
But you could ring her up when we get there,
and we'll do whatever she says. Right?
I suppose so. I'll get my hat.
(Motorcycle engine)
(Excitedly) Peter! What are you doing here?
I'm just on my way home.
Is... is something wrong?
- My car's broken down.
- Hmm.
Well, I'm afraid I don't know much about cars.
I can give you a lift, Susan, if you like.
Oh, Peter, can you?
- I can't manage two, I'm afraid.
- Well, what am I supposed to do?
You'd better stay and look after the car,
hadn't you? Goodbye.
Goodbye!
(Jaunty song on car radio)
(Radio off, starts engine)
- Thanks a lot, Peter.
- Oh, that's all right.
You took it very well,
after the way I let you down.
I'd do anything for you, Susan. Anything.
By the way,
how did you happen to be on that road?
- I was looking for you.
- Why?
Because...
I love you.

SUSAN:

PETER:

to get into any trouble. That's all.
You mean, you didn't trust me out with Mr Lever.
Is that it?
- Well, as a matter of fact... yes.
- I can take care of myself.
It didn't look like it - getting stuck
in a broken-down car with a married man!
- Who... who said he's married?
- I do.
- Well, he isn't.
- Oh, yes, he is.
How do you know?
- Never you mind.
- You're just saying that because you're jealous!
For Pete's sake, why don't you two get married and let us all have some sleep, for a change?

Good evening, Mr Huggett.

Ladies and gentlemen,

I should like to remind you that a month today we are holding a special baby show.

Two-thirty till six. All mothers are welcome.

Fathers too, of course.

- (Laughter)

- With valuable prizes for the prettiest baby.

Now, although time is short -

**I repeat:**

I shall count upon you all to rally round and produce a record number of babies for the show.

(Laughter)

I now come to the...

.. pice de rsistance of the afternoon.

I shall call upon Miss Petula Huggett to conclude our meeting with a song.

Come along, Petula!

(Applause)

Thank you.

Er... I hope you don't mind if I sing an old song.

But I think the old songs are often the best.

Don't you?

This is my favourite, and I hope you like it, too.

(Piano starts)

? In other lands I've wandered since we parted

? I seek the garden fair beside the stream

? I tread each well-known pathway weary-hearted

? For all I see recalls the old, sweet dream

? No more on earth your loving smile will cheer me

? No more on earth your dear face I shall see

? Yet memories of the past are ever near me

? And linger round the dear old apple tree

? In the shade of the old apple tree

? When the love in your eyes I could see

? When the voice that I heard

? Like the song of the bird

? Seemed to whisper sweet music to me
? I could hear the dull buzz of the bees
? In the blossom, as you said to me
? "With a heart that is true
? I'll be waiting for you
? In the shade of the old apple tree

PET:
Thank you. And now, if you don't mind,
I'd like to sing a new version of the same song,
written by some friends of mine.
? In the shade of the old apple tree

CHORUS:
? Where the children can
play on the lido all day

CHORUS:
? And the grown-ups have afternoon tea
? Just a lido for you and for me
? Doodle-doo-doo, vote for Huggett!
? And that is what you'll see

CHORUS:
? You will see the Progressives are the best
? Vote for Huggett

CHORUS:
? In the shade of the old apple tree
Then all the kids from the youth club came,
and everyone was singing, "Vote for Huggett,"
till, really, I didn't know where to look.
You'll have to speak to her.
Well, I'm glad somebody sticks up for me.
Now, how do I look?
- All right.
- Well, you might look more enthusiastic.
I can't. If you want to know,
I wish you'd never gone in for this council lark.
- Why not?
- It's getting me down,
what with lidos, apple trees,
speeches and royalty coming to dinner.
Who said anything about royalty?
Mrs Hall did. She said I'd got to entertain them.
Well, Mrs Hall was talking through her hat.
And for why?
- Well, I don't know.
- She's trying to put us off this council stunt.
This lido lark's interfering
with her old man's racket.
Else, why do you suppose
she told you all that ruddy nonsense?
The two-faced thing!
(Chuckles) Go on - leave us in peace.
I want to study my speech.
Oh, I could skin that Mrs Hall!
Er... ladies and gentlemen,
fellow citizens of Strutham.
It gives me great pleasure to...
.. great pleasure to be here tonight.
I now speak to you in a very humble capacity,
but I hope the day will come
when I shall serve you on a far higher level.
Ah, Clem. Glad to see you.
Hello, Winston. Nice to see you again.
How's the painting?
Fine.
Hello, Emmanuel.
Stopped adding fuel to the fire? (Chuckles)
Your Majesty. This is a great honour.
Meet the missus.
Oh, Dad, can you give me a shilling for the gas?
I've run out.
- Now, then, you can't say that.
- Which one's that?
"If you vote for me, I will see to it
that your interests are safeguarded."
- But that's reasonable.
- Your job is to get in, not to make promises.
- Yes, but I've got to say what I feel...
- You can't say that.
- But look, that one's important.
- No, no, no.
- Or that.
- But...
Ah, that's better.
Now, see what you've got.
Ladies and gentlemen...
That's all.
And now, ladies and gentlemen, you've heard
Mr Hinchley express himself so admirably.
I have very much pleasure in introducing to you
our second candidate, Mr Joe Huggett.

(Cheering)
Now, ladies and gentlemen, it gives me
very great pleasure to be here tonight.
- It don't give us any!
- You don't know what's coming to you yet.
- And neither do you!
- Well, we'll see about that.

Now, as you'll soon find out,
I'm not much of a speechifier.
It's not my line. I believe in getting things done,
not talking about 'em.
So, I'm not going to give you a lot of hot air
about this or that that wants doing in Strutham.
You know it backwards. We'll leave all the hot air
to the House of Commons.
I want to say just one simple thing.
To me, Strutham's like a family.
A whacking big family,
but a family, just the same.
Now, I've got nothing against big families.
I've had a pretty fair-sized one myself.
But there's one thing you have got to have
if you're a big family,
and that is space.
You've got to have a place where the old folk
can have a bit of peace and quiet.
You've got to have a place
where the kids can let off steam.
And you've certainly got to have a place
where the middle-aged
can shake the dust of their in-laws off their feet.
Now, I say that a pleasure garden,
or a swimming pool, or lido,
is the answer to all these problems.
And if you're voting for me,
then you're voting for that.
Of course, you may think
that I'm a sentimental old codger.
But to me, there's something sweet,
clean and refreshing about a garden.
Something that makes you feel better.
Gives you a new lease of life.
There's a bit of poetry that explains what I mean better than I can explain it myself.
It goes...
Well, I'm not so sure how it starts,
as a matter of fact, but I know how it finishes up:
"The song of the birds for mirth.
You're nearer God's heart in a garden
than anywhere else on earth."
Ah, shut up!
You'd better watch the garden by the river,
not up here.
(Shouting)
(Screams)
Well, it's been a good fight, hasn't it?
It has, yes!
(Laughs)
Seeing that Dad's so busy at this meeting,
we thought we'd come and keep you company.
- Ah, that's nice of you.
- Yes.
Now, Ma, Di and I have been talking things over.
And we don't feel it's right to keep money
tied up in land. Well, it's against our principles.
- We like to see it circulate freely.
- That's right.
How? In one door of The Wheatsheaf
and out the other?
Now, I hope I'm enough of a gentleman
to ignore that remark.
Anyway,
the point is that we'd like to sell our bit of land.
- Well, Ethel, what do you say?
- I'm not speaking.
Now, listen. Are you ready to sell your share?
- No, I'm not!
- Why not?
You know perfectly well why not.
Grandfather left it to us as a nest egg.
He said not to sell it unless we was in trouble.
If Di was in trouble, it would be different.
But she isn't. Are you?
Of course not.
Granddad had his head screwed on right,
and if he bought that land, it was for a purpose.
- A bit of swamp.
- Swamp or no swamp, he knew what was what.
I wouldn't wonder if there was uradium
or penicillin hidden in it. I'm not selling.
Pig-headed. That's what you are, Ethel.
Now, just leave this to me.
I've got business experience.
Business? Only under-the-counter stuff!
Under the counter?
What about those nylons you've got on?
Pig-headed - that's what she is.
I never was so insulted in my life!
- As a matter of fact, I bought these nylons.
- I bet you did.
- Look, I'm not gonna get stuck up...
- Neither am I.
Pig-headed. Always was.
- Are you calling me a liar?
- Yes!
Look, you're gonna sell that land, or...
For the last time, I am not gonna sell it!
The whole lot of the Huggetts is pig-headed.
(Children shouting)
- All right?
- Fine.
- Did you get one, Pet?
- Well, sort of. How's the poster going?
- It's finished, bar the lettering.
- Gosh, that is wizard!
- You really think so?
- It's smashing.
How long will it take to do the ones with Dad in?
Well, it's all according what you've got for me.
I'm afraid it's rather faded.
- He's a bit of a comic, isn't he?
- Someone took it for a joke at a cricket match.
- Is that the best you can do?
- Yes, he doesn't go in for photographs.
The other one was a wedding group,
and they'd miss that.
Well, this'll have to do, but it's going to be tough.
I say, come on.
- How about a kiss on account?
- You've got a cheek!
You deliver the poster first. Then I'll see.
Harold Hinchley. Don't forget to vote, will you?
Mr Hinchley.
Harold Hinchley.
Ah, good. Right.
Now we're all together, we can get started.
Now, you've all got your routes, haven't you?
All right. Now, we'll meet here again
when we've finished. Is that clear?
Is that clear? Right?
OK. Now, let's go. Make it snappy.
(Yapping)
Ah!
Ah, good evening, ladies! (Chuckles)
What a dear little dog you've got!
Wuzzy-wuzzy-wuzzy!
Naughty Trixie!
Don't mind her barking. She's nervous.
Oh, she's not nervous of me. Are you, beauty?
What is it you were wanting?
- Your votes, madam.
- Oh, we don't vote.
- No, we never vote.
- We don't believe in it.
Yeah, but this is only a municipal election.
I mean, I want your support for this lido lark.
Perhaps you read my letter in the paper.
- Yes, we saw it.
- We read it.
- We don't believe in it.
- They might put the lido near the river,
  and that would never do for us.
You see,
we are the owners of the Bramley Estate.
We haven't agreed on its disposition.
And it's the subject of litigation,
so we can't discuss it.
But wouldn't you like somewhere
where you can fling your clothes off and bathe?
Fling our...? We don't bathe.
- We never have.
- No, we don't believe in it.
Yes, but it would be quiet, see?
Somewhere where little doggies
can take their exercise away from nasty motors.
- Oh!
- Oh, I see.
Er... just a moment.
(Whispering)
- We'll look into it.
- We might even consider it.
Favourably, perhaps.
Well, thank you very much.
That's very kind of you. There's Wuzzy-Wuzzy.
- There we are.
- Good night.

**ALL:**
Shut the gate.
(Yapping)
- (Shrieking)
- Trixie!
(Women all shout at once)
- Good evening. I...
- Trixie!
Trixie, come back!
Er... er... ladies,
I ventured to call this evening...
Did the naughty man leave the gate open, then?
She's trembling, the poor little...
Some people have no consideration!
She might have been killed.
I've come to discuss a far more important issue
than the welfare of our canine friends.
Well, we won't listen to you, will we?
No.
- Ladies...
- You're a nasty, horrid man!
- But you haven't heard what I want to say.
- And we don't want to.
We have nothing to say to people
who have no feeling for little dogs!
- I... I wanted to...
- Nothing. Good evening.
Susan, come in a minute, will you?
Yes, Mr Lever.
Sit down.
- You won't need that.
- Very well.
Susan, I want to ask you something.
Yes, Mr Lever.
- Will you have dinner with me?
- No, thank you.
That's the third time this week I've asked you, and the third time you've turned me down. Why?
I don't like going out with married men.
- Who said I was married?
- A friend of mine.
- What else did he tell you?
- Isn't that enough?
No.
It's either too much or not enough.
You mean you're not married?
Come to dinner and let me tell you the whole story.
Then you can make up your own mind. Will you?
Please.
Well... All right.

? Swing band
I don't talk about my wife as a rule, but you're so sympathetic, I can tell you.
- May I?
- All right.
It's a tragedy.
Absolute tragedy.
The war, you know. All that terrible bombing. It affected her mind.
Well, she had to be put away.
You mean she's... queer?
Oh, completely insane. She tried to kill me.
I've got the most horrible scars where she attacked me.
- How awful.
- I'd show them to you.
Only, they're not in the right places.
- How long has she been like that?
- Five years.
It happened a month after our wedding. 
So, you see, 
my marriage hasn't been a marriage at all. 
Just an empty shell. A mockery. 
I'm so sorry. 
Oh, I knew you would be. 
You're so different from other women. 
- Am I? 
- Yes. 
You've got courage, and sympathy. 
You're so strong, 
and at the same time, so sweet. 
If you were in love with a man - 
really in love, I mean - 
you're the sort who'd defy convention 
and go away with him. 
To the ends of the earth. Wouldn't you? 
Do you really think so? 
- It's written all over your face. 
- Is it? 
Such an adorable face, too. 
Susan... will you? 
What? Defy convention? 
If you want me to. 
Good morning, miss. 
I'd like a word with Mr Huggett, if he's in. 
Yes, of course. Just a minute. 
Dad! Someone wants to speak to you. 
- Who is it? 
- A policeman. 
Oh, good morning, Sergeant. You wanted me? 
That's right. I'm sorry to trouble you, sir, 
but I want to give you a word of warning. 
Now, in the ordinary case, the police don't 
terfere in elections, unless we're called in. 
Well, of course. 'Ere, you get off. You'll be late. 
Yeah? 
But this time, we feel you've gone a bit too far, 
and it's got to stop. 
- Well, what's gone too far? 
- This, for a start, sir. 
Come inside. 
Where the blazes did you get that from? 
On the notice board outside our station, sir.
Amongst the murderers and lost dogs.
Well, struth, Sergeant -
I've never seen that in my life.
Oh, now, we're not quite fools, you know.
This and half a dozen others
was plastered all over the town last night.
We've had a few complaints already.
I expect there'll be more before the day's out.
So, I just want to warn you: any more,
and there'll be a summons. Is that clear?
Quite clear. Thanks.
Between you and me, and duty apart,
I'm all for this lido notion of yours.

But take my tip:
that sort of thing won't get you anywhere.
Is that clear? So, don't let it happen again.
Good morning, sir.
Good morning, Sergeant.
Ah, Christie? Gowan.
Look, are you still interested
in that bit of land in Riverside Drive?
You are? Well, I think I can fix it for you.
If the price is right.
Yeah.
All right. Well, I'll tell you what.
Meet me at The Wheatsheaf saloon bar
at eight o'clock. Got it? Eight o'clock.
And bring your chequebook with you.
That's right. OK. Bye-bye.
(Diana squeals)
(Laughing)
Oh, you...
Oh, hello. I want to speak to Mr Bentley.
Oh, hello, Bentley. Gowan here.
Oh, all right. How's yourself?
Yeah, now, look. I've been talking
over that little proposition of yours.
Well, if you're still interested,
I think I can fix it for you.
Ah, you leave her to me. I'll soon fix her.
OK. Well,
how about having a drink with me tonight?
The Wheatsheaf. Eight fifteen.
Oh, no, no, no, the private bar.
Well, it's... it's quieter in there.
OK. That's a date, then.
All right. Bye-bye.
What do you want?
The key to the spare-parts cupboard.
Oh.
Next time, knock before you come in.
All right.
You mean you offered this fellow Gowan 650
for that miserable little rubbish dump?
- But, Mr Hall, you said you wanted it.
- Not at that price. It's outrageous.
You told me to go 50 higher
than the last bidder, so I did.
He said he'd had an offer of 600.
He was lying. Fantastic.
You must have been out of your senses.
Where did this happen?
- In The Wheatsheaf.
- I see.
- I only had one drink.
- One too many.
Well, go back and get out of it somehow.
I'm not paying that.
Well, how? He's bringing the deeds round at ten.
Well, you can tell him to take them away again!
(Telephone rings)
Hello? Hall and Company.
- It's Gowan.
- Oh, yes, Mr Gowan. Bentley speaking.
Now, about that land. I'm afraid it's a no-go,
old chap. I've got a better offer.
What?
Don't say I didn't warn you.
I told you it was worth 750.
- He's sold it elsewhere for 750.
- Ask him who bought it.
Well, now we've lost the toss, I suppose
there's no objection to telling us who bought it.
OK, if it's gonna give you any pleasure.
A bloke by the name of Christie.
Christie, eh?
Oh, no, no. Nothing. Nothing at all.
Yes, thanks. Goodbye.
- Christie?
- The Huggetts have done well for themselves.
Not to mention Wilson and Lever - blast them.
Has Huggett been in with them all along?
Well, the way things have turned out,
it looks like it.
And it'll look like it to the honest electors
of Strutham when I tell them about it.
- You're going to expose him?
- Exactly.
Get Christie on the telephone.
Tell him I want to see him.
I'll show this Mr Huggett where he gets off.
Ah, Huggett. I thought we'd find you here.
Alderman Hall would like a word with you.
- With me, sir?
- If you don't mind.
- Of course not, if Mr Campbell doesn't.
- I'll er... leave you together.

HALL:
I promise I won't keep him more than a minute.
That's quite all right. Take your time.
- Won't you sit down, Mr Hall?
- No, thank you.
What I've got to say can be said in a minute.
Your secret's out.
- What secret?
- You know perfectly well what I mean.
I don't want a scandal,
so I'm going to give you an easy way out.
Withdraw from the election now,
and I'll say no more about it.
Are you crazy? I've got a meeting tonight.
Exactly. I shall be there.
In the front row.
And if you have the impudence to turn up,
it will be my painful duty
to ask you one or two very awkward questions.
- Such as?
- Why you suggested a lido,
when you knew the only land available
was owned by Lever and Wilson and your wife.
Why your wife sold her plot to Lever
for ten times its worth.
My wife hasn't sold anything to anybody.
Why do you take the trouble to lie? I've seen
Christie. He's shown me the documents.
I've seen your wife's signature on it, and my
guess is, it's tucked away in Lever's safe now.
Well, I can only say that I haven't the faintest
idea what you're talking about. But I'll find out.
You'd better. And you'd better have
your withdrawal in before the meeting tonight.
- That won't be necessary.
- All right. Don't say I didn't warn you.
- Are you quite sure you never signed anything?
- Yes, I think so.
Now, what do you mean, you think so?
Either you signed it or you didn't. Is it yes or no?
- Yes.
- You mean yes, you did?
No, I mean yes, I didn't. I mean, no, I didn't.
- Are you sure?
- Yes.
That's all I want to know.
- Joe, where are you going?
- Out.
- But you haven't had your supper.
- Got no time. I've got things to do.
Oh, dear.
I do hope he won't do nothing he'll be sorry for.
Mum, who was it wanted you to sell the land?
Everybody. First it was Mr Christie.
Then it was Mr Bentley.
Then it was Diana Gowan and Grandma.
They was all on at me.
Gowan? I bet he knows something about this.
I'm going to see him.
Susan, not now! You haven't had your supper.
No time for supper. I've got things to do.
- Oh... it's you.
- Oh, hello, Peter. I've got to see Mr Gowan.
- Well, you can't.
- Why not?
- He isn't here.
- Well, is Di in there?
They're both away.
Gone on a week's holiday. I'm in charge.
Oh, blast! Well, when did they go?
This afternoon. What's all the fuss about?
Your dad was here asking for him, too, earlier.
Well, Alderman Hall says that Daddy
and Maurice and Mr Wilson are in a plot
to make money out of the land for the lido.
And he says that Mum has sold the land
to Maurice, and Mum says she hasn't, and I...

Peter, you're not listening.
- I say, look at this.
- What is it?
- See that writing, on the blotter?
- Yes.
- What does it look like to you?
- I can't see. It looks like a signature.
- Got a mirror?
- Yes.

Ethel Huggett. Ethel Huggett. Ethel Huggett.
- Well, what does it mean?
- Someone's been forging your mother's name.
That's what it means. And I know who did it.
- Who?
- Dear little Diana, of course.
She was writing something the other day.
You know how she is.
She can hardly write her own name,
much less anybody else's.

Peter, I'm going down to the office to see
if that deed's in a safe. Will you come with me?
If you want me to. I've got my bike outside.

Good.
Oh, wait a bit. Look, I must go back.
I must use the phone.
- Wait outside.
- Well, hurry.

(Squeaks) Ahem...
(Deep voice) Mr Lever, this is a friend.
If you want to prevent a burglary,
I should get down to your office right away.
(Ends call, dials again)
(Horn)
This is Peter Hawtrey.
I've got some very interesting news for you.
(Tearfully) I don't know what's going to become of us. We shall all end up in prison. You'll see.
Course you won't.
You haven't done anything wrong, have you?
- No.
- Well, there you are.
Now, you go and get dressed, and we'll go to the meeting.
- Oh, no, I couldn't!
- Daddy's expecting you to be there, and we've got to back him up, haven't we?
- I suppose so.
- Well, go on, then.

MAN:
How much longer?
Er... (Bangs table)
Ladies and gentlemen,
I'm sorry that Mr Huggett has been delayed, but he'll be with us very soon now.
He's on the way.
And since a good thing is always worth waiting for, I know that you'll all want to stay and hear him.
In the meantime, I hope that you'll allow me to act as... a very unworthy deputy for him.
Mr Chairman, may I ask a question?
Certainly. Certainly, if you wish to, yes.
Is... is Mr Huggett still standing for the council, or has he withdrawn his nomination?
I beg your pardon, sir?
I thought the question was perfectly clear.
Is Huggett still standing for the council, or isn't he?
Well, of course he's still standing.
- Are you sure of that?
- Perfectly.
- Well, why isn't he here?
- I've already told you: he's on his way now.
- In that case, may I ask another question?
- If you like.
Did you or any of Mr Huggett's supporters know that he or his wife own part of the land
which the ratepayers have been asked to buy for this precious lido?
(Shocked murmurs)
You've no right to ask such a question, sir.
Oh, yes, I have. I'm a ratepayer.
If I'm going to be asked to vote for a lido, and buy the land for it,
I want to know who's making a quick profit at my expense.
You're completely out of order, sir.
You've no right to make such a statement.
I'm not making a statement.
I'm asking a question.
And I'm telling you, sir, that you are out of order!
(Confused shouting)
- I'll find it.
- You don't know the keys, anyway.
Give them to me.
- What are you doing?
- Well, I was just...
- Here.
- Is that it?
I think so.
Yes, look. It's signed by Di and Mother.
- Is that her writing?
- No, of course not. It's a forgery.
They could go to prison for this.
And you could go to prison, for what you're doing.
- Maurice!
- Hello, Mr Lever. My name's Hawtrey...
- Give me that agreement.
- No!
- If you don't, I shall call the police.
- Well, call them. I don't mind.
- 999.
- Thank you.
(Banging at door)
- That was quick, wasn't it?
Aren't you going to let them in?
Ah, so I was right.
There you are. There's your evidence.
- Alone in his office at night, with a woman.
- Not alone. I'm here.
That's beside the point. What's your name?
- Susan Huggett. What's yours?
- Mrs Lever.
Mrs...? But...
- She's escaped!
- What do you mean, escaped?
- Well, you're in a lunatic asylum.
- Who says I was in a lunatic asylum?
- Maurice did.
- Oh, you did, did you?
No, no. Now, don't lose control.
Now, let's be calm.
Calm, for heaven's sake! I have an explanation
for everything, if only you'll let me give it.
Wait! Please, don't...!
You know perfectly well that as soon as Mr
Huggett arrives, he'll answer all your questions.
When Mr Huggett arrives?
You know perfectly well he's not coming.
Can I say something?
Mrs Huggett, you'd be well advised
to ignore Alderman Hall's remarks.
In my opinion,
they're slanderous and actionable.
I should say nothing
without first consulting your lawyer.
- We want to hear her!
- Let her speak!
- Do you want to, Mrs Huggett?
- Yes, please.
Well, very well. But don't say I didn't warn you.
Well, that land by the river
doesn't belong to my husband.
It belongs to me and my cousin.
Only, she's dead, so now it belongs to me
and Di. That's my niece, Edie's daughter.
There you are.
You heard Mrs Huggett's explanation,
and it's quite obvious
that Alderman Hall has been misinformed.
I suggest that we continue...
Just a minute.
Ask Mrs Huggett
if she didn't sell the land yesterday...
and how much she got for it.
I never sold nothing.
I promised my granddad I wouldn't part with
that land unless I was in trouble, and I didn't.
If I told you I'd spoken to the solicitor
who drew up the agreement,
and your signature was on it,
what would you say?
- I'd say you was a liar.
- Mum! Mum! We've got it. Look.
Mum!
- May I ask what that document is?
- No business of yours. It's private.
Am I right in saying it's an agreement
to sell a piece of land in Riverside Drive?
Yes, that's what it says.
- And your signature's on it?
- Of course not. It's a forgery.
Forgery! A pretty excuse, I must say.
You sell the land,
and when you're found out you say it's a forgery.
- That's not true, and you know it.
- Oh, isn't it?
Where's your father? Why isn't he here?
Because he's afraid to face the music.
'Ere, 'ere, 'ere! Say that again.
(General muttering)
Now, ladies and gentlemen, with your
kind permission, I'd like to say a few words.
(Cheers of approval)
I'm sorry I was late,
but I had a bit of urgent business to clear up.
Now, I gather Alderman Hall has been saying
a few kind things behind my back.
Well, I've got a few things to say myself,
and I'm gonna say them to his face.
In the first place, when I put forward this lido lark,
I did so because I thought it was a good idea.
Not because I wanted to flog a bit of land
that belonged to the missus,
or make a bit of money myself
out of a building contract.
But this afternoon I had a bit of a shock.
Alderman Hall threatened me.
He said either I withdrew from this election, or he'd prove there was some funny business going on. Well, I didn't withdraw, but I did do some checking-up. And, ladies and gentlemen, I want you to know that there is some funny business going on. Plenty of it. Whichever of these two schemes the council accepts, you're going to pay through the nose for something which isn't worth half the price. And for why? For why? Because there's a fiddle going on. I admit it. In fact, I'm telling you. (Murmuring) Now, wait a minute. Before you get angry - and you've a perfect right to get angry - I want you to listen to Miss Bramley. (Shouting) She's got something to say that I think you ought to hear. (Cheering and applause) - Ladies and gentlemen... - And Mr Huggett. - We didn't want to come here, of course. - We happen to own the Bramley Estate. - The three of us. - Jointly, of course. Unfortunately, there's a lawsuit about the estate... Only because we can't agree how to divide it. Remember that. The lawsuit must go on. Justice must be done. Meanwhile, despite our differences, we are prepared to donate the waterside meadows... - They're part of the estate, you know. - On the south side. .. to donate the waterside meadows, free of charge, to the ratepayers, provided that... The ground in question is known as Huggett Park. In honour of Mr Huggett, of course. He was the first to make us realise how all the doggies in Strutham would love it.
Thank him, Trixie...
(Shouting and cheering)
What do you think of it, Mother?

**JS Huggett:**
Very good, I suppose.
- What's up?
- Nothing.
I know you better than that. Come on. Out with it.
Well, I don't know as I can keep up with you, now that you've got a corporation and all that.
What are you talking about?
Have you gone off your rocker?
I feel I can't talk about the things that interest you - that's all.
What things?
Oh, national insurance, and football pools, and rates and taxes and drains.
I can't do it, Joe. I'm not made that way.
Now, there's two things in the world I can't abide: pretty women and clever women.
You're neither, so what are you worrying about?
- Do you mean that, Joe?
- Well, of course I do.
I like you the way you are, and if I hear you talking about rates and taxes and that drivel, I'll take a big stick to you, my girl.
Oh, Joe!
And you can't use that old thing any more.