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# Bedknobs and Broomsticks

By Bill Walsh

You there, which way  
to Pepperinge Eye?  
Couldn't say, sir. It said on the  
wireless to paint out the signposts  
in case the Nazis drop in.  
I'm not a Nazi!  
I'm a British officer!  
That's what you'd say  
if you was a Nazi, isn't it, sir?  
Drive on, corporal.  
Sorry to give you so many  
but you do have six bedrooms.  
No trouble.  
Anything to get the poor things away  
from those terrible  
bombings in London.  
What about us?  
- Oh, yes. What is your name?  
- Rawlins, ma'am.  
Oh, yes. Here we are. Carrie.  
Charles.  
Paul.  
You're for Miss Price.  
I'm expecting her in.  
- Call out the navy  
- I won't be a moment.  
Please don't touch anything.  
Call out the tanks  
From the Cliffs of Dover,  
call up the gulls  
And don't forget  
the loyal territorials  
But who's digging in here?  
Who will defend  
Every inch of England,  
no matter what they send?  
Who's standing firm  
in our own front yard?  
The soldiers of the Old Home Guard,  
that's who  
The soldiers of the Old Home Guard  
We wrote the story  
of the old brigades  
We know the glory

of yesterday's parades  
Who's standing firm  
in our own front yard?  
The soldiers of the Old Home Guard,  
that's who  
The soldiers of the Old Home Guard  
- Halt!  
- Carry on, sergeant.  
Captain Greer, sir,  
from headquarters at Tidbury,  
here to check military preparations.  
Tell them Pepperinge Eye  
has matters well in hand.  
Nevertheless, I...  
What on earth is that?  
Good morning, General.  
I received your message, Mrs Hobday.  
- I assume my parcel has arrived.  
- It's in the office.  
How lovely.  
- Who is that?  
- Miss Price. Splendid woman.  
Her late father served with me.  
What does she burn in this?  
It smells like sulphur.  
Ridiculous! One can't make  
motor fuel out of sulphur!  
Here we are. Another object from  
Professor Emelius Browne in London.  
- Thank you.  
- Is it what you expected?  
- I imagine so.  
- He sent you a cat last time.  
- Professor Browne is well?  
- I haven't the faintest idea.  
Are we to have  
the pleasure of meeting him?  
I doubt it. I don't know  
Professor Browne personally.  
- Was there something else?  
- Yes. Would you come this way?  
- I'm very anxious to get home.  
- Come along, please.  
- Get down, Charlie. I want a ride!

- Bash him one!

Stop it this instant!

Children, this is Miss Price.

Carrie, Charles and Paul Rawlins,  
all the way from London.

- How do you do?

- How are you, miss?

The government are trying to evacuate  
children into the country.

- Very sensible.

- Today they sent us 45.

And I've had to find homes  
for all of them at very short notice.  
These are the last three. All right,  
children. Pick up your things.

You're not suggesting I take  
these children into my house?

- Exactly.

- That's quite out of the question.

Children and I don't get on.

I'll believe you, miss.

Come on. Back to London.

Be quiet.

Besides, I have important work to do.

Miss Price, you do have  
that entire house to yourself.

According to the Ministry of  
Civil Defence, you have no choice.

I see.

If that is the case

I shall take them into my house,  
with the understanding that you find  
another home as soon as possible.

Fine. Come along.

Good morning, Miss Price.

There they are!

Oh, Miss Price, what a charitable  
thing you are doing,  
taking in these  
poor unfortunates from the city.

- Hold this very carefully.

- I wonder if I may drop by later.

- Why?

- Consider their spiritual needs.

That won't be necessary.  
They won't be with me for long.  
My parcel, please.  
Bring your things inside.  
- Bit murky, ain't it?  
- Yeah.  
Not another house  
round here for miles.  
- Wipe your feet.  
- Big place, this.  
- Who else lives here?  
- I live alone.  
It suits my purpose.  
All right. Come along, everybody.  
Sorry, miss. The cat startled us.  
No need for alarm.  
You just frightened him.  
Yeah, he's scared to death.  
You can see that!  
- What do you call your cat?  
- I don't give animals silly names.  
I call him Cosmic Creepers  
because that's the name he came with.  
You will sleep in here.  
This was my father's bedroom.  
Be very careful of everything in it.  
- You boys take the bed there.  
- All right, miss.  
- What was your name?  
- Carrie, miss.  
- You sleep in the sofa in there.  
- Thank you, miss.  
- Is that all you brought?  
- We ain't exactly burdened down.  
Travel light, that's us.  
I don't think this is going to work  
but it seems  
that I have no alternative.  
We'll do our best, miss.  
Really, we will.  
Thank you, Carrie.  
The bathroom is along the landing.  
- Supper is at 6:00. You will wash...  
- Wash?

You will wash yourselves  
otherwise there will be no supper.  
Is that clear?  
A house of horror.  
That's what we've come to.  
Please don't bother to whisper.  
I'm exceptionally keen of hearing.  
You are planning  
to run back to London.  
Please do your plotting elsewhere  
where I shan't have to listen to it.  
I don't know much  
about what children eat.  
You'll have to make do as I do.  
Is there anything in particular  
that you fancy?  
Sausage and mash,  
bubble and squeak,  
toad in the hole, fried fish...  
Anything at all.  
You won't find any fried foods  
in this house.  
- No fried food?  
- No.  
How do you keep your health?  
Cabbage buds, rosehips,  
hyssop seed, elm bark,  
wattle yeast and stewed nettles.  
'Dear Madam. With this shipment,  
the Emelius Browne  
College of Witchcraft  
sends you its  
congratulations  
on qualifying for the first degree  
of your chosen calling.'  
'You may now call yourself  
'apprentice witch.'  
'Yours faithfully, Emelius Browne.'  
My first broom.  
Time to go. Everybody up.  
Wake up, Paul.  
We're going back to London.  
Let's see how we fly this thing.  
Here we are.

'Clasp the broom with both hands.'

Yes, of course.

'Never astride the broom.'

Oh, yes, of course.

'A witch is always a lady unless circumstances dictate otherwise.'

'Take an easy, graceful sideways position.'

Of course, that's much better.

An easy, graceful sideways position.

There we are. How's that?

'To start up the broom, your basic formula:

La kipo necriff scrumpet leech!'

I wasn't ready!

Now watch this.

Here we go.

It's going to be a little different this time.

All right. I know it's not ladylike.

What's the matter?

- How does she do that?

- She's a witch.

That's the sort of thing witches do.

She don't fly good, do she?

- She's crashed!

- Now's our chance to hop it!

- Suppose she's hurt.

- Go on! You can't hurt a witch.

Look out!

She's proper cross now.

Let's get away from here.

Hang on. I'm having a bit of a think.

A witch she is, says you.

Then let's use the old loaf, says I.

- Let's get back to London.

- What we have here is an opportunity.

She don't want anyone to know she's a witch, does she?

- Not ruddy likely.

- That's the opportunity.

And I intend to make the most of it. Come on.

- Bran porridge.

- Thank you, miss.

Very healthful, I'm sure!

- Hurt your foot, Miss Price?

- Just twisted my ankle.

- Sorry to hear that.

- Thank you. It's nothing serious.

Lovely weather for flying last night.

Why did you say that, Charles?

Game's up, Miss Price.

We know what you are.

I see.

Don't worry, Miss Price.

No one's gonna peach on you.

Thank you. I should be most grateful  
if you didn't tell anyone.

Course there would have to be one  
or two little changes made round here.

I mean, I'd like to see an occasional  
sausage on the table here.

- A bit of strawberry jam.

- Charlie!

Let me handle this.

And another thing, Miss Price.

There will be no more of this wash,  
wash, wash, morning and night.

Anything else?

Now you mention it,

I could do with a bit of lolly.

Lolly?

Cash. Cold, hard cash.

You must have buckets of it.

The most accomplished of witches  
can't make money out of thin air.

Have you ever heard of a rich witch?

Be that as it may,

you don't want us to blab, do you?

Have you considered

what danger you might be in?

I am a witch, you know.

What will you do?

Turn me into a toad?

Lovely. A toad with pink eyes.

- I might just do that.

- Go on, then. I dare you.



Very well, Charles.

- You shouldn't have said that to her.

- She don't frighten me.

She can't even ride a proper broom.

Excuse me, Charles.

Filigree, apogee,

pedigree, perigee.

Oh, Charlie!

That's better than a toad!

That's a rabbit!

Bother! I never seem

to be able to manage toads.

Stop! Leave him alone!

- Don't let Charlie get hurt.

- My spells don't last very long.

I'm just an apprentice witch.

Look out, Charlie!

You flaming brute!

I'll teach you to do that to me!

Let Cosmic Creepers alone.

Weren't his fault.

I'm afraid it's my fault.

Bad enough not being able

to manage a broom.

I can't perform

a simple, basic spell.

You dared her to do it.

I don't see why we can't all be friends.

Maybe she's not a wicked witch.

Of course I'm not!

- See?

- If only I could trust you.

You see, the work I'm doing  
is so important to the war effort.

- How do you mean?

- I mean exceptionally important.

Most secret.

What do you say, Charlie?

We can keep a secret.

Yeah. If someone

made it worth our while.

I don't follow.

Simple. You give us something  
valuable to seal the pact.

Oh, Charlie,  
don't try to be clever again.  
It's for our own protection,  
ain't it?  
If we broke the pact, we'd have  
to give back the valuable object.  
I think it's an excellent idea.  
I wonder what I could give you.  
Would you settle for one of my spells?  
Bet that's not worth much.  
Come with me.  
- I like you better as a rabbit.  
- Shut up, you.  
Well, I never had a rabbit.  
Careful what you touch in here.  
Rum sort of place, ain't it?  
When I signed for my witchcraft  
course there was a free bonus,  
a marvellous travelling spell  
if you paid in advance.  
I think I'll give you that one.  
- Is it valuable?  
- Certainly.  
Poisoned dragon's liver?  
You mean you poison the dragon  
or just the liver?  
It comes prepared.  
It's part of the school equipment.  
Here we are. The travelling spell.  
Everybody gather round.  
All right now. Let's see.  
Does any one of you have  
a bracelet or a ring?  
- Something that you can twist.  
- No, Miss Price.  
- What about you, Paul?  
- Always carry a few things around.  
Never know when they might come  
in useful. Piece of blue glass.  
Lovely bit of string.  
Horseshoe nail.  
What's that?  
Knob from the bed upstairs.  
- It twists, don't it?

- Yeah. Twisted right off.  
Yes, I think that will be all right.  
Carrie, turn the light down  
a little bit, will you?  
Hellebore, henbane, aconite...  
glow-worm fire, firefly light!  
There. Isn't that pretty?  
Is that all we get?  
This knob will now work  
the famous travelling spell.  
And what's  
the famous travelling spell?  
- How does it work?  
- You take this knob  
and put it back on the bed upstairs.  
Then turn it smartly  
a quarter turn to the left  
then in a firm, clear voice,  
tell it where you want to go  
and the bed will take you there.  
Go on!  
- Will it really?  
- I see no reason to think otherwise.  
Thank you for the lovely gift.  
Sorry, but it belongs to Paul. He's the  
only one who can work the spell.  
- Me?  
- Yes.  
That's right. My knob, weren't it?  
That's the way the spell works.  
Nice mess he'll make of things.  
Oh, bother.  
You children run upstairs.  
Don't try anything with the bedknob  
till I get back.  
' 'Dear Madam,  
it grieves me to inform you  
that we have been forced to close  
down our College of Witchcraft.' '  
' 'This means that we shall not  
be sending you the final lesson  
in which you expressed  
so much interest.' '  
- What's keeping you?

- I've had some very bad news.

Is there anything we can do?

No. No, thank you.

Yes.

Yes, there is something  
that Paul can do.

- Me?

- I need the bedknob back.

- I must get to London.

- No. I want to go to the jungle.

Come with me, Paul.

Now, Paul.

Ridiculous as it may seem  
to have to explain this  
to a six-year-old,

- I do need your help.

- Go ahead.

I was expecting  
a very important spell in the mail  
from my teacher, Professor Emelius  
Browne, and it hasn't come.

What's that got to do with my knob?

I must go to London immediately  
and see Professor Browne.

With his help, we may be able  
to bring this war to a successful end.

That is why I need the knob.

What is your decision?

Thank you, Paul.

I brought this for your hair.

It may be windy.

Thank you. It's ever so nice.

Paul, have you been  
to the bathroom?

- Twice.

- Good.

Charles, put on something warmer.

The bed may travel quite fast.

I'm not going.

I'm staying right here.

But why?

All that rubbish about a travelling bed.

It won't work. That's why.

Carrie, help me to pull the bed out.

We don't want to scratch the wall  
when we take off.  
How's a ruddy big bed like that  
gonna get out of this room  
with those little windows?  
I don't know. There's a great many  
things about magic that I don't know.  
- We'll just have to find out.  
- Lovely!  
Just leave me out of it.  
I don't fancy  
making a fool of myself.  
What's come over you lately, Charlie?  
You're no fun any more.  
Help me tidy up. We don't want  
to go to London with an unmade bed.  
- How old is Charles?  
- Eleven, going on twelve.  
I see. That's what my father used  
to call the age of not believing.  
What's that supposed to be?  
When you rush around  
in hopeless circles  
Searching everywhere  
for something true  
You're at the age of not believing  
When all the make-believe  
is through  
That's Charlie to a tee.  
When you set aside  
your childhood heroes  
And your dreams are lost  
upon a shelf  
You're at the age of not believing  
And worst of all you doubt yourself  
Throw that away.  
You're a castaway  
where no one hears you  
On a barren isle in a lonely sea  
What's that? Poetry?  
Where did all the happy endings go?  
Where can all the good times be?  
Everyone on the bed who's going.  
You must face the age

of not believing

Doubting everything you ever knew

The knob.

Until at last you start believing

There's something wonderful in you

Lovely sentiment, I'm sure.

- Are you ready, Paul?

- Yes, Miss Price.

Repeat after me.

Take us to

Professor Emelius Browne...

Very good.

Headmaster, Correspondence

College of Witchcraft.

..of Witchcraft, London.

When I say go,

tap the knob three times

and turn it a quarter turn

to the left.

- Left...

- That's it.

We'd better hold on tight.

The behaviour of the bed

is something I'm not sure of.

Let me breathe a little.

All right, Paul. Ready? Go.

One... two... three...

- Is this London?

- Course it is!

- Smell that lovely sooty air.

- Marvellous, ain't it?

- Charles, are you convinced?

- Not yet I ain't.

I don't see no Professor Browne.

Neither do I.

You children look after the bed

while I make enquiries for Mr Browne.

- I told you this bed wouldn't work.

- Don't start that again.

It didn't work. It was supposed

to take us to Professor Browne.

- 'Professor Browne.'

- Come on!

Ladies and gentlemen,

gather round, please.  
Please note the name:  
Professor Emelius Browne.  
I am here to divert, to amuse,  
and, yes, even to help you.  
- There he is!  
- It is not what things are...  
It is what they seem to be.  
Is that not so?  
That ain't the kind  
of professor I expected.  
I'm not sure it's the kind  
Miss Price expected, either.  
What effect a little smoke is...  
with a dash of hocus-pocus  
and the scent of burning...  
and the scent  
of burning sulphur in the air.  
And now, for my next trick,  
may I draw your attention  
to this solid piece  
of ordinary window glass,  
framed in an ordinary  
unprepared frame.  
May I also draw your attention  
to this perfectly ordinary steel nail.  
Now I shall place the framed glass  
in this brown, unprepared...  
Unprepared, mark you...  
Unprepared brown paper bag.  
I shall now attempt to drive  
the steel nail through the glass  
without breaking the glass.  
'Impossible!' I hear you say.  
We shall see.  
He ain't very good,  
even if he is a professor.  
I tell you what I'm going to do.  
No, please don't go.  
Don't leave now  
and regret lost opportunities later.  
You, young sir. Would you care  
to warble like the storied nightingale?  
With this inexpensive device,

you can charm the very birds  
down from the trees, like so.

- How much?

- For you, sir, one penny.

One copper coin of the realm.

Carrie, I'm very surprised  
at you wandering off like this.

We found him for you, miss.

We found Professor Browne.

Don't work. I've been cheated!

Is that Professor Browne?

It is indeed, my dear.

How may I serve you?

Would you be interested in the mating  
call of the Brazilian bird of love?

Very useful, eh?

You are the headmaster of the  
Emelius Browne College of Witchcraft?

The late headmaster.

The college, alas, is now defunct.

Professor Browne,

I am one of your pupils.

My dear lady, you are indeed  
an ornament to the college.

- Splendid.

- Not at all.

I was shocked when you  
closed down the college  
without that most important  
last lesson.

I'm sorry, my dear. No refunds.

Look at your contract.

But I must have the spell  
that comes with the last lesson!

The matter is closed.

I bid you good day.

I have an appointment at my club.

The matter is not closed!

- Don't let him get away.

- Righto!

Here we are.

Will you get this child off my leg?

Filigree, apogee, pedigree, perigee.

Now I trust you'll behave



more like a gentleman.  
Look out!  
There goes another rabbit.  
What was all that about?  
I changed you into a rabbit  
with one of your own spells.  
My spell? From my school?  
Not one of your best spells.  
It doesn't last.  
Some of your others are much better.  
But I don't understand. My spell?  
They were just nonsense words  
from an old book.  
They worked perfectly well for me.  
They work for you?  
Good woman! Some kind of destiny  
has brought us together.  
You got these spells  
out of some old book, you say?  
I changed them round a bit.  
I gave them a bit  
of my own style, as it were.  
The old sorcerers did have  
a bit of a tendency to waffle on.  
But dear lady, I never thought  
I'd meet somebody like you.  
What a treasure.  
Mr Browne, will you please  
stick to the point.  
I would like to see this book  
immediately.  
Certainly. It's at my new town house.  
Would you care  
to join me for luncheon?  
We can discuss my ideas  
at the same time.  
Thank you. We'd be delighted.  
We shall all go together.  
- On the bed?  
- On the bed, Paul. Come along.  
You go round the other side.  
I always travel on the left.  
Will you give the address  
to Paul, please?

May I ask how we are going  
to get there on this bed? Fly?  
My dear Professor,  
with your own travelling spell.  
The one you gave with the course  
as a bonus.  
My travelling spell?  
That works as well?  
Just give the address, please.  
Bed, take us to 8 Winchfield Road.  
Madam, is this vehicle safe?  
Perfectly. A bit theatrical, perhaps,  
but then most good spells are.  
We're here.  
I would never have believed it.  
You must have given us  
the wrong address. Do you live here?  
In fact, I do.  
Temporarily, at any rate.  
I found the front door open.  
The house was deserted.  
Everyone has left the neighbourhood.  
Why should they do that?  
This probably has  
something to do with it.  
Merciful heavens!  
You should be terrified  
at the very idea of living here.  
You would have thought so.  
I am by nature a little bit of a coward.  
But then I pondered.  
In the perverse nature of things,  
this diabolical object  
is probably the best friend  
I've ever had.  
It enables me, for the first time  
in my life, to live like a king.  
Shall we go in?  
Rothschild '26. Noble, worldly-wise,  
but with a charming  
touch of innocence.  
Mr Browne, the book. Where is it?  
Dear lady, you are relentless.  
The book is in the library. We shall

proceed there after our cheese and wine.

Why do you keep the curtains closed?

So that we may enjoy

the gentle glow of candle light.

More likely so's a copper don't peek in  
and catch you hiding out here.

Why don't you

have a look round the house?

- I want to chat with Miss Price.

- May we?

Yes, run along.

But don't touch anything.

Remember, this house

does not belong to Mr Browne.

Mr Browne, where is that book?

I must have that spell

on substitutiary locomotion.

- What is it? A toy shop?

- No, it's a nursery.

- Ain't you ever seen a nursery?

- No. And neither have you.

Would you hold this, please?

What do you think of that?

- Well, I... don't know what to think.

- Miss Price.

Think how successful I could be with  
an assistant who can really do magic.

Dear lady, have you ever considered  
entering show business?

- The what business?

- The theatre!

Pantomimes, village fairs,  
the seaside.

Brighton, Blackpool,  
follies on the prom.

I have very important work to do.

Listen to me. We could make a packet.

Let us strike a bargain

You possess a gift

But I can speak the jargon

That will give your gift

the needed lift

You possess the know-how

And I command the show-how

Oh, how successful you could be  
With me  
I'm afraid we're wasting  
valuable time.

- What's your name?  
- Miss Price.  
- Your first name.  
- Eglantine.

Eglantine, Eglantine,  
oh, how you'll shine  
Your lot and my lot  
have got to combine  
Eglantine, Eglantine,  
hark to the stars  
Destiny calls us,  
the future is ours  
As the shine sells the boot  
and the blossoms the fruit  
All you need to succeed  
in your plan  
Is the proper ally  
upon whom to rely  
And I'm your man  
For I have an acumen  
that's nigh-superhuman  
I sell things that nobody can  
So I humbly suggest  
you accept my behest  
I'm your man  
Eglantine, Eglantine,  
oh how you'll shine  
Will you stop?  
Your lot and my lot  
have got to combine  
Eglantine, Eglantine,  
hark to the stars  
Destiny calls us,  
the future is ours  
What are you reading?  
'Isle of Naboombu.'

- Can't be no such place.  
- There is too such a place.  
These pictures prove it, don't it?  
Bit weird, ain't it?

Animals wearing hats and things.

I like it.

Now where is the book?

Well? Where is it?

At last, Mr Browne!

'The Spells of Astoroth.'

Of course.

Here's the travelling spell.

This is where you got it.

Does one's nose

have to twitch like this?

Oh, you're back, Mr Browne.

Miss Price,

a word about your tactics.

I don't mind being changed

into a hawk or a tiger

or something with dash.

But always a fluffy white rabbit?

It's intolerable!

Here we are!

Substitutiary locomotion.

'The ancient art of...'

'The spell which creates

this force is five mystic words.'

'These words are...'

But the rest of the book is missing!

Now you see why

I closed down the college.

- But where are the other pages?

- Haven't the foggiest.

- Listen to me!

- I'm all ears.

You will be if you don't pay attention.

Where did you get this book?

I bought it from a street market.

There was a bit of unpleasantness.

He claimed that I'd given him

a dud coin. I ask you!

There was a sort of scuffle.

The book tore.

He got one half and I got the other.

- But where's the other half now?

- It's probably been thrown away.

But if it still exists,

there's only one place to find it.  
- Where is that?  
- Portobello Road  
Portobello Road  
Street where  
the riches of ages are stowed  
Anything and everything  
a chap can unload  
Is sold off the barrow  
in Portobello Road  
You'll find what you want  
in the Portobello Road  
- Rare alabaster  
- Genuine plaster  
A filigreed samovar  
owned by the tsars  
- A pen used by Shelley  
- A new Botticelli!  
The snippers that clipped  
old King Edward's cigars  
Made in Hong Kong?  
Two bob a dozen, would you say?  
- Waterford crystal  
- Napoleon's pistols  
Society heirlooms with genuine gems  
Rembrandts, El Grecos,  
Toulouse-Lautrecos  
Painted last week  
on the banks of the Thames  
Very interesting,  
but where do they sell books?  
There's a little place  
around the corner.  
Portobello Road, Portobello Road  
Street where  
the riches of ages are stowed  
Anything and everything  
a chap can unload  
Is sold off the barrow  
in Portobello Road  
You meet all your chums  
in the Portobello Road  
Lovely to see you. Goodbye.  
What I want

is the other half of this book.  
All in good time, my dear.  
Burke's Peerage, The Bride Book,  
The Fishmonger's Guidebook  
I'm looking for  
the other part of this.  
A Victorian novel, 'The Unwanted Son'  
- You don't understand!  
- The History of Potting  
The Yearbook of Yachting  
The leather-bound  
'Life of Attila the Hun'  
Portobello Road, Portobello Road  
Street where  
the riches of ages are stowed  
Artefacts to glorify a regal abode  
Are hidden in the flotsam  
in Portobello Road  
Who do you think you are?  
Tokens and treasures,  
yesterday's pleasures  
Cheap imitations  
and heirlooms of old  
Dented and tarnished,  
scarred and unvarnished  
In old Portobello...  
This lady is looking  
for the other half of this book.  
It's called 'The Spells of Astoroth'.  
I don't keep no torn  
or damaged books here.  
What do you think I am?  
A ruddy wastepaper merchant?  
You can eat like a king  
in the Portobello Road  
There's another bookstore  
along here somewhere.  
You don't expect  
to sell a piano like that, do you?  
Let me have a go, my dear fellow.  
Portobello Road, Portobello Road  
Happy things are happening  
in Portobello Road  
You feel like a ballerina

when you're hopping like a toad  
When you kick your heels up  
down in Portobello Road  
Come on, ducks!  
Come on, girls!  
Lovely.

Oh, yeah, play the drums.  
Closing time!

Bye!

Portobello Road  
Portobello Road  
Street where the riches  
of ages are stowed  
Anything and everything  
a chap can unload...

Hey, governor. Something  
for the lady friend? Nylons?

- No, thank you.
- Petrol coupons?
- Chocs for the little 'uns?
- No.

How about one of these, mate?  
Fell off the back of a lorry.

- Be a good chap and run away.
- Would you fancy this, then?

Now you have my undivided attention.

- What can I do for you?
- Get over to the Bookman right away.

He wants to see you. You too.

Who is the Bookman? And what right  
has he got to order me about?

I think we'd better  
ask questions later.

Excuse me.

Sorry, guv.

No one told me about the stairs.

Why didn't you  
bring Scotland Yard, Swinburne,  
and half the Household Cavalry  
as well?

What's the bed for?

It's a present for you.

That's what he said.

Nothing of the sort.



The bed belongs to me.  
Except for this knob, which is mine.  
Bookman, there's been bad blood  
between us long enough.  
Let this gift begin friendship anew.  
- Draw the curtains. Lock the door.  
- You'll be snug as a bug.  
Isn't that the section of the manuscript  
we've been looking for?  
- Who is this person?  
- Miss Eglantine Price.  
A charming young woman  
of my acquaintance.  
Miss Price, I've been looking  
for this other bit a long time.  
Mr Swinburne told me you were  
in the market making enquiries.  
And here we are. I don't mind saying,  
to see it all together at last...  
- There isn't much I wouldn't do.  
- Or haven't done, for that matter.  
- Right, guv?  
- You'll close your mouth, Swinburne.  
Is that clear?  
It's all like a jolly detective story  
or jigsaw puzzle, isn't it?  
We're both after the same spell.  
You have one clue, I have the other.  
Yes, in that case, the sensible thing  
seems to be for us to cooperate.  
I assume you're looking  
for the same thing I am.  
May I?  
This is quite a moment  
for both of us.  
'Substitutiary locomotion,  
the lost miracle of the ancients.'  
And so on and so forth.  
Here we are.  
'The spell which creates this force  
is five mystic words.'  
'These words are...  
engraved on the star that was always  
worn by the sorcerer Astoroth.'

But where are the words of the spell?

I assumed they'd be  
in your half of the manuscript.

I thought they'd be in yours!

Once again, a dead end.

I shall never know the secret.

Isn't that old Astoroth?

And there's his star.

Pity it's so small

you can't read the writing.

- But why the animals?

- Towards the end of his life,  
Astoroth kept animals in cages  
in search for the spells that  
would make them more like humans.

The legend is that finally the  
animals rebelled at the experiment,  
killed Astoroth

and stole many of his powers.

Including the star

with the spell on it.

Possibly.

They found a ship, sailed away  
and were never heard of again.

However, there is a final notation  
in my half of the book

saying that in the 17th century

a shipwrecked lascar

was taken from the sea

half mad with thirst

and exposure to the sun.

Before he died, he swore he had seen  
an island ruled by animals.

Where?

There is,

I regret to say, no such island.

I looked for it in every chart.

The Isle of Naboombu does not exist.

It does too! Got my own...

- What is he trying to say?

- Nothing!

When he don't say nothing,

he mumbles.

I wish the child to speak!

- Now you've done it.  
- There is too such a place.  
Got my own book. There.  
Real pretty letters, ain't it?  
- Let me see it.  
- You're not interested, Bookman.  
- It's just a children's book.  
- I'll be the judge of that.  
- Give it to me.  
- No.  
Please don't annoy me.  
- Give me the book, boy.  
- Not likely.  
Bit of a stalemate, isn't it?  
If it's all the same to you,  
I'd rather use my own.  
Sentiment, you know.  
Come along, Paul. It's time to go.  
Go? How, my dear? The door is locked.  
Observe the fundamental weakness  
of the criminal mind.  
- You will believe no one or anything.  
- I understand.  
- The knob, Paul.  
- Course you do, my dear.  
We can tell them the complete truth.  
They will believe nothing.  
He's up to something, you know.  
Before your very eyes, I shall cause  
this bed and the occupants on it  
to disappear.  
I should like to see a cheap-jack  
tenth-rate entertainer  
do a trick like that.  
' 'Cheap-jack entertainer.' '  
- That was naughty.  
- All right, Paul.  
- Where to?  
- To the Island of Naboombu.  
- I'm very curious about that place.  
- Good.  
Bed, take us  
to the Island of Naboombu.  
Enough of this nonsense!

Get the book!  
Beastly climate.  
I never did fancy the sea.  
- Where are we?  
- Naboombu, of course.  
I've never seen  
no island like this before.  
I'm afraid we may have  
fallen into the lagoon.  
That's right.  
Here we are on page three.  
Oi, Mr Codfish!  
Hello, young fellow!  
Welcome to Naboombu Lagoon.  
Now I'm hearing things.  
Fish don't talk.  
Not too bright, is he?  
- He's my brother.  
- Oh? Sorry.  
Mr Codfish,  
where is the Island of Naboombu?  
You mean the land part? Oh, that.  
Straight up. You can't miss it.  
None of my business, of course,  
but I shouldn't go there  
if I were you.  
- Having troubles, they are.  
- Troubles?  
He's right, you know.  
A lot of trouble.  
Trouble or not,  
we should be getting along.  
- I wish to see who is in charge.  
- What's the rush?  
It's really rather splendid  
down here. For you, my dear.  
Thank you.  
How pleasant...  
Bobbing along  
Bobbing along on the bottom  
of the beautiful briny sea  
What a chance to get a better peep  
At the plants and creatures  
of the deep

We glide  
Far below the rolling tide  
Serene  
Through the bubbly blue and green  
It's lovely bobbing along  
Bobbing along on the bottom  
of the beautiful briny sea  
What if the octopus,  
the flounder and the cod  
Think we're rather odd?  
It's fun to promenade  
Bobbing along, singing a song  
On the bottom  
of the beautiful briny sea  
Look!  
It's lovely bobbing along  
Bobbing along on the bottom  
of the beautiful briny sea  
What a chance to get a better peep  
At the plants  
and creatures of the deep  
It's grand  
When you're dancing on the sand  
Each glance  
Bubbles over with romance  
It's lovely bobbing along  
Bobbing along through the water  
Where we get along swimmingly  
Far from the frenzy  
of the frantic world above  
- Two beneath the blue  
- Could even fall in love  
Bobbing along, singing a song  
On the bottom  
of the beautiful briny sea  
Bobbing along, singing a song  
On the bottom of the beautiful briny,  
shimmery shiny  
Beautiful briny sea  
Bravo!  
Most exciting, most exciting.  
You've won the ruddy cup.  
Help!  
This time I really caught a whopper!

People! Oh, no!

What scurvy luck.

- My goodness!

- I'll deal with this, my dear.

- Don't you know that...

- Good day, captain.

I used to be a bit

of a seafaring man myself.

Many's the time

I've shipped out of Portsmouth.

Delighted to meet a fellow mariner.

Now stow it, mate.

- Oh, really!

- Can't you read reading?

It says... 'No peopling allowed.'

- Ridiculous!

- Don't antagonise him, Mr Browne.

That means I've got to throw you

all back. That's what to do.

Wait it minute! It says here

that anybody can see the king.

- And that's the law.

- Where do it say that?

Here in my book.

So it do.

But if you people knew

what was good for you,

you'd get yourselves

all throwed back.

The king don't like people!

Nonetheless, we must see the king

on an urgent personal matter.

Please lead the way.

But just don't say

I didn't warn you. See?

Follow me.

Get out of here!

Yes. What can I do for you?

I caught some people

down at the sea lagoon.

They want to see the king.

Really? Well, we can't be bothered

with that sort of thing now, can we?

I don't know that I fancy this.

His Majesty is in a frightful rage.  
Excuse me, sir.  
As an all-round entertainer,  
I am considered not without talent.  
Perhaps I can cheer him up.  
No, no. You don't understand.  
As everyone knows,  
His Majesty is  
the world's greatest soccer player.  
But due to a technical problem,  
the Royal Cup match  
cannot take place today.  
And His Majesty  
had so set his heart on it!  
Throw these... creatures  
back into the sea.  
Aye, aye, sir.  
Just a moment! I can help!  
Do you really think so?  
I'd be most grateful.  
Do you know soccer?  
Do I know anything about soccer?  
Why, I was captain of Tottenham  
Hotspurs for two years.  
Three seasons  
with Manchester United...  
Yes, yes. You'll do.  
Come this way, please.  
Mr Browne,  
are you certain you'll be all right?  
Now what?  
Not an ideal person  
in many respects,  
but Mr Browne is a very brave man.  
Do you think he's done for?  
Do you think so?  
I can't tell you how  
I appreciate this.  
For some reason  
we have great difficulty  
finding referees round here.  
If there be one thing we like,  
it's volunteers, eh, Birdy?  
He's a proper king!

Look at his crown!  
What's he got round his neck?  
What a magnificent... ornament, sire.  
Ah, yes.  
Wouldn't be without it.  
Been in the family for years.  
The Star of Astoroth!  
You're to sit  
in His Majesty's royal box.  
No littering, no chewing, no fruit  
or wrappers or sweets. Please.  
Rise, please.  
Loyal fans,  
this is official.  
We have a volunteer referee.  
Let the match begin!  
He's still wearing it!  
Right, Dirty Yellows,  
let's have a clean game.  
Right, True Blues, best foot forward.  
Weird sort of game they play here.  
Hurry up! Get rid of it!  
Gracious!  
You're doing fine, matey.  
Move it around.  
Get on with the match!  
- Foul!  
- They're only animals.  
That's no excuse for dirty football.  
Ref, are you blind?  
Be quiet, Charles!  
Don't forget who the referee is!  
- Don't they have no rules?  
- Course they do.  
The king makes them up  
as he goes along.  
Poor Mr Browne.  
Do you think he's all right?  
Well, he's moving.  
Steady, matey. Move it around.  
He almost had it then.  
Looks like he's done for this time.  
Don't just stand there! Head it in!  
Stop... that... ball!



Goal!  
Game's over. I win.  
Let me give you a hand, matey.  
That's quite all right, Your Majesty.  
Thank you so much.  
Please, let me help you  
on with your robe.  
Why, yes. Thank you.  
Can't have you  
catching cold, sire, can we?  
Why, no.  
Have you ever heard of something  
called the gypsy switch?  
No, can't say that I have.  
Remind me to  
tell you about it some time.  
I can't tell you when  
we've had such a good time.  
We'll carry your memory  
in our hearts for a long while.  
I think it's time to leave.  
Must you go?  
Must be dashing. Marvellous game.  
Lovely to see you. Goodbye.  
Friendly lot.  
Don't mind them visiting.  
Wouldn't want them living here.  
- Come along, children.  
- Hurry up.  
Stop gibbering!  
What's the matter with you?  
Your Royal Star!  
They've stolen your Royal Star!  
Don't be ridiculous.  
What do you think this is?  
Why didn't you say so?  
Paul, put the knob on the bed.  
At last the magic words.  
Treguna mekoides trecorum satis dee.  
I'll keep it.  
Women always lose things.  
- Hurry, Paul! The knob!  
- It's stuck!  
- I suppose I'd better do something.

- Please do. Quick.

Got it.

Filigree, apogee, pedigree...

Oh, bother. I do hate shoddy work.

I shall never get used to this thing.

Will you push the bed

back into place, please?

I think we could all

do with a nice cup of tea.

No time. I've gone to a lot

of trouble to find this spell.

I'm going to try it immediately.

Mr Browne, kindly let me

have your shoes, please.

- Fine.

- What's the shoes for?

If you'd been paying attention

I should think you'd be aware

that substitutiary locomotion is the art

of causing inanimate objects

to take on a life force of their own.

I must have inanimate objects

to experiment with.

Makes sense, don't it?

Stand back, everyone.

I need plenty of room.

I want you all

to be absolutely quiet.

Mr Browne, you have

the Star of Astoroth, I believe.

Oh, yes. It's in my nice clean hanky.

It's all right, Mr Browne.

I should have realised

that it would be impossible

to take an object

from one world into another.

If only I would have had the sense

to remember the words on that star.

- I know the words.

- Don't bother her. She's thinking.

Why don't you and I nip out

and get something for supper?

And I might conceivably

call into the pub for a pint

to steady my nerves.  
I do know the words, Miss Price.  
How can you know the words  
when Miss Price doesn't?  
Troop movements and massing  
of barges in French and Dutch ports.  
The prime minister  
has told the nation  
to be on the alert for signs  
of a possible invasion.  
That was the news.  
I might have been able  
to do something about this.  
It's out of your hands now, my dear.  
If only I could have remembered  
those words. It's maddening.  
Why don't someone ask me?  
Come off it, Paul. You can't remember  
those kind of words.  
You mean like 'Treguna mekoides  
treorum satis dee'?'  
- How do you know that?  
- Easy.  
Says so right here in my book.  
You mean it was there  
in your book all the time?  
Yeah. But nobody ever listens to me.  
Treguna mekoides  
treorum satis dee.  
Nothing happened!  
Am I doing something wrong?  
Well, it does seem  
a bit old-fashioned.  
After all, we are  
in the 20th century.  
- What do you suggest?  
- It needs rhythm. Tempo.  
Music.  
As I always say, do it with a flair.  
- Do you mind if I have a go?  
- Of course not.  
Come along, you lot!  
We need all the help we can get.  
Treguna mekoides treorum satis dee.

Substitutiary locomotion  
Mystic power that's far  
beyond the wildest notion  
It's so weird, so feared,  
yet wonderful to see  
Substitutiary locomotion come to me  
Now!

Treguna mekoides  
treorum satis dee.

I don't want locomotiary substitution  
Or remote intransecory convolution  
Only one precise solution is the key  
Substitutiary locomotion it must be  
Substitutiary locomotion  
Lovely substitutiary locomotion  
You've made substitutiary history  
With treguna mekoides  
and a little help from me

- With treguna mekoides and...

- Treorum satis dee

Mr Browne, what is going on here?

I haven't the foggiest.

How do you do?

Shall we?

- That's my nightgown!

- Is it really, my dear?

I'm not responsible

for its behaviour.

Obviously not, my dear.

Paul, what on earth are you doing?

Having a jolly good time,

that's what.

- How can we stop all this?

- Must we? It's most agreeable.

But we must do something.

Didn't I give you

my all-purpose cut-off spell?

- Lesson number eight.

- Eight.

- Yes, number eight I think it was.

- Oi! My Sunday trousers!

Buzz off, old chap.

Find your own dancing partner.

Be careful, Carrie! Slow down!

Mr Browne, will you please  
control your shoes?  
Dear lady, I very much fear  
that we have nothing under control.  
Do you mind?

Now, who would like some more  
of my lovely sausages and mash?

- No more for me, thank you.

- Carrie?

I've already had two helpings.

- I'm full.

- Me, too.

At least somebody wants some.  
Cheer up, my dear. This should  
be something of a celebration.

I'm sorry, but there doesn't  
seem to be much to celebrate.

- I still haven't mastered that spell.

- Of course you have.

You just need a little more practice.

- Do you really think so?

- No doubt about it.

Meantime, there's nothing  
to liven the spirits  
like a little master juggling.

Right, Charlie?

Go on then, guv!

Give us some juggling!

Very few better than me at this.

All you need is 20 years' practice  
and a touch of genius.

Never happened to me before.

I don't usually juggle  
with cats under my feet.

Look! She's laughing!

- Mrs Hobday. Do come in.

- I can't stop, my dear.

I've just come by  
to bring you the good news.

Mr Bistlethwaite,  
who brings the milk, you know?

He's promised  
to take the children in!

He and his wife have got that farm.

Just the place for growing children.  
Put a bit of colour  
back in their cheeks.  
Why, what's the matter?  
I thought you'd be pleased.  
You told me yourself that you had  
no time to take care of children.  
Circumstances have changed somewhat.  
We got a dad now. Mr Browne.

- Paul!

- Miss Price, is this true?

Of course. You do want him to stay  
with us, don't you, Miss Price?

I suppose

I hadn't really thought about it.

What about him?

What do you say about it, Mr Browne?

It's all rather sudden!

I don't quite know what to say.

Then I'll leave you two

to talk it over.

I'll come back in the morning!

Good night!

It is true, Mr Browne. You are going  
to be our father now, aren't you?

We are rather rushing things,  
aren't we?

Perhaps Mr Browne has other things  
besides you children to think about.

Yes. As a matter of fact

I should have left ages ago.

I must get a train

back to London tonight.

It's rather an important matter.

I'd like to tell you about it,

but it's a little bit hush-hush.

Sort of a secret.

Well... if...

If I've been any sort of help to you,  
I'm pleased.

You've been immensely kind.

Thank you.

I've enjoyed being with you.

Perhaps it's been good for all of us.

Will you be coming back?

Some day, my dear. I certainly hope that we shall meet again.

Some day.

When all this war business is over.

- I see.

- Perhaps I shall realise my dream.

Eglantine and Emelius:

illusionists extraordinary!

Just think how that

will look on the poster.

The children are going to miss you.

- You really think they will?

- Yes.

Well, I shall miss you. All of you.

If I don't go now

you might never get rid of me.

Goodbye, Carrie.

- Must you really go?

- I think it's best for everybody.

- Goodbye, Paul.

- I think you should be our father.

Goodbye, Charlie.

Do you want me to come down

to the station with you?

No, no. You stay here

and look after everybody.

- Goodbye, Miss Price.

- Goodbye, Mr Browne.

- When is the next train to London?

- Lord bless ye, ain't no train.

Not until milk job,

- Mind if I await it here?

- Suit yourself. Good night, sir.

Good night.

Out you go, Cosmic.

Hello?

Emelius Browne, do you know

you could be warm and cosy

in that house at this very moment?

For once in your useless life,

you really seem to have been needed.

You're a failure, Emelius Browne,

and a coward.

No, Frulein, this is not  
the invasion, just a little exercise.  
A minor raid to induce panic  
and to spread a little mischief.  
When you English get it  
through your head  
that the German forces can land  
whenever and wherever we please,  
perhaps you will consider  
reasonable peace.  
Not bloody likely!  
Go on, Miss Price. Do it to him.  
I must say, it's very tempting.  
Colonel, how would you feel  
about being turned into a white rabbit?  
I said, how would you feel  
about being turned into a white rabbit?  
Be quiet, please.  
Filigree, apogee, epogee...  
- Not again!  
- Your memory, Miss Price.  
Would you kindly fetch my notebook  
from the workroom?  
Righto.  
Silence!  
We have work to do.  
I am sorry, but I must send  
all of you some place  
where you will no longer  
be a nuisance.  
As the words sell the tune  
And the moonbeams the moon  
All I need to succeed in my plan  
Is a champion rare  
with a flourish and a flair  
Eglantine!  
Where's the spell for rabbits?  
The easiest of all, she said.  
Confound it, can't women ever learn  
to file things properly?  
Here it is.  
Filigree, apogee, pedigree, perigee.  
That's it.  
Filigree...



apogee, pedigree, perigee.  
Come along. For once in your life,  
you've got to believe in something.  
That's it. Good lad.  
Filigree, apogee, pedigree, perigee.  
What's the use of putting us  
in that draughty castle?  
It's quite chilly.  
The colonel believes when a British  
female decides to become a nuisance,  
she can become  
the greatest nuisance in the world,  
and I'm inclined to agree with him.  
You need a lesson in manners.  
If I had my notebook,  
I'd make certain you'd learn a few.  
Jumping Jehosophat! More Jerries!  
Take it easy, can't you?  
- Try holding your breath.  
- I am holding it.  
We could strip him down  
and grease him with soap.  
No, it's no good. We can't do it.  
I could have told you that  
in the first place.  
If we can't get Paul out we'll just  
have to think of something else.  
What about that spell  
that makes things move about?  
- But I'd need weapons.  
- How about all these things?  
I'm afraid they're a bit ancient.  
- Where did this come from?  
- It's Mr Browne!  
He's on his way to London.  
Mr Browne?  
If you are Mr Browne,  
would you get off my lap?  
It is Mr Browne!  
It is you!  
You didn't think  
that I could do that spell, did you?  
I am glad to see you!  
But what about all these Germans?

What's wrong with  
the substitutiary locomotion spell?  
- That ought to be useful.  
- It isn't ready yet.  
- You saw what happened.  
- We have to chance it.  
We can't let these so-and-sos  
get away with their beastly little raid.  
Won't you get up off the floor?  
We'll go to work.  
- Jolly good luck, my dear.  
- Thank you.  
Let's hope you haven't  
forgotten the spell.  
- Not this time.  
- Found this in the castle.  
Probably not magic,  
but it might make you feel more at home.  
Thank you.  
That was very thoughtful of you.  
Let's get out of Miss Price's way.  
Treguna...  
mekoides...  
treorum...  
satis dee.  
Look!  
Sound the advance!  
Just in time for the kick-off.  
Steady on the left.  
Victory for England and St George!  
Like a Lord Mayor's show!  
Pikemen, hold your distance.  
Treguna mekoides  
and treorum satis dee  
Blimey!  
- Where's it coming from?  
- Sounds like the sea road, sir.  
Come on, lads! After me.  
Good shooting, bowmen!  
Well caught, sir. Very good.  
Knock his block off! That's it!  
Mr Browne,  
make those children take cover!  
Are you still there, Colonel?

I thought you'd be on your way by now.

You see? Things may not  
be so easy for you after all.

Goodbye, Colonel!

Eglantine.

Dear Mr Browne.

- We thought they'd damaged you.

- See? No one can hurt Miss Price.

There they are, lads!

I said something was afoot!

All right. Drive them into the sea.

Firing positions. Both sides.

All right, men. Hold your fire.

I think we've taught

the Hun a lesson.

He'll think twice

before coming back here again.

It's tragic. All your spells,

your equipment. All gone.

Still, I was able to perform

some small service first.

That mean you ain't gonna

be a witch no more? Never?

No, Paul. I realised some time ago

that I could never be a proper witch.

Was it that first magic moment

when you laid eyes on me?

No. It was the day

my poisoned dragon's liver arrived.

I knew that anyone who felt the way

I did about poisoned dragon's liver

had no business being a witch.

- Certain you're doing the right thing?

- Well, I think so.

It's much too dangerous

being a civilian.

Take care of yourself, guv.

I'll do that. And I'll be back

before you've grown an inch taller.

- We'll be together again.

- Sounds like you have an escort.

Well, here we go.

- Permission to move off, sir.

- Carry on, sergeant.

Parade, by the right,  
quick march!

Suppose that's it.

We ain't gonna have no fun no more.

Still got this, ain't l?