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Carry on Behind

By Dave Freeman

TANNOY:

at 8pm tonight.

A film show and lecture on archaeological digging by Professor Roland Crump, the distinguished archaeologist. And so the bone structure tells us something about the shape of these prehistoric animals.

So much, then, for the bone of the greater woolly mammoth.

(Glass shatters)

(Laughter)

Dear, oh, dear. Oh, dear.

So sorry. Now... now, erm...

By studying the dwelling places of primitive man, we are able to form a picture of how he lived.

How he lived. Yes.

And we know from the crude drawings on the walls of his cave that he frequently exposed himself... ..er, exposed himself to all manner of dangers in his search for food and the other... The other significant feature of his existence was the presence of iced glaciers in the vicinity, which undoubtedly caused the piles...

...the piles of debris to move down and cover up his dwelling place...

(Snores)

...one of which we will now show you on film.

Are you ready?

Lights.

CRUMP:

of a typical Stone-Age dwelling. The lady uncovering the site is Miss Amelia Fosdyke, who learnt her skilful techniques under Professor Schwindhofer of Utrecht. Notice the typical upland scenery. Neolithic man always preferred those areas,

as the lower regions
were often foresty and inclined to be swampy.
The two large mounds in the foreground
are of especial interest.
It was these which first drew our attention
to the site.
And now we see the site partially uncovered.
Notice the small indentation in the middle.
The small indentation was probably caused
by a sharpened pole,
which was rammed in to hold up the roof,
the normal method of beginning
a Stone-Age erection.
And now we see Miss Fosssdyke
about to uncover
something of enormous interest.

MEN:

(Squeals)
(Audience chuckles)
Here! That's not Miss Fosssdyke.
They've sent the wrong film. Turn it off.
- Turn it off!
- (Cries of protest)
Turn it off immediately, I said. Here!
I will not have this shown
in a lecture that I'm in charge of.
Turn it off! Do you understand?
I will not have this in my lecture hall.
Turn it off immediately.
I won't have this kind of thing.
Oh, look!
No, I forbid it. Turn it off immediately!
(Audience cries in protest)
I will not have it shown...
Thank goodness. This is monstrous.
They sent the wrong film. I do apologise,
but what can I do?
Show it again. Show it again!
Morning, sir. I did enjoy your lecture last night.
I've never been so embarrassed in my life.
I thought it was smashing.
- Morning, Crump.
- I beg your... Oh, good morning, Dean.

- Have you got a moment?

- Is it about the lecture?

That's not what I wanted to talk to you about.

You're off to Templeton?

That's right. One of the most important finds in the West, according to reports.

- Is that so?

- Yes. It's a field next to a caravan site.

Apparently, they were digging a new cesspool and found what appears to be a Roman encampment.

What I want to talk to you about is your assistant.

I don't want an assistant. Never had one before.

What do I want an assistant for?

In the interests of cultural relations...

My relations weren't cultured. My grandmother...

In the interests of cultural relations, you'll have to take with you Professor Vooshka.

(Brakes screech)

(Clattering)

Good mornings. So sorry.

Well, that's all right. Don't mention it.

- Crump, meet Professor Anna Vooshka.

- How are you doings?

Professor Vooshka is the person

I was telling you about.

What about my caravan?

Never mind. You can hire another one when you get down there.

Professor Vooshka

is an expert on Roman remains.

Yes, I have been examining Hadrian's Walls.

- He only had one.

- One what?

Wall - Hadrian's Wall. He had one wall.

Oh, I'm terribly sorry

but my English not yet perfected.

- Oh, that's all right.

- I'm glad you two are hitting it off.

What does "hitting it off" mean?

Means like "having it off", no?

No, it means establishing a friendly relationship.

Oh. That's nice. Yes.

- Look after everything, will you, Crump?

- Of course.

I'll send you a party of students
to help with the dig. Good luck.

Thank you, Dean.

And no worry. Professor Crump and I
will soon be having it off.

Hitting it off.

BUTCHER:

- Hello, Else.

- Hello, love. Give us a bit of that for my old man.

Give that to your husband
and you're in for a night of romance.

Ooh! Can I do it in the oven?

Do it where you like. It's your kitchen.

Ooh!

90p and the next lovely lady, please.

Thank you.

- Where are you going?

- On one of those health farms.

Oh. What about Fred?

- He's taking the caravan. He's off fishing.

- On his own?

No, with Ernie Bragg.

- Oh, Bragg up the electrical shop.

- Yes, that's right.

What about Ernie's wife?

She's coming with me.

Talking of Ernie,

when is he coming about that fridge?

What do you mean?

He came when you nipped out for a pint.

He's in there.

Oh, no! I've shut the door on him!

Ernie!

Are you all right?

(Ernie groans)

Oh, my God!

It's only a sleeve.

(Mumbles)

(Continues to mumble)

I- I-I-I got the f-f-f-fridge w-w-w-working.

Aye. You have, haven't you?

I- I-I-I knew it was w-w-w-working

when I f-f-f-felt it f-f-f-falling off.

- Felt what falling off?

- My di-di-di...

...my temperature.

WOMAN:

you know you can if you want to.

Come on, darling. Show me what you can do.

Come on... Out with it.

What a beauty!

- Hello, darling.

MYNAH:

He's a mynah.

I thought it was the milkman.

Mummy got hold of him last week.

- Who? The milkman?

- The mynah bird.

- What's it doing here, then?

- Well, he's coming with us.

Hang on a minute.

Your mother's not coming on holiday with us,
is she?

What could I say? She asked.

But where is she going to sleep?

We could rent one of those extension -tent things
that go on the side.

(Barks)

Oh, I think he wants to come inside the caravan.

If he's coming with us,

he's got to get used to staying outside.

But supposing it rains?

We'll buy him an umbrella.

(Dog whines)

Oh, we should have bought a bigger caravan.

Should've bought a smaller dog.

We'll leave him in the kennels.

You know very well

he couldn't bear to be parted from us.

He might like it in the kennels. He might get in
with a nice crowd of dogs and love it.

If he doesn't come, I don't go.

I'm not leaving him.

Now, you behave yourself, do you hear me?

- Yes, dear.
- Because if you get up to anything, I'll find out.
- Yes, dear.
- Don't worry, love. I will keep an eye on him.
And who's going to keep an eye on you?
- Bye-bye.
- Bye, love.

Ooh! Aah!

(Groans)

We must be mad,
letting them two go off together.
They're only going fishing.
Depends what they're trying to catch.
I shouldn't worry, dear.
They haven't got much in the way of bait.

BUTCHER:

BUTCHER'S WIFE:

You remember, you take care of your rods.

(Butcher laughs)

Ta-ta!

- Hello, Mummy!
- Hello, darling!

Mummy's here.

You're not bringing those, are you?

- I can't leave them at home. They'll die.
- Good.

- Did you say something?

- I said, "Good, we've finished packing."

Put that on the table, will you?

Ow! Bloody hell!

Arthur, there is no need for that.

Oh, bother me. Bless my soul.

I do believe I nearly said a rude word,
cos I've got a cactus spike right up my...

(Thud)

- Arthur!

Er, who do we see?

Look. Look at that!

BOTH:

Heh, heh! Makes you wish
you were single, doesn't it?

As far as this holiday is concerned, Ernie,
we is single, and don't you forget it.

- Good day.

- How do you do, sir?

- How's the weather been?

- Oh, excellent.

- Oh, nice vans, these.

- Not bad.

- How long?

- About 14 feet.

No, no, no. I mean, how long are you staying?

- Depends.

- On what?

- Whether we get any. (Chortles)

- How long will you be staying?

Well, like he says, it depends.

- On what?

- How long we can stick it.

Yes, well, you can stick it up...

...over there, by the hedge.

We're shifting Grandad's grave
to build a sewer

We're moving it regardless of expense

We're shifting his remains

To lay the council drains

Protected by the local residents

Cor, blimey!

How disgusting! Who are they?

Archaeologists.

Archaeologists?

That's what it said on the side of the van.

Well, they all sound drunk to me.

So they're drunken archaeologists.

- Ow!

- Arthur!

I won't have swearing.

- Aaargh!

(Clatter)

(Giggling)

Come on, Ern. Let's see what's about.

I'm just checking my tackle.

WOMAN:

No need to check mine.

Hello, girls.

That's what I need - a bit of exercise, heh, heh!

Used to be a left back for Merthyr, you know.

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

(Air hisses)

Hey!

What do you think you're doing?

That belongs to me!

- What are you yelling about?

- My ball's burning!

Don't stand so close to the fire.

- Do you mean the students got here before us?

- Yes. Were you held up?

Yes. Before we're starting,
we're having quick bang together.

- Oh, really?

- She ran into my caravan.

What, for a quick erm?

No, no, it was a collision. She collided with it.

Now it's a complete write-off.

- Hm. That's nasty.

- So we are needing accommodation.

I managed to get the students fixed up
all right. Bit of a squeeze, mind you.

That won't hurt them. What about us?

That is the problem.

Those were the only two vans I had for rent.

It's OK, it's OK. We squeezing in somehow.

We shall do nothing of the sort! Not with that lot.

Oh, is not worrying me.

When I am on expedition to Gobi desert,

I am sharing tent with five men,

two goats and one camel.

Five men, two goats and a camel?!

- Da.

- But weren't you er?

Oh, yes, I was,

but since this time I'm always coming prepared.

- Oh? What have you got?

- I'll show you.

Stink remover.

MYNAH:

- Hold your noise.

MYNAH:

What did you say?!

- Show us your knickers.
- Mummy has got a surprise coming with you!
- Who's a cheeky boy, then?
- You are.
- Get stuffed!

(Car approaches)

Ollie!

Ollie! Look what Mummy's brought. A pressie!

(Dog whines excitedly)

Yes! Isn't that lovely, darling?

(Whines)

- I do hope he's not annoying you.
- No, he's all right.

That's the lot. Now hop it.

Oh, Barnes, this couple want somewhere to er... sleep and they'd like to rent your caravan.

Da. We have look.

Oh, you need look no further, madam.

This way, please.

Do you mind er, wiping your feet?

Here we are.

All ready to move into.

Just wants a bit of a sweep. I've got...

All the brooms and things are in the cupboard here and you'll find...

Who was living here?

I was.

How much rent you asking?

Well, I'm only a simple man, you see.

I don't understand figures. 30 quid a week.

L#30?! You must be insane!

All right, then. All right. L#25, take it or leave it.

- We'll leave it.

- We're taking.

15 quids a week.

Now, look here. The only reason we want this dilapidated mobile hovel is for somewhere to do our operations.

Operations?

What kind of operations?

Somewhere to examine our artefacts.

He will be getting them out
and I shall be examining them
and sticking labels on them.
You... you do what you like. Still L#20 a week.
15 is last offer, da?
- 15 for my lovely home?
- Da.
Right. I'm not leaving the bedding.
Which end you sleeping?
You can't be serious. I mean, look at it.
I soon am scrubbing out.
No, it's not just that. We can't share a caravan!
Oh, you're thinking of getting crampet, no?
Certainly not! Where on earth
did you learn that expression?
Crampet. Crampet is... squasht.
It's in the dictionary.
Crampet is... squasht together.
Oh! I see! You mean cramped.
Is what I say. Crampet.
Crampet. Crumped. Crumpet.
Well, you can be cramped here on your own.
If you don't mind, I'm going to the pub.
I'll find a room there.
Maybe you're getting crampet in pub also.
It says "Caravans only".
Don't worry. I'll soon chat him up.
- How do you do, ladies?
- I wonder, could you help us?
- What seems to be the trouble?
- Could we camp here tonight?
I'm very sorry, girls, it's caravans only.
Oh, but you see, my friend's hurt her leg.
Has she? Whereabouts?
Well, it's all over.
I think I must have pulled a muscle.
Oh. Perhaps it needs massaging.
Oh, I'm sure it does,
only... not while I'm on my bike.
(Chuckles) Well, perhaps we could find...
a quiet little spot around here somewhere.
- Oh, I beg your pardon.
- What, to massage it?
No. No, no, no. To put your tent up.

Oh, thanks ever so much.
Not at all. If I can be any help at all,
I shall be only too pleased to put it up for you.
I'm sure we can manage.

- Bye.

- Bye.

Oh...

I've got a Wickham's fancy,
a black gnat,
a March brown
and a ginger quill.
Phwoar! It's warm, isn't it?

GIRL:

Phwoar.

Phew.

I could do some good with these two.

I could do some good with them two.

- Cor... Look at that!

- Yes, they are beautiful, aren't they?

We could be all right there.

Oh. Oh, yes, I suppose we could.

Don't you fancy 'em?

Well, it's not that, but...

I can't, Fred.

What do you mean, you can't?

Well, I... I've got a disability.

What sort of disability?

I... I'd rather not tell you.

Oh, Ernest...

You can tell Frederick.

I talk in my sleep.

Is that all? How is this going to stop you having...

Talk in your sleep? Your missus, you mean?

That's what she meant

when she said she'd find out.

Well, that's lovely, that is.

You could've told me before.

You're going to ruin my bloody holiday, you are!

Well, it needn't stop you.

Of course it will.

Everything I do, you tell your missus.

She'll nip round, tell my missus.

Well, we could still go fishing.

I did not come here to go fishing.
I came here to go f...
finding other things to do. (Sighs)
Would you like to borrow my ginger quill?
Sandra,
this stove's not working properly.
Well, we dropped it, didn't we? Let's have a look.
If you fancy them that much,
why don't you go outside and chat 'em up?
What, with you around?
I might not talk in my sleep.
Hmm...
Sorry to bother you...
Oh! Ouch!
- Y-Yes?
- We can't seem to get our stove working.
I wondered whether
- you could look at it for us.
- Yes.
There's nothing missing.
No, I can see that.
Only we're dying for it.
- Pardon?
- A cup of tea.
Oh. Oh, yes, so are we.
Would you like to join us?
Oh, we'd love to, thanks.
Carol!
Would you like to sit down?
- Thanks.
- My pleasure.
- Hello.
- (Clears throat) Hello.
What do we need?
(Very low voice) I will... clear the... table.
Here, watch my flies.
- I beg your pardon!
- Oh.
Here, wait. Maybe you're needing.
- Oops!
- Here, careful. You could do me an injury.
Yes, easily.
So you are not finding room in pub, huh?
I rang all round, but they're full up.

Mm. So you are sleeping in caravan, no?
I suppose we could divide it up, or something.
OK, if you're wishing.
But you are going to help me
clean up caravan, no?
Oh, no, I've got to go
and examine the excavations.
Thank you.
(Whines and pants)
Ooh...
Oh, Mummy... Go in, please.
- (Barks)
- Ooh...
There are some people with an enormous dog
parked outside.
I know.
Really, how inconsiderate.
They're right on top of us.
You can't expect a field to yourself.
All right, Mummy. Don't fuss.
Arthur can move the awning.
I am not moving the awning.
Arthur, don't be awkward.
I am not being awkward.
Oh, for heaven's sake, don't argue over me.
- It's all very well for you to...
- I cannot stand squabbling!
(Dog barks)
Ooh, my God.
Now I've got one of my headaches.
I'll find you an aspirin.
- Get stuffed!
- What did you say to me?
Nothing. It was him.
How dare you speak to Mummy like that!
It was him, I tell you.
Go on. Say it again.

MYNAH:

He won't say it now.
For the very good reason
he didn't say it in the first place.
He may be your husband, Linda, but Arthur
never has been and never will be a gentleman!

I think it might be better if you slept out here.
Don't worry. I wouldn't come in there
if you paid me.

(Door slams)

- He's just like your father. He's coarse.
I can't stand coarse men.
That's the reason I left him.
I'm not leaving Arthur.

MUMMY:

He'll soon stop shaving
and start looking like a tramp.

Oh, Mummy, please.

It's bird nesting.

Where exactly

were these Roman remains found?

- In the new cesspit.

- Oh.

Hey! That's the old cesspit.

Aaargh!

Aargh! I'm in the pit!

Here! Don't pollute it.

Ah! Scrubber.

Scrubber no working.

Borrowing from comrades.

- Excuse, please.

- Yes?

Ah! Is nice, hm?

Is very nice, no?

- In this caravan you're not getting crampet, no?

- Pardon?

- Crampet.

- Yes, that's what I thought you said.

You see,

I am keeping - how you say? - dirty caravan.

Keeping a what?

You see, I am having birds in my caravan.

You want to come see?

No, thank you. Not just now.

Therefore, I'm going around camp

looking for scrubbers.

- Really?

- Mm.

Well, I suppose we ought to start

getting our dinner.

Oh, why don't you have dinner with us?

Oh, we couldn't.

Why not? We've got plenty, haven't we?

Oh, yes. We've got er... roast chicken,
roast potatoes, sausages,

Brussels sprouts

- and um...

- Stuffing.

- Unless, of course, you don't fancy it.

- Oh, no, we quite like it.

Providing it's well done.

Here. Shall we do it for them?

Do... (Clears throat) Do what?

Cook the dinner.

Well, yeah, if you want to.

- Come on, then.

- Ohh!

Here! That's my Wickham's fancy.

- Well, it was sticking in me.

- You're lucky it wasn't his ginger quill.

Oh. Yes?

Hello. Excuse me,

do you have scrubbers in caravan?

No. Certainly not. Excuse... Ow!

(Coquettish laughter)

Ollie! Ollie?

- Ollie!

(Low cawing)

- Where's Ollie gone?

- I don't know.

Must be round here somewhere.

- (Growls)

- Get stuffed.

Show us your knickers.

- Ollie!

- Come on. Where are you?

Ollie!

Here, push off. Ow!

Ollie!

(Caws)

Look, look. Do that voice.

- Do the voice... you know, the one he likes.

- No!

Go on, do the voice.

Ollie, where are you?

Not the cross voice.

The Daddy voice.

- How are you doings?

- Fine, thanks.

Ah, Mr Rolands.

I was finding your clothing in the caravan.

You were falling into something nasty, no?

- You can't come in here! You're a woman.

- Yes, I know. So what?

- Bath is for men only?

- Yes!

Mr Rolands, this is discrimination.

In my country, bath is also for women.

Yes, but not in here. You have to go next door.

Of course.

I'm not coming in with you, Mr Rolands.

I am going next door.

But, Miss... Miss... Miss... Miss...

- Vooshka.

- Vooshka. Yes, Vooshka.

In England, men and women bath separately.

Oh, of course. In my country also,
except when there is shortage of hot water.

Now... now, look, Miss...

- Vooshka.

- Yes, Miss Vooshka.

You will please take care of my clothing
and hang them up.

Well, I...

Well, I mean... Oh! Well, I mean, Miss Vooshka...

(Clatter)

(Laughs nervously)

They're not mine.

They're hers.

Yes. Terrible... mistake.

- Gone?

- Yes, look!

But how did it get out?

Arthur must have done it.

- He wouldn't, Mummy.

- Where is he?

- He went for a shower.

- Well, then, let's go and find him.
Oh, look, I don't know where he is.
We should never have brought him.
Maybe he's gone off into the woods.
- Shall I go and have a look?
- Yeah. I'm having a shower.
Hello. How are you doings?
- (Whispers) Is that a woman?
- (Whispers) Yes.
(Whispers) Bloody hell.
Hello. How are you doings?
I thought it was men in there.
Is truth - but there's only one,
I think.
Well, if she can go in there, so can I.
Arthur!
Oh... oh! Oh, I do beg your pardon,
only my husband has one just like yours.
- Eh?
- The same colour.
And it's also creased and wrinkled.
You've both got one the same.
See if you can get a bottle of Sauternes.
It's only a local pub.
Probably end up with scrumpy.
- Hey!
- Waah!
What about your disability, then?
I thought about that.
If I keep calling Carol "Charlie", I'll be all right.
What good will that do?
If I talk in my sleep, it won't sound so bad.
The wife will think I'm talking about a fella.
- Could sound a bloody sight worse.
- Eh?
- (Camply) Give us a kiss.
- Oh, shut up.
I think we'll move on in the morning.
Oh, yes. These caravan sites are all alike.
They're all couples. There's never any fellas.
Well, apart from those two.
Blimey! You're not after them, are you?
- Are you kidding? You can tell they're married.
- Still, we are getting a dinner for nothing.

Don't kid yourself.

We aren't getting it for nothing.

- Oh, yes, we are.

- Oh, no, we're not.

We've flippin' well got to cook it.

Where's the fat gone?

- Mind your...

- Aaah!

Where's it gone?

A dirty great dog's got it.

(Growls)

(Horn beeps)

(Barks)

Ugh...

What is it?

- Our dinner.

- Well, can't be helped.

No, it was our fault.

Look, we were just going out for a meal.

Oh, yes! Why not come with us?

All right. Why not?

- We'll get some clothes on.

- Why bother?

Ollie! Ollie...

Hello, darling.

Hello, darling. Show us your knickers.

(Whimpers)

Major!

Major, there's a man in those bushes.

- Oh, really?

- He said something.

Oh. He did, did he? What did he say?

Well, it was... rude.

Oh. Like that, is it?

Well, don't worry.

I'll not tolerate people like that on my camp.

I'll have him packed and away from here

the moment I catch him.

MYNAH:

You're round here somewhere, mate.

I can hear you.

- Get stuffed!

- And that's how you're going to end up.

(Mynah caws)

(Cackles)

(Whistles)

- Got you!

- Shh... Go away.

- (Whispers) What?

- I'm after a bird.

You filthy swine!

(Whack)

- Ow!

You maniac!

You frightened it away.

- Frightened what away?

- The mynah bird!

- Hey!

- Phew...

Hey, have you seen a big dog
around here anywhere?

I've got better things to do
than look for dogs, mate.

There's a couple of quid in it for you,
if you find him.

Two pounds. Leave it to me, sir. I'll find him.

- What does he look like?

- Ow!

#...the mountain

Coming round the mountain when she comes

Singing aye aye, yippee...

(Whistles) Hey, Ernie, look!

Cor, blimey!

Oh! (Coughs)

Aaah!

Oh, no! Look.

- That's not a chicken.

- It's turned into black bangers.

Where are they?

We had to go out. Dinner in oven.

- Charming!

- Just like being married to 'em.

Oh, God, that smells awful!

(Barking)

Well, if this is the new cesspit,
why is all the earth over there?

Perhaps they're using for filling in old hole.

Oh, yes. I never thought of that.

An interesting example of Roman tessellation.

Tessellation -

is name for what they're doing, huh?

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

Ooh! Is very uncomfortable for them, no?

Professor er...

- Vooshka.

- Professor Vooshka, you are the Roman expert.

- Da.

- Would you say this was a Roman temple?

No, Professor Crump, no. Is no temple.

In my opinion, is place

where Roman soldiers are coming

for drinking and for women

- and for...

- Yes, quite. I know what you mean.

- What is name for a place like this in English?

- In English?

This place where soldiers are coming

for drinking and for women and for...

Yes, yes. It is called the Naafi.

Naafi. Ah. So this is Roman Naafi?

- Yes.

- Da, da, da.

And lady taking money at door

is... Naafi keeper.

- No?

- Yes, yes.

In which case, we are outside main camp

on perimeter,

meaning - meaning...

that main camp is buried

underneath caravan site.

But would they have this... establishment

so far away?

- It's not far walk from camp.

- It's an awful long way to walk back.

(Chuckles)

Anyway, tomorrow we are poking hole

all over caravan site with spikes.

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

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

Before others are awaking.

Oh, yes, yes.

CRUMP:

Professor Crump, what are you doing?

I... I slipped.

You understand? I slipped.

- Is atmosphere of Roman Naafi affecting you?

- Yes.

Here, what do you mean?

I mean place where soldiers come
for drinking and for women...

I... I never touch it.

- Never?

- Never.

Perhaps you should try it.

Certainly not.

We have saying in Russia:

"Vyeshka nyet velinka."

Oh. What does it mean?

Never look gift bird in beak.

- Oh.

- Da.

He wants in. (Chuckles)

Time you got a shave, Ern.

Eh, give over!

It was me.

Cheers.

(Barks)

- I think he's hungry.

There.

I don't think he's had any dinner.

I don't know about that. He's had most of ours.

I wonder where that chicken went.

I don't know. Come to that,
where did them birds get to?

I'm not worried.

Plenty of them where they come from.

Oh, come on, enjoy yourself.

We're supposed to be on holiday.

I am enjoying myself.

- Well, you don't look like it.

- Well, I was,

till you picked them birds up.

Now I can't think of anything else.

You know his trouble? He's crumpet-struck.

- I like that!

- So do we.

It's you that's crumpet-struck.

I wanted to go fishing.

All right. You want to go fishing,

we will go fishing.

And bring the rest of that plonk with you.

Hee, hee! Good lad.

- Ollie!

- Ollie!

(Whistles)

(Growls)

- God help us!

(Whines)

(Barks)

- (Chuckles)

Ollie!

- Ollie!

(Barks excitedly)

Ollie! Ollie!

Found him all right, didn't I?

- Oh, look. Hello.

- Well, where was he?

Must have been seven or eight miles away.

- (Coos)

- Well, I promised you a couple of quid.

Yeah.

Yes. That's mine.

One. Get off! Funny little chap.

- Two.

- Little lad's trying to take my money.

(Growls menacingly)

- Mind, sir, I'm... I'm not complaining.

I must have used a couple of quids
worth of boots, bringing him back.

Oh, Joe, give him some more.

Little chap. Ooh! Got a cold nose, hasn't he?

Must be healthy!

(Barks)

- Thank you, madam.

Ah, Mr Barnes. I'm wanting you very badly.

Why, what's the matter with him?

We are thinking, perhaps
we are finding something in the alluvium.
- Don't tell me it's blocked up again.
- What she means is,
we've just been in that hole you dug.
Have you? Well, there's a proper one over there.
When you are digging hole, perhaps
you're finding some artefacts, no?
Arty what?
You know, old Roman relics.
Swords, brooches, helmets...
Oh! Oh, oh, yes, I see. Supposing I did?
- We are wanting.
- Ah, yes, but what I find is mine.
Well, we're willing to pay you for the articles.
All right! Now you're talking.
- I'll bring you some round in the morning.
- Da.
(Clucking)
Show us your knickers.
(Clucking)
Come on. You want stuffing, huh?
That's what I call a Roman artefact.
Here! You might knock or something.
I was getting undressed.
Is luxury, undressing on expedition.
When I was in Gobi desert,
we did not undress for ten weeks.
You didn't take your clothes off for ten weeks?!
Well, most of them.
I see. Ooh.
You see, is necessary.
If not, someone stealing them.
That won't happen here, I assure you.
(Clatter)
Great! It's good enough for Julius Caesar.
Where's my Barbara
(Whistles)
- Not back, Ern?
- Who cares?
Fred! Careful.
You nearly tripped over that rope.
- Thank you.
- Be careful. You could've... Aaah!

I've been a young fool
and you're an old man's fancy
Where are you going, Gwyneth Gwyn?
And Gareth...
(Chuckles)
Hey! There's their gas stove.
We do not want it, Ernest.
Neither do we.
I'll tell you what. I'll take it back to their tent.
Good idea.
Yeah. Then there is no excuse
for them to come round here
disrepreting... disruperting...
disraputating our trinquality.
- Admirably put, Ern.
- Thank you, Fred.
Who's a good girl, then?
Look at me when I'm talking to you.
Aaargh!
Ernest! Is you all right?
I... I've dropped it.
Ah! I've found it.
Hey, hey! Shh...
(Ern hums drunkenly)
Ooh!
(Gas hisses)
Shh! All right, Fred.
I'm in bed, Professor.
- Are you ready?
- Ready for what?
For turning off the light.
- Oh, ye-e-es.
- Good night.
What happened? Aah!
Must be strike of lightning, no?
I've been struck. Oh!
Ow!
I'm injured.
Oh! My head is broken.
Oh, no, no, no worry. I am coming soon.
Oh!
(Gasps)
Professor Crump! Professor Crump!
(Gasps) Professor Crump!

No worry. I am bandaging your bleeding head.
What the hell did that, then?
Has been struck by strike of lightning, no?
You perhaps doctors?
- Why? Where does it hurt?
- Er, no.
- Must be finding doctors. Man is injured.
- What man?
Is professor of archaeology. Is bleeding terrible!
Never mind his qualifications. Is he hurt?
Is hurt badly, da. Is in caravan.
- Don't worry. I will handle it.
- Thank you. Is very nice. Thank you.
He was a lance corporal
in the Army Medical Corps.
Da. I'm going finding ambulance.
Fred!
Fred!
- How is he?
- Have you got a mirror?
Why, are we going out?
I want a mirror!
Yes, I'll... I'll get one.
Ooh! Good morning. Could I borrow -
(Giggles) It's me.
- Is... is he dead?
- Of course he's dead!
Then what's the mirror for?
I want a second opinion.
- Go on.
- All right.
Have a look.
He's still there.
Is the glass misted over?
No.
He's dead.
Ow! No, I'm not!
I'm not! Am I?
He must have been holding his breath.
- Aah! Aah!
- It's all right, lovely boy. You're in good hands.
- What are you?
- A butcher.
Oh, no!

It's all right. I know what I'm doing.
Haven't they got any real doctors?
Relax. Tell me where it hurts.
I'll start with your legs.
(Groans)
(Yells) That hurts.
(Wails) Oh, it hurts all over!
As I suspected. Multiple fractures.
We need splints.
- Don't hang about. Break the damn thing off.
- Oh, no!
Relax!
Here.
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh...
Aah...
(Snapping)
- Ooh!
My theodolite's broken.
- What do we do?
- We'd better put a splint on that as well.
Here we are, my dear.
- Na zdorovye.
- Bless you.
You're not to worry.
I'm sure he'll be perfectly all right.
Such a great pity.
He was such a good colleague!
And to be struck down
just as we were having it off...
Really?
Damned hard luck there, yes.
Happened to a friend of mine
in India.
Yes, he was up in the jungle
with the colonel's wife.
They fell off an elephant.
Oh, no. "Having it off" is not right.
Oh, I wouldn't say that.
I mean, these days.
Hmm?
I suppose you won't want to be going back
to that caravan of yours tonight, will you?
Why not?
Well, you know. I mean... painful associations.

Um... What I mean is um... um...

What I mean is, you could sleep here,
if you wanted.

That is most kind of you.

You have all that digging to do, haven't you?

(Chuckles) You'll want a good rest.

- You might want to...

- Thank you, but I'm already getting plenty.

- Yes, but I'm not.

- Then I must not keep you awake any longer.

I'm sorry, Major, but I'm not loving you.

Yes, but...

You see, when I love a man,

I give him everything.

I give it all.

But I don't want it all.

I just want a bit.

MEN:

- (Women squeal)

(Laughter from van)

MAN:

WOMAN:

WOMEN:

MAN:

MEN:

(Gasps) What happened? Oh! Oh...

Oh! Oh, dear...

It was struck by lightning.

We haven't had any lightning.

We have had here.

That's what did it.

You were mending it.

Aye, well, Ernie put it back

in your tent, see, and...

...blew it up.

Well, what are you going to do about it?

Where are we going to sleep tonight?

Shh! Not so loud.

I'll tell you what. Come in the van
and we'll... discuss it.
Right, ladies, just make yourselves comfortable.
And don't worry. We'll buy you a new tent.
Oh, yes - and er, new bedding,
new... whatever else you lost.
What, tonight?
Not tonight. Be reasonable.
Tonight you'll just have to... sleep here.
All right, then.
And, by the way, where are you two sleeping?
Where do you think?
Now let's take a look at his head.
(Groans)
- We'll soon have you on your feet.
- Oh, I feel so queer.
- Yes, of course you do.
- Oh...
Aah... Ooh...
Here, what are you, a vampire?
It's tomato sauce.
Tomato sauce?
Or tomato ketchup. What's the difference?
- 2p a bottle.
- Is it? Anyway, it's not blood.
- I don't understand.
- Neither do I.
- So there's nothing wrong with him?
- Well, apart from that splinter in his...
That's quite enough, isn't it?
I'll attend to it in a minute. Meanwhile,
you owe us some sort of explanation.
- I do?
- You come in here covered in tomato sauce,
lashed up to a theodolite
with a splinter in your...
Well, I'm all confused.
It's all dreadfully confusing.
Now we're alone,
try and remember exactly what happened.
Well, I got into bed
and Miss Vooshka turned out the light.
So you were in bed with a Miss...
No! I was up the other end.

Ah.

The other end of what?

The caravan. She was up the one end.

I was up the other.

And then I suddenly saw a quick flash.

Oh! Did you?

Ye-yes. I thought at first it was lightning.

Then I suddenly received

this violent blow to the head

and after that I don't remember anything.

Just a moment. I think I know

where your splinter came from.

Do you? Where?

From your splint.

Oh. Well... well, it's dreadfully painful.

Do you think you could... get it out?

I'll take a look at it. Nurse!

It's a big one, Doctor.

Yes, I know.

But it's only a small splinter.

Aargh!

- Hello. Good morning, Miss Vooshka.

- Hello.

Thank you.

Professor Crump, you're recovering, no?

Yes, except for a very sore toe - big toe.

Poor Professor Crump, but never mind.

We up nice and early

and bushy-tailed for making holes.

Yes. Would you mind if I have a cup of tea first?

No, first we're making holes, Professor Crump.

Dig your own hole.

Hello, darling.

Shh! Mummy's still asleep.

Thanks.

- How did you sleep?

- Rotten.

Oh, so did I. I missed you.

Well, you told me to sleep out here.

I'm sorry. You made me angry.

Trouble is, now Mummy's moved

into the caravan, I don't know if we can.

That's all right. You can sleep out here with me.

But it's only a single bed!

There's plenty of room.

- Look, I'll show you.

- Stop it. You'll wake...

- Ooow!

- Arthur, what are you doing?

I've just trodden in my breakfast.

Well, I wish you'd do it more quietly.

(Chickens cluck)

(Chuckles)

Lovely new-laid eggs.

Ooh. Ooh!

Oh, it must be a Roman egg.

Oh, dear. Oh, Lord. Oh...

I can't get away from myself.

- Whoa!

- Ah! You're hitting underground spring.

It's the water mains.

(Gurgling)

Pshh! Someone's coming.

(Laughs nervously)

- (Continues laughing)

- Morning.

Morning.

Merely admiring the view.

I wasn't looking over there,

I was looking over there.

- That happens to be my wife!

- Oh...

(Ern slurps)

(Ern continues slurping)

(Prolonged slurping)

I must say, you cooks cornflakes

- much better than Ernest does.

- Thanks.

When are we going shopping?

Oh. You mean the tent?

And the rest.

We've lost all our clothes, and everything.

I don't know how you did it.

Well, I don't, neither.

To tell you the truth, I think it was

because we had too much wine.

Ah! Barnes.

(Clears throat) What's that?

It's a genuine Roman helmet.
Oh, is it? Looks more like an old tin hat
with the rim knocked off.
Well, you're not an archaeologist, are you?
I'm getting reports
that the showers aren't working properly.
Don't ask me. I never use 'em.
That's obvious.
For now, I'll check inside.
You look at the stopcock.
Damned vandals!
Some damned fool's turned them off.
Look, turn that damn thing off!
You turn it off. You're wetter than I am.
That's a matter of opinion!
Aah!
Ooh...
Ernest, sit down.
No. I can't sit down. You see, I think I've...
Oooh!
(Chuckles)
I don't care what you say,
there are some very odd people on this site.
You're making it up.
I am not.
- And that Peeping Tom! I'd like to know what...
(Liquid spurts)
Oh, hello, Major.
No sign of him, I suppose?
- Er, sign of who?
- My mynah bird.
Oh, no. No, no, no.
What we intend to do
is to broadcast the fact that he's lost.
- Broadcast it?
- Yes, from our new public-address system here.
- Ah.
- Come with me. I'll show it to you.
(Hammering and sawing)
Damn it! That's not the colour I ordered.
It's what we were given.
But I ordered leaf green.
That's not leaf green. You'll have to change it.
- Have you finished?

- Just about.
I'm glad something's finished.
We're opening this damn place on Saturday.
Sit down, my dear.
No.
Come on. We'll try it.
- I haven't finished testing it yet.
- That's just what I'm about to do.
All right, then.
(High-pitched whine)
Good morning, caravanners.
This is Major Leep speaking.
(Faint speech and static)
And this is one of the amenities
we have installed
to make your stay here more enjoyable.
(High-pitched beep)
(Beeping intensifies)
(Beeping subsides)
Try it now. Go on.
I'll start again.

TANNOY:

This is one of the amenities we have installed
to make your stay here more enjoyable.

TANNOY:

and any urgent messages.
It will also enable me
to keep in touch with my staff
and see that they're doing their jobs properly.
And now, one or two reminders of site...
(Muffled)...regulations.
These are made for everybody's benefit.

TANNOY:

(Muffled) A case of vandalism in the showers.
Someone has deliberately ripped one off
and for those responsible
for puncturing the water...
...a warning.
...a valuable talking mynah bird.
And that is all for the moment.
Message ends.

That ought to get some results.
Get stuffed.
We are arriving on site,
making preliminary survey.
Professor Crump and I
are living in caravan together.
We have been all over the site, poking.
Don't you think it would be better
if I wrote the report?
Who's expert on Romans - you or I?
You are.
Then will you please continue, Professor Crump.
First we are finding remains of Roman paving...
showing pictures of... an erotic nature.
One of the pictures is showing an...
- a venus.
- A what?
A venus.
You must know what a venus is, no?
Well, it's neither one thing nor the other,
really, is it?
A venus, Professor Crump,
is the goddess of love.
Oh, you mean Venus!
Is what I am saying. Venus!
We... we... ve... ve... Yes.
OK. Next to her is standing
your man, who's holding his...
Er. I don't know word.
You are seen what man
is holding in his hand, no?
Ye-es.
What are you calling it in English?
Well, you've... a very large choice, really.
No, it's not. It's one short word.
Much to the point.
Well, it's long weapon
with bend in middle.
- Oh, you mean a bow.
- Bow. Bow.
A bow. A bow and arrow.
I thought you meant the chap who was firing it.
In England we call him Cupid or Eros.
Is not mattering, Professor Crump.

You will continue.

(Mouths)

He is firing arrow

which is hitting people in arse.

- In what?

- Hitting people in arse.

In a...

Harse. Hearts.

Oh, I see.

- There.

- Da.

(Whistles)

- It is time for knocking it off.

- For what?

You shouldn't have brought us all this.

No, it was ever so nice of you.

Still, we'll make it up to you.

- How?

- I wonder what they'd like.

We'll soon have this up for you.

Oh, thanks.

Anyway, we'll just pop in the caravan
and get our things off.

- D-Do you reckon?

- It looks like it.

Waste of time putting it up, then.

I wouldn't say that, Ern.

(Low conversation)

- Hi!

- All right?

We're ready.

(Both cry out)

Are you all right?

(All laugh)

- (Laughter continues)

- Where are you going?

Swimming. See you!

Bye.

MAN:

Forget about 'em.

Eh? Oh. Oh, I have.

No, you haven't.

You are brooding over that Sandra.

Well, I was beginning to enjoy myself.
Be philosophical.
Plenty of time to pick up two more.
Not like Sandra.
If you ask me, we had a lucky escape.
It's a nice pub, this.
It reminds me of the one we used to have.
Oh. You... had a pub?
Yes, until my husband gave it up.
Oh. It's damned hard work, running a pub.
It was too hard for him. He got worn out
just sitting there watching me do all the work.
Are you...
Separated? Yes.
I haven't seen my husband for ten years.
- Care for another?
- No, thank you. He was enough.
No... (Chuckles)
Would you care for another drink?
No, I think I'm all right.
- I do, too.
- Major!
Oh, I'm... sorry.
I mean, not in here.
I have an idea.
What about popping back to my caravan
for a quick one?
Yes, why not?
- Good night.
- Oh, good night, madam.
- Good night.
- Good night, Major.
"Major"! He's a card, he is.
He calls himself a major.
- Well, isn't he, then?
- More like a major disaster.
Here, he's got the caravan site down the road.
He's most likely nipping back,
see if it's still there.
- Somebody might have nicked it?
- No, might have gone down one of them holes!
Down one of what holes?
Oh, the whole field is full of big holes.
It's the underground mining works.

They reckon the Romans dug 'em.
Well, we're up there,
and we haven't seen any holes.
No, you're not likely to,
till the ground opens
and down you go one of them.
Here, listen. He paid L#2,000 for that bit of land.
L#2,000!
I do not think that is very funny.
Nor me. Why are you laughing?
Because I'm the one who sold it to him!
Hey!
(Smashing and clattering)
That's not funny.
Major, I do believe
you're trying to get me sloshed.
Heavens above! No, there's no need to.
Er, what I... mean... was...
only a damned swine
- would try and get a girl drunk first.
- First?
- Well, damn waste of time
getting her drunk after... Oops!
No. Oh, no. Er, what I meant...
Ah.
What I meant...
would you care for a spot of music?
Yes, why not?
Ha, ha! This will get you in the mood for it.
- (Chuckles)
- Get me in the mood for what?
A spot of the old how's-your-father.
Jaunty military tune
Whoa! This'll get you going.
It certainly will.
Good night and thank you
for a most delightful evening.
What a peculiar woman.
(Whines)
(Barks)
Oh, he wants to go out.
Good.
(Barks excitedly)
Well, close the door. It's nippy in here.

And come back to bed.

- Well, somebody's got to let him in.

- Oh, to hell with him.

Joe...

Joe!

He's gone into next door's tent thing.

(Grumbles)

Linda...

(Growls)

(Barks)

Oh, I say, I'm most awfully sorry.

- He didn't half give me a turn.

- Well, where is he?

- Under there.

- Oh.

Oh! Aaah! Oh!

- We slipped up.

- I couldn't help it.

- She came in after it.

- I just tried to grab hold of it.

(Ominously) Oh, yes?

- What's the matter?

- I'd like you to sleep in the annexe.

- Why?

- Because from now on,

Arthur is sleeping in here.

- All right, but I thought he was happy out there.

- He was. Too happy.

(Cock crows)

(Whistling)

Hello, darling!

(Caws)

Hello, darling! Show us your knickers.

Professor Crump?

Professor Crump!

- Yes?

- You were talking in your sleep.

- I wasn't, was I?

- You was.

- What was I saying?

- You were saying, "Darling!"

"Let me see your k-nickers!"

Oh. Yes, well, ah... no.

I expect what I probably said was,

"Show us your nicker."

Ah. "K-nicker" is only one leg, no?

No, it's a slang expression meaning a pound.

Expression for money.

So you're wanting to know

where I'm hiding my money?

Yes. That's right, of course.

In my sleep, of course.

I don't know what I'm saying in my sleep.

Then how you know

I hide my money in my knickers?

Well, I didn't know, but... are you?

Certainly. It's only safe place in explorations.

It depends on what you're exploring.

Professor Crump! (Tuts)

Where are you hiding yours?

I'm not hiding anything.

- I keep mine in my trousers.

- Really?

Er... good morning.

Good morning.

Are you all right? You look awful.

Me and Ernest had an evening out last night.

Yes, we heard you coming home.

We haven't seen much of you lately.

We've taken up archaeology.

Have you dug anything up?

- Yes, a couple of Roman soldiers.

- 2,000 years old.

They won't do you much good.

Oh, I don't know.

They look better than you do now.

That's a good one!

Fred. Fred!

- Goodbye, see you later.

(Door slams)

Could I speak to Mr O'Sullivan, please?

Barnes, get rid of that.

Right.

Dear, oh, dear! You have made a hash of them.

It's your guvnor, mate.

He's had the colour changed five times.

You want to get that lot off, mate,

and start again.

You get it off. We ain't got any paint stripper.

Ask him to get you some.

- You ask him.

- Right.

We want a girl singer for the cabaret.

(Hammering)

- It's a bad line. Stop that hammering!

- Hello.

- It's about them chairs.

Barnes, please. I'm on long-distance.

It'll all have to come off.

Barnes! I'm talking to a theatrical agent.

- I'm very sorry about that. Where was I?

- We need a stripper.

We need a stripper.

Barnes! What are you going on about?

We need a paint stripper for them chairs.

Well, you can't have any. Now, get out of it!

Oh.

I'm desperately sorry about that. Where was I?

Oh, you've got just the girl. Oh, jolly good.

I'll leave it all to you, shall I? Veronica, yes?

As long as she can get here by eight.

Right. Goodbye.

MAN:

Just take a stone. Steady, now. Steady.

You're doing very well. That's very good, Clive.

- Thank you, sir.

- Creep!

Yes, carry on scraping.

What do you make of it?

Is old Roman tool.

Must have been a very old Roman.

Just to remind you that the clubhouse

will be opened in one hour from now.

Thank you.

Ah, Barnes. You'd better go

and smarten yourself up, hadn't you?

You're serving behind the bar. What's that?

It's a telegram.

Oh. Huh!

Ah.

(Reads) Can't stand health farm.

Arriving tonight. Sylvia and Vera.
Look, I don't know any Sylvia and Vera.
That's cos it's not for you.
Well, why the hell didn't you say so?
I didn't get a chance.
I wanted you to announce it over that thing.
Oh, you...
This is Major Speep leaking.
Speaking.

TANNOY:

Go on, hit it one with your shovel.

A...

(Electricity crackles)

(Fly buzzes)

(Buzzing slows down and stops)

Shht!

- Fred?

- Shh!

(Chuckles)

- What is it?

- It's fly spray.

- Fly spray?

- Yes.

Oh...

(Giggles) Whoo-hoo!

There's some local talent going past.

Coming?

I've got a feeling I'm going to be all right tonight.

I have, as well.

Zip me up, darling.

Don't do that. Mummy wouldn't like it.

Mummy's not going to get it.

I don't mean that. She might come in.

- Where is she?

- She went for a shower.

- Ready!

- Just coming.

Hello, darling. Show us your knickers!

There's a man in here!

Hello, darling!

It's a mynah bird.

- What?

- Aren't you the lady that lost one?

- Is it yours?

- Get stuffed!

Mine would never say things like that.

(Wolf-whistles)

I can't go into the ladies' showers!

But there's a man in there already!

- Yes, but...

- He might attack someone!

- You're right - me!

- Oh...

Oh!

All right, ladies. Where is he?

- Daphne?

- Henry!

- What's up?

- It's my husband.

Oh, what a beauty!

Funky instrumental

- Yes, sir?

- Where's Barnes?

Somebody said he'd fainted.

- Fainted? Where?

- In the showers.

Too much for him, I suppose?

A lady took him back to his caravan.

Thanks, Daph.

How's your pudding?

How's my what?

Your steak-and-kidney pudding.

No-one can do it like you can.

I haven't done it for years.

- Why not?

- Well, nobody but you ever liked it.

Oh.

What are you doing down here, anyway?

Oh, I'm... I'm working.

What as?

- I'm an odd-job man.

- Odd-job man?!

Oh, really, Henry!

Don't get on to me.

Look, Henry, if you need a few quid...

Oh, no, no. No, it's not that, Daph.

I've been living rough saving money.

I've been saving.
Saving? You?
Don't say anything. Wait.
No, wait.
Here. Have a look at my bank book.
There.
L#20,000?!
I don't believe it.
They don't write it down if you don't put it in.
Where did you get it?
- Saved it.
- What? As an odd-job man?
Yep.
You must have been doing some very odd jobs.
I've been scrimping and saving for ten years.
And then, last year...
- Yes?
- I won the football pools!
How much?
L#19,950!
You're joking!
It's all yours, Daph, if you want it -
every penny of it.
Henry, I... I don't know what to say.
No-one else, is there?
Well, no, but...
Come back to me, Daph.
I'll smarten myself up.
I'll try and be a good husband.
I'll do anything you want. Anything!
Henry, look, this is all so sudden.
I'll have to have time to think.
Jazzy music
Oh, we're not from the caravan site.
No, we're from the village.
Ooh!
Erm, would you care to dance, then?
Oh, I'd love to.
Oh, sorry. (Laughs nervously)
What about you, then?
Er, no, I... I can't do it any more.
- Do what?
- Dance.
Oh. Well, that's all right, then.

So I think we should be concentrating
on opening first excavation, no?

- Well, I don't know, because...

- No, no.

First we'll be opening house
where soldiers are coming for women. Yes.

Ah! I suppose you know by now
what we've been doing in that field.

I'm afraid it's no concern of mine.

I'm a civilian.

I'm also married.

I don't understand
why the dog can't sleep outside the caravan.

- Oh, Joe, that's not fair.

- Last night he tried to get into bed with us.

He could cause havoc in bed with his bone.

Well, he gets lonely.

I don't care if he does get lonely.

He's not getting in bed with us.

- He wanders about in the night.

- Hark who's talking!

(Car approaches)

I'm the cabaret. Sorry I'm late.

Oh, that's all right.

Don't worry, please. I'm glad you could make it.

I was a bit worried about your music, you see.

We have a piano, of course.

- I brought it with me, on tape.

- Really? What do you sing?

- Oh, I don't sing.

- You don't?

No. I'm er, a... dancer.

Oh. Well, never mind.

I'm sure you'll go down well.

Jazzy music

Ladies and gentlemen...

please, may I have your attention,

ladies and gentlemen!

Please be seated. It's cabaret time.

Ready when you are.

Striptease music

(Smattering of applause)

Here. I want it!

Ooh!

Good Lord.

- I believe she's doing a striptease.

- Looks like it.

Damn it! That's not what I ordered.

What is lady doing?

It's... a kind of dance.

It's very peculiar. In my country,
we don't have dance like this.

No, you have mixed bathing, instead.

But lady is not taking bath.

I hope she doesn't go too far.

Is wrong for lady showing
her k-nickers in public, no?

- Yes, I agree.

- So, we are leaving.

(Tearing)

(Tearing)

(Tearing)

(Multiple tearing)

(Sequence of tearing)

Oh! I can't stand up.

Well, I told you you should've worn 'em.

(Tearing)

(Tearing)

(Tearing)

- (Laughs)

What are we going to do?

We can't go home like this.

- I've got a needle and thread.

- Have you? Come on, let's go.

Oh, it's an orgy.

I shall have my licence taken away.

ERN:

Bottoms up.

I shall get to the bottom of this.

I feel a complete arse.

Oh, it's coming on to rain.

We all can't get in there.

It's all right. We can go in that caravan.

- Is it yours?

- No, but they won't mind.

(Thunderclap)

Hey, let's go down to our van, man.

- What?

- Yeah.

(Laughter)

Better be quick. It's going to rain.

(Women scream)

- It's all right. We haven't come to disturb you.

Come in, lads. Make yourselves at home.

Sit yourself down. Ernest, the drinks.

WOMEN:

Oh!

Hurry up, Sylvia.

Phwoar, look at that!

Come here, darling.

- Awful weather we're having, lovely.

- Ooh!

Ooh! (Groans)

Don't hit me!

(Men groan and women scream)

HENRY:

Daph! We haven't done this for ten years.

DAPHNE:

Well, don't talk so much. Get on with it.

HENRY:

Have a look at this.

DAPHNE:

Ooh, you've got two.

Yeah! Two aces and three kings.

It's a full house.

- Well, I...

- Daph.

Oh, don't go. Give us a kiss.

Don't start that again.

I've told you, I haven't decided yet.

Well, give us a kiss and then decide.

No. Now, deal the cards.

Arthur, I don't know

where Mummy could've got to.

- Perhaps some fella picked her up.

- Don't be so coarse.

Or perhaps she picked up some fella.

- Ow!

- Serves you right.

(Drops of water tinkle)

(Rhythmic tinkling)

Hums Russian melody

Continues to hum

Is making nice tune, no?

If you like it so much,

why don't you come up this end?

Professor! You're making invitation, no?

No, I meant you come up this end

and I'll come up your end.

No, no. Is nicer this end.

Nice to have 'em back.

- I've missed 'em, you know.

- Me too.

- (Whines)

- What's that? What's that?

- (Whines)

- Get him off me! Get that -

Look at the time. We've been playing all night.

- Just like we used to.

- Well, I must go.

- No, no.

- Yes, I must.

(Crash)

- Oh, my God!

(Screams)

Ooh, what's happened?

Who cares?

(Crash)

Aaah!

- Ooh! Naughty Professor.

- It's all right. I'm just going.

Oh, is no rush, is no rush.

Aah! Oh, oh! Oh, no.

- Is no rush, is no rush.

- Ooh...

What's happening?

It's them holes. They warned us.

The whole caravan site is riddled with big holes.

Well, we seem to be all right.

Better check, though.

Ernest?

- You all right?

- Yes.

I don't think there's holes round here.

Aah!

- Oh!

- What's the matter?

Where are they?

FRED:

Oh, Barnes. You are coming back?

Yes. I may do, Major.

- When?

- Next year, on our holidays.

Drive on, Arthur.

(Beeping)

(Rowdy goodbyes)

Come again.

Oh. How do you do?

Oh - a couple of birds we picked up.

- Oh! - I think we're going to be all right with these two.

(Ern laughs)

Bye-bye.

VOOSHKA:

CRUMP:

VOOSHKA:

"having it off", no?

CRUMP:

VOOSHKA:

(Strains)

- Ooh, no, it's rude.

- Oh...

Oh, what a beauty!

Thank you very much for your lovely gift.

Oh, that's all right. It was nothing.

I can't think why she sold him.

Get stuffed!

Show us your knickers.

Oh, here! Ooh, stop messing about!