



Scripts.com

Carry On Cabby

By Talbot Rothwell

Wotcha, mate!

Oi, where's the funeral, then?

Watch it, mate, she's got out of the box.

(Chuckles)

Don't do that when you take your test, mate, you'll never pass.

You filthy, rotten road hog.

Good for you, lady. (Chuckles)

(Tyres screech)

What's the matter with you?

Can't you give a hand signal?

Oh, veteran driver.

Charlie!

Charlie!

Charlie! Ted!

Hello, Peg,

and how are you this lovely morning?

Never mind the lovely morning.

Where's Charlie?

Charlie? Oh, I don't know, Peg.

Perhaps he's in the office.

No he's not, I've just been in there.

Oh.

I meant...the other office, you know, the...

What, for two hours?

Oh, come off it, Ted, you can't fool me.

Has he gone out cabbing?

Mm? Oh, no. Well, he wouldn't do that, would he? Not after he's promised you.

He's somewhere around, I expect.

Don't worry. Look, I'll find him.

- Well?

- It's all right, I've finished it.

- You mean you've done all the things you said?

- Yeah.

- How did you do 'em, then?

- It's simple, just took up the slack.

Service.

What do you want?

Oh, sorry. Beg your pardon.

I think I'll have a nice quick fourpenny roll with you.

That's enough sauce out of you, Ted.

If you don't shut up...

- Give us a kiss, then.

- No, I won't.

You ought to be...

Ooh.

I wish I had a nice big spanner handy.

So do I. I'd get you loosened up a bit.

Why don't you two get married

and we could all get a bit of peace?

- That suits me fine. How about it, Sally?

- Over my dead body.

That's not what you said in the pictures.

- Why, what did I say?

- Oh, very romantic it was. What was it, now?

Oh, yeah, she said,

'You get your hand away!' she said.

Eh?

- He was trying to pinch my walnut crackles.

- Yeah, and I very nearly did too.

- We'll have to get married now, won't we?

- I'm warning you, if you don't shut up, I'll...

I'll fling this tea in your ugly mug.

Ooh, blimey, I'm going.

Sounds too much like home.

Yeah, watch out for that clutch, Smiley.

It's a bit fierce.

Walnut crackles!

(Horn toots)

No, I haven't.

(Starts engine)

You should have opened the gate first.

I did open the gate!

Smiley, what the devil's going on?

- Blimey! What's happened?

- He forgot to open the gate.

I didn't forget to open the perishing gate!

- You must have done. It's shut, look!

- That's right.

- I shut it when I came in.

- Would you mind shutting up, when...?

- You shut it?

- Well, of course I did.

Why?

It says, 'Have you closed the gate?'

And I hadn't, so I did.

But I'd just opened it to go out, you great big nit.
All right, Smiley, I can handle this. Just drive
down to the repair bay before Charlie sees it.
- Who are you? What do you want?
- Oh, I want a job.
Made a good start, haven't you?
Oh, have I started?
Look, cock, shove off. Try the breaker's yard.
It's more in your line.
Oh. Are you the boss or something?
I'm what they call the something manager.
And my advice to you is to be off.
- You mean buzz off?
- No, but you're getting warm.
But I want to be a taxi driver.
The bloke who gave me this card,
he said I'd be all right here.
- 'This is to introduce...' Oh, ex-army, eh?
- Yeah.
Well, the boss likes to look after the boys,
you know. He was in it himself.
Yes. Is your name really Tankard?
Yes. Terry Tankard,
only the boys always called me Pintpot.
Well... Are you sure it was Pint-pot?
Oh, yes. You see, it's cos my name is Tankard.
Oh, right. Thank you very much indeed.
The boss is out with a cab at the moment,
- so you'd better come and have a cuppa.
- Thank you.
- Sorry.
- There won't be much of this place left.
Well, Ted, where is he, then?
Er...where's who, Peg?
You know very well who. The guv'nor.
You can't see him now. He's out in a cab.
Oh? How do you know?
He told me.
Oh, I remember now. Yes.
- You see, we're rather short of drivers...
- You needn't bother making excuses for him.
The fact is, he'd rather spend his time
playing about with a taxi than with me.
Oh, don't talk nonsense, Peg.

You know he loves playing about with...
I mean spending time with you.
What time? He's up and out before I'm awake
and not back till after I'm asleep.
I haven't had a chance to talk to him
since last Wednesday,
and then it was only with his legs.
His legs?
Yes, sticking out from under a cab.
It's not fair. He knows I can't get under one.
You can't blame him for working hard, Peg.
There's lots of women who'd be pleased
to be married to Charlie.
So would I, and I'm his wife.
Well...I want to talk to him.
Which cab has he got out?
- 66.
- Clickety-click.
I'll give him clickety-click.
That's right.
Have you got everything on the front?
Yes, now, that little one can go on the seat.
No, I think I'd better take that.
No. No, it had better go on the seat.
That's right. Now, then,
the basket can go on the seat with me, too.
Now...I'll take the umbrella.
Thank you.
That's it. Now, then, that just leaves this one,
and be very careful with this.
It's real cowhide.
Naturally. It belongs to a real... Cowhide is it?
Are you sure you haven't forgotten anything?
Like kitchen sink, parrot, husband?
My husband has passed on.
I'm not surprised.
Are you sure he's in 66, Mrs H?
He don't answer.
I'm positive. Just keep trying.
Come in, 66. Where are you?
Where are you, 66? Come on, let's have you.
All right, all right, Sarge, I'm here.
Don't do your nut. What's all the panic about?
I'll talk to him.

- Charlie, is that you?
- Oh, blimey.
- Are you there, Charlie?
- (French accent) This is Radio Luxembourg.
And now for a spot of the old dance music.
You can stop that nonsense. I know it's you.
Charlie, have you forgotten what today is?
Today?
No, sweetheart,
of course I haven't forgotten what today is.
I mean, how could I forget what today is?
Oh, blimey, it's our anniversary.
Exactly. Heaven knows, I don't ask much,
but I would have thought this was one day in
a year when you didn't have to go out cabbing.
Cabbing? What makes you think
I'm cabbing, love?
I just slipped out to get you a present.
Really, Charlie?
You don't think I'd be plying for hire
on a day like this, do you?
Driver, please don't talk while you're driving.
It makes me nervous.
- Who was that?
- Who was what, love?
Who's that woman you've got with you?
Oh, just some old...faggot
I'm taking to the station, that's all.
I thought you said you weren't cabbing.
It happened to be on the way.
There's no point in turning down a few bob.
Charlie, I don't know what's happened to you.
You never used to be like this.
Do you remember what you said to me
on our wedding night?
Of course I remember.
I said...
Move over and give us a bit of room, mate!
What? What did you say?
I wasn't talking to you, sweetheart.
I'm talking to some other lunatic...driver.
Well, just to refresh your memory,
you said you'd never let anything
come between us and our happiness.

- I know that, love, but I can't...
- Kindly concentrate on your driving.
- Oh, belt up!
- Charlie!
- I'm talking to the old faggot.
- I beg your pardon?!
I happen to be talking to my wife.
Well, I'm glad you realise that!
Look here, Peg,
I'm trying to do three things at a time.
I'll be home in five minutes
with something very nice for you.
Really, Charlie?
What is it?
That would be telling, wouldn't it?
Something to wear. Something very special.
- What is it, Charlie?
- Driver, I really don't feel safe.
Never you mind. Just slip out of your old clothes,
get into something slinky
and I'll be back there with something very nice.
Help! Police! Stop the cab!
- Let me out of here! Help!
- She's gone mad.
- Has she gone raving mad or something?
- Police!
- Police! Mad woman!
- Police!
All right, Allbright, time you were off.
- What are you hanging around here for?
- I've got a complaint.
Don't worry. Keep taking the tablets.
You can laugh if you like,
but I was thinking of calling a protest meeting.
- About what?
- All these ex-service people you keep training.
It's placing our jobs in jopardy.
Yeah, that's the only word for it. 'Jopardy'.
Right, then, before Charlie started,
there wasn't a regular cab service here.
Now we've got 40,
employing 20 regular drivers...
It's up to me in my official capacity
as shop steward to make...

BOTH:

- I know about that, but you've got to sort it out.
 - Here's your tea.
- Can I get you a cup, Mr Watson?
- No, thanks. I'll get my own.
 - It slipped out of my hand. Terribly sorry.
 - Couldn't have happened to a nicer bloke.
 - That poor lad.
- That's the third cup of tea he's bought since he came in here. He hasn't got one down yet.
- Could I have another cup, Miss, please?
- Here you are, dear. Try and get that one down.
 - Don't you worry. I will.
- So sorry.
- I say, what will you think of me?
- I'll let you know when I've dried out.
- Is Peg upstairs?
- Yeah. She's not too pleased with you.
 - Wait till she sees the fur coat I've bought her.
- Ooh, great. This, by the way, is Tankard.
- He's a member of your old mob and he's looking for a job.
- Go on! RASC?
- Had much driving experience?
 - Five years on the road without an accident.
 - You don't do so well off it.
 - I'm sorry about that, Mr Hawkins.
- I'm not as clumsy as that, driving. Honest.
- What were you with?
 - Bulldozers.
- Then you'd make a very good cab driver.
- When are the others starting?
- This morning. They're in the office.
 - Blimey. I tell you what, we'll give you a go.
- You go into my office with the others and tell 'em I'll be along in five minutes.
- Thank you very much, Mr Hawkins.
- I won't let you down, I promise.
- There'll be no more mistakes.
- It's all right.
 - No, no. I can do it, Mr Hawkins.
 - You don't have to...
 - Wait a minute.

Excuse me.

I could punish myself.

And don't open 'em till I tell you.

Still closed?

Any minute now.

Right, now.

- Ooh, Charlie.

- (Chuckles)

Ooh!

Ohh, it's lovely.

I'll say it is. Genuine mammoth, that is.

Oh, don't be silly, Charlie.

Straight up. It said so on the shop window.

'Mammoth fur sale.'

Ah, you're pulling my leg.

I know stranded musquash when I see it.

Stranded musquash?

Shipwrecked meat, more like it.

I don't care what it is.

It's lovely.

- Happy anniversary.

- You too, love.

Oh, 'ere, here's the bill.

- I promised you'd send them a cheque today.

- All right.

I don't know why you put all your money
into my account.

Well, it's safer there, innit?

I get enough from tips, don't I?

I've got your present here, Charlie.

You would have got it earlier,
only you went out before I woke up.

Oh, you shouldn't have bothered
getting me anything. Here, hang on to that.

Hey, what's this?

Oh, that's marvellous. That's smashing.

That's just what I wanted.

- What is it?

- It's a smoking jacket.

- Oh.

- There's a pipe to go with it...and slippers.

- I thought they'd go well with the cottage.

- They will, won't they?

I've found the very one, Charlie.

It's only six miles out of town.

It's all plaster and oak beams.

We can easily afford it now, too.

Yeah. Yes, it sounds very nice, but er...

You'll love it, Charlie.

It's got this great big garden

and an old-fashioned kitchen and a nursery.

Yeah. Well, we don't want to worry about moving

till the kids come along, do we?

Here, I'd better gallop. Excuse me.

Charlie! You're not going again?

I've got to, love. I've got boys waiting

to start instruction. See you at dinner time.

(Door closes)

- Damn him.

Now, then, before you start, there are

one or two things I want to make quite clear.

Firstly, when you get to be a cab driver, you cut
yourself off from the rest of the human race.

Everybody's got it in for you

and nobody loves you.

In no time at all, you'll find that you're as popular

as a wickerwork seat in a nudist camp,

and you know what sort of impression

that makes on people.

- Ooh, that's very good.

- Thank you.

Secondly, don't think it's easy to get

a cabby's licence, because it's not.

You have to pass a very stiff police test.

Thirdly...it's hard work and long hours.

We run a day and night service here.

If you do night work, it means lots of overtime -

which is very handy -

but makes you very unpopular with the missus.

Now, then, if any of you don't fancy the job,

now's your time to speak.

We will get one night off a week, won't we?

- Course. Are you married?

- Oh, no.

Only I belong to this rambling club, you see,

and so does a very nice girl, too,

and...well...once a week,

we do like to go as far as we can.

Yes.

Oh, Peg, it's really beautiful.

- You are lucky.

- Yes, aren't I?

It's just what I always wanted.

Now, Peg, you mustn't let it upset you like this.

I can't help it.

I'm so happy.

I know just how you feel.

Like when Ted gave me this bracelet
for my birthday.

It was the nicest present I'd ever had.

Not as nice as your fur coat, of course.

What's the use of having a nice fur coat if there's
no-one to admire you or take you out in it?

Right, you've all had a chance to study
this map of the town.

Len, supposing you had to pick up a fare there,
to go to the station there, what's your best route?

Well, that's easy. Straight along the high street.

The 'best' route, I said, not the shortest.

A cab driver never goes straight anywhere,
mate. Here, give me that.

Look, that's the way I'd go. Down there, along
here, up there, there, there, there and here.

See that?

Now, that way takes in five sets of traffic lights.

Every time you wait at a red, it's thrupence.

Five reds, you've hit the jackpot.

Here, Pintpot,

you're very good at going as far as you can,
supposing you have to take a fare from
the rank there to the theatre here, show me.

Well, let me see now.

First of all, I'd turn left into James Street.

Right into North Road.

- Left into London Road.

- Yes.

Right at the lights.

Ooh, where does that get me?

In court. You've gone down two one-way streets
and into a public convenience.

It's not so much not seeing much of him
or not going anywhere,

it's having to live here in the garage,
just like another cab.
Why don't you get that cottage in the country
you're always talking about?
I want to and it isn't as if we can't afford it.
There's thousands in the bank
and all in my name too.
Every time I bring it up,
he says he ''must be near the business''.
Might be different if we had a kid.
Don't you believe it. Ted's just the same.
Put me and an old engine side by side,
I'll give you one guess
which one he'd start to strip down.
They've got cabs on the brain, both of them.
Even when we do get a chance to talk,
it's cabs, cabs, cabs.
He can't even get into bed now
without saying, ''Where to?''
Well, you're too soft with him, Peg.
You want to assert yourself now and then.
Yeah, I suppose so.
Well, it's not as if he's a bad husband,
it's just that...he doesn't seem to have
much time for me any more.
Even today, it's our anniversary.
I've hardly seen him.
You'll be going out tonight
and celebrating somehow, won't you?
I don't think so. He hasn't said anything.
Well, don't wait for him to say. You say.
Just tell him you want to go out
and have some fun.
Do you think I should?
- What have you got to lose?
- (Horn honks)
I'd better get back to the canteen.
School's out.
Oh, look at him!
Ringmaster Hawkins and his Liberty taxis.
That's it. Now keep it nice and smooth, that's it.
Keep it going. Lovely. That's it. Lovely.
That's it. That's the idea.
Just remember, all the time you're cruising,

you're on the lookout for fares,
so keep those eyes going.
That's it. Lovely.
Now you've all got a touch of the cabby's eyes.
Tell you what we'll do now.
We'll pretend I'm a fare, so stand by.
Taxi!
Have you gone raving mad?
You're supposed to pick 'em up,
not run 'em down.
Oh, I'm sorry. I'm too anxious, that's my trouble.
(Giggles)
Save that for your rambling club, mate. Get out.
Right, you lot, that wasn't bad, but you all made
one serious mistake - your flags are still up.
The very second somebody hails you,
get that flag down.
'Ere, look, I'll show you. Hold that.
Now here's the drill. Watch!
- All right, somebody, go on, yell taxi.
- Taxi!
One, two.
See that?
Here we go again. One, two.
Note the acknowledging gesture
with the right hand.
Right, come on, you have a go. There we are.
- Ready?
- Yes.
Taxi!
One, two.
One, two.
- Using all the fingers.
- Oh.
It's courtesy to all customers at all times, until
you see the tip, then it's every man for himself.
- Keep the change.
- Oh, thank you, sir.
Oh, excuse me, sir,
does this pearl earring belong to you?
What, with tweeds?
I've got a good bunch of new lads this time.
One of them's a bit over-enthusiastic, let's say,
but I'll soon make a good cab driver out of him,

don't you worry.

With a bit of luck, we'll have
four more cabs on the road next month.

- Charlie...

- That'll make 44. Not bad for a town this size.

With each of them averaging 30 quid a week,
we'll really make some money.

- Charlie, I want to go out this evening.

- Then we get three more cabs and... You what?

I said I'd like to go out tonight,
up town or something.

- Up town? What for?

- Well, I'd like to see a good show,
have a nice supper after.

All right, only I thought, as it's our anniversary,
you might like to spend the evening with me.

I meant with you.

Oh. Well, we don't want to waste time
going up town, do we?

Just do what we always do - get a bottle in,
watch the telly and have a bit of a cuddle up.

Oh, yes. Like last year, when

you had to go out on a call halfway through.

- Halfway through what?

- Amateur boxing.

Oh, well, you don't have to worry about that
tonight, sweetheart, cos there's none on.

It's no good, Charlie. I've made up my mind.

- We're going out...at seven o'clock.

- But...

And I've asked Sally and Ted to come with us.

And, what's more, we're not going by cab.

We're going in style.

By bus.

Bus?

Take it easy. Take it easy.

You're not driving a bulldozer now.

Just relax. Watch it!

- Missed him.

- Look, do me a favour, just take it easy.

This may be an old cab,

but it's the first one I had and I'm fond of her.

(Horn honks)

What are you doing?

Hey! Don't do that. You'll distract him.

(Horn honks)

Go round there.

We're home.

Oh, my gawd.

That was fun, wasn't it? I enjoyed that. (Giggles)

I wish I could say the same.

Have an accident?

No thank you, we've just had some.

What's the matter with Smiley's cab, then?

He hasn't shown up, and he's got a booking for the airport at six and four other bookings later.

- Can't one of the other fellas do it?

- No, they're all busy.

Airport, eh? Well, I can do that trip and still be back in time to take Peg out.

OK, I'll do the honours for you.

- Weren't you and Sal coming out with us?

- We can't let bookings down, can we?

Anyway, it's your anniversary, not ours.

- Well, if you don't mind...

- It's quite all right. There's the address.

I'll drive if you like, Mr Hawkins.

- You're joking, aren't you?

- Ahh, well, couldn't I come with you, then?

- Just to see how it's done?

- No. You're not supposed to see...

Come on, then.

(Giggles)

Oi!

Hello, Sally.

Oh. Nearly finished here, Ted.

Won't be a minute.

- No need to hurry. Take your time.

- What do you mean?

I've got to go home and do my hair and get changed and do everything yet.

Oh, you don't want to worry about all that.

You don't think I'm going to London looking like this?

No, I don't. You see...

Well, Smiley hasn't turned up yet, you see, and there's a lot of bookings come in and, well, I knew you wouldn't mind if I just...

Look, Sal, please don't do it.

I know you won't do that, Sal.

(Excited chatter)

There we are, then. Just got married?

Yes.

Lovely. Won't be wrong now, will it? (Chuckles)

- Here we are.

- Thanks.

- Oh, what about my bag?

- She's already in.

I wonder if I've got the right soap.

I can't remember whether it was green
for oily skin...or oily for green skin.

Still, after 14 years, I don't suppose
he'd notice the difference anyway.

- Well, that's it.

- Yes.

Blimey, look at the time. Where are they?

Oi!

Save something for later.

- Madam.

- Thank you.

- That's exactly twelve and six please, guv.

- Oh, thanks.

- And keep the change.

- Oh, thank you, sir.

- I wish you a very happy honeymoon.

- Thanks.

- Don't forget your cases.

- Oh, my clothes!

- Thank you.

- I am so sorry.

It's a good job you won't be needing them,
isn't it?

Get back in there!

Who would've thought a towel would have made
all that much difference?

We'll just make it. Half an hour to get back,
ten minutes to put some decent clobber on...

What's that bloke playing at?

What's he trying to do? Kill himself?

Are you a taxi?

No, this is a taxi, I'm a driver,
he's a learner and you're a twit.

- Now, get out of the way. I'm in a hurry.
- No, help me. My wife's going to have a baby.
If I don't get home by seven, mine will have a fit.
No, look, you must help me.
I've got to get her to hospital. It's on the way.
How do you know it's on the way?
You don't know where I'm going.
No, no, the baby's on the way.
- Oh, all right, then, but hurry up, please.
- Through the white gate.
Yes, all right.
Sarge! Come in, Sarge.
Sarge! (Blows)
Isn't that just my flipping luck?
Now the radio's gone on the blink.
I can't even tell Peg where we're going.
- Please hurry.
- I'm doing 50 now, mate.
- Aren't we anywhere near it yet?
- It's not far now.
- You've been saying that for the last ten miles.

WOMAN:

- It's all right, I'm here dear.
- We're all here, dear.
(Doorbell)
- About time.
Oh. I thought it was Charlie.
- Where's Ted?
- We can't go. He's got to work tonight.
What a shame. Oh, well, never mind. Come in
and have a drink while we're waiting for Charlie.
Wait a tick. We're going the wrong way.
He said turn in and go straight up to the front.
Oh, yes, but on the board it said,
'All deliveries round the back.'
Here we are, then.
It's all right. It was a false alarm.
- It was a what?
- We can go home now.
Oh, yes, she said would you mind hurrying?
She's got something in the oven.
You can say that again.
He's late, isn't he?

- Who?

- Charlie.

Oh, yes, I suppose he is a little bit.

Good thing. Time for another little drinky.

Right, there we are. Now hurry up, please.

- Thank you, how much do I owe you?

- Five bob that's on the clock.

WOMAN:

- What is it, dear?

Oh, no! Don't tell me.

- Left at the next crossroads.

- I know.

I've been here before, remember?

Trust me to get one that doesn't know

whether it's coming or going.

I wonder what it's like to have a baby.

Why don't you ask her?

All right.

Excuse me, Miss, I...

'Miss'?

No?

No, I suppose we might as well go back home.

Just a minute, are you absolutely certain

she is going to have a baby?

Oh, yes. This isn't really very surprising,

you know, because it isn't due till next week.

If you think I'm galloping backwards

and forwards till next week, you're raving mad.

Stop! Stop the cab!

Help! Nurse!

Nurse!

What does he want a nurse for?

Dunno, but if it's what I think it is,

you'd better start a fire, put the kettle on

and keep the meter going.

Oh, yes, of course.

No.

There's only one word for him.

Stinker.

Right? Right.

But I'm not going to take any more of it.

I'm finished.

Do you know what I'm going to do

when he comes home?

No? Well, I'll tell you.

I'm just not going to do anything at all.

That's what I'm going to do.

(Door opens)

Yes? Is it?

Not yet.

Ooh. This waiting is awful.

I can't stand any more of this.

What are you getting into such a state for?

Anybody would think it was yours.

(Sucks)

(Baby wailing)

ALL:

- Which one's the father?

ALL:

- He is.

- Well, you've got a fine baby boy.

Well done. Congratulations, mate.

- Well done. Congratulations.

- Not me. Him.

- And you too.

- Thank you.

- Here, sit down, mate. Go on, have a rest.

- No, I feel wonderful.

- I feel fine.

- You haven't seen the meter.

(Guffaws)

Nurse, 'ere, leave the baby.

(Chimes and cuckoos)

(Chiming stops)

(Bottles clank)

Peg, are you awake?

Get out!

Oh. Well, I'm sorry I didn't get back, but er...

I was out in the cab with old Pintpot, you see, and we had a baby.

Peg?

Peg?

Peg, are you in there?

(Knocking)

Peg?

Oh, Peggy, let me in!
I want to talk to you.
Oh, Peggy, come on.
Peggy! Oh, let me in.
I want to talk to you about last night.
Good morning, Charlie. How are you?
Look, love, I know you're mad at me,
but it wasn't my fault. Honest.
- Mad at you? Why should I be mad at you?
- About last night.
Why, what happened last night?
Well, you know,
I didn't get back in time to take you out.
Oh, yes, I remember.
You had a baby.
Yeah. No, it wasn't me.
It was this woman in the cab.
We were taking these newlyweds to the airport.
- And they had a baby?
- Yeah.
No, it wasn't them. It was the other couple.
We were coming back from the air...
Blimey, what's the good? You don't believe me.
Of course I believe you, Charlie.
You're not clever enough
to think up an excuse that good.
Look, I'm only trying to say I'm sorry.
No, I'm the one that should apologise.
You? What for?
Well, I've been thinking. It's unreasonable of me
to sit around here, moping all day,
and expect you to keep on taking me out
once a year.
Oh, blimey.
Peg, I wouldn't say you've been unreasonable.
Yeah, but I would.
It's having nothing to do, that's the trouble.
But you don't have to worry.
I'm going to get a job.
You're going to what?
(Disgruntled voices outside)
Don't you think you ought to get down there,
darling?
Seems to be some trouble.

Never mind about that.

What do you mean, you're going to get a job?

- Just what I say. I'm going out to work.

- Oh, no, you're not.

Get a job!

I've never heard anything so ridiculous in my life. Get a job?! What can you do?

Well, I may not be able to do anything for you any more,

- but there's plenty I can do for someone else.

- All right, go and get yourself a job if you can.

- See if I care.

- I'm going to.

Peg. Peg. Hey, Peggy, look. I was only kidding.

- Peggy, hey!

- (Raised voices outside)

Oh, blimey, what's going on out there?

Where are my flipping shoes?

(All speak at once)

All right. All right! One at a time, please!

- (Hubbub continues)

- Shut up!

(Silence)

That's better.

It's not a peace conference, you know.

Now, come on. Let's get this thing sorted out.

There's nothing to sort out.

She's not taking this cab out.

(Argument continues)

All right, all right. Come on, now.

What's all the row about?

Hello, Flo. Long time no see. How are you?

I'm all right, thanks, Mr Hawkins.

But Smiley isn't. He's had to go to hospital.

Oh, I'm sorry about that.

I wondered why he didn't show up yesterday.

He'll be all right. Nothing could kill him.

Anyhow,

I thought I'd come and take his cab out for you.

No sense letting it stand idle

when we can do with the money.

- Who's objecting?

- I am. It's against union rules.

- Union rules?

- She's taking a man's job.

And she's upsetting our working conditions.

- How?

- Well, in the first place,

we'd all have to watch our language and,
in the second place, there's only one WC here.

Well, I've forgotten more language
than you ever knew

and, in the second place,

I don't want to go in the first place.

(Chuckles) Good for you, Flo.

How about that, Allbright?

Very funny, I'm sure, but I'm warning you, if she
takes this cab out, I'm calling all the boys out.

- Forget it. I don't want to cause you any trouble.

- Sorry, Flo, but don't worry about it.

- I'll look after you and Smiley.

- Thanks.

- Come on, Ted. Get on with it.

- Come on. Let's get these cabs out on the road.

All right, Mr Allbright?

No, I like a good fight.

You gave in much too easily.

I bet you say that to all the girls.

Mrs Sims? Would you come up a minute?

I'd like to talk to you about a job.

That's roughly it.

- Are you serious, Mrs Hawkins?

- Yeah, of course I am.

It's about time we showed these men
a thing or two.

Men? They're only good for one thing.

They wouldn't be much good at that without us.

What do you say, then? Is it a deal.

Well, I could do with the work,

but it's not gonna be easy, you know.

- It'll take a few weeks.

- The sooner we get started, the better.

What's Mr Hawkins gonna say?

Nothing...because we're not gonna tell him.

- Oh, it's gonna be a surprise for him, eh?

- One hell of a surprise, Mrs Sims.

I'll take 15.

(Alarm rings)

(Door closes)

(Sizzling)

May I see your legs, please?

Right. You've got the job. Next please, Flo.

You've got the job.

- Workman's Return, Waterloo, mate.

- Oh, shut up.

Come in.

- Morning, Charlie.

- Sit down.

Have a bit of lunch.

I've got a cold kipper, cold chop,
some mouldy cheese, some stale bread,
some cold mash potato with lumps in...

No, thank you. I'm not hungry now.

I bet you'll be glad

when old Peg packs this job in.

Don't you believe it.

I'm doing very well without her, don't you worry.

Well, it looks like it.

I haven't had a decent dinner
for two solid months.

She goes out seven o'clock in the morning.

I never know what time she's coming back.

I hardly see her at all these days.

- What's she doing?

- How do I know?

- Haven't you even asked her?

- Certainly not.

If she doesn't want to tell me,

I'm certainly not going to ask her, mate.

I just couldn't care less, that's all.

Cor, Charlie, please.

That's no way to handle women.

- Hark who's talking. What about you and Sally?

- Well, that's different, innit?

We're not even married.

Anyway, I gave her a bloody good talking to
and we've reached an understanding.

- And what's that?

- I don't know. We're not talking to each other.

There you are, you see.

No, I am not gonna be crawling around,
begging for information, mate.

If she wants to tell me what she's doing, all right,
but I am not asking her. I don't wanna know.

Oh, Ted, what is she up to? What is she doing?

Right, girls, this is it.

I want you to get out there and grab all
the business from under their smug male noses.

I don't care how you do it, within reason,
just get the fares in your cabs.

(Giggles)

In the back of the cab, dear, with you in the front.

- Any questions?

- Well, actually, darling,

do you think we really stand a chance?

I mean, there are far more men drivers, actually.

I know, but the men haven't got
your advantages, dear.

Just flash your headlamps at 'em.

And, any way, this is just the start.

There'll be more of you on the road
just as fast as Flo can train 'em.

Supposing we have a man passenger

- and he tries to start something...

- Then use this.

- What's that?

- A starting handle.

There's nothing better for stopping something.

Right, into your cabs, girls.

Well, here goes, Flo.

I hope I'm doing the right thing.

Are you still worrying about your old man?

Look, you said yourself,

the only thing he worries about is cabs.

Well, you're just giving him

a few more to worry about.

I know, but...well,

it's all his money we're using, really.

And you're just giving him

a taste of his own medicine.

If this doesn't make him sit up

and take a bit of notice of you, nothing will.

Anyway, you can't stop now.

That's right.

- Get 'em off.

- That's more like it. Right.

FLO:

Wagons roll!

Ooh, I say,

you'll never guess what I've just seen.

A smashing bit of overtime driving a cab.

Get away.

- I just saw Charlie Claw selling bootlaces.

- Go on! How much were they?

- Oh, belt up. Have a cup of tea.

- Oh, thank you.

- Smashing bit of overtime driving a cab!

- But it was.

A brunette, and she was covered all over with...

legs and things.

Don't be filthy.

Pintpot, please, birds don't drive cabs.

They can't. They've haven't got...

- That's her.

- Excuse me.

This is the cab drivers' caf, isn't it?

- That's right.

- Oh, jolly good.

Well... Well, I'd like... Oh, no, what was it?

- Oh, yes, a cup of char and a wad.

- I'm off.

- What's the hurry?

- I can't afford to let my missus catch me in here.

She took me off the buses cos of the clippies.

(Chuckles)

Any of you chaps free?

Oh, yes, I am, darling.

I say.

Would you mind taking me to the Station Hotel,

please, and take your time.

Oh, I'd love to.

Excuse me interfering,

but we have a system here.

First in, first out. Len was in first, so it's his fare.

Oh, dear.

I'm terribly sorry, darling,

but it looks as if you won't be able to have me.

Don't you believe it, my dear.

I have a system, too - ladies first.

After you.

- What are you going to do about that, eh?

- All right. All right.

It's no good yelling at me. I can't stop 'em, can I?

There must be a couple of dozen of them

on the road at least. It's not fair.

And you should see the stuff that's driving them.

Don't be disgusting.

What chance do we stand against that?

It's up to you to do something.

What do you expect me to do about it?

Dress you all up in tight skirts and falsies?

- Don't be so common.

- Here's Charlie.

Let's go and see what he's got to say.

Charlie, you've got to do something. These lads

are full of complaints about these other cabs.

I know all about it and I don't like it

any more than you do. I've just seen one of 'em.

- What's she look like, Charlie?

- She had a...

- Who cares what she looks like?

- I reckon the customers will.

Yes. Let's go in the canteen and talk about it.

Come on.

CHARLIE:

I put it there.

I thought it might cheer the place up a bit.

- Fifth columnist.

- You've got a cheek putting that up there.

- Where did you get it?

- Someone gave it to me.

Sounds like a marvellous service to me.

'Ere, listen to this. Listen.

'Glamcabs. The modern efficient way to travel.

No draughty old taxis.

Ring 32323 for prompt and pleasant service.

No waiting. No tipping.'

No tipping?

- Cor!

- What about that?!

Looks like you've got real competition there.

Hey, look at this bit, though.

'Our drivers are there to please.
Just ask for what you want'?!
Really? Cor!
What was that number again?
Oh, shut up.
You lot stay here.
I'm going to find out who's behind this.
32 Dawson Street.
Thank you, sir.
- Got that, Flo?
- Yeah.
Calling Anthea. Calling Anthea.
Anthea here.
Go to 32 Dawson Street
and pick up a gentleman, all right?
Of course, darling.
I've been picking up gentlemen since I was 17.
If the orders keep coming in at this rate,
we're gonna need twice the number of cars.
(Rings)
Glamcabs at your service.
Just a minute.
Who's that?
(High-pitched, nasal voice)
This is the switchboard here. Can I help you?
This is Charlie Hawkins,
Speedee Cab Company.
I'd like to have a word with your boss.
Oh, just a minute, Mr Hawkins,
I'll put you through.
(Huskily) Good morning, Mr Hawkins.
Do you require a cab?
No, I do not require a cab. Who's that speaking?
Mrs Glam, of course.
Oh, yes, of course.
Well, Mrs Glam, it's obvious to me that
you don't know much about the cab business,
so I thought I'd just ring you up,
give you a couple of words of friendly advice.
I hate to see anybody lose money.
Oh, I don't think I'll do that, Mr Hawkins,
judging by our business so far today.
Yes, well, first day, flash in the pan, novelty
value and all that, but it won't last, you know.

You see, there's not enough business
for two cab companies in this town.
I agree, Mr Hawkins. You're so right.
Now there's a sensible woman.
I'll tell you what I am prepared to do, Mrs Glam.
I will buy you out.
Oh, that's very sporting of you, Mr Hawkins,
but I think it would be much more to the point
if I took over your old business.
My old business?
Of course, I'd have to scrap a lot of your cabs
and, as for your drivers,
well, you must admit, most of them are past it.
Past it? How dare you!
I'll show you if we're past it.
You want a war, Mrs Glam, you can have it!
Flo, my husband's just declared war.
He'll be sorry. Our troops have got
much better weapons than his.
(Train whistle toots)
Taxi, sir?
Oh, Charlie, come to bed.
How do you expect me to sleep,
with you walking up and down all night?
Sleep? You're not supposed to sleep.
You should be thinking of some way
to help me beat this Glamcab lot.
That? Surely you're not worried by
a lot of silly women.
No, of course I'm not worried by
a lot of silly women,
but if they keep pinching our business,
we'll need that job of yours.
Things that bad?
Well, dear, why don't you sell the business
while you've got the chance?
We could get that little cottage, have some fun.
Never. Never.
I am not going under without a fight.
Well, why do you have to keep fighting?
Why can't you go and see this Mrs Glam
and make up to her, you know?
- Turn on the old charm, eh?
- Yeah.

What a marvellous idea. I love you.

No.

No! I can just imagine what she's like.

I've talked to her on the phone.

I can see her now - some hatchet-faced old hag with a moustache. A beard, even.

No. I am going to beat them even if I have to run at a loss.

That's it. That's it.

I'll undercut 'em.

- Morning.

- Oh, good morning, sir.

I want 1,000 pamphlets like this printed, please.

Right away.

Shan't be able to do it right away, I'm afraid, sir.

We've got a couple of thousand of these to do first.

Never mind.

- I've got it, Charlie. Look!

- What's that?

Plastic gas mask holders.

A thousand of 'em. Got 'em cheap.

- What for?

- Well, don't you get it?

We give one of these away free with every cab journey of five miles or over.

Plastic gas mask holders? That's brilliant.

All we need now is some plastic gas.

Well, it was just an idea, that's all.

Very handy. You can put things in 'em.

WOMAN:

- I've got it. I've got 'em.

- That's it. That's them all right. Well done.

- Wait a minute, I'm not quite tuned in yet.

- What's he trying to get?

- The Glamcabs wavelength.

The idea is that we pick up their signals and get our blokes there first. Smart, eh?

- There's your tea.

- Ta.

- Where's mine, then?

- Sorry, I don't serve strangers.

Still got her well-trained, I see.

(Phone rings)
Yes? Oh, hello, Sally.
Why? What's happened?
Oh, tuning in to our radios, eh?
Oh, don't worry, I'll fix that.
Thanks for letting me know.
(Radio feedback)

FLO:

Proceed to 20 Chester Road and pick up party.
20 Chester Road and pick up party.
Chester Road. Chester Road.
Here, that's right on the outskirts.
Get 'em to No.20 quick.
Come in, 1-4. Come in 1-4.
(Birdsong)
Anyone home?
Somebody's potty.
Another one coming through, sir.

FLO:

Got a nice long trip for you.
Go to Westford and pick up a party
at 5 Wilbur Place. 5 Wilbur Place.
Westford.
West... That's ten miles away.
Wait a minute. Pintpot's out there,
driving Peggy. Get him onto it.
(Chuckles) We'll show 'em.
Calling Pintpot. Calling Pintpot.
Well, it's obvious, innit?
Somebody has tipped them off
that we're pinching their orders.
Yes. Ooh, there aren't half
some dishonest people about, aren't there?
Yeah, but what can you expect from
a bunch of birds?
From now on, we have got to play it rough.

WOMAN:

Two cups of coffee and two cheese rolls, please.
No more, thank you.
I'll er...have another cup of tea, Molly.
- Trouble, sweetheart?

- I think it's what they call a puncture, darling.
Oh, too bad. Good job you hadn't got a fare.
You mean, it's a good job I had.
The dirty old man.
Oh, excuse me, sir, would you like another cab?
No, thank you, I'm rather enjoying this one.
(Engine backfires)
Broken down, eh? What a shame.
These fancy jobs, you can't rely on 'em.
Can I take you somewhere?
No, thank you. We can manage.
Blimey! They're even carrying their own spares.
I give in.
- Hello, Peg. You're back early.
- Yes.
- Where's Charlie?
- Upstairs with Ted.
Is he mad! Today's just about finished him.
Another few weeks like this
and he'll be out of business.
- Yes, I know.
- Well, you don't seem very happy about it.
I'm not. I wish I'd never started this thing.
How's he gonna feel when he finds out it's me,
his own wife, who ruined him?
- I never thought of that.
- No.
But he's not gonna find out,
because I'm going to tell him - now.
- He won't like it much, Peg.
- Nor will I, but it's got to be done, because...
Well, I've got
another little bit of news for him too.
How'd it be if we changed cabs,
got all new ones?
- It'd be more to the point if we all changed sex.
- Yeah.
Ooh, those blooming women.
Well, I'm not beaten yet, mate.
Cab driving is the last male stronghold
and I'm gonna defend it to my last penny.
Mm. Well, that won't be long coming,
if you go on at this rate.
Hello, what's this, then?

Home at six? What's happened? Lose your job?
No. As a matter of fact,
that's what I want to tell you about, Charlie.
Yeah, well, if you'll excuse me,
I'll be in the canteen if you want me.
All right. I'll think of something, don't you worry.
You know where we went wrong, don't you?
We should've put all their cabs out of action
before they went on the road.
Charlie...there are two things
I want to tell you about.
They're both going to come as a bit of a shock,
I'm afraid.
That's it.
(Shouts) Ted, get all the boys together.
I've got it. I'll show 'em.
Charlie, will you listen to me, please?
- Yeah, what is it?
- Well, first of all, about these Glamcabs...
We don't have to worry about them any more.
By tomorrow morning, I'll have 'em settled.
Yeah, but you don't have to keep fighting them,
Charlie. That's what I wanted to tell you about.
You don't think I'm just going to sit back
and let 'em take over?
No. We're gonna raid their yard tonight
and put the whole lot out of action.
What? You can't do that, Charlie. That's not fair.
Not fair? Do you call it fair to have
a lot of starry-eyed bints driving cabs,
pinching our fares by showing their legs
and sticking out their big ends?
- Look, will you just shut up for a moment?
- Whose side are you on?
Theirs! What you're gonna do is wrong, Charlie.
Oh, right, so, 'It's wrong, Charlie.'
And I'm a right Charlie.
Of all the obstinate, pig-headed idiots...
All right. You asked for it.
You're gonna get it.
Well, lads, that's just about it.
Be outside their yard at five-to-twelve, and
remember, no rough stuff and no real damage.
Just enough to put 'em out of action

for a while.

- Won't the the gates be locked?

- Don't worry. Ted'll be in there to let us in.

- How will he get in?

- With a little bit of help from Molly here.

There he is. Get fixed up, Ted?

I told Sally all about it.

She managed to fix me up with a few things.

You ought to see him.

I can't wait. Well, come on, Ted, open up.

Don't be bashful.

(Raucous laughter)

What about your hat?

(Laughter)

CHARLIE:

Hello, boys.

How do you do?

A cup of tea, Molly, please.

Oh, my dear, I am a clumsy old cow.

I'm sorry. Look, you'd better come in the back.

I'll get that lot dried off for you.

Oh, what a shame.

I hope she hasn't ruined her uniform.

PLINTPOT:

Well, come on. Get cracking.

Walk like a bird!

Now, remember, once you get inside,

hide yourself until you hear me whistle.

- Ooh!

- What's the matter?

You'd know if you had elastic pants on.

It's like sitting in a catapult.

Well, take off. Go on. Go on!

They say they're all the same in the dark.

I wouldn't take a chance. Blimey!

There he is. Just look at him, the big gump!

Did he really think we'd fall for that?

Oh, dear, oh, dear.

- All right, Flo. You know what to do.

- Not half. He'll be sorry he ever came.

Just a minute, girls. We want to get

all those uniforms pressed tonight,

so off to the locker room and get out of 'em.

Come along, dear.

(High-pitched voice) Watch it.

Come on. Off with 'em, quick as you can.

Come along, dear. Hurry up.

(Softly) Phwoar!

Darling... Darling, this thing's killing me.

Could you unhook it for me?

(Laughter)

(Whispers) Come on. Come on.

- (Whispers) We're all ready for 'em.

- Good. Shouldn't be long now.

- (Whistling)

- That sounds like them. Quick, come inside.

(Whistling)

(Charlie chuckles)

(Horns honk)

CHARLIE:

Come on. Over that way.

Hey! Turn it off! Turn it off!

(Giggles)

Come on! Come on!

Turn it off!

Come on, quick! Quick, lads, get out!

- There must be some other way.

- No, mate. We're licked. It's the only thing to do.

Like we used to say in the army,
if you can't beat 'em, join 'em.

It would have been all right last night
if some rotten so-and-so hadn't tipped 'em off.

It's no good worrying about that now.

I've got to do it.

I have got to see this Mrs Glam
and arrange a merger.

Hang on. I've seen that face before.

So they've got you working for 'em, have they?

Where's the boss, Flo?

In the office over there.

Bye, then. I'll drop by this evening
and tell you how things are.

- Sally!

- So that's how they found out about last night.

- You viper in the bosom, you...

- Now, Ted, listen, it wasn't just me.

- Charlie...

- Don't you Charlie me.

As far as I'm concerned,
you can make that two bosoms.

- Oh, no, Charlie, don't go in there.

- Get out of the way! Come on.

You!

I... So that's it!

Gawd, blimey, what a mug I've been.

Charlie, please, I know what you're thinking.

Good, then it saves me telling you, doesn't it,
Mrs Glam.

This is ridiculous, your having to sleep here.

Why won't you come up to my place?

We've got a spare room.

No, thanks all the same, Sal, but it's handy here
and Charlie knows where to find me
when he wants me.

If he wants you. It's been a month now.

Three weeks...four days.

Well, I hope you haven't been trying
to phone again. It's up to him to do the asking.

- He closed the door on you.

- It was my fault though.

- How is he?

- How should I know?

Well, I thought you might have seen Ted.

No, I haven't. Not since that day.

Funny how I miss him though...

pig-headed little runt.

I know. I feel the same about Charlie,
the obstinate old...

Well, they're not worth crying over,
and you've got a business to run.

It's Friday and you've got to be at the bank

at 1 0:

Charlie, where the hell have you been all night?

Seeing my friend here off.

- Why?

- There's been murder going on here.

I mean, half the chaps want to quit
because there isn't enough work.

Let 'em.

There's all these bills, too.

Send 'em back.

Oh, Charlie, you can't go on drinking like this.

Can't I? See...

- Here! What do you think you're...

- That's right. Cut the chatter and start driving.

- Is this a hold-up?

- No, we're all going on a picnic. Now shut up!

Here, you, get the cash!

No, let them have it, Sal.

If this is a hold-up, where are we going?

MAN:

Turn left at the end here.

PEGGY:

Turn left into Dale Road.

Yeah, now shut up, will you?

Hardly worth your bothering about.

There's only 800 in those cash bags.

- Will you switch that bloomin' thing off, Sarge?

- No, that's Peg's voice.

MAN:

unless you want an extra hole in your ear.

SALLY:

why not let me and Mrs Hawkins go?

MAN:

- Sally!

MAN:

- That's Peg and Sal. They're in danger.

- That's a hold-up.

- Shut up a minute. Let's listen.

- Left at the junction here.

- Turn left at the next junction.

That takes us into Rigby Road.

- We'll be going east.

- What is this?

What's the running commentary for all the time, eh?

- Oh, wait a minute.
- This is a hold-up - Glamcab No.1 9.
Call the police!
(Static)
She's gone. I've lost her.
Well, don't just sit there. Get her again.
- Wait a minute. Here's something...
- (Feedback)
Hello, this is Pintpot
and I've got a leak in my sump.
You'll have one in your head
if you don't get off this blooming air.
Hello! Calling all Speedee Cabs!
All Speedee Cabs, now listen, and listen good.
Is there anybody near
the east end of Rigby Road? Over.
I'm not far from it, guv'nor.
Len, good lad. I want you to go to the east end
of Rigby Road and block it. Understand?
Yeah but, Mr Hawkins,
I've got a couple of smoochers in the back
and they asked me to take my time.
Oh, blimey, they won't know the difference.
- Go on, get cracking.
- I'll get the police.
'Ere, what's that damn fool doing?
Use your horn. Use your horn.
- (Horn honks)
- Turn round. Turn round quick.
Hello? Hello, Mr Hawkins? It's Len here.
They've turned around and they're going back
up Rigby Road. They've turned off left.
- Wentworth Street. Who's on the station rank?
- Allbright.
It would be. Tell Allbright to go to the south end
of Wentworth Street and block it.
Now listen out, all cabs.
Hello, Allbright. Hello, Allbright.
Proceed to the south end of Wentworth Street
and block it.
That won't stop 'em at all. They're here.
- They might turn up Dawes Road.
- That's what I want 'em to do.
If we can get 'em to go down Dawes,

right into the Aldershot Road,
we'll have 'em out in open country
on a road with hardly any turnoffs.
But they might turn round
and go back up Wentworth Street.
Yes. Tell Len to follow up and make dead sure
he stops 'em going back up Wentworth.
Hello, Len. Hello, Len. Follow up and make sure
you stop 'em going back up Wentworth Street.
What the hell's going on?
Is everyone nuts in this town? Turn around.
Hello, Sarge, I stopped him.
He's turned and going back up Wentworth.
Right. Follow him.
We want to make him turn down Dawes Road.
All right, but I don't know what
the union's going to say about this.
- (Whistle blows)
- ..the union.
Well, really.
What's this idiot think he's doing?
He's gonna ram us. Here, turn off! Turn off!
- Guv, we've done it. He's gone down Dawes.
- Good boy.
Ted, we've got him going now.
Tell Len and Allbright to follow up,
make sure he doesn't double back.
No.23 to the intersection of Dawes
and Aldershot to make him turn left.
Hello, 23. Hello, 23. Proceed to
the intersection of Dawes and Aldershot.

Objective:

1 6 to cut off possible right turn into Henry Street.
Hello, 1 6.
Cut off possible right turn into Henry Street.
- 1 6.
- It is 1 6, look.
- Give it to me. Where was it?
- There.
Damn these cabs.
- Where does this road go, eh?
- Aldershot.
Aldershot? We don't wanna go that way.

We've got no choice, stupid.
They're using the cab radios to head us off.
We've got to dump this cab fast.
He's going south on the Aldershot Road.
Lovely. Tell Len, Allbright and the others
to follow up slowly.
32 and 1 6 to cut 'em off at the top of Snow Hill.
Slow up.
- It's another of those damn things ahead.
- It's all right. Look, there's nobody in it.
Empty?
Here, who said there weren't a Santa Claus?
Pull up in front of it.
Let go of my arm.
Here, cop this.
Hey, that's my cab!
Oh, I do feel such a fool.
I don't understand it. Where have they got to?
The boys on Snow Hill should've spotted 'em
coming by now.
Unless they turned off into Mill Lane, here.
Oh, gawd blimey, I forgot that one.
'Ere, wait a minute, Pintpot was near Mill Lane
when he had his sump trouble.
- Where is he now?
- I don't know. He hasn't called in since.
That big nit! Just when we need him. Find him!
Come in, Pintpot. Come in, Pintpot.
Come on, let's have you.
What is going on here? What is the matter?
Why doesn't somebody spot 'em?
Why doesn't somebody call in?
It looks like we've lost 'em somehow.
Give me that.
Hello, Charlie calling Pintpot.
Charlie calling Pintpot.
Pintpot, come in!
- Pintpot, where the hell are you?
- Here.
Thank gawd for that.
Now listen carefully, Pintpot.
Where exactly is 'here'.
- By the door in your office.
- Right. I want you to get down...

What are...? What are you doing back here?

Well, one of the Glamcab drivers pinched my cab while I was working on it.

You great big twit, those were the crooks.

- Yeah, but, where was this?

- On the Aldershot Road, just past Mill Lane.

- Mill Lane...

- They must have turned down here, Charlie.

If they've gone down there, mate,

we can still stop 'em.

There's no turning off that road for ten miles till you get to Riseley.

Except this little road that leads to the heath.

Well, that's it! That's it, Ted.

If we can drive 'em down that road

onto the heath...

Sarge, get some of the boys to go to the Riseley end of Mill Lane and head 'em off.

- The rest can move in from here, right?

- Check.

Come on. You and I come in

from the other side of the heath. Come on!

RADIO:

proceeding in the direction of Aldershot.

- Over and out.

- OK. Let's go.

- Mill Lane, you said this was.

- Yes.

Ahh.

Leads to Riseley.

Turn right there

and we're on the main road to London.

Do you reckon we're clear now, then?

Yeah, course. Not even looking for this old cab, are they? Nothing to stop us now, mate.

Blimey! They're all crazy.

I don't believe it.

There's bloomin' thousands of 'em.

The ones behind are still coming.

Mr Hawkins, they've taken the heath road.

Hooray!

Sarge, tell 'em to follow on that side of the heath and get the rest to follow me.

- Right?

- Check. Over and out.

Ted, we've got 'em, mate. We've got 'em.

- Hey, what's this bloke think he's doing?

- Not again.

One, two, three, four... Can't be.

Hello, Charlie. Hello, Charlie.

Enemy reported approaching the heath.

- Enemy approaching the heath.

- Sarge, I love you!

There's five of the boys behind us, Charlie.

- Six.

- Lovely.

Now listen, you lot, and listen good.

Fan out across the heath and move in.

Fan out and move in.

That's it, now stay nice and tight. Move in.

We've got him now. He's trapped.

Mr Hawkins! Quick! Grab 'em! Hold on.

Good. Now you, sir.

(Bell rings)

Come on.

- Give us a hand 'ere.

- Break it up. Come on. Come on.

Got him?

Peg, what is it? What have they done to her?

It's all right, she's only fainted.

What do you mean only fainted?

We've got to get her to a doctor.

She's been to a doctor, Charlie.

It's not unusual for someone in her condition to faint, you know.

In her condition... In her condition?!

Might as well be getting home.

Yeah, I can just see it there,

written up on the old board. Marvellous.

'Charles Hawkins and Son. Cabs for...'

Yeah, perhaps you're right.

Hey, what's coming? Wait a minute. It's Pintpot.

He's coming straight for us. He's gonna hit us.

(Crashing)

(Hissing)

Got you, you crooks. All right, come out...

(Chuckles) Ooh, I say.

What will you think of me?

He kills me. Give me the mike.

(Pintpot laughs)

Look at this! Ooh!

(Pintpot giggles)

Oh, what's the use. Call me a cab.

Right.

(Chuckles)

I shan't be a minute.

Cab! Cab!