Carry on Camping

By Talbot Rothwell
...and in spite of all she'd heard,
Sally was quite unprepared for the sight
that met her eyes,
as she looked out of her tent
on this first morning in Paradise Camp.
Everywhere she looked, happy campers
went about their everyday tasks
unencumbered by clothing,
unembarrassed and unashamed.
So this was paradise!
How beautiful it seemed to her.
How unlike her past holidays in Bournemouth.
Suddenly, Sally's shyness
and natural timidity vanished,
and forgetting all about
her strict convent training,
she stepped out from her tent,
as naked and free as nature intended.
- Cor!
- That's quite enough of that, thank you.
- What's the matter?
- You told us this film was about camping.
- It is. Those are tents, aren't they?
- Not what you're looking at.
If you're going on a camping holiday,
it makes sense to find out what it's all about.
A fat lot you're going to learn from this!
I'm making a mental note of all the equipment
they've got.
Yes, especially hers.
Sh!
Setting out to explore paradise,
Sally's first stop was at the tennis court,
where four sun-bronzed campers
were playing a mixed doubles.
(Cackles)
Oh, gorblimey!
You won't see nothing like that at Wimbledon -
open or not.
If one of those men turn round,
I'm walking straight out of here.
What's the matter, Anth? Don't you like tennis?
I feel sick.
I don't blame her.
Honestly, I don't know where to look.
I do. (Cackles)
Close your eyes
and I'll tell you when to open them.
I don't want to close my eyes. I just want to go.
I know just how she feels.
It's disgusting, that's what it is, disgusting!
What are you talking about? It's artistic.
- Artistic?
- Certainly.
With all those big bottoms bobbling about
all over the screen?
You wouldn't think anything of it
if we walked round like that all the time,
free, unfettered, unashamed.
Oh, no? I suppose you'd rather be sat here
all stark naked?
- It wouldn't bother me.
- It would if your ice lolly fell in your lap.
You're a prude.
If you don't mind, we're trying to hear back here.
Sorry, mate, if I'd known that
I'd have spoken a bit louder. (Cackles)
In another part of the camp
a party of carefree young people
were just starting off on a bicycle ride.
Hey, look, Anth! That fair girl at the end,
she's got a saddle just like mine.
Ooh!
That's being unfettered.
They don't bother with trouser clips.
While in front of the canteen,
a group of men were benefiting from a PT class,
rhythmically bending over to touch their toes.
Oh, dear!
Oh, my God!
That does it. Anthea was right.
We should have gone to The Sound Of Music.
- You've seen that before.
- I've seen that before, too.
- Sh!
- Oh, shut up!
Come on, Anthea. Are you coming as well?
- Wait a minute. Let's see the end.
- I've seen enough ends already. Come on.
I suppose we'd better go with 'em, Sid.
Excuse me.
It makes you sick.
They just don't appreciate culture.
And so to the swimming pool,
where all the prettiest young girls
were disporting themselves.
Ah!
Hello, darling.
- Oh, no.
- Hello, Peter. I'm checking on the camping gear.
So I see.
Had a good day?
Oh, not bad.
Got drunk at lunch time, then went to a strip
club, then finished off in bed with a popsy.
Ah, look, there's a hole in this tent flap.
Yes, the goat ate its way in last year.
Oh, yes, I remember. He was after your bedding.
Yes, that's right. He even left a deposit on it.
(Annoying high-pitched laugh)
Oh, poor Peter! We had a good laugh
about that, though, didn't we?
Yes, you did, didn't you?
That's what I love about camping.
Such fun, always.
Did you have a good day?
Not bad, no, no.
A chap came into the office
with a pound of opium
and we smoked it
and we spent the afternoon in a harem.
I've been thinking,
we ought to try Devon again this year.
We had such a marvellous time there last time.
I've been thinking, too, darling.
That marvellous little camping site
near Stoats Hollow.
- Do you remember?
- Harriet, please listen to me.
I am listening. What a funny thing to say.
I've been thinking about this holiday,
and I was wondering if possibly, just once,
w- w-we might go abroad somewhere.
Abroad?
Camping?
Oh, nothing so luxurious as that.
I thought we might...
we might rough it in some four-star hotel.
Oh, no. No, no, no, no.
You wouldn't like that.
Sleeping in strange beds, eating oily food.
and using all those peculiar toilets.
The toilets we have to dig out at camp
aren't exactly the last word.
Oh, but they're all ours.
Yes, well, it's just that
I think I may be getting too old for it.
(Laughs)
Oh, don't be silly, Peter!
You mark my words, you'll die under canvas.
That's what I'm afraid of.
No. You always enjoy your camping holiday
and you're going to have one.
You're tired.
Perhaps you had a bad day at the office?
No. No, no, no, no.
I met this chap who'd just come back
from camping in Scotland
and his wife was ravished by a wild haggis
and now they're expecting a little faggot.
Oh!
Yes?
We mustn't forget to take
a good supply of toilet paper this time.
You know what happened last year.
Yes, we had nothing to write to your mother on.
No! No, sir, you mustn't!
If you keep on doing that you'll...
Oh!
Please, sir!
Oh, hello.
Miss Dobbin,
what on earth is the meaning of this?
I'm sorry, Mr Short.
The gentleman kept touching things.
That's quite right. You see I've been bursting
to know what it's like inside a tent.
I see. All right, Miss Dobbin,
I'll attend to this customer.
Oh, thank you, sir.
Splendid girl, and so helpful.
Do you know, she's been showing me
how to stick the pole up!
- Quite.
(Cash register rings)
I take it you're interested in
purchasing equipment?
Oh, rather!
I've always been interested in camping.
But since I've never done it before,
I thought I'd go to the very best place for advice.
Quite so, sir, so you came here.
Well, yes, you see,
the best shop was closed.
I assure you, we supply everything essential
for a really successful camping holiday.
Oh, but I need everything!
Are you going alone, sir?
Why? Do you supply that, too?
This way, sir, please.
- Yes, of course.
(Cash register pings)
- Sid, let's get back to work.
- Oh, come on!
We're only going to ask
where this Paradise Camp is.
But they'll know it's nudist
and it'll be embarrassing.
What are you talking about?
Like going into a chemist's for something, finding
a girl serving, and coming out with toothpaste.
I wondered what you were doing
with all those tubes in your cupboard.
No. It's not that. Besides, you'll never get
Joan and Anth to go to a place like that.
- How long have we been taking them out?
- About three months.
- And where's it got us?
- I've kissed Anth.
- What did that lead to? She was sick.
- Because I'd been eating pickled onions.
We're lumbered with two birds with prohibitions.
You mean "inhibitions".
I mean "prohibitions". They just won't allow us.
All the same,
you can't take them to a place like that.
If we can get those two birds to Paradise Camp,
all that freedom, back to nature,
do you think they can keep on holding out?
Never.
- How will you get 'em to go there?
- Don't tell 'em. Come on.
No. Hold on a minute.
I can't go to a nudist place.
- Why not? Other people do.
- Maybe, but not people like us.
Have we got three legs or something?
It's not that.
- When I'm on holiday, I like to relax.
- So?
And when I relax,
I like to put my hands in my pockets.
You can relax with your hands behind your back. Prince Philip does all right.
- Not with nothing on, he doesn't.
- How do you know?
You make it sound like it was something shameful to go into a nudist camp.
It's the most healthy, natural thing in the world.
Can I help you, sir?
Yes, as a matter of fact, my mate and I were wondering if you could...
Yes?
Well, we were looking for...
Yes?
Er, a tube of toothpaste, please.
We don't sell toothpaste, sir.
Aspirins?
I'll take one of these, then.
See?
Here! That's it!
That's it! (Cackles)
Come on.
(Screaming and yelling)
Go on, hit her!
Go on!
I'll teach you to call me a cow, you old bitch!
Look out, the Head's coming!
Oh!
(Crash)
Stand up, girls.
Good evening, Miss Haggard.
Carry on, girls.
(Shouting and screaming)
Come in.
Ah, Matron, what can I do for you?
I'm sorry to trouble you, Dr Soaper,
but I've been thinking about this camping trip
for the girls that remain with us
during the holidays.
What about it?
I was wondering
whether it really was such a good idea.
Perhaps you're forgetting, it was my idea.
Oh, no, no. And, of course,
it is an absolutely splendid one.
- But...
- But what?
Well, I was wondering whether
perhaps they might find it a trifle spartan.
I mean, their being such delicate
and refined girls.
(Yelling)
(Whistles)
Ooh-ooh! Usual place, boys, in five minutes.
The point I'm really trying to make is that here
I can keep full control over them,
but, outside, anything might happen.
You seem to be forgetting, Miss Haggard,
you're coming with us.
Surely you and I together
can keep suitable control?
Well, I was thinking about the girls.
So am I.
Oh. But don't you see?
It raises the problem of sex.
I assure you, Matron,
I wouldn't dream of bothering you in that way. I meant, with the girls. They're liable to come into contact with boys. Oh, yes, but I don't think that'll be a problem. It's been my experience that once young people sample the delights of country life and the wonders of nature, oh, they just can't get enough of it.
- Exactly.
- I was thinking of the girls.
- So was I.
- Exactly.

Well, I do hope you're right, Dr Soaper. Oh, yes, yes, I assure you, Matron. But I take the point you made earlier. Yes, these girls have led very sheltered lives. They don't even know what boys are. I suggest you give them a little talk on the subject. Nothing too frightening. Just stick to the birds and the bees, with a possible reference to the behaviour of monkeys.
- Well, I'll try, Dr Soaper.
- Good. Good.

And if any of them feel any unnatural urges, or the desire to do something they shouldn't, send them straight to me.
- You?
- Yes.
- Well, I was thinking about the girls.
- So was I.

Oh, you're not wearing that!
- What?
- That hat.

Oh, sorry, dear. Force of habit.
Ah, that's the ticket.
Come on. Let's get our packs on.
And off we go!
There. How do I look?
Like an old mailbag filled with unwanted parcels.
- Splendid. Shall I drive?
- Why not? You always do.

Good. Come on. Let's go.
(Car engine turns over)
Don't forget, not a word to the girls about where we're going. It's a mystery holiday.
- They'll find out the minute we get there.
- It'll be too late by then.

We must just act as surprised as they are.
I won't need to act.
- Sid...
- Yes?

Will we have to take all our clothes off?
Can't we keep something on?
Don't worry. I've thought of that.
Ha-ha-ha.

Go on. Finish it up. You're not going anywhere without a good breakfast inside you.
- I am finishing it up, Mum.
- More bacon and tomatoes, Anthea?

No, thank you, Mrs Fussey,
I had coffee and toast before I left home.

You won't get a proper lunch,
not if I know those two.

They're only after one thing, they are.

For heaven's sake, Mum,
we know how to look after ourselves.

Oh, yes? 33 and still not married.
If that's not taking care of yourself,
I don't know what is.
I'm playing hard to get with Sid.

(Splutters)
- What's the matter with you?
- I choked.

You saved me the trouble.
The way you talk,
you'd think I didn't want to get married.
I know what you want...
I also know what Sid wants.

What's that?
Since you asked me to put it into words,
he wants to eat his cake and have it.
And he's going the right way about it,
taking you on a camping holiday.
Look, Mum, I know Sid's been around,
but he's not going to find me easy meat.
Me neither.
Well, you're not even meat.
Bernie's nice, though.
He is if you get him away from that Sid.
- He's a bad influence on him, if you ask me.
- We aren't.
I think you're making it too easy for them going camping.
I wish you wouldn't treat Sid as if you hated his guts.
But I do. That's just it, I do.
I know. And you're not making it any easier for me, either.
It's all going to be quite proper and above board, I can assure you.
Sid's got two tents for us.
Yes, and I know what happens to people once they get in them.
I went with your father once and he went berserk.
After that experience, I'd never have married him... if I hadn't had to.
- Oh, do shut up, Mum.
(Doorbell rings)
Oh, here they are.
- All set?
- Yes. Give us a hand with the luggage, will you?
- Anthea get here OK?
- Yes, she's just finished breakfast.
Morning, Mrs Fussey.
- Hello.
- Hello.
- Blimey, we're not emigrating, you know.
- Oh, it's only clothes.
Oh, you won't need clothes where we're going.
(Mouths)
What do you mean, we won't need clothes?
He means, you won't need a lot of clothes.
Just a pair of shorts, swimsuit...
Oh, no. I'm not having her go without plenty of woollies. Not with her funny kidneys.
Oh, Mum, there's nothing wrong with my kidneys.
You know a chill goes straight to 'em.
Just like your father.
Always on the trot, he was.
Oh, give over, for heaven's sake!
They can run around half-naked,
but you're keeping woollies
next to your essentials and that's final.
All right, Mrs Fussey, we'll get it all on somehow.
I'm sorry if I've brought too much,
but I have to keep covered up in the sun.
That's right. Anthea's got a funny skin.
Get away!
What with her funny skin and Joan's funny
kidneys, it's going to be a hilarious holiday.
If she can't take her clothes off in the sun...
Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!
And don't go drinking none of that well water.
You never know what people have done
down wells.
Yes, all right, Mum.
And go easy on the tinned food. You don't want
any trouble, not with your funny tummy.
Funny tummy, too? You ought to be on the telly.
She can't help having sensitive parts.
For goodness' sake, can't we get going?
Nearly ready. You get in.
Anthea, have you taken your tablet?
Yes.
Tablet?
Yes, Anthea gets carsick.
What? A big, strong, healthy girl like her? Never!
Come on, then.
And don't forget, if you have to use any strange
whatsits, put plenty of paper down first.
Oh, isn't it awful?
Come on, let's get cracking.
That should hold all right.
Yeah, that's it. Ta-ta, Mrs Fussey.
Just a minute.
Yes?
I just wanted to warn you, I don't want to hear of
any unnecessariness when my Joan gets back.
Unnecessariness?
You know what I mean.
What makes you think that's unnecessary?
It's no laughing matter.
They might think your intentions are honourable,
but I've got sore misgivings.
You want to put some talcum powder on 'em.
Very funny.
You stick to your own tents.
Oh, Mum, really!
It's not as if she's got a ring on her finger.
She hasn't got one through her nose, either.
Oh, come on.
Let's get going, for goodness' sake!
Oh, my Gawd!
Three large tents for the girls, one for me,
one for Miss Haggard, and bunks and bedding...
All the bunks and bedding in here.
(Wolf whistle)
Get a load of that! Whoa-ho!
Good morning, Dr Soaper. Are we all loaded?
Not 'alf!
- Oh, is that our driver?
- Yes. Mr Tanner.
You can call me Jim.
Hello, Jim.
Are you going to stay with us all the time?
Oh, yeah. I go all the way.
Ooh, I bet you do.
That'll do. All right, girls, get in the coach.
You get on with the loading.
Barbara, dear, do you think
you're quite suitably dressed for travelling?
But, sir, we were told to bring
the minimum of clothing.
Yes, but in your luggage, not on your person.
Oh, it's all right.
I've got a minimum in my luggage, too.
So I see, but I don't think it's proper
for a young lady to show her legs to that extent.
- What extent?
- They go up too far.
My legs? They only go up to my...
- To your shorts!
- Oh, yes.
Quite a rear-wheel drive, eh?
Yes, fascinating the way it...
What? Absolutely disgusting!
I can't think what Matron had in mind when she allowed it.
I shall certainly speak to her when...
- Good morning, Dr Soaper.
- Miss Haggard, I really must protest...
Something wrong, Dr Soaper?
Ah, no, Matron, nothing. Nothing at all.
How are you feeling now, Anth? Better?
- Yeah.
- That's it.
You should never have had those bacon and tomatoes for breakfast.
- Oh...
- Oh, look, now you've done it.
Me? What have I done?
Why did you have to bring up bacon and tomatoes again?
- I didn't. She did.
- Oh, dear.
I'm not stopping again.
Don't be so heartless.
She can't help feeling sick.
She's always like this on long distances.
Long distances? She was off before we reached the end of your road.
You'd better do something quick.
- A paper bag. That's the answer.
- I know, put it over her head.
- Try those.
- She'll never get it in that.
It's to sniff at, you fool. Smelling salts.
- Quick!
- Cor!
Great smelling salts, that! What is it?
Essence of bacon and tomato?
(Retches)
Oh, Sid, it's no good. We'll have to find a place.
We're in the bloomin' country.
There aren't any places.
Well, she'll have to go behind a hedge.
Stop the car.
Oh...
# Da-da, da
# Da-da-da-da
(High-pitched laugh)
I say, look what's in front of you!
I am looking.
(Screeches)
What a ghastly sight!
You can say that again.
Keep off the road! Keep off the road!
Why? What have you done, madam?
(Cowbell rings)
- Hello.
- Hello.
I wonder if you could help me.
Am I on the right road to Salisbury?
Yes, but it's quicker if you go through the fence and cross the plain.
Oh, thank you very much.
What's a nice girl like you doing with an old cow?
- I'm taking her to the bull.
- Oh. Couldn't your father do that?
No, it has to be the bull.
It has to be the...
All right, now pay attention, girls.
Owing to our rather prolonged stay at Stonehenge,
I've arranged for us to stay the night at a hostel, and then go on to the camp site tomorrow morning.
Any questions?
Go on, Babs, I dare you.
Yes, please, Dr Soaper.
What is it, Barbara, dear?
Please, sir, at Stonehenge, I heard an American gentleman say that all those stones were to do with fertility rites.
What are they?
Ah, fertility rites, yes.
Well, that's easily explained, my dear. You see, in those days, there were very few cattle and horses about, and men had to purchase the right to gather the fertiliser, hence the term "fertility rites".
Oh, I see.
Aren't I silly? I thought
it was something to do with having babies.
Now, rest period.
A fine talk you must have given them
on the birds and the bees!
Well, I'm sorry, Doctor,
but when I started talking about them,
I suddenly realised
I hadn't the foggiest idea what they did.
Well, what do they do?
Bees sting! Psst!
We'll have a quick nosh-up,
then we'll get the tent up.
I think this is a lousy spot to pick.
Perfect, isn't it?
Just smell that air!
- Ah!
- Something up?
Oh, just a thistle, that's all.
Oh, poor Peter, you're always in trouble.
Here, have a hard-boiled egg to get on with.
Oh, isn't this wonderful?
So much better than dirty, stuffy old London.
Funny thing about dirty, stuffy old London,
I can walk for miles without ever getting bitten,
stung or stepping into something.
That's more than I can say for the country.
(High-pitched laugh)
- (Mooing)
- What was that?
Only a cow. Look, it's over there.
Are you absolutely sure that's a cow?
Of course I'm sure. I should know,
lused to milk them when I was little.
I wouldn't try milking that one.
It's only got one tap.
(Mooing)
Oh, yes, I believe that is a bull. Fancy that!
No, I don't. Not in the least.
You don't have to worry about them.
They only go for something red.
(Mooing)
- Ooh.
- Perhaps we'd better move.
I'll open the gate. You bring the things.
Come on.
(Hooves approach at speed)
Hurry, Peter!
Hurry!
Ah!
Oh!
Peter!
Peter, darling!
Are you all right?
Fine. Fine.
Would you pass the salt, please?
Peter! Peter!
Oh!
Look, you said we'd be there by five.
It's nearly six!
I was reckoning without your friend
Miss Throw-Up 1969.
According to the map, we should be quite close.
Close to what? Where are we heading for?
- Paradi...
- Joan!
Coming!
(Gunfire)
(Mortar whistles)
I knew I shouldn't have eaten those radishes.
(Laughs)
I say, Peter, do you remember,
we stayed overnight in this spot before?
When I got bitten in the middle of the night.
That's right. By a mosquito, wasn't it?
Well, it wasn't you.
They always seem to fancy you.
What you need is a repellent.
Thanks. I married one.
We could do with some milk.
There's a farm round here
where we got some before.
- Where I got some before.
- No, I'm wrong.
I remember, you went by yourself
and on the way back you fell into a silage pit.
(She laughs hysterically)
Oh, we have had some fun, haven't we?
Yeah.
I'll get the milk.
- Yes?
- Hello. I've had a spot of bother with my tent and I wondered whether you could let me have a room for the night. Did you? I suppose you want me to say, "Yes, but you'll have to share it with my daughter"? I expect you've heard that one about the traveller, - who stopped at the...
- I've not only heard it, I've had it! Come in here! Here, girl. Is this the one as is responsible? What? That? You must be joking. Have you ever been with my daughter before? Actually, no. But if the offer still holds...
Never mind! Just get out - and don't come back.
- OK, I'm sorry to have knocked you up. Is that meant to be funny?
No, why?
Because it was a tramp like you that got her into trouble.
- Oh, you don't say! Nothing serious, I hope?
- Get out!
Get out!
Unless you want my twelve-bore up your backside.
Father, you can't go on attacking every man that comes here.
Just give me his name.
That's all I want out of you, his name. I can't. I never knew his name.
All that money I spent on a posh education, trying to make a lady out of you, and you haven't even got the manners to ask, "With who am I having the pleasure?"
Good evening, sir.
- I was wondering if I could have some milk?
- Milk, is it?
Yes. I came here once before, you know. Oh, you did, eh?
Yes, but you weren't here, though.
Just a young lady, and she gave me a bit.
Oh, she did, did she?
Yes. And it was very nice, too.
That's why I've come back for some more.
By gum, you've got a nerve!
Oh, don't misunderstand me, please.
I'm quite willing to pay for it this time.
I'll kill you!
(Gunshot)
Ha, bull's-eye!
# Da-da-da
# Da-da-da...
Peter, what's the matter with you?
Nothing. Why?
I've been shot in the backside, that's all.
You've, er... What?
Shot.
- Where?
- In the backside.
Much?
Have a look, will you?
It must be around here somewhere.
Look, why don't we just stop anywhere
and put the tents up?
You can't just stop anywhere.
You've got to have proper facilities.
We've managed without facilities all day.
How's queasy chops?
She's having a whale of a time.
You've only to look at her to see that.
He only asked.
Look!
- That's it.
- Paradise? Where have I heard that before?
It must have been in church.
No, it wasn't that. Oh, is this the special place
you've been looking for?
- That's right.
- No, nothing special. But we'll try it if you like.
- But, Sid, this is the place...
- Don't be so selfish, Bernie.
Think of the poor girls.
They've had enough for one day.
We'll take a chance, shall we?
- Are you the owner of this site?
- No.
- Where is he?
- Gone for a pee.
Here he comes now.

SID:
Yes. Can I help you?
Yes. We'd like to camp here.
Who do we have to see?
Me. I'm the owner. Josh Fiddler.
Oh, how do you do, Mr Fiddler?
- I'm Boggle. This is Mr Lugg.
- Hello.
- You're not members, then?
- Do you have to be members?
I'm afraid so. I'm trying to keep this place select.
It's not like some of these camp sites,
it's more what you might call a showplace.
We know all about that, don't we?
How much is it to be a member, then?
- A pound.
- A pound. All right, then.
Per person.
Each? But there's four of us.
Bernie, it's all right.
We don't want to argue with Mr Fiddler.
Two, three, four.
That's correct.
- Now, then, gentlemen, your members' cards.
- Thank you. Shall we go, then?
- Any time you want to book in, show them.
- But we want to come in now.
Now? But you haven't booked, have you?
Booked? Don't tell me you're full up.
Well, I might be able to squeeze you in,
but you should have paid the booking fee.
Booking fee. Which is?
- A pound.
- A pound.
Per tent.
Two tents, two pounds.
- Now can we come in?
- As soon as you've paid the rent.
- Rent?
- In advance.

But you've had six quid out of us already!

Bernie. It's all right, Bernie.

- What about the rent, then, Mr Fiddler?
- Well, um, my usual charge per week...
- Yes, yes, which is?
- A pound.

A pound. I knew it.

Per tent?

Or per person. Whichever's the greater.

I don't know if anybody ever told you,
- but your name certainly suits you.
- Thank you.

Now can we come in?
- Well, there is just one more thing.
- What?

Welcome to Paradise.

Bernie, we're in.

- Do we strip off now?
- Eh?
- Do we take our clothes off now?
- Oh, no, there's no hurry for that.

Let's have a good look round first,
see what the form is.

But if they're stripped off and we go in
fully dressed, everybody will stare.

Sh! We can't start now. They'll get suspicious.

We're lucky. We managed to get in.

Then you can just turn round
and manage to get out again.

- What are you talking about?
- You heard me, you filthy beast.

Filthy beast? What have I done now?

Look, don't you come the innocent with me,

Sid Boggle.

It's a good job Anthea woke up.

She remembers Paradise.

It was in that disgusting film you took us to see.

Oh, is that what that camp was called?

There's a coincidence, eh, Bern?

Yeah.

- I want to go home.
- Don't worry, dear. We're going.
We're not staying here
to flaunt our persons in public.
It has cost us ten nicker to get in here,
and in we are going.
Don't look, Anthea!
Oh, it's all right, Anthea, you can look.
It's really rather nice.
Oh, yes, it's lovely.
Come on. Let's get out
and put the tents up, shall we?
You stay where you are.
We're not stopping in this lousy dump.
What?
- Is this it, then?
- Ah, yes.
Ablutions hut, toilet hut, camp shop.
It doesn't seem very full, does it?
You're lucky. I had a couple of cancellations.
That's why I was able to squeeze you in.
Well, before you start squeezing,
why are these people all sitting around
with their clothes on?
Well, it's a camp rule.
"All visitors will be respectfully dressed
- at all times."
- At all times?
Of course. I can't have people
walking round here naked.
I've got my hens to think of.
It doesn't take much to put them off their laying.
And it doesn't take much to put me off mine.
We've come to the wrong place.
We can't stay here.
- Please yourself.
- So if you'll just give me the money...
I'm very sorry. It's a camp rule.
No monies returnable.
If you don't give me it...
- What's all the fuss?
- I was just saying you girls don't want to stay.
That was before we saw it. It's lovely.
Yes. Lovely.
That's all right, then, isn't it?
Yes. Lovely.
(Thunder cracks)
I wouldn't take too long putting your tents up.
It wouldn't surprise me
if we didn't have some rain.
You had to open your big mouth!
Oh!
You two get in the car
and me and Sid'll put them up.
(Thunder cracks)
Hurry up, girls. Come along now.
Pick up your luggage.
Well, here we are, girls.
Welcome to Balsworth Youth Hostel.
Corridor E. Rooms 15 to 22.
All the girls will have to share.
Not you, of course, Matron.
You'll be in Room 19.
- Thank you very much, Dr Soaper.
- Not at all.
I'm sure no-one will disturb you.
Yes, come along, girls.
Hurry up. All pair off.
Each girl make a pair. All make a pair.
That's right.
What's the matter, Sally?
Please, sir, I don't seem to have a pair.
I wouldn't say that, dear.
You see, there's 11 of us.
Yes, that's true. I hadn't thought of that.
That is most awkward.
She can have my room.
I beg your pardon?
Well, I'm on my own.
She can have it if she wants.
Oh, yes, I suppose that
would appear to be the only solution.
All right, Sally, you take Room 17.
Yes, sir. Thank you.
That's all right. Any time.
Yes, all right. Come along, dear.
You'll be sharing with me. Room 16.
(Thunder cracks)
- Oh! Mind where you're putting that!
- Sorry.
Give me a peg.

Peg...

Here you are.

All right. Bang it in.

- Ah!
- Sorry!

What's the matter with you?

Ah! Oh!

(Owl hoots)

Oh, hold still a minute, Peter, please!

HARRIET:

Oh, got it!

Aah!

PETER:

HARRIET:

Now, hold still.

That's it.

Aah!

PETER:

HARRIET:

That's better. Now, get your clothes on, we'll have a nice hot cup of tea.

PETER:

(Knocking)

Hello. Is anyone there?

Oh, hello.

Good evening.

Oh, you poor thing. You're soaked.

Yes, it's been raining, you see.


Peter, move up.

(Pots rattle violently)

Move up, Peter!

Move up.

Hello. Feeling better?

Yes, thank you.

Here. Get those things off.

Come on, Peter, give the poor old chap a hand.
Will you? Yes, if you could just get the pack off.
Nearly off. No, wait a minute. That side now.
That's it. Thank you very much.
Oh, you're all wet!
Don't worry. Peter doesn't mind a drop of water.
No, I love it.
By the way, I'm Harriet Potter
and this is my husband Peter.
How do you do?
My name is Muggins. Charlie Muggins.
That doesn't surprise me.
I've lost my tent and I've been searching around
looking for somewhere to spend the night.
- Oh, dear. You're miles from anywhere here.
- Yes.
- Why not stay the night here?
- May I?
- Yes.
- No. I mean, Mr Muggins hardly knows us.
We don't want to embarrass him.
- You're not shy, are you?
- No.
Well, of course you're not.
After all, with us, it's just down to the old undies
and into the bag, isn't it, Peter?
Well, perhaps Mr Muggins doesn't like watching
people getting stripped down to their old undies.
Oh, I don't mind. That is if you and your husband
don't wish to be alone.
What on earth for?
Oh! I see what you mean.
(Prolonged annoying laugh)
Oh, we gave up all that sort of thing years ago,
didn't we, Peter?
Yes, you did, didn't you?
I still have my little cot with me,
if you're sure there's room for it.
Yes, of course. Put it up the middle.
Peter will give you a hand to get it out,
won't you, dear?
Oh, gladly.
That's it. Now, pull!
Oh! Oh!
Ooh! Ooh!
Ah!
(Prolonged sigh)
(Bird squawks)
Look, how much longer are you going to be?
Nearly finished.
Well, you said that nearly an hour ago.
- That's it, Bernie, get the beds.
- Righto.
Oh!
Agh!
I'm terribly sorry. Here, let me.
- No, no, no. My nightie!
- What?
- My nightie.
- Oh.
Mr Tanner!
Well, I fell over her and accidentally pulled it off.
I'm quite sure Barbara's big enough
to put it back on herself.
Oh, yes, she's big enough, all right.
- Oh.
- I mean...
Good night.
You two get to bed.
I'll deal with you in the morning.
I'll fix that old bag someday.
Give us a hand.
Back to Room 16 and don't hog the bed!
Dr Soaper's coming.
Here, I've got an idea. Come here.
Off to beddy-byes now, girls.
Get a good night's sleep.
- Yes, Dr Soaper, and the same to you.
- Thank you. Good night.
Oh!
Matron, this is the men's.
- Go away, Dr Soaper!
- I'm sorry.
No, Matron, I assure you, the mistake is yours.
It's quite clearly marked...
Oh. Oh, I...
Dr Soaper, I must confess,
I'm not an expert in these matters,
but I hardly think a shower stall is
a suitable place for making advances.
I thought I'd got hold of the shower tap.
- I mean...
- Oh!
But, Matron, I...
Come on, girls, everything's ready for you.
- Oh! Oh, it's lovely and cosy, isn't it, Anthea?
- Lovely.
Worth waiting for, weren't it?
Beds are all made up, there's a light
and hangers for your clothes.
That's in case you want to go out.
(Metallic clang)
- And that's in case you don't.
Well, you have done it nice
and there's so much room.
Yes, you could get four in there easy...
...if you had to.
Yes, well, let's put up the other tent.
Do you have to? You're soaking wet already
and it's started to rain again.
We've got to kip somewhere.
Yes, I suppose so.
(Thunder cracks)
- What's a drop of pleurisy, anyway?
- Night, Bernie.
- Hey, wait! Look, I've had an idea.
Yes?
Well, it seems silly to get wet again
putting up the other tent.
That's exactly what we thought. So?
So, why don't you both sleep in the car?
(Humming)
Would you please stop barging?
I'm sorry, I'm trying to get my sock off
and I can't find the top.
That's my leg, Mr Muggins.
Oh, sorry.
It was my fault. I was too close.
W- W-What are you?
Would you mind, please?
It's so difficult when you're...
It'll be much better when I get my pants off.
- Mrs Potter...
- Mm?
- You're getting mine off.
- Oh, good heavens! I'm terribly sorry.
There's so little room in here.
Oh!
Oh, just a minute.
- Ooh! You keep pushing.
- Would you...
Would you please get out of my pyjamas?
I can't move.
- Mr Potter!
- Mr Muggins!
Ooh, what's happening?
- Oh, Mr Muggins, please!
- You've made a mistake.
I know you didn't mean... really.
- Do you mind?
- No, it was silly of me.
Keep it to yourself. I've got my own, you see?
(Thunder cracks)
Oh! There you are.
That's not the other bed,
that's the rubber dinghy.
- Eh?
- A real bargain, that was. Self-inflating an' all.
What do we want
a self-inflating rubber dinghy for?
We'll need it when we get to the beach.
If we get much more of this rain,
we'll need it here.
Get your sopping clothes off my bed. Get up!
Sorry.
Evening.
Ah!
Try this way. Turn over here.
- Ah, that's it.
- Aha! Well done. That's fine.
You'll be all right there, Mr Muggins.
Thank you.
I only hope I didn't disturb you too much.
Oh, no. Not at all.
- Good night, all.
- Night.
Good night, Mrs Potter.
Good night.
Er, excuse me,
I think you'd better have my cot.
I'll sleep in the middle.
All right.
(Humming)
Um, um...
You've got my sleeping bag.
You are kind.
Night.
(Mumbles discontentedly)
Girls! Get back to your room.
I want no more trouble tonight.
Yes, Matron.
You stay here and keep watch.
(Humming)
(Humming)
-Move over!
-Ah!
Ah!
Dr Soaper!
(Thunder cracks and rain pours)
-(Sneezes)
-Bless you.
And you.
Oh, blimey!
Bernie, it's raining.
Hang on a minute.
Thank you.
-Now for Gawd's sake, let's get some sleep.
-I'm ready.
-What about the light?
-OK.
What are you doing?
(Springs boing)
Oh, come on out, quick, Anthea,
it's a smashing day.
Ooh, yes, it's lovely.
Where are the boys?
(Sneezes)
Oh!
What did you want to do that for?
Right. Let's go.
Darling, is it quite fair on Mr Muggins
to leave him like this?
Yes. Now, stop talking and get out of here.
Ah, there you are. Good morning, girls.
Good morning, Dr Soaper.
Hurry up now. The coach is waiting.
Sorry we busted in on you like that last night, sir.
I hope we didn't ruin things for you.
Not at all. It was just a misunderstanding
over the room numbers, you understand.
- Of course, sir.
- I wonder how it could have happened.
The doors were all marked so clearly, sir.
Well, no harm done. I was only in there for a bit.
Of course, sir. No harm in a bit now and then.
Good morning, Matron.
I was just explaining to the girls about last night.
No, please don't say anything more.
I fear I owe you an apology.
Not at all.
You weren't to know I was in the wrong room.
Oh, no, please. I have been thinking about it.
I should never have screamed out like that.
It was most immature of me.
Oh, I wouldn't say that... What?!
You see, I've always led a very sheltered life.
And before this, no man has ever tried
to force his attentions on me.
I can well believe it. All the same...
But I am not a child.
I am aware that a man has
these uncontrollable urges
- from time to time.
- Only at Christmas and bank holidays.
I should really feel very flattered that
you would want to release them on me.
Oh, but I don't, Matron, I assure you.
Oh, I realise, of course,
it was the sight of me in the shower
that aroused your slumbering manhood.
Oh, but it wasn't slumbering, it was only half...
No, please don't say any more!
Just be patient with me.
Remember, I am inexperienced in such things.
Just don't rush me.
I think you'll find it's worth waiting for.
Yes, so's Christmas,
but you won't find me stuffing your turkey.
(Breathes in deeply)
- Well, if this is paradise, give me hell.
- I will if you don't stop moaning.
- What have I got to be cheerful about?
- Well, I thought we might come again next year.
Over my dead body.
To tell you the truth,
we were a bit worried, weren't we?
Yes.
Worried? What about?
Oh, it's silly, I know,
but we thought all coming camping together,
you two boys might have tried it on.
That's funny. Sid and me thought that, didn't we?
Did we?
- How do you do, all?
- Hello, Mr Fiddler.
What's this, then? Caught colds, have you?
Oh, no, just giving our feet some air, that's all.
- You've settled in all right, then?
- Yes, very nicely, thank you.
Look, you didn't say nothing
about putting up a clothesline.
Oh, don't you allow them, then?
It's just that it takes up so much space.
That's why we have to make a small charge.
- Small charge?
- Oh, now, look. Just a nominal one, mind.
- A pound?
- Oh, no, you can put four up for a pound.
Get away.
You mean to tell me,
you will let us put up one clothesline,
occupying at least ten feet of empty air,
for only five shillings?
Ah, no. One's 7s/6d. Four for a pound.
- You skinflint! You scavenger!
(Horn blares)
(Horn blares)
Don't worry.
We'll come to some arrangement about the line.
Yes, round your bloomin' neck.
- Sid, you must not talk to him like that.
- Well, he gets on my wick.

Blimey, ten quid we spent here. Anybody would think the bloomin' field belonged to him.
Sid, my stew!
Argh!
That's it. Pack up. Pack up.
We're getting out of this joint right now.
Come on. Get this stuff up.
- I say, thanks most awfully for the lift.
- That's all right.
Come along, girls. Collect your bags.
This way.
Such charming company, too.
I say, could I give something towards the petrol?
Well, you could give something for all the food.
Ooh, but I'd be delighted.
- Thank you.
- Don't mention it.
Here you are, Sid. Joan says to put some of this ointment on your poor feet.
Never mind about my feet.
Get them tents down and let's get out of here.
Righto.
Look at that!
What?
- I don't think much of yours.
- Oh, I don't know.
She's got lovely big... blue eyes.
You can have the one in the blazer.
Well?
Well, what?
- Well, are we leaving, or not?
- What? A lovely cheap place like this?
- I don't call ten quid cheap.
- Oh, shut up!
Leaving? You must be barmy.
That's it. Frames up first and then canvas later.
And there's bedding and bunks by the coach.
No, no, Barbara! Tent up first, bunk up later.
Ah, that's it, girls. Very good.
Frames first and then canvas over later.
Oh, excellent. Well done, Matron.
Oh, well, it seems a little bit rickety, Doctor. Is it? Yes, well, of course, it's fairly easy to get it up, it's getting it to stay up, that's what counts. Oh, you haven't pegged it down properly. Oh, you must forgive me, Doctor, I've never done it before. Yes, so you told me earlier. Excuse me.

Oh, Doctor, I suppose you haven't room for me?

- Room for you?
- Yes. You see, I happen to have lost my tent.

My dear man, these tents are all for young girls. Oh, well, I'm not fussy.
- Well, I am.
- Oh.

Well, what about the little one at the far end? That, sir, is my habitat. Oh, I do beg your pardon. Do you know, I thought that you and she...

- Certainly not!
- Oh, in that case, I don't mind sharing with her. Well, you're certainly not fussy.

Here we are again, Mr Fiddler.

- Welcome back, Mrs Potter, Mr Potter.
- Oh, thank you. Did you get our booking? Ah, yes. Now about that, Mrs Potter... I've got a bit of a shock. You mean, there's no room? Oh, no, I can always manage to squeeze old customers in all right. Oh. It's just that overheads have gone up so much since you were here last. I've had to... How much more this year, Mr Fiddler? A pound.

Oh, we quite understand. You might, I don't. Just what overheads do you have, Mr Fiddler? It's only a field. To you, Mr Potter, maybe. Take that grass, it don't grow by itself, you know. It has to be manured regular. And manure's gone up by ten pound a load now.
Sounds a real bargain to me, Mr Fiddler.
What is it? Second-hand?
Mrs Potter, hello!
Mrs Potter, I'm coming.
Oh, look, darling. Look, it's Mr Muggins.
Yeah, well, your problems are solved,
Mr Fiddler.
At least, you won't have to buy
any more manure.
- Supper's ready.
- Good. I'm starving.
Where are the boys?
It's awfully sweet of you to help us like this.
It's nothing. It's a pleasure, isn't it, Bern?
Oh, yeah. Especially when
you're as well-equipped as you are.
Thanks for the compliment.
No, I meant with camping equipment.
Don't spoil it.
Are you two here on your own?
Oh, no, we've got our girlfr...
- Ow!
- Sorry.
Were you going to say
you've got girlfriends with you?
No, he always calls them that.
They're relations, actually. Aunties.
Oh, well, then, they won't mind
you being with us, will they?
Mind? They'll be tickled pink.
Now, remember, girls,
the camp perimeter lights go out at ten o'clock
and I don't want to see any of you
outside your tents after that.
There'll be usual PT at seven thirty,
followed by breakfast at eight,
and then I'll be taking you all
on a lovely nature ramble.
Lunch at one o'clock,
and then I'll be giving a lecture
on birdsong and the calls of nature.
All right. I'll show you once again.
Are you watching?
Right. Here we go now.
Now you see it, now you don't.
- That's it.
- Wrong again. That's three kisses you owe me.
- (Laughter)
- What is going on here?
Oh, um, these two gentlemen
have been kindly helping us with our tents, sir.
Yes, very nice, but you mustn't let them
take advantage of you.
- Oh, no, we'll try not to, sir.
- I'm talking to the gentlemen.
We're only too happy to be of assistance.
It's very kind of you, but I'd like to see
you get everything organised inside the tent.
- That suits us.
- I was talking to the girls.
Bunks and bedding.
Oh, yes, well, Jane's just gone to get hers, sir.
And it's high time you got yours.
And I was talking to the girls.
Come on, Fanny, we'd better get cracking.
You don't want to take that. It's too heavy.
You might do yourself an injury.
That's all right. I can manage.
Can you? Go and get some more for the others.
Here, what are you doing in here?
We've come to give you a couple of hands,
that's all.
If Dr Soaper sees you here,
we'll get into awful trouble.
We've just got to make sure he doesn't see us,
haven't we?
Well, it must go together somehow.
Well, hurry up, before someone comes.
Perhaps you have to pull something.
How about those two things sticking out in front?
Yeah, how about them!
Oh, saucy!
(Laughter)

BABS:
How much longer are you going to be?

BERNIE:
this. We'll have to try it the other way round.

**SID:**

Give us the bed.
Let me and Babs show you how.
- What do you want me to do?
- Grab hold of this.

**SID:**

Oh, it's all right. It's only your aunties.

(Cock crows)
(Heavy snoring)
(Snoring continues)
(Cock crows)
(Snores and whistles)
(Cock crows)

Bend, bend, bend, bend, bend, bend,
bend, bend, bend, bend, bend,
bend, bend, bend, bend, bend,
bend, bend, bend, bend, bend,
bend, bend, bend, bend, bend.
And up!
And down.
And up!
And down.
And up!
And down.

Now, really touch those toes, Barbara.
And up!
And rest.
Now, legs astride.
Arms flinging from side to side. Begin.
And fling! And in.
And fling! And in.
And both arms fling!
Now, really let's see those chests come out.
And fling! And in.
And fling!
And in. And fling!
Ooh, Matron, take them away!
Ah!
If you were a gentleman, you'd close your eyes.

**DR SOAPER:**
Now that Barbara's fallen out...
Stop laughing!
We will continue. Hands on hips.
Bending from side to side. Begin.
Bend, bend, bend, bend, bend.
Bend. That's enough for today.
After you've all had a shower and breakfast, you'll be pleased to hear I've been able to arrange a lovely outing for you all to the famous mineral drink-producing monastery at Standfast, where you can actually see the monks making their own water.
Dismissed.
Oh, you're up already, dear.
Are you ready for some breakfast?
I am. Did you have a good night?
Oh, not bad.
One of the girls from across the way came over, and dragged me out of the tent, took me into the woods. I'm afraid it's only eggs this morning. Mr Muggins finished all the bacon last night. How surprising.
- Did you sleep well, dear?
- Not very, no.
You see, this girl kept waking me up to make love to her.
Oh, poor Mr Muggins.
You know, he does need feeding up.
- Harriet!
- What's the matter, dear?
Don't you think it's time Mr Muggins got another tent to himself?
Oh, darling, we couldn't chuck him out like that. He's so helpless.
You mean hopeless.
You're just a bit grumpy this morning.
- Perhaps you had a bad night?
- No, not really, no.
Mind you, it got a bit rough when the rest of the girls came across and joined us. I just couldn't satisfy them.
You know, I wouldn't have minded
a bit of that myself.
- A bit of what?
- That bacon. Pity he finished it.

Frustrated?
What do you mean, you feel frustrated?
What did Fiddler say to you yesterday
when you asked him for some eggs?
- He said he was not getting any.
- Exactly.

It's six days now
and those birds are ready to be friendly.
They're friendly, all right.
Mr Fiddler says they're just not laying.
Not the bloomin' chickens!
I mean, Babs,
- and the other.
- Fanny?
  Yeah, that's it.
Maybe if we could get hold of 'em...
Yes, but how? How?
With those four beady eyes watching us?

Morning.
Hurry, girls. No dawdling.
See that? They gave us a little wave.
Yeah, fat lot of good that'll do you.
Pity we don't share the same ablutions.
Yeah.

Get your wash things.
- I had a wash yesterday.
- You'll have another one today.
- But I'm on holiday!
- Oh, come on. Come on.

This way, girls.
- Hello there.
- Hello.
(Whistles)
What are you doing?
We haven't come here to wash.
- But you said I was going to have another...
- Sh!
- What are you up to?
- They can't stop us talking through the wall.
Hey, hurry up, Barbara.
Oh, just a minute. I've only just got in, dear.
BABS:
on you like that last night, sir."
I can hear her just the other side of the wall.
- Who?
- Babs, I think.
Hey, look!
Bernie, Bernie, Bernie.
You'll break out in boils.
It's Babs. I recognise the dimples.
Hey, Babs!
It's me. Sid Boggle.
Can you hear me?
Only just. You'll have to speak up a bit.
I was wondering if
we could meet up somewhere tonight.
Meet where?
Hello?
Sid, watch it.
Hello?
(Sid whistles)
Sid!
Are you still there?
Sid, are you still there?
Barbara, who are you talking to?
Ooh. Ooh, no-one, Matron.
Come out of there immediately.
I thought so!
Disgusting brutes!
What is it? What's the matter?
Some man's been looking at us.
Are you there?
Get out of here. Quick!
- How do you do?
- Hello.
Filthy beasts!
Disgusting be...
Oh!
Oh! Oh!
I've had another letter from Mum. She's worried.
- Oh? What about this time?
- Oh, the usual.
"I had a nasty dream last night
about you and Anthea."
You were asleep in your tent, and these two big, lusty farm hands broke in and cultivated your friendship."
Mm. Chance would be a fine thing.
Anthea!
Ooh, I'm sorry.
It just sort of slipped out.
Ooh, look, there they are.
Murder, in't it? Like having a permanent itch and nothing to scratch it with.
Do you really think they fancy us?
Fancy us? Your trouble is you don't recognise a green light when you see it.
I haven't had much luck with the red ones, either.
Where do you think you're going?
For a walk.
On tiptoe?
I didn't want to wake you.
Now, look, don't you kid me, Sid Boggle.
You're eyeing those two flashy birds.
What two flashy birds?
She means Babs and Fanny.
Who asked you?
I was only trying to help.
I didn't even notice them.
You haven't stopped eyeing them ever since they came.
Can I help it if they stand where I'm staring?
Not content with bags under your eyes, you want them in front of you as well.
(Sighs deeply)
(Laughs)
Hello, everyone. Lovely afternoon.
Hello, Mrs Potter. Yes, lovely.
I thought you ought to know that this evening Dr Soaper is giving us a lecture on bird-watching.
Thanks. I've already had one.
Don't take any notice of him, Mrs Potter.
We'll be there.
Oh, good-oh!
Seven o'clock. In front of the latrines.
That'll be a good atmosphere for it.
I say, you haven't seen... my husband, have you?
Afraid not.
- He seems to have disappeared.
- He's a good judge.
Come along, girls.
Quickly now.
Come on.
That's right.
And remember, don't go asking the monks any stupid questions, because they've given up talking.
And no saucy looks,
- because they've given that up, too.
- Are we all ready to go?
Yes, Dr Soaper, all except Jane. She wasn't feeling well, so I told her to stay in bed.
What have you done to your eye?
I got a fly in it.
There goes Dr Soaper's party now.
I say, have you visited Standfast Abbey?
Er, no.
You should, you know.
A most extraordinary order of monks.
Well, in that case, I'd rather not.
Oh, well. I'd better find the old pot and pan.
Bye.
She's quite right, you know.
We ought to see everything there is to see.
You weren't doing so badly this morning in the ablutions hut.
I don't know what you're talking about.
No?
- All right. Get your things. Let's go.
- No, thank you.
- All right, Bernie, you and me'll go.
- Where to?
- That place. Standfast Abbey.
- Oh, you mean, where the girls have gone? Sorry.
Get your things, Anth.
(Drunkenly) Mr Muggins, much as I enjoy your excellent company...
That's a blasted lie for a start.
I must be completely honest,
only polite.
My dear Mr Muggins,
it's only a suggestion,
but why don't you take your stinking carcass
out of our bloody tent?
If only I had the nerve.
Hello.
Oh, hello.
- You're from the camping site, aren't you?
- Mm.
I've seen you with that funny woman
and that scrawny little man.
I don't like them much.
- Sit down and join the club.
- All right.
I like you, though.
- (Giggles weakly)
- Having fun?
Not much.
- Oh, would you like some?
- No, I don't drink.
Pity.
Oh, cigarette?
- I don't smoke.
- Oh.
But we can go to my tent if you like.
The others are all away.
Well?
Come on, then.
Whoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!
(Chanting)
Oh, I like this one of the monks
doing their laundry.
Ooh, lovely.
I suppose that's where
they get rid of their dirty habit.
That is not very funny, Bernie.
Has Sid got a...
Well, where is he? Where's Sid?
Oh, he's just crept into the crypt for a... smoke.
Psst! Psst!
How about a bit of fun tonight?
Not 'alf, brother. We'll be over after lights out.
Bless you, my children.
(Cackles)
Oh, there you are.
Where have you been all afternoon?
I have been lying in the arms of a beautiful girl.
I was getting worried. You missed your tea.
- Harriet!
- Still, you're in time for supper.
- Harriet!
- What is it, dear?
Where is Mr Muggins?
Oh, he's in the tent.
Oh, Peter, don't go in. He's having a nap.
Peter, what's come over you?
Ooh!
And stay out!
- And now, Harriet, I'd like you inside, please.
- What for?
- You'll find out.
- Oh.
But what about the sup?
Oh, so glad you reminded me.
Urgh!
Oh!
Oh, Peter!
I wonder if he's offended about something.
I keep telling you, Bernie, as soon as
the lights go out, they're coming in here.
- Go on. What for?
- A party.
Shouldn't we get some cakes?
Not that kind of a party.
Bernie, we have got it made.
All we've got to do is play our cards right.
Oh. I hope they play rummy.
Forget it. Just hide the bottles.
- Supposing Joan and Anthea find out?
- They'll be asleep by then.
But what if they hear a noise
and get up to investigate?
I've thought of that.
A needle and thread?
That's it. As soon as it gets dark,
we nip out and sew their tent flaps together.
Dr Soaper.
Yes, what is it, Matron?
I must see you on a personal matter.
Oh, I can't come out now.
I'll see you in the morning.
Very well. If you won't come out, I'll come in.
No!
Oh, no, you don't!

DR SOAPER:
No, Matron, I was just taking a short cut.
I don't know why, Doctor,
but I have a feeling you're trying to avoid me.
Oh, no! Whatever gave you that idea?
But you shouldn't be in here, you know.
Think of the girls. They need watching.
- Oh, to hell with the girls!
- To hell with the gir... Matron!
I can't help it. It's not fair to ignore a woman
after you've aroused her dormant passion.
But I've not aroused your doormat ration...
your dormant passion.
Oh, but you have.
All my life I've been like
an unused clockwork toy,
and then that night at the hostel
you wound me up.
- Now you must start me!
- Oh, I couldn't. I might bust your spring.
Here, you want to see what's going on
in the next field. Some sort of a rave-up.
- Really?
- Yes. Come on. It's going to go on all night.
All night? What about the old hag?
Don't worry about her.
She's in with old Soaper.
- Oh, good. Come on, girls.
- Come on. There's a rave-up.
Quick!
Ooh!
(Horns beep)
Ooh-ooh!
(Comedy horn)
What time is it now, Sid?
Oh, blimey, it's only eight o'clock. Will you relax?
Eight o'clock? Another two hours to wait.
I'll be worn out by the time they get here.
Oh!
You don't know how empty my life has been.
Before I came to your school,
I was matron at a hospital.
There was a doctor there. He was brilliant.
He looked just like you.
I worshipped him, but he ignored it.
Why, whenever I show any interest in a man,
do they ignore it?
Why? Haven't I got appeal?
Yes, but so's a banana
and I don't even want that.
But I feel you're different, Doctor.
Don't you feel something?
No. I believe in keeping my hands to myself.
But that night in the hostel,
you showed me your true feelings.
Now I beg you, let me show you mine.
- But I don't want to see yours.
- Don't fight it!
- Oh, help! Someone, help!
(Music starts)
- What's that? What's going on?
- I don't know, but thank heavens for it.
# Psychedelia
It's in the next field.
Matron, they've got our girls in there.
Oh!
Stop it! Stop it! Stop it, I say!
Stop it. Come along, Barbara. Stop it.
Get back to your tent at once.
You've got no right to be here.
- Come along. I'm not having any of this.
- We're only dancing, sir.
Come along. Get back to your tent.
How dare you behave in this manner!
It's not my fault. It's Farmer Giles's field
and he's given permission for them to use it.
But we can't stand that row all night.
How are we going to get any sleep?
From what I hear,
you wasn't reckoning on doing much sleeping.
The point is, what are we going to do about it?
I can't have my wife upset by that noise.
You think she's upset?
You should see what it's done to my hens!
I couldn't care less about them.
Never mind your bloomin' hens!
Look, just a minute. If you really want to get
rid of them, I think I know how we can do it.
The girls are all back now, Doctor.
How are you feeling?
I'm all right. I'm just a bit shaken up, that's all.
(Squealing and screeching)
(Discordant clash)
(Screaming)
Come on.
They're going.
(All cheer)
Here, Bernie, we can get on with
that party of ours now.
That'll teach them.
I wish the girls could see this now, Matron.
(Cheering)
The girls are in that truck! Stop! Stop, I say!
Hey, they've taken all the girls.
- What, all of 'em?
- Every flamin' one.
Quickly, Matron, we must go after them.
Whoo-hoo!
Peter, look, they've stolen our tandem.

**DR SOAPER:**
Stop! I'll report you to the board!
Stop! Do you hear?
- Good.
- What?
We won't need it when
we go to Monte Carlo next year.
- Monte Carlo?
- That's right.
We'll go on the ferry...
with all the camping equipment.
Oh, what a good idea!
And when we're halfway across, we'll dump the whole damned lot over the side.
Oh, Peter!
Anything you say, darling.
- Oh, well, there goes our party.
- What party?
Babs and Fanny were coming over to our tent and...
Big mouth.
Well, I don't know what you're bothering with them for when you've got us.
You mean, you'll let me...
Unless, of course, we don't appeal to you in that way.
Let's go to your tent.
Come on!
You're not going to be sick again, are you?
Only if you stop that.
Oh, Bernie!
Coo-ee!
Coo-ee!
- Oh, no!
- Oh, my Gawd!
Oh, Anth!
I've been so worried about you, I thought I'd better come and keep an eye on things.
- Very thoughtful.
- Hello, Mother.
(Bleats)
- Well, aren't you going to ask me in?

**BERNIE:**
Ah!
Oh, Gawd!
Oh, dear, the ram's loose.
That's not the only one!

Captioned by Grantman Brown