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# Carry on Cruising

By Norman Hudis

(Ship's horn)

Well, gentlemen, here we are  
just about to set sail on another cruise.  
For ten years we've run this ship together,  
steadily increasing our reputation  
as the most efficient crew afloat.  
Together - that's the word.  
We know each other.  
Ten solid years of mutual knowledge,  
and that in itself makes for efficiency.  
And enables me, as I look at all your  
familiar faces, to come to the point and say...

- Who are you?

- Your First Officer, sir.

You're not. Foxtan is.

What's happened to Foxtan? Is he ill?

- What's he got?

- Eight draws, sir.

I should be so sick.

I'm your emergency replacement, sir.

Marjoribanks.

On transfer from the Wrens?

They told me you were a pretty wit, sir.

It's pronounced Marchbanks.

At your service, sir!

- (Laughs)

- What are you laughing at?

Nothing. (Bursts out laughing)

- Who are you?

- Marjori... The ship's doctor.

- Impossible.

- It's not impossible at all.

I have certificates to prove it. Have I not?

- I'm certified, I am.

- You look it.

- Thank you.

- A wit! They were right.

- Shut up!

- Sir.

- Binn?

- No, that's the trouble.

- Eh?

- Well, I haven't been regular, lately, you see.  
So, therefore, I prescribed myself

a sea voyage and the exercise.

That's why I'm here, actually.

- Say 'sir'.

- You say 'ah'.

Good gracious me.

I do not like that green fleck in the eye.

Never mind about his eye.

Where have you sprung from?

Oh, er...Consolidated Marmalade.

I was the factory's Medical Officer, you see.

- Where's Dr Jepson?

- Consolidated Marmalade.

- This eye? Is it this eye? Are you sure?

- Yes, that's the one.

You see this here, sir? Green as grass in there.

- Too much chlorophyll in the toothpaste.

- Watch it.

- Sir!

- It's all very unsettling, this.

- All these changes made behind my back.

- Pardon?

- My back! My back!

- Probably overdoing it, eh?

- I'll massage your clavicles.

- You will not!

- Now, where was I?

- You were getting to the point, sir.

Oh, yes, yes.

Now, if this voyage turns out to be as successful as all the others, don't be surprised if, after our return, I ask each of you to...

Excuse me. Could you direct me to the kitchen?

I'm new, you see. Sorry to interrupt you, but I've been all over the boat.

- Ship.

- Who cares, as long as it floats?

I've been down the sharp end and the blunt end, and I've been down as far as it's possible to go. But I keep on finishing up ankle-deep in mucky water.

- Bilge.

- Ooh! No need to be rude!

- Who are you?

- Well, make a wild guess.

Wilfred Haines, Captain.

You'll find me on the list.

- What happened to our regular ship's cook?

- Perhaps he got fed up.

- Fed up! That's good!

- Belt up!

- What's your story?

- I'm the son of a sea cook.

- The original one, to look at you.

- Thank you!

No, I've always wanted to go to sea.

Thought I'd follow my father's wake, as it were.

See?

All I want to see is that this crew finishes up the most efficient that we've ever had.

If it is, when we return, I expect to be given command of the company's new Atlantic liner.

Which means I will have to select my own crew, and that could be you. All of you.

- All right, dismissed!

- Oh, good.

Except you, you and you.

Now, then. I am going to be blunt and make some very cutting remarks.

On the face of it, that's a contradiction in terms.

But English is a very curious language.

- If you interrupt me once more, Mr...Mr...

- Marjoribanks, sir.

Thank you. If you interrupt me once more, mate, you'll hear some really curious language!

Now, then. I have slugged my way up from nothing to get where I am today.

But there are some copper-bottomed gentlemen on the board

who still think it's dead wrong for an H-dropper like me to be a ship's captain.

And they would scuttle me if they had half a chance.

And that is why I have built this whole crew round me, so they don't get the chance.

That is also why I get nervous when I see new faces.

Your faces are new. So I'm nervous.

To me, you look like disaster on six legs.

Prove I'm wrong. That's all I ask.

- Clear?

- As day.

- As an X-ray.

- As soup.

- Who are you?

- Me, sir? Turner, sir.

- Turner?

- Turner, sir.

- What are you doing here?

- Head barman, sir.

You can't be head barman!

Angus is my head barman.

- Not any more, sir.

- Not any more?

They can't do this to me! Changing the barman?

It's like ripping out the engine!

What has happened to Angus? Don't tell me

he got married and swore off the booze?

- How did you guess, sir?

- Oh, no. Not Angus.

He's the only one...

Do you know how to mix my favourite drink?

- What's that, sir?

- The Aberdeen Angus.

- No, but you've only got to tell me...

- But I can't tell you!

Only Angus knows it!

Didn't he tell you the secret?

Didn't he give you the recipe for the drink

that's got a kick like a steer?

No.

The whole cruise...without an Aberdeen Angus

kicking about inside me. I'll go barmy!

Hello, hello! Well, this ain't the kitchen, is it?

- I should say not. It's the Captain's night cabin.

- Oh! Cosy.

Distinctly cosy, yes.

Er... Do you know where the kitchen is?

Afraid not, sir. I'm a stranger round here myself.

Another new face? Poor fella.

(Chuckles) You'll cop the lot.

# Tiddly-pom-pom

Oh. Morning, sir.

Don't tell me. You're my new steward?

Lovell has broken his leg?

You've only done three trips.

All from Tower Bridge to Margate.

- You're dead right, sir. How did you know?

- I'm psychic.

- Tom Tree, right?

- That's right, sir.

Branches everywhere! (Laughs)

- I twig.

- (Chuckles nervously)

We're moving!

- Oh, Glad!

- Oh, Flo! We're moving!

- Bye!

- Bye!

- Who are we waving to?

- I don't know.

- Oh, Flo!

- Oh, Glad!

- Let's go up the other end.

- Right. Oh!

Sorry, ladies. I didn't look where you were going.

- Do you think he drives the boat?

- He looked more like the conductor.

- Ooh!

- There, ma'am. Is that better?

- Yes, thank you. What is it I'm standing on?

- A bollard.

Oh! Fancy!

- Hey! Are we moving?

- That's right, chief.

Yeah, you know I thought I felt so...

(Clears throat)

'Ere, is something up, chief?

Surely you're not seasick?

But, chief, we've hardly left shore!

(Chuckles)

Yes, yes, yes.

Ah! Now that looks very comfy. (Chuckles)

Yes, just the sort of thing I need for the exercise.

Right. Never too early to start.

Argh!

Help! Help! Doctor! I want a doctor!

I could use one myself.

(Clears throat) What's the trouble?

- Seasick?

- Terrible.

- You don't look seasick.

- Well, I'm not up here.

- Where are you seasick?

- Down below.

- What do you mean?

- Out of sight of sea and sky.

Doctor, could you look at my green eye?

I'm worried.

- No, don't! Please!

- Don't be silly.

Don't shut the door.

As long as I can see the sea, I'm all right.

It's only when I go down below

my tummy starts doing the twist.

For Mrs Beeton's sake, please help!

Marjoribanks, shut the door, will you?

- No! No!

- Be quiet, you gastronomic goon!

Do you want the whole ship

to know you're seasick?

Doctor, you must do something.

I mean, what a start,

if the cook can't cook

cos the quack can't cure him!

I'll cure him or kill him. Ooh!

All right, come here.

- No, let me see the sea, please.

- All right, have a look at the sea, then.

(Sighs)

- I hesitate to interfere...

- Go on hesitating.

I was going to suggest a traditional cure

for mal de mer.

I don't happen to be treating a mare.

Excuse me.

- Here, cooky.

- Thanks, cocky. I mean docky.

That'll soothe your nerves.

Water, nurse. I mean Marjoribanks.

Was that the kill or the cure? (Laughs raucously)

This happens to be the first of three stages.

(imitates laugh)

Three stages?

I'm all right now! Ooph!

These tablets will counteract the somnolent effect of the mixture and give you energy.

Now er...just a little shot er...to um... increase the value of both treatments.

- Roll up the sleeves.

- No, thanks.

I can't bear to see the needle going in.

Oh. Well, there's only one other place available. (Chuckles) Drop 'em.

- I'm not holding 'em, whatever they are.

- I rather fancy the Doctor means your trousers.

Oh, my trousers... My what? Never!

- If you want promotion to this new liner...

- Say no more.

Argh!

(Cook screams)

What's the matter, Steward, not feeling well?

Oh, no, sir. No, I'm all right. It's... It's just, well...

I-I'm new to this sort of thing and er...

I'm afraid of making a mistake.

Well, you don't want to be afraid.

All you need to be a good steward is tact.

I'll give you an example.

A steward I knew walked in on a lady standing in her bath.

Took one look at her,

he said, "'Excuse me, sir'" and left.

Tact, see?

Hey, that's dead clever, innit?

I'll remember that.

- Thank you, sir.

- Right, go on, then.

Hello, hello.

And which of you two fellas takes sugar?

Get out.

Morning. Hope you slept well.

Clot!

(Chuckles) Quite an energetic game, what?

Bye.



Ooh! Ooh, my knee!

Bye. See you again.

Bye.

- That's it, Flo, you've clicked.

- With that? Thank you!

Oh, don't be like that. I think he's rather nice.

Then you have him.

- I'm on this cruise to get a rest from men.

- Bighead.

Bighead?

Oh, no, really,

I think you ought to give him a chance.

He seems kind of...helpless.

Helplessness is the last thing I am looking for.

(Wheezes and coughs)

(Gasps)

Mad, impulsive fool!

- Er...working on the omelette, eh? (Tuts)

- Something wrong, chief?

Oh, no, no, no. I've never seen eggs cracked more conscientiously. Or slowly.

Speed, man! Speed is the essence.

Do it the Haines way.

Lift...and drop.

Now you just strain through with a sieve.

- Get me the First Officer.

(Knock)

Come in.

- What delayed you?

- I'm terribly sorry, sir.

Overslept, Mr er... Mr er...

Sea air, sir. I always find the first few days makes me feel quite drowsy.

- Shut your porthole.

- Begging your pardon, sir, one must have...

And your cakehole. Stop fidgeting.

- Paperwork. Not my favourite occupation.

- Nor mine.

- It's going to be, from now on.

- Oh, charming.

Health report, doc report, crew report,

food report, log report, sports report,

diesel, oil and fuel report.

# And a partridge in a pear tree

(Laughs)

- Omelettes all prepared, chief.

- Excellent.

That was a timesaver.

In a matter of minutes, 1 200 eggs.

1 200 e...

- You should have seen 'em sliding through the sieve - slurp, slurp, slurp.

- Slurp!

- What can I do now, chief?

Out of my way! They're wearing off!

My pills! They're wearing off!

**INSTRUCTOR:**

Hands extended above the head.

**INSTRUCTOR:**

- Three.

- Mmm!

And lower. Heels together. Hips firm.

Doctor! Doctor! Doc...

The mixture. Where...

Urgh!

That's better.

The pills!

Pills...

Different colour. Hm... Same shape.

One...two...

It's all right, I left it in the cabin.

Wow!

Her-cu-les!

I saw him first.

- I thought you wanted a rest from men.

- In his case, I'll make an exception.

You promised you'd help me find a husband on this cruise.

From now on, my motto is: help yourself.

You could do the same.

- Dr Binn's obviously interested in you.

- Hmph!

That's all for today, girls. Dismissed.

- I will follow my heart, Florence Castle.

- Then this is war, Gladys Trimble.

- Right!

- Right!

Excuse me, ladies.

I shall be taking coffee alone, Miss Castle.

I do not say I hope it chokes you, Miss Trimble,

I merely gloat over the possibility.

(They chuckle insincerely)

Ho-ho-ho and a bottle of rum.

(Chuckles) We meet again, what?

Would you like to er...

pop up on the pop deck with me?

Doctor, do me a favour.

Operate somewhere else.

- How many have you taken?

- Three.

- Three?

- Yeah, why not?

They're my last-resort pills.

For bringing people out of a coma.

Yeah, well, I wish I could come to a full stop!

- I'll have to give you an injection.

- Not again!

Come back!

(Haines screams)

Ooh!

Well? What's this conference all about, then?

Now, gentlemen,

to this captain, we are new faces.

And as such, our every word, our every action,

is subject to infinitesimal scrutiny.

He means the Captain's

got his beady eye on us.

- Oh, yes.

- Precisely.

Now, gentlemen, I take it we all yearn to serve

on this new Atlantic liner?

**ALL:**

- Good. Good.

The mind of the Captain works in a strange way.

Let one newcomer make an error,

or commit an indiscretion, or...

Drop a clanger, lads.

..and all newcomers

are tarred with the same brush.

And prejudiced this may be,  
but fact it undoubtedly is.  
Have I your agreement  
for a policy of unremitting  
quasi-Teutonic organisational perfectionism?  
He means fingers out.  
So, heave-to, gentlemen.  
Our first major opportunity to impress is now.  
Tonight!

- Good evening, Captain.  
- Hello, Miss Castle.  
- Enjoying yourself?  
- Yes, thank you.

Ah, Mr Jenkins, I'd like you to meet Mrs Lewis.  
Hello, Miss Castle.  
Good evening, Miss Trimble. Enjoying yourself?  
Very much, thank you.  
- He's over there.  
- Thank you.  
(Sighs)  
(Slurred) Have one with me, old chap.  
It's all free.  
Yeah. I think I could do with it.  
- Love, eh?  
- Yeah.  
- Well, how did you know?  
- That's why I drink.  
To forget her.  
- Forget who?  
- Blessed if I can remember.  
Good evening.  
- Miss Madderley, good evening.  
- Good evening.  
Good evening, Miss er...  
- Good evening, sir.  
- Good evening.  
What's my steward doing serving here?  
Begged for permission  
to lend a volunteering hand, sir.  
Anything to help the smooth running of the ship.  
- Good for him.  
- Isn't it, sir?  
All we newcomers feel the same way, sir.  
Just keep your beady... your eyes on us.

(Chuckles) I will.

Fine conditions in the Atlantic tonight, I hear, sir.

Well, that's great.

We don't happen to be on the Atlantic.

- Just thought I'd let you know, sir.

- Thank you.

Must circulate. The social touch, you know.

(Chuckles insincerely)

(Laughs insincerely)

May I have the next dance?

I didn't know this was a dance.

Oh er... Ooh! (Chuckles heartily)

No, it isn't, is it?

But every time I look at you I hear music.

Every time I look at you I think of music.

- Do you?

- Mm.

- Colonel Bogey. Excuse me.

- Oh, wait!

- Yes, the tropical night sky always...

- Please!

Captain! Don't panic! Keep quite calm! Captain!

Water! Water! Ah! Here's water.

Captain! Cap...

Doctor! Where's the Doctor?

Doctor! Doctor! Ooh!

(Laughter)

Mmm... Very nice.

Come on. Everything will be all right.

Come along, now.

I'll soon have you on the table. That's right.

This way.

Come on, Captain. You'll soon be all right.

Now keep taking the tablets.

Thank you, doc.

(Mouths) Fool!

During the war, I did Arctic runs that would have

made HMS Ulysses look like a trip to Brighton!

Without getting a scratch!

Two days on a simple cruise with you lot,

and look at me!

(Knock)

- Come in!

Good morning, sir. Some coffee

to soothe your nerves, calm you down.  
There, there.  
I always say worse things happen at sea.  
We are at sea, you landlocked nit!  
Well, you'd never know it.  
These stabilisers are marvellous.  
- You're late.  
- Sorry, sir. A lot of work to clear up.  
What with his face and his wrist and your nut...  
erm...your head, sir.  
Well, well, well, how are we all feeling now?  
(They talk over each other)  
- Shut up!  
I usually penalise defaulters  
by stopping 'em a day's pay.  
If I did that with you,  
you'd owe the company money!  
So I'll have to be content with a few words.  
- You, for a start, Marjoribanks.  
- Oh, sir, you got my name right, at last!  
I'm in the mood for using the right words.  
- You, Marjoribanks, are a...  
(Squawking)  
I tell you, my ears are burning.  
I shouldn't wonder.  
Someone's been talking about you.  
- Do you think he's ever studied medicine?  
- I wouldn't think so, no. Why?  
In describing us, he employed a great deal  
of physiological terminology.  
Well, he was medically incorrect  
in what he called you. (Chuckles) Come on.  
On the toes...and bend.  
And...stretch. And...lower.  
Well done, ladies. Keep it up.  
(Giggles) I'll try.  
That's all for today, ladies. Dismissed.  
(Sighs)  
Come on in, miss.  
- I don't want to intrude.  
- You won't, if you join one of my PT groups.  
Well, I was thinking more of your...  
individual attention.  
You must be very advanced.

Well, you know.

No, really, are you?

It'd be such a kick for me if you are.

Most of these people haven't a clue.

Want to make up for 50 weeks' lack of exercise  
with two weeks' puffing and blowing.

Well, I...

Yes, I...I suppose I am a bit of a body-builder.

- Have you got a gym at your office?

- Why bring him up? Oh, gym!

Yes. Oh, yes. It's a very progressive firm.

They provide everything for us girls.

We've got a gymnasium, rest rooms,  
midget bowling alley...

Terrible typewriters, though.

Marvellous! I'm all for the modern girl  
taking care of her body.

Provided it's not carried to extremes, eh?

Well er...let's see what you can do.

Right. After you.

Look, Mum, no hands.

Just to warm up. Come on. Over you go.

Who moved the ship?

- What about the bars now?

- Oh, I'd love a drink.

That should really loosen you up.

- You reckon?

- Come on. Over you go.

- Fabulous!

- Argh!

- Are you all right?

- Nearly burnt my boats there.

- Well, what's next?

- No, you show me.

You're an expert on rope work.

It's my weakest point.

Mine too. My one failing.

I've a terrible head for heights.

But...you were just up there.

Me? (Laughs) Me up there?

(Laughs) Oh, blimey!

Miss Castle! It's Miss Castle!

What have you been doing to Miss Castle?

We were exercising together.

I had no idea she wasn't used to it.  
Well, luckily for you,  
I'm used to an emergency and you're not.  
Would you mind leaving me with my patient,  
please?  
All right.  
For what I'm thinking, I could be struck off.  
Breathing very well.  
In...out. In...out.  
In... Oh, stop it, Arthur Binn. Be professional.  
The pulse! Of course, the pulse.  
Oh.  
I'm fingers and thumbs today.  
Oh, dear.  
Well, I'll go straight to the heart of the matter.  
Bom-bom-bom-bom-bom-bom-cha-cha-cha.  
Argh! Oh! Ah!  
Wait! Madam!  
I must have a witness!  
The BMA will never believe this! Argh!  
- What are you doing?  
- I was just resuscitating you.  
Oh!  
- Look, you don't understand.  
- Don't I?  
- It was just a doctor's dilemma.  
- I was on the ceiling.  
What am I doing here? Let go!  
The ceiling. Delirious.  
Well, get back on the ceiling if you want to.  
There's a nice ceiling.  
A special ceiling you can lie down on.  
He's bonkers.  
- That is a nice ceiling, yes.  
- Oh, it's a beautiful ceiling.  
Get on it like a good girl.  
It's quite safe, you won't fall off. You see?  
- Come on, then.  
- Now, you relax and tell me all about it.  
Yes, I might just as well get it all straight.  
I was just checking on your heart.  
I had my head here like that.  
Then your arm came up like that.  
- Then the other one came up like that.



- He's at it again!  
- We'll visit Dr Binn next.  
- Yes, sir.  
You kept squeezing and wouldn't let go.  
And suddenly, down we...  
It's...not a good moment for your inspection, sir.  
The Doctor is treating a lady.  
What's he treating her to?  
Oh! Oh! Oh!  
Do you know Miss Castle, Captain?  
Not as well as you do, Doctor.  
- Good morning, sir. One for the road, eh?  
- What road?  
Everybody's going ashore, sir.  
This is sunny Spain.  
So that's why they're charging around  
like a load of bulls.  
- Bullfights, flamencos, seoritas, ol.  
- Oh, lay off!  
- Surely, sir, you're not stopping here?  
- Why not?  
Spain's got nothing for me  
that I can't get right here. Open the sherry.  
Now, let's try it again.  
Ooh!  
Oh, my eye!  
Watch.  
Hm... Very good. If it were full of snuff.  
It's made wrong.  
You're doing it wrong. Let me do it on you.  
You've done it on me already,  
bringing me on this cruise.  
First port done,  
not a glimmer of a husband in sight.  
Aw!  
- Shove your head back.  
- Glad!  
- Oh, keep still! I nearly shampooed you with it!  
- Get on with it.  
Open your mouth.  
- (Laughs)  
- Glad, you are awful!  
Girls! Girls! Ol! Ol! O- Oh!  
- Ol, seor.

- Oh, hello, Binn.

No, seor,

I am the famous toreador from Madrid.

You look exactly like our Medical Officer -  
Dr Binn.

Well, seor, this afternoon I fight 15 bulls.  
That's an awful lot of bull.

Mm-hm. Well, my father,  
he breeds the famous fighting bulls, you know.  
Every year, 50,000 bulls he sends off by ship  
to South America.

50,000 bulls?

Si-si. And also, every year,  
20,000 more he ships off to France.

That's 70,000 bulls.

Si-si. He's one of the biggest bull-shippers  
in the business! Ha!

Well, watch it, mate. I am Ferdinand the bull.

Oh-ho!

(Snorts)

Hey! Back, mate. Come on!

Hey! Ah!

Ol! Ol! Ol! Hey-hey!

(Snorts)

(Growls)

Ol! Ow!

You! You...

Get out of here!

(Tearing)

(Chuckles) Yours is the best.

(Chuckles nervously) Yes.

- Excuse me, sir. Very sorry.

- Thank you.

- Having a little party in your cabin, sir?

- With one guest. Me.

Sir?

Turner, the Aberdeen Angus  
has a most distinctive aroma.

- Sir?

- A niff all its own.

- And that's why you want to find the recipe?

- I like the taste, too.

Now, then. If I mix this lot in a few different  
permutations, by the law of averages,

sooner or later,

I must stumble across the recipe.

- It's not the only thing you'll stumble on, sir.

- Very comical.

- Would you like me to help, sir?

- No, your place is with the passengers.

Sir.

I've just got time to do a bit of mixing  
before the daily officers' meeting. Here we go.

Gin - mother's ruin.

Some Benedictine - merriment in a monastery.

Some sherry - toreador's transfusion.

And one for his nob -

crme de menthe with the hole.

- I'd rather not be disturbed, Marjoribanks.

- I can imagine.

- Unless it's something very important.

- Oh, no, no, sir. It's nothing.

- That's all right, then. What are you gawping at?

- That mixture!

I haven't even started yet.

Now, then. Beaujolais.

With some egg flip. A dash of bitters.

That should do for me.

I don't doubt that for a minute.

Blimey!

- Binn! Binn!

- What is it?

- The Captain!

- Has he fallen in the drink?

The drink's fallen into him.

He's in his cabin surrounded by bottles.

- It smells like a brewery.

- I knew it! A secret drinker.

He's blatant!

- You'll have to take over the...

- Ship! I can't! Can't you cure him?

(Sniffs and gasps)

(Coughs)

(Knocking)

**BLNN:**

(Knocking)

- Hm?

Hear that? He's incoherent.

- You'll have to take over the...

- Ship!

- Summon the officers.

- What have they done?

(Chattering)

Gentlemen.

Gentlemen. Gentlemen, please.

It's my painful duty to inform you  
that Captain Crowther is guilty  
of being drunk in charge of a liner.

As to his future, well,  
obviously that lies in hands other than mine.  
All I can say for the moment is that, by the law of  
the sea, I hereby take command of this vessel.

(Shudders)

In a climate like this, this ought to be buried.

Oh, well. One more go.

After the meeting.

That one I should have drunk!

There's very little I can do at this juncture,  
but as soon as Captain Crowther,  
or should I say ex-Captain Crowther,  
has drunk himself into a state  
of complete insensibility,  
I will confine him to sick quarters  
and then I'll do the best I can to...

salvage what I can  
from this sozzled wreck of a man.

Gentlemen. Everybody here?

Right, let's get down to business.

What's the matter with you, Marjoribanks?

Drunk, eh?

Oh, no. Perhaps not.

Oh!

Oh! Ooh!

Hello there, madam.

It's the first time we've seen you in here.

Oh, I don't really drink as a rule.

But I've just been through  
such a shocking experience.

Oh? And what do you think you'd like  
to get over it?

That. Such an enigmatic label.

Vodka? Neat?

Oh, yes. I do like things tidy.

- Cheers.

- Hooray.

Central heating all to myself!

I'll have some more.

- Are you sure, madam?

- Oh, yes, yes.

Fill her up again, and two shots of Redex.

- Oh, hello, girls.

- Hello, Miss Madderley.

- Champagne, please.

- Certainly, madam.

Oh, I say, Flo, steady on!

You're not used to champagne.

Nonsense.

It's just like cider with a French accent.

Besides, I can drink anything.

At our office party...

(Cork pops)

- Will you have one, Miss Madderley?

- She's just been on vodka.

Ooh, yes. I'm well in practice.

Thank you, my dear.

- Call me Bridget.

- Florence.

No, dear. Bridget.

I'm Florence.

- Oh, yes. Florence.

- I'm Glad.

So am I. Well, now, that's all sorted out.

- Mud in your eye.

- Really?

Oh, well, never mind.

They say it's good for the skin.

- Tame. Tame.

- I could put brandy and brown sugar in it.

That sounds good.

- Skip the brown sugar.

- Good idea.

- That's better.

- Much better!

Flo!

- Let's have something different.

- Mix it?  
Some of us can...some of us can't.  
Cor!  
- I'll buy this one.  
- My pal Bridget.  
That! Ooh, lovely colour!  
- Green chartreuse, madam?  
- To match my friend's complexion.  
- Doubles.  
- Flo.  
- Down the hatch.  
- Ooh, not likely!  
I know a much better place.  
- Oh, come on, Flo!  
- My round. My round.  
Name it, Bridget.  
- Flo, dear...  
- Two Flo Dears, neat.  
I thought you meant the name of a drink!  
Two Flo Dears! (Laughs)  
(Laughs raucously) Ooh!  
Ooh, lummy.  
Flo, dear,  
do you think I could possibly have that?  
- Whiskey?  
- Flo!  
Scotland forever!  
- It's Irish.  
- Up the Irish!  
- We'll have both.  
- No prejudice.  
- Macbeth.  
- Macfisheries.  
- Begorra.  
- And a...  
And a shillelagh under your arm.  
What a woman!  
(Groans)  
Come on, Flo. Let's go home now.  
What? Swim all the way?  
No, I mean give in. Let's leave.  
Never!  
Anything she can booze, I can booze better.  
Who did that? Who did it?

I'll go ten rounds with anyone in this bar.  
Put 'em up!  
I'll be back.  
As soon as I've had a bit of fresh air, I'll be back.  
Line 'em up, Bridget, old girl,  
and I'll match you tit for tat and...and...tot for tot.  
I can walk...you know.  
Face to face with Dr Crippen.  
Yes, Miss Castle. Are you all right?  
(Slurred) You seem to think so. You asked me  
to dance with you a say or do ago.  
I've thought it over.  
I'd be charmed!  
(Sings) # I belong to Glasgow  
# Dear old Glasgow town  
# Dee-da-dee-da-dee-da, a-dee-da-dee-da-dee  
(Laughs) # Dee-da-dee-da-dee  
Oops!  
You're lovely.  
How come you haven't got a better job?  
- Miss Castle, please!  
- Well, I mean to say.  
He's so dis...dis...so dis...elegant.  
And only a bus inspector.  
- Madam, this is the Captain.  
- And I'm Zsa Zsa Gabor.  
Here, you... you... you get off the buses, mate.  
Go to sea.  
You've got that naughty nautical look, you have.  
Lovely. (Hiccups)  
You're just lovely.  
There you are!  
Oh!  
Ooh... Ooh, the ship's growing!  
- Tell the Captain.  
- I am the Captain.  
And I'm Toulouse-Lautrec.  
Anchors aweigh!  
- Come on, Flo.

**FLO:**

Wait for me, Bridget. (Giggles)  
- Well?  
- Well...

None of us can be blamed for that, sir.  
It's just a couple of ladies  
having a tidge too much of the old duty free.  
Yes, that's all it's...  
Served by Mr Turner. One of your quintet.  
Marjoribanks...she... she danced with me.  
Well, don't preen yourself, Binn.  
She had to be drunk first.  
Oh, yes, she di...  
You!  
I thought so.  
- Where are we?  
- Italy, sir.  
Italy! Ah, it's good to be back.  
- Open the chianti.  
- Certainly, sir.  
# Bella Marie  
# Please come to me  
# Bella Marie  
# Bella Marie  
(Sings) # Na-dee-dee-dee  
# Mm-mm-mm  
# Dee-dee-dee  
# Da-dee-dee  
Ah. This'll slay 'em in Streatham.  
(Ship's horn)  
The Captain's on his bridge.  
All's right with the world.  
Good.  
What a secure feeling to be able  
to sleep soundly with the Captain at the helm.  
- Glad!  
- Oh!  
Oh, Flo! What a shock!  
To me, too.  
Glad, I've just realised!  
I'm a woman!  
You always were observant.  
Now can we get some sleep?  
A woman who needs a man, not a boy.  
A mature, responsible, dominant man.  
- Like him.  
- The Captain?  
Oh, Glad,



if only he'd show some interest in me, I'd...

(Ship's horn)

Aye aye, sir.

Aye aye, aye aye, aye.

Ooh!

Sir!

Ooh!

(Cackles)

Be serious. He's old enough to be your father.

- I need a mature man. Don't you understand?

- Yeah, you've got a dad fad.

Here he is.

Oh, if he so much as looks at me, I'll...

- Let's go back, then.

- Oh, no!

Oh, Flo, for heaven's sake,

don't make a spectacle of yourself. Come on!

I can't move! In either direction.

My knees have gone.

My heart! My head! I feel awful.

- It must be love!

- Sounds more like a shallow sleep.

- Morning, ladies.

- Good morning.

(Squeals)

What's the matter? Did I startle you?

No. No, it's quite all right.

I um... Excuse me, I think I'd better go  
and have a look at the propeller shaft.

Why? Are we flying the rest of the way?

Excuse me.

Glad... Oh, Glad, did you see him?

My eyes weren't shut, I'm sorry to say.

Don't do that!

(Chair creaks)

- Do you mind?

(Bangs desk)

Where are you going?

I thought I'd go off er...

leave you alone...come later.

What's the matter?

Have you got water on the knee?

No. Never mind my knee, sir, that'll mend.

But you seem worried. Maybe I can help.

- Mind you, I'm not prying.

- Then don't.

It's just that I do have a certain capacity  
for sorting out other people's problems.

- On my last ship, I was known as the...

- Freud of the Frozen North.

- Very well, if you don't wish to confide in me.

- No, no.

- They do say two heads are better than one.

- Very true.

- Even if one of them's yours.

- Charming!

Marjoribanks, I'm going to tell you.

I have just done something

I have never done before.

I made a lady scream.

Very interesting. How?

I said good morning.

Should that have frightened her?

Come on!

You look as if ladies often scream at you.

Flatterer!

- You must have an electric sex appeal.

- I have not!

- There's another explanation.

- What's that?

- No, I can't say.

- Come on, tell me.

- No.

- Why?

- You'll be cross.

- I will not be cross!

- You promise?

- Of course! Scout's honour.

- Why did she scream when I looked at her?

- That's it.

- What's it?

- Your face.

My what?

Uh-uh. Scout's honour. You said it.

My face?

- Your face, suddenly zooming up at her...

- (Gasps)

(Screams)

That's it.

This is terrifying. This could drive a man to drink!

No. Just don't come upon any women

very suddenly, that's all.

Drink! That's it! Drink, Marjoribanks!

- A little one, if you insist.

- No, no, no! Now I know what to do!

- Is Tree outside?

- No, but there's a palm.

- That's the answer.

- You'll give her a palm?

Oh, shut up! Tree! Tree! Come here, Tree!

(Laughs)

- I could never do that.

- Oh, it's easy. Watch.

Miss Castle. The Captain's compliments. Can you spare him a few moments in his day cabin?

- At once?

- Yes, miss. If you could.

- Are you going to have a dive?

- Yes. Headfirst into his arms.

Glad, it's the Captain. He sent for me.

I must have shaken him.

I tell you, Marjoribanks, I shook her.

I frightened her because I was rude

when she was plastered.

- Poor girl.

- I wish she'd hurry.

I've got to convince her that the Captain is everybody's friend, not a horrible ogre.

Quite so, sir.

Oh, go straight through, miss.

Your fairy godfather's waiting for you.

(Knocking)

Come in!

Ah, Miss Castle.

I'm sorry I interrupted your swim.

What's a swim compared with the tide of life?

Yes, er... Will you sit down?

You'll forgive me if I'm very brief, Miss Castle.

To save time, why not call me Flo?

And why not? It's more friendly, isn't it?

And that's what I intend to be, Flo.

- More friendly with me?

- Certainly er...Flo.  
- What's your first name?  
- Er...mine?  
Mm.  
- Wellington.  
- Mother frightened by a boot?  
Well, no.  
I think they expected me to be a soldier.  
Oh, I'm glad you're not.  
Give me a sailor every time.  
A man can be more proud of his craft  
than his barracks.  
Quite. Yes, quite.  
It all boils down to this, Miss Castle.  
I don't want you to be frightened of me.  
Oh, how sweet you are.  
- Then you do understand?  
- Perfectly, Wellington.  
Good.  
- But you're quite wrong.  
- I am?  
Oh, yes, yes, yes.  
I want to be  
just that little bit ever so scared of you.  
- What for?  
- It's what I need.  
A sort of father figure.  
Do go on...Dad.  
- I've forgotten what I was going to say.  
- Then let me say it for you.  
All right, then.  
That look between us -  
that was enough, more than enough.  
In that flash of time, you saw my need  
and I saw the supplier.  
- Now wait a minute.  
- A pure and perfect transaction  
across the shop counter of existence.  
- And yet you're worried.  
- You can say that again.  
Worried about the difference in our ages.  
Well, I'm not.  
- You're not?  
- No, no, no.

I don't care if you're old, lined, going grey.

I prefer you that way.

Yes, Wellington. I want to do my packing  
in the bags under your eyes.

My dear little Wellington bags.

Miss Fokstle! Er, Castle! Now look here, Flo.

- You're blushing.

- I'm melting!

It's wonderful. You're so human.

Mature...and yet modest.

Oh, why have I wasted my time with mere boys?

Wellington, you...are my Waterloo.

- Flo, ebb a little.

- We've got to get to know each other.

- Stand back!

- Oh! Anything you say.

So masterful.

But relent...for a moment.

- Kiss me.

- You naughty girl!

Am I?

Well, if you catch me, you can spank me.

(Squeals)

(Knocking)

- Who is it?

Marjoribanks, sir.

- Has she gone?

- Yes, sir.

There seemed to be

some crossing of purposes, sir.

I explained to Miss Castle and,  
somewhat red-faced, she's departed.

Well done. Ooh!

Who did you say was frightened of whom, sir?

Good morning, madam.

I see by your hat you've been to Mecca.

Your tea, madam.

Why don't you feed the camel? He looks hungry.

Aye.

Yes, I will. Certainly.

- I'd rather not discuss the Suez Canal.

- Me neither.

**MISS MADDERLEY:**

Very well. I'd love to meet your four wives.

Yes.

(Door closes)

Oh, tea!

Hoo-hoo! Or should I say er...chai?

(Giggles) Chai.

(Knocking)

- Come in.

Good morning, sir. Nice new day, nice new start.

You watch me zip through the paperwork.

- Lie down.

- Eh?

- I'm gonna find out what makes you tick.

- Tick, sir?

- Psychologically speaking.

- I don't understand you.

That makes us even, cos I don't understand you.

You mogadore me.

Inside you, Marjoribanks, you must be a writhing mass of complexes, egos, and all that gear.

A captain has to understand his men.

And that is why I am gonna psychoanalyse you.

Freud knew what he was talking about.

- On the other hand, I'm not a Jung man.

- Well, as long as you're Jung at heart!

What are you talking about?

There you go again, flying off on a tangent.

Couch.

- Couch, not crouch, you fool! Get over there!

- Terribly sorry.

- Right, now then, talk.

- Talk what?

Anything.

That's how they do this psycho malarkey.

- I feel silly.

- You don't look silly.

- I do.

- You don't.

- I know I do.

- I swear you don't.

- What do I look like, then?

- Lovely. Languid like a lily. Come on, talk.

- That's very vivid.

- What is?

- That phrase you used - languid as a lily.
- Is it?
- Yes. Are you interested in flowers?
- Oh, yes.
- Do you enjoy gardening?
- Very much.
- Got a nice garden at home?
- The envy of the Horticultural Society.
- Do you belong to many societies?
- Quite a few.
- Gregarious, eh?
- No, Taurus.

Ooh! Interested in astrology, too.

- Yes, sit down.
- Oh, thanks.

Now, quickly, what does this make you think of?

- The bull.
- Horns.
- Horns.
- No, hang on a minute.
- Horns of a dilemma, for example?
- How did you know?

Yes. Put your feet up.

We are getting somewhere.

- We are not! I'm supposed to be doing you!
- Captain, don't quibble, please.

Horns of a dilemma - that's it.

That's your analysis.

You see everything as a dilemma.

- You see everything as a problem.
- Very true.

Because of your deep-rooted inferiority complex.

- I don't feel inferior.
- Of course you don't. It's all in your ucs.
- My what?
- Your ucs.
- So are you!
- No, UCS - your unconscious.

Look here, Marjoribanks,

you are supposed to be the idiot, not me!

How did I get down here?

It's always a shock when illusions disperse.

Don't worry. Now you know your own problems, you'll get rid of this idea

that everyone's persecuting you.

- I will?

- Yes. Of course.

And forget this fear of new faces.

New faces can be just as efficient  
as the old faces - just as efficient.

Well done, Marjoribanks.

You've made me feel much better.

- I feel much better already.

- That's the spirit.

Highly successful.

- Oh. Morning, Captain.

- Morning, Dr Binn.

- You're a new face, aren't you?

- No, it's the same one, sir.

But you've got to remember - a new face is just  
as efficient as an old one. Well done. Very good.

Mm-hm. Nil return, eh?

I've never known such healthy people.

- What do you want, an epidemic?

- Of course not.

- I just don't know what to do with myself.

- You could help with this.

- I'm too tense.

- Well, relax.

- I can't.

- Run round the deck.

- Right off exercise.

- Well, so lie down.

- I'm too restless.

- Well, read a book.

- I can't concentrate.

- Well, write a book!

Oh, please!

You've got to live before you can write a book.

And no-one can say he's lived until he's loved.

- Well, go out and love someone.

- I do. Her.

- Who her?

- What do you mean, 'who her'?

Miss Castle.

- Miss Castle?

- Oh, Miss Castle, yeah.

- Have you told her?



- No, you know me - I'm too shy.

- Here, I could cable her.

- Why not semaphore?

You have to declare yourself openly.

Otherwise you'll stay right where you are.

- Right up an impasse.

- Hm?

- Oh! Oh, I see. You mean speak to her.

- Yes.

Straight from the shoulder

to the point of dislocation!

- Ooh! I'd die if I did that.

- It would put you out of your misery.

- You've no sympathy.

- Do you expect me to tell her for you?

- Oh, would you?

- What, am I Cyrano de Bergerac?

Who's he? Would he tell her?

What cabin's he in? What deck?

Arthur, Arthur, Arthur. Keep calm.

- No, no, please! You've got me all worked up.

- I'm frightfully sorry.

Don't apologise.

I'm not angry - you've done me a good turn.

Yes.

In this mood of self-realisation,

of merciless self-determination,

- I think I could do it, you know.

- You could?

- Yes, I think I could overcome my timidity.

- Your what?

Time... Overcome my timidity, I mean.

I could! Yes.

I could go right up to her now and I could...

- Ooh, I could speak to her.

- Bravo!

- Thank you.

- Not at all.

- I'll be indebted to you for the rest of my life.

- Now is the time. Think only of now.

- Oh, you're right. Good luck.

- Thank you.

- Bye-bye.

- Bye-bye.

- Ooh!

- 'Ere!

Fool!

Oh! (Laughs)

You're always leaving that thing lying around.

It's worse than a pair of gloves.

- Why not leave it in the cabin?

- Somebody might have kicked it.

Let's see if it's still working.

It's simple. Of course. There's nothing to it.

All these years of shyness. It's ridiculous.

Just go right up to her and say,

'Miss Castle...I have something to tell you.

I am a plain, simple man, Miss Castle.

I have plain, simple feelings,

and I use plain, simple words.

And I simply have to let you know, plainly,

that I... that I...

(Radio crackles)

..that I slainly and pimply want...

Coo-oo!

(Interference)

- Point it towards Italy.

Well, which way is that?

I don't know. Wave it about a bit.

(Mixed signals)

# Bella Marie...

Oh, Flo.

Isn't that romantic?

Just dishy!

Why can't Englishmen sing to us about love

instead of dragging us off to rigger matches?

I couldn't resist any man

who'd sing to me like that.

Good day, madam. Care for a knock-up

while you're waiting for your partner?

Ooh, I haven't got a...

Well, yes, Officer. Thank you.

But I'm not very good at the game.

Oh, it's quite easy. Just be careful not to pong

instead of ping. (Laughs)

- Gently to begin, eh?

- If you please.

- Ow!

- I'm terribly sorry. Most unfortunate.  
Beginner's luck. (Laughs)  
Try your luck on this.  
(Giggles)  
Clever! Do it again!  
I'm terribly sorry, Captain...sir...dear. I mean...  
It's not my day.  
(Soft guitar and humming)  
(Hums)  
# ..reason I must live  
# Only for you  
And this is it.  
- North Africa tomorrow.  
- Yes.  
Maybe I'll get my name on the shortlist  
for a harem.  
You're not still worrying about romance,  
are you?  
Frankly, I'm past worrying.  
Too tired, for one thing.  
- Let's go to bed, hm?  
- OK.  
- Want to be fresh for North Africa tomorrow.  
- Yes.  
But will North Africa be fresh for us?  
Ah, perfect.  
Just right for some soft serenading  
outside her cabin.  
Here we go.  
Much better. I'll do it here.  
# Bella Marie  
# Bella Marie  
# Bella Marie  
# Please come to me  
# How can words explain to you  
# The love I try to give?  
# You're the sun, the wind, the rain  
# The reason I must live  
# Only for you  
# Oh, please love me too  
# Oh, bella Flo  
# Oh, bella Flo  
# I need you so  
# Please let's have a...

# I love you so  
# Oh, bella Flo  
# My bella Flo  
# I love you so  
# Please don't say no  
# Please don't say no  
# Please don't say no-o-o-o  
(Snoring)  
(Snores)  
(Twangs guitar) Uh...  
(Snoring continues)  
I'm wasting time!  
North Africa at last.  
I thought we'd never get here. Shop!  
(Slurred) Sam, old chap, what have I  
been drinking for the last couple of days?  
Well, you asked for something  
characteristically Arabic, sir, and this is it.  
Drunk by everybody round these parts  
and distilled on the banks of the Nile.  
(Inhales and burps)  
(Gurgling)  
(Gurgling)  
- Cook?  
He must be dreadfully ill. I wouldn't think  
he'd that much stomach to gurgle with!  
- You get the Doctor, I'll see what's wrong.  
- Yes, sir.  
'Ere, cop this for a souvenir, eh, Captain?  
- What are you trying to do?  
- Do you mind?  
It's much better than filter tips.  
You can hardly taste the smoke at all.  
I'm not surprised. You're not supposed to blow it!  
- What, then?  
- Suck it and see!  
Hm?  
Urgh! No, much better the other way.  
(Gurgling)  
- I beg your pardon?  
Perhaps it's a sheikh you seek.  
I'm not shaken, sheikh.  
(Speaks gibberish) Oh!  
Oh!

(Both laugh)

- Madam.

- Thank you very much.

- Oh, show me!

- (Laughs)

(Laughs)

All we need here  
is a couple of sheikhs and a camel!

Thank you.

(Chuckles)

- Flo.

- What, dear?

- We're on our way home.

- I know.

Pity, isn't it?

Just getting warmed up to this cruise lark.

Thank you.

- You don't hold it against me?

- Hold what, dear?

- Not finding a husband.

- Oh, that.

Your idea was OK, lovey.

It was me that put the mockers on it.

Anyway, I've forgotten all about men for a while.

They are completely out of my mind.

Ooh! Dear.

Shall have to take it to the Doctor now.

- Cleaner, I mean!

- Oh, yes?

Gentlemen,

every since you joined me,

there are times when I wished

that I was running a holiday camp.

Because in that kind of establishment,

I could at least occasionally escape from you lot,

by walking out of the gate.

Here, I can only jump overboard.

And, believe me,

there are times when I felt like it.

But not now, gentlemen.

Praise where praise is due.

Praise? For us, sir?

Surprised, eh?

That's exactly how praise should strike you.

Ever since our last meeting, you've all stopped trying to impress me and got on with your jobs. Result? You have impressed me.

- I have impressed you, sir?

- Certainly.

When you played table tennis with that mad pixie - the er...lonely little lady.

- Of course, you did muck it up a bit. (Laughs)

- (Laughs)

That's the spirit, you see.

Concern about the passengers' happiness.

And you, Turner. Don't think I didn't notice you gave up your shore leave

to serve a gentleman. That's also the spirit.

But, Captain,

how can I possibly have merited your praise?

I've had nothing to do.

Ah, you, Dr Binn,

you have achieved self-effacement.

- Oh? I felt no pain, sir.

- You will in a minute.

On a cruise, the passengers don't want the doctor giving everybody the undertaker's look.

Oh, no, no, no.

Well, you did the right thing.

You kept yourself to yourself.

Sir, that's just because I'm...

- Go on, go on.

- Shut up.

- What did I do, then?

- The lady in cabin 73.

It's a lie!

Don't be so modest, Haines. I know all about that diet you fixed up for her.

- And you've been cooking her meals yourself.

- Oh, that!

Oh, you mean Fanny Fusspot, the calorie queen. Oh, it was no trouble.

Stimulating, playing with her proteins.

Yes. Well, none of this means, of course,

that I can possibly consider any of you for the new liner.

But you just continue going on

as you have been

and I might recommend you to my successor  
at the Happy Wanderer.

- Thank you, gentlemen, that's all.

- Thank you, sir.

Aye aye, sir.

- He's a fine man.

- Oh, he's very fair, I think, don't you?

Crisp on top, soft underneath.

A regular meringue.

Yeah.

Best boss I ever worked for, on land or sea.

- I wish I could think of something to do for him.

- (Squawks)

- Don't do that! I'm all of a quiver as it is.

- I can do something for him! Excuse me.

Let's think of something to do

to show our appreciation.

It wouldn't be like sucking up.

He did tell us we didn't stand an earthly  
of getting on that liner.

- But he did give us praise.

- Where it was due.

- Fine man.

- Oh, he's a regular...cream bun, was it?

- Meringue.

- That's right, meringue bun.

- I wish we could do something for him.

- It'll have to be quick, there's only two days left.

- Mr Marjoribanks!

- Yes, miss?

- Where can we be alone?

- Eh?

- Quick, there's only two days left.

- For what?

- Come on.

- 'Ere! No!

- That's better. Nobody can hear us here.

- Why shouldn't they hear us, miss?

What I have to tell you is rather delicate.

Oh. Well, naturally, if I can help you in any way...

- Well, the plain fact is, my friend's in love.

- Oh, how nice!

Well, it isn't.

You see, she doesn't really know she's in love.

But I know, and I want to help her  
by getting the man in question to approach her.

- And how do I come into all this?

- You know him very well.

I do? I do?

Me? I can't believe it!

Well, that's life. That's love.

- Women fall for the most unlikely creatures.

- Thank you very much!

- To me, her choice is inexplicable.

- Charming!

But there's no accounting for taste, is there?

I appreciate your apprising me

of Miss Castle's feelings,

but I can do without your expressions

of incredulity concerning them!

Why shouldn't Miss Castle

fall desperately in love with me?

- Did she tell you that?

- No, you did.

I did?

If you didn't, who have we been discussing?

- Dr Binn.

- Dr B...

Dr Binn?

She's in love with him?

- Didn't I just say that?

- Oh, well, yes, in a round about way.

We must think up some ruse, some stratagem,  
whereby they can come together.

- I've got it!

- Oh, you haven't, Mr Marjoribanks?

- You'll have to work it...

- Yes.

Surely we can think of something nice  
to do for the Captain.

I know! I've got it!

How about a nice clock with a brass plate on it?

We can't do that. He's not retiring.

Anyway, where would you get a clock  
in the middle of the ocean?

- Ship shop.

- Say that again.

Ship shop.



- When we get back, you want to see a dentist.

- Oh, ta.

Well, here goes. All for Flo.

Doctor!

Doctor!

Don't worry.

(Whimpers)

No harm done. Thank goodness.

It is you!

Oh, it was you!

- What was me?

- I saw you.

I had to lean on the rail for support.

Pardon?

I could feel your eyes burning into my back.

Ooh! That... That scorching look!

It was like sunstroke.

And then I turned, saw you again,

and that was it, I went!

Where did you go?

- Into a dead faint. Didn't you see?

- Oh, yes, of course.

Very distressing.

And how long have you been suffering  
these attacks?

Since I first saw you.

- Come on, let's leave me out of it, shall we?

- I can't!

You are it!

You are all.

You're the germ. The symptom. The sickness.

And the cure.

Oh, Doctor.

(Chuckles nervously)

I'm afraid you must be a little overwrought, miss.

No, I'm not - I'm underprivileged.

I'm afraid I-I-I don't really follow you.

- Doctor...

- Mm?

You are aware of me, aren't you?

(Chuckles nervously) Very difficult to ignore you.

How do you find me?

(Purrs) I just look straight ahead  
and there you are. (Chuckles)

- Do I repel you?
- No, no, of course you don't, no.
- Then all the rest will come in time.
- Of course it will. What do you mean?

This!

Gladys Trimble, how do you do?

Arthur Do. How you Binn?

I mean Binn, how do you do?

- I confuse you.
- Yes, you don't.

I mean, do. Hm...

You didn't sound confused  
when you sang to me the other night.

What? I...I sa...

- I sang to you?
- Who else?
- W-w-w-well, I...
- Come, come, Doctor. It must have been me.

Look, I was not serenading you!

I say. I seem to have made  
the most dreadful mistake.

Yes, I'm afraid you have.

- I was only trying to help you over your shyness.
- I'm not shy.
- Prove it. Prove you're not shy.

- How?

I don't know. Do something.

Yes. All right. I will!

Where is she?

- Cigarette?
- No, thank you.
- Do you mind if I do?

**FLO:**

- I must say, I enjoy these cruises.
- Excuse me.
- Yes. Ah, yes. I thought so.
- Huh?
- You're going a bit blotchy around here.
- Really?

I noticed this coming on over the past few days.

It's probably highly infectious.

It's just the change of food,  
the change of climate.

Nothing to worry about, of course. You'll live.  
Providing I give you instant treatment, of course.  
Would you mind popping down to  
the treatment cabin? And don't touch anybody.

- May I...?

- What about that young man?

Oh, don't worry about him.  
Let him get another deck chair.

- That young man, is he ill?

- No, no.

- Then why are you...

- Preventive medicine.

- I don't understand.

- You will, if you listen.  
I'm not interested in preventive medicine.  
What is this?

- I have something to declare.

- Well, wait till we get to Customs.

- Now listen, please. I'm not like that. I'm pure.

- Pure what?

- There's not many like me left, you know.

- I'm glad to hear it.

Please, if we're going to spend the rest of our  
lives together, you must learn not to interrupt.  
The rest of our lives?

Yes. For better or for worse.  
And so on and so forth.  
You mean marriage?

Of course! I know of no respectable alternative.  
You've got a nerve.  
I've got several of them.  
They're all functioning normally.  
Do you realise what you've said?  
I should do. It's pounded in my brain  
often enough, asleep and awake.  
In the drowsy fantasy moment  
of every lonely dawn...

- Well, come on, what's your answer?

- You've taken my breath away.

Oh, I'm terribly sorry. Would you mind  
standing up? Thank you. Breathe in deeply.  
Out again, please. Thank you. In...  
Try a bit further. Out. Thank you.

- Marvellous. You'll feel better in a moment.

- I feel dizzy.

Oh. Sit down.

It's just the...sudden realisation, you see,  
of the fact that... that I love you.

Do you?

Yes. Oh! Haven't I said so?

Not in so many words.

- Shall I?

- Yes, please.

All right.

I love you.

Ha-ha! What about that, then?

- And how about you?

- How about me?

Do you think that you could come to love me?

Well, I...

I suppose I could do worse.

Ooh! Cool!

Ha-ha!

- Turned out nice again.

- Has it?

Mr Haines! Mr Haines! Where is the idiot?

- Mr...

- Here.

Oh, I'm terribly sorry.

- Do you know what day it is today?

- I'm not daft, it's Thursday.

- It's providential.

- No, it's Thursday.

No, listen. Exactly 10 years ago to this day,

Captain Crowther took command

of the Happy Wanderer.

I only found it out by accident.

I looked it up in an old log book.

- I'm not with you.

- Yes, you are.

Have you got some private little place

where you could make a cake?

- A cake?

- A cake!

- An anniversary cake?

- An anniversary cake!

- Of course! I knew I'd think of something.

- You knew you'd think of...

Yes, all right. Well, to work, then.  
And remember, the utmost secrecy.  
No-one'll see me handle as much as a nut.  
The success of this operation  
will depend entirely on your culinary expertise.  
I don't know about that. But I can cook.  
We understand each other. With some difficulty,  
but we do understand each other.  
Till tonight.  
Tonight. With a cake to stagger humanity.  
Thank you.  
(Whispers) We're arranging a party  
especially for the Captain.  
- A party?  
- Ssh!  
Please, it's supposed to be a secret.  
What if the Captain should hear?  
You shouldn't have told me.  
I get so excited - I can't keep secrets.  
What a lovely idea. So thoughtful and tender.  
Just the sort of thing that makes me feel...  
really...happy.  
(Sobs) Oh, I'm so happy.  
Miss Madderley, pull yourself together!  
It's only a little party.  
Ssh, ssh! Don't say that. It's a secret.  
Suppose the Captain... (Gasps)  
Oh, the Captain!  
The dear, devoted Captain!  
Hello, hello. What is afoot?  
That peculiar shaped thing  
on the end of your leg!  
Keep taking the tablets.  
Excuse me.  
- Miss Madderley.  
- (Yelps)  
- What's wrong?  
- You are! Er...nothing!  
Hello! Goodbye.  
(Sighs) Handmade. Nothing like it. (Chuckles)  
Hm...  
Mm... Well made...but not yet created.  
This needs the Haines touch.  
We don't need that, I don't think.

Here we go.  
Espaola sherry.  
Gracia... (Sniffs)  
Blimey!  
Smells like a Babylonian boozers bedroom!  
Phwoar!  
Can't have put too much sherry in.  
It's not like me at all.  
Well, we'll soon see.  
Too much sherry in.  
(Sighs) Now what? Counteraction.  
Yes. Cream. Of course.  
Only glorious Devon cream can save the day.  
Glorious Dev...  
What an idea!  
An international cake!  
Just the thing for a mariners anniversary.  
And apart from that, a good turmoil  
of ingredients will give it flavouring.  
Yes. Flavouring.  
Ha-ha!  
Right, we'll start with the grated coconut  
from the South Seas.  
Grated coconut.  
And then... (Indian accent) Bombay duck,  
all the way from Bombay.  
A little bit of Bombay duck.  
Thank you very much.  
(Chinese accent) And Chinese chop suey.  
Chinese chop...Chinese chop suey.  
And a little Californian prunes.  
Yes.  
Last but not least, viva spaghetti!  
Viva voce per la tomato, eh?  
(Italian accent) No wonder they say  
'Mr Haines takes-a pains.'  
(Knocking)  
- Who?  
- Me!  
- You?  
- Aye.  
Come!  
Haines! I'm thrilled!  
Haines, I'm engaged.

No need to ask how you're getting on,  
Mr Haines.

Or him! Congratulations.

Here, I hope you'll allow me  
to cook the cake for your wedding.

What? Not if it's got spaghetti in it!

Or chop suey! (Laughs)

- Hey! Or bicarbonate of soda!

- And why not?

My dear Wilfred.

You don't mean that all that stuff  
is in the cake you're now baking?

I repeat - why not?

- It's incredible!

- It's inedible.

Out of my kitchen! Do I tell you how to doctor?

Do I tell you how to run the ship?

Do I tell you how to get engaged?

Well, then don't tell me how to cook!

You wait! You'll eat it. Then you'll see.

This is an historic moment for English cooking.

England expects this day  
every man to have a nibble.

- Sir! Sir! There's something going on in the bar!

- There usually is.

- Will you come at once, sir?

- What's the matter?

If it's anything medical, you can deal with it.

If it's anything else, I've got a staff...

Come quickly, sir. Only you can deal with it.

- Well, what is it?

- Would you come with me, sir, please?

All right! All right.

Mr Marjoribanks, sir.

For the Captain.

An Aberdeen Angus!

You clever boy!

- That's right, sir. I cabled Angus for the recipe.

- Initiative.

I 2 days late, but initiative.

The cake, sir.

How beautiful! Looks almost too good to eat.

- Doesn't it?

- Oh, yes! It's much too good to eat.

Thank you, Haines.

It's great.

It reminds me of everywhere I've ever been.

Including Port Said.

Thank you.

- Speech! Speech!

- Speech!

Ladies and gentlemen, thank you very much for this very gratifying party. You seem...

Spaghetti?

You seem to like travelling with me and I certainly like travelling with you. I'm afraid...

Prunes?

I'm afraid that this speech really isn't very much in response to your generosity, but I...

Chop suey?

But there isn't anything else I can say except... thank you very much.

Well said.

(Slurred) Ssh! Quiet, everyone!

It's my turn.

Ladies and...gentlemen,

Captain,

on behalf of all us happy...wanderers...

and crikey, I've done some happy wandering on this ship in my time...

..jolly good luck,

and may we all have the pleasure of sailing with you for many years to come.

- My condolences, sir.

- What for?

It appears you didn't get command of the transatlantic run.

I did. But I don't want it.

Ladies and gentlemen, please.

I'm not very good at making speeches, as you've already heard.

Hear hear, sir.

But I do know the difference between just ferrying passengers and running a cruise.

There's a good feeling about looking after people who are out to enjoy themselves.

After all, when we're on a trip like this, we're all in the same boat!



- (Laughs)  
- (Laughs insincerely)  
So what else can I do but carry on cruising?  
Any questions?  
Oh, yes, sir. Will you marry me?  
(Laughter)  
Oh, no! I didn't mean... I mean us, sir.  
- Oh, her! Congratulations.  
- Thank you.

**CAPTAIN:**

Turner! Champagne!  
- Doctor! Doctor!  
- Haines! What is it?  
- Seasick.  
- What did that?  
- The Captain's cake!  
- Was it the chop suey?  
- (Groans)  
- The Bombay duck?  
- I know how you feel. I'll give you an injection.  
- No, please! Not again!  
I'll get you one of those special tablets.  
Wait there.  
(Screams)