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# Carry on Girls

By Talbot Rothwell

And since I am strongly of the opinion...  
...that we are already providing  
more than enough entertainment for visitors,  
I wish to propose the motion  
that the provision of more  
would be detrimental  
to the good name of the borough.

- Knickers.

- Please, Councillor!

- Strike that from the minutes, Miss Drew.

- I beg your pardon, Your Worship?

Don't take down "knickers".

Chance would be a fine thing,  
wouldn't it, love?

Councillor Fiddler, I really must request you to  
moderate your language when in committee.

I second that.

I do beg the committee's pardon, Your Worship.

But all this bleeding codswallop about mucking  
up the name of the borough gets on my wick.

- Should I...

- No, no.

Oh, gorblimey, why don't we face facts?

We don't attract visitors to this dump because  
there's nothing for them to flipping do!

Of course, we are well aware that Mr Fiddler  
would like to see more people

in that so-called amusement arcade of his,  
playing on those dreadful machines.

You're dead right. Do you know how much

What the Butler Saw took last season?

1.60... that works out

at about two pence a grope.

Please.

I really do feel that we are somewhat  
straying from the point here.

That is the point! It's the only indoor amusement  
we have, except snogging under the bandstand.

I do feel, you know,

that Councillor Fiddler does have a point there,  
considering our very high  
seasonal rainfall figure.

Oh, really, Mr Mayor?

Personally, I think it is quite an average one.

If you think nine inches is an average one,  
you've been spoiled.

Yes...

yes, yes.

Does anyone else have any useful suggestions?

- I have.

- What is that, Councillor?

- Miss Fircombe.

- I beg your pardon?

Miss Fircombe... a beauty queen! That's  
what we want. All the best resorts have 'em.

Mr Mayor, I think we have wasted  
quite enough time here today,  
and I propose that you close the meeting.  
Please. Mrs Prodworthy, please.

I do feel that the proposal  
merits some discussion.

Mr Mayor, you are well aware  
of my views on women's rights.

And there can never be anything proper in  
young women being shown off like cattle,  
for the sexual gratification  
of a lot of drooling men.

Bowls.

I beg your pardon, Alderman Pratt?

A bowls competition. That's what we need.

Poor old Pratt! He really will have to go.

And so will I. We've heard quite enough rubbish  
spoken here today.

Oh, but we still wish to hear yours,

Mrs Prodworthy.

Your views, I mean.

I think I have made myself perfectly clear.

And as far as I am concerned,  
the matter is closed.

Good morning.

Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear.

I'm afraid that's that, then.

We're still in committee.

I propose we put it to the vote.

- What? Without Mrs Prodworthy?

- We've still got a quorum.

Yes.

Yeah, all right, then.

All those in favour of the motion  
to hold a beauty contest?

One only.

How about you?

You were all for it a moment ago.

Very well.

All those against?

Two also.

I'm afraid we still haven't a majority, Councillor.

Hang on just a minute.

Oi! You're all for it, ain't you?

Yes... any time.

Carried.

- Morning, madam.

- Good morning, William.

Mrs Dukes.

- Let me give you a hand, Mrs Dukes.

- Thank you, William.

It's been a...

Go. One, two, three.

Thank you, William. Are you all right now?

Yes, thank you. It were just a touch of... eugh.

I generally get it at this time of the... whay!

Yes, it's the sea air.

Yes.

Hello, Mrs Dukes.

I thought you were going to the cinema.

I did, but I had to leave. A young man sat next to  
me and started to make improper suggestions.

- Again? You should complain to the manager.

- I can't. He's after me too, you see.

Well, perhaps you shouldn't  
make yourself look quite so attractive.

I can't help it. I give out waves, you know.

- Really?

- Yes, my late husband used to call it "oomph!"

William... have you seen Mr Fiddler?

Yes... not a bad photo, considering.

No, I don't mean this. I mean, has he been in?

Ah.

Yes, it was last Tuesday.

Has he been in today?

Today?

Now, let me see...

Never mind, William. If you do see him,  
could you tell him I'd like to see him right away?

Yes.

What shall I tell him if I don't see him?

Nothing, William. Nothing.

Yes, I'll try and remember that, Mrs Philpotts.

- Is the Admiral all right?

- Yes, I think so.

He's quite old, you know.

He's not as fit as some of us.

Whay-ahh!

We don't need your recommendation, thank you.

Go on, hop it!

Blimey, it's all happening here.

(Bell rings and William bumps head)

(As boxer) I'll get him. I am the greatest.

I beg your pardon.

I thought I was back in the game then.

Willy, I want a nice double room,  
with hot and cold running chambermaids.

Yes, sir.

'Ere, does that mean

you and Mrs Philpotts are going to do it?

- Don't be filthy.

- I didn't mean that. I mean get hitched.

No, I wouldn't say that. We're just good friends.

Oh. Well, I wouldn't bank on that for the minute  
if I were you, Mr Fiddler.

Oh. It's like that, is it?

Yes. Oh... I'm glad you reminded me.

Mrs Philpotts said to tell you...

Now, I must get this right.

Take your time. I've got all night.

No, that wasn't it... Yes, it was! No.

No, it wasn't.

Dearie me! It's on the tip of my tongue.

- Your finger.

- My finger, yes.

No, that wasn't it.

While you're thinking,

get that number for me, will you?

I'll remember it, don't you worry.

I'll get this number for you while I'm waiting.

Hoyah-mm!

Get off! Hoya... shoom!

All right, I'll do it myself.

- Gorblimey!

- I'm only doing my best, that's all.

Give me that thing! What's the matter with you?

Give me the book. Thank you.

01-754-3230.

(Phone rings)

Potter Publicity Bureau.

To whom do you wish to speak?

Hello, Paula. Sid here, Sid Fiddler.

How are you?

- Oh, very well, thank you.

- You haven't changed. Is Peter there?

It's that terrible man Sidney Fiddler.

You don't want to talk to him, do you?

- I'd better.

- You know what he's like.

- He may have something for me.

- If it's like the last time, you'll need bailing out.

I can handle him. Hello, Sid?

- Hello, Pete. How's business?

- Great, great.

I've got a job here

you'd love to get your teeth into.

- What is it? He's got a job for me!

- I can imagine.

I want you to do the publicity

for a beauty contest here in Fircombe.

A beauty contest... What, you mean girls?

I don't mean budgerigars.

Oh, I don't know. I don't think Paula would like me getting mixed up with a lot of girls.

- Why not?

- Well, we're engaged.

And you know how jealous Paula can be.

Just think of all those lovely 38s and 40s bobbling up and down.

I am. Phwoar!

Sounds an interesting assignment, Sid, putting Fircombe on the map.

Writing about local trade figures and that sort of thing.

- Oh, she's come back into the office, has she?

- What's the job worth?

100, in round figures.

And there'll be plenty of those, I promise you.

100?

- It could be more. I'm on the council.

- I think I'd better come down, Sid.

That's my boy.

Don't take any of that old guff from Paula.

If she doesn't like it, tell her she can lump it.

That's how to deal with women, treat 'em rough.

Hello, sweetheart. I didn't see you.

Obviously. I'd like to see you, Sidney...

right away.

Ah, that's it.

Mrs Philpotts wants to see you right away.

- Thank you, Willy.

- I knew I'd get it.

And how's my favourite little hotel keeper today?

Hungry... very hungry.

- So would I be if I had to eat here.

- But I haven't eaten.

- Are you on a diet again?

- No, you had asked me out to lunch.

Oh. Blimey, so I did. I'm sorry, love.

I've had a very busy day.

I've been in it right up to here.

So I see.

That's it. Great idea, isn't it?

Oh, for you, I'm sure it is.

No, I did it mainly for you, darling.

For me? Oh, really?

You've got a hotel. Just think of all the people

this will bring into town.

You'll be packed out.

And the beauty contestants will stay here.

Of course, I hadn't thought of that.

Now, that was very clever of you, Sidney.

You know me, love. Anything for you.

Anything but marriage.

As I was saying, you'll have at least a dozen

beauty queens staying here for a start.

- At the usual rate?

- You can't charge the contestants, can you?

Why not?

Well, they're the bait, aren't they?  
When people hear about these dolly birds  
staying here, they'll queue up for your rooms!  
I don't doubt that. But I won't have anything  
going on here that might upset my regulars.  
Don't worry. I've fixed that. There will be  
a full-time chaperone here day and night.  
Well, that is better.

Who?

It wasn't easy, but we got it down  
to a short list of possibles.  
We had to find people  
that would not take advantage of the situation.  
Somebody honest and dependable  
with strict morals.

- And?

- They talked me into it.

I knew it. Chaperone?!

You and a bunch of beauty queens?

It's like asking Dracula  
to be in charge of a blood bank!

Darling, that's not true.

You know I don't go for beautiful women.

- I like you.

- That does it. Get out!

- All right, I'm going!

- You lecherous so-and-so! Get out!

Really, Mother!

I don't see why I have to come too.

You haven't come to  
since the day you were born.

Look.

You were there  
when he gave out this statement.

You even took this photograph  
of the revolting man.

I want you here as a witness  
to what the Mayor says.

She's still under way, sir.

She's not heaving to, sir.

Very well, Mr Christian,  
fire a shot across her bows.

Aye aye, sir.

Oh, come along, answer the door.

(Bell rings)

- All right, I'm coming.

Sorry if I kept you waiting.

I was in the lav, you see.

Mrs Bumble,

I wish to speak to your husband immediately.

You'd better come in, then.

I've only got to go to the lav  
and someone starts knocking at the door.

It's almost as if they knew.

Mind you, I must admit, I do go rather a lot.

Well, I'm not here to take a census  
on toilet habits, Mrs Bumble.

Please take me to your husband.

I couldn't disturb him now, dear. He's upstairs.

Well, I damn well can!

Very well, Mr Christian.

Stand by to ram and board her.

You've seen this, I presume?

Yes, but...

you have no right to be in here, Mrs Prodworthy!

Never mind that. Do you mean to tell me that,  
in my absence, the committee  
actually approved this disgusting idea?

Mrs Prodworthy, I hardly think that this is  
the time or the place to discuss matters.

Poppycock!

I've seen men naked before, you know.

Damn it, I've buried three husbands.

I'm not surprised to hear it!

Excuse us, sir.

- Come along, Mother, please.

- Now, you shut up!

I want a straight answer.

Was it or was it not approved?

Mrs Prodworthy,

I refuse to discuss this with you in my bath!

I am not in your bath, thank goodness.

- Was it or wasn't it?

- Yes, it was, but...

Then I must warn you  
that I mean to fight it to the bitter end.

Mrs Prodworthy.

I have a civic duty to support any project...

Oh, fiddlesticks! You are a weak-kneed ass.  
And as far as I can see, you are as poorly  
equipped to carry out your civic duties  
as your domestic ones.

That's what the job's all about.

I still don't see why you have to stay down there.

They need some on-the-spot publicity now.

I've done all I can at this end.

Surely you understand?

No. Stop being so secretive and tell me  
what the job's really about.

- It's a publicity campaign.

- To publicise what?

Fircombe.

They're having a sort of competition to go with it.

Like spot the boobs?

What? What made you say that?

Well, like the one spotting the deliberate  
mistakes on cornflake packets.

Well, not quite like that.

It's to encourage people to come to Fircombe.

You haven't exactly encouraged me to.

I couldn't trust myself

to ask you to come with me.

- I'd burst in and try to make love to you.

- You know I wouldn't let that happen.

Exactly, that's why I didn't...

didn't want the temptation.

Anyway, I'd lose my job,

and then I couldn't afford to marry you.

Excuse me, are you going to Fircombe?

This train's going there, yes.

Good.

- Do you know that girl?

- No.

Funny, she's going to Fircombe too.

- A lot of people must live there.

- Are we all right for Fircombe?

- I'm sure you are!

- Thanks.

I'm beginning to understand

why you don't want me down there.

Don't be ridiculous, darling.

You're the only girl in my life, you know that.

- Is this the train for the beauty contest?  
- Yes, that's right.  
- Oh, good. Are you coming?  
- Certainly not!  
Perhaps you're right. Are you in this one?  
That's right, I am.  
Oh, I'll join you, then.  
- You didn't say anything about a beauty contest!  
- I think I'd better go.  
Excuse me.  
Well, goodbye, darling.  
I'll be back as soon as I can.  
(Fabric rips)  
- Oh! Oh!  
Why didn't you wait until we were in the tunnel?  
I thought I was. Sorry.  
Sorry, darling.  
Kiss?  
I'll take bust any time!  
Bust! Any time!  
I saw them soaking in the bathroom last night,  
and in the morning they were gone.  
Mrs Dukes, I cannot believe that one of these  
young ladies would take your knickers.  
(Grunts)  
I'll make enquiries, of course.  
What were they like?  
Red flannelette... reinforced.  
Yes, I see. Well, I'm sure they must turn up.  
- They can't. They've got elastic at the bottom.  
- How chic.  
Well, I'm sure they'll be fine.  
I certainly hope so, because I don't feel at all  
safe walking about this town without any.  
- Perhaps I can help, Mrs Dukes.  
- Oh, Admiral!  
Come outside, ma'am.  
I've got something to show you.  
- What do you mean? Where?  
- All will be revealed, madam.  
Across the promenade there. Look!  
I've got to check all your measurements.  
- I've never had it before.  
- The experience will do you good.

- Sidney, I'd like a word.  
- Yes, love, what is it?  
- It's about these complaints.  
- I'm not complaining. Everything's going fine.  
Yes, I can see that.  
- Run along, we'll finish off later.  
- Finish what? You measured everything I have!  
Off you go.  
She's always kidding, that one.  
- What's the trouble?  
- I'm worried about my permanent residents.  
All this running about, in and out of  
each other's bedrooms... it's not good enough.  
At their age they ought to know better.  
It's your girls I mean!  
I've heard them... all night long, doors banging.  
With a bunch of young dollies,  
you've got to expect a bit of banging.  
I expect you to get them all into bed  
at a reasonable hour.  
I promise you I'll do my very best.  
Mr Fiddler, what about these photos?  
I haven't got all day.  
Excuse me, love. Business.  
I'm waiting for my publicity man to turn up.  
I'm covering the Mayor's opening this afternoon.  
- You do get some unpleasant jobs!  
- He's opening a municipal building at four.  
Thank you.  
Thank you, ladies and...  
(Laughter)  
And what about the ladies, may I ask?  
What was that?  
Why is there provision only for gentlemen in this  
monument to natural and universal functions?  
- Hear, hear!  
- Because it was specifically designed  
for use by the male sex  
as approved in council last September.  
I see. So the ladies must wait, is that it?  
Mrs Prodworthy... I do feel  
that the place for protest is in the chamber.  
I did protest in the chamber, Mr Mayor,  
and most strongly.

I still insist on knowing why this place  
could not have been for the use of both sexes.

Because it's for men!

We can't have them all using the same one.

Perhaps the Mayor would care to explain  
why we can't all use the same one?

Yes, well...

- Why can't we all use...

- (Whispers)

Ah, yes!

Because the fittings are different, for one thing!

We all have only one thing, Mr Mayor.

(Laughter)

Mrs Prodworthy, you are deliberately misun...  
misunderstanding me.

- What I am trying to say...

- I know what you are trying to say.

You are trying to say... that women are inferior.

Hear, hear.

I put it to you that this is one more example  
of this council's policy  
to deliberately demean  
and debase womanhood.

Hear, hear!

A policy which was brought to a head recently  
when, in my absence,  
they passed this disgraceful resolution  
to hold a beauty contest here.

Hear, hear!

I want every male here to know  
that the women of Fircombe  
are determined to stop this degrading spectacle.  
Until it is called off, we will squat...  
in this erection to man's so-called superiority.

- Hear, hear!

- Mrs Prodworthy, please!

Forward, liberators of Fircombe!

Forward!

Please, please!

**SID:**

Get changed for photos. Back in 15 minutes.

What do you want us to wear?

Anything that will bring out your best... points,

Miss?

Downs. Ida Downs.

I bet you come from Beds.

- No, Bristol.

- I should have guessed.

I've got a rather smashing two-piece swimsuit.

- Great, just wear one piece of that.

- Will they publish pictures like that?

- Not in my paper.

- All right, I was only joking.

You go and get 'em both on.

Go on, get your gear ready.

- How's it going, love?

- Wonderful.

Since all this started, I've let ten rooms...

all for you... for nothing.

Wait till old Pete gets that publicity really rolling.

The contest is in ten days.

- You've still got your permanent residents.

- If I've got any left!

Ooh! You're a dirty old man!

Er... Mrs Philpotts!

I wish to complain.

This young woman molested me.

- Well, I like that!

- Whether you like it or not, dear, is immaterial.

- He pinched my...

- Don't worry about it. I'll sort it out.

Cheeky little thing!

I'd like to put her across my knee.

- I'm sure you would, Admiral.

- Yes, by Jove... What?

Mrs Philpotts, are you suggesting...

Damn it, for two pins, I'd move out of here!

Good afternoon, sir. Can I help you?

Yes. Have you got any rooms, please?

Certainly, sir. Our terms are 7 a day

or 40 a week all in.

Mr Fiddler said it had all been arranged.

You see, we're in the beauty contest.

Yes. So I see.

Oh, well... (Chuckles) in that case,

take your pick. Take the lot. Go on.

Be my guest, room with a view and all that

sort of thing. Righto, have a good time!  
Pete, we're waiting. The photographer's here.  
Where the hell have you been?  
Sorry, the train was late.  
Some trouble on the line.  
Trouble? With these two? You're joking.  
- This is Miss Bangor.  
- Really? How do you do?  
And this is Miss Brakes... Dawn Brakes.  
Dawn, my favourite time for getting up.  
- I was Miss Dairy Queen, you know.  
- You still are in my book, darling.  
Sid, are there any rooms for us?  
The woman behind the desk went all peculiar  
and threw these at us.  
She's overwhelmed. They haven't done  
this kind of business since Mafeking.  
Photo call in ten minutes.  
Gorblimey, not again!  
William!  
I want you to come over the promenade with me.  
Yes...  
Why?  
I want you to take my knickers down.  
Pardon?!  
Well, they're on the pole over there.  
Oh, I see.  
Well, you'd better take my arm,  
because it can be a bit tricky crossing this road.  
Right.  
(Motorbike approaches)  
(Horn beeps)  
- It's already been done.  
- Well, what hasn't?  
- Excuse me!  
- Not now, sonny, I'm busy.  
Sonny?! You want your eyes tested.  
I thought they always built the shock absorbers  
into the bikes.  
Saucy!  
- Are you the bloke in charge?  
- That's right. Fiddler's the name.  
- I'm Hope Springs.  
- Hope Springs? I don't believe it!

True... Well, actually, my real name's Muriel Bloggs. But it was hardly right for this game.

- What game?
- Beauty contests, of course!
- Don't tell me you're a competitor?
- Of course I am!

See?

Miss Easy Rider.

- I beat 14 other girls for that.
- Doing what?

I was at an advantage.

We had to do it on a motorbike.

- I'd have thought that was a handicap.
- No, I mean I've been riding a bike for years.

Good for you. But this is a straight beauty contest. No kinky stuff.

You feel I'm not right for it, don't you?

No, I just don't want you to waste your time, that's all.

Oh, I won't, don't you worry.

- I look a lot different in a bikini.
  - So does he, but he's not entering.
- Just wait and see. You're in for a big surprise.

- Have you got a room I can change in?
- Use mine.
- You won't come in?
- Not until you're halfway through.

Maybe I'd better have a room of my own.

Perhaps you're right. Come on.

Connie, have you got a room for this young lady?

Of course, Sidney.

I think you'll find that an ideal one.

Thank you, Connie.

Just a minute. It's for the broom cupboard.

Right... where we keep all the scrubbers.

- How!
  - All right, keep your hat on.
- Go and change in mine. I'll sort it out later.

Ta. I heard that.

Does she fancy you or something?

You know how it is. A widow with a place like this, things get on top of her.

Yeah, I bet they do... frequently.

Go on, get changed.  
Ta. See you.  
Ahem! Excuse me.  
Mind if I join you?  
Help yourself. It's big enough, isn't it?  
By Jove, yes.  
I won't ask how far you want to go.  
I might get the wrong answer.  
Only to the bottom, my dear.  
Oh... so you want to play, do you?  
Come on, then.  
Argh, get off!  
No, no!  
(Hope cackles) Come on, lover.  
I've only just started.  
- That will teach the old buzzard.  
- What did you do to him?  
I think I tickled his fancy.  
Well, do I pass now?  
With honours, in at least two subjects.  
Saucy! Let's hope the judges think like you.  
If they do, they'll all get locked up.  
Promises, promises.  
Am I too late for the pictures?  
- No, go to the others over there.  
- Ta.  
- That's the lot, is it?  
- Er... no. There's still Miss Brakes to come.  
- Oh, no, not Dawn! Is she here?  
- That's right. Do you know her?  
Do I? I'm not saying anything against her,  
but if this was a dog contest,  
none of us would stand a chance.  
If it was a cat show you'd do all right, though.  
I like the girl, honest.  
It's not her fault she has to wear a falsie.  
- What do you mean a falsie?  
- She has one bigger than the other.  
- Is that right?  
- No, left.  
But you're crazy about her?  
Oh, I wouldn't say a word against her!  
Like in the last contest we were in.  
We were sharing this dressing room together,

and I had this fabulous silver bikini.  
And I just popped out for a while.  
It could quite easily happen in that outfit.  
I'm not saying she nicked it, mind, but...  
(Donkey bellows)  
Push, push!

**PETER:**

Good boy. That's a...  
Keep him quiet. Push!  
Aagh!  
- What's that?  
- All right. It's only a donkey.  
I know it's a donkey!  
What's it doing in my lounge?  
That's a good question.  
What the hell do you think you're doing?  
- Sid, meet Cleopatra.  
- How do you...  
- Have you gone out of your mind?  
- No, it's for the photos.  
Beauty and the beast. Get it?  
Beauty and the beast! What a great idea!  
Come over here. Come on.  
- I am not having it here. Take it out.  
- Be reasonable. It's only for a few minutes.  
- Reasonable?! I don't even allow dogs in here.  
- It's not a dog.  
I know it's not,  
but these carpets are very expensive.  
(Splat)  
I'm afraid it's too late.  
- Don't just stand there, get a shovel!  
- Yes.  
It'll be very good for the potted palms.  
Get it out of here, Sidney. Get it out!  
Right.  
We'll get a couple of quick shots first.  
This is what we'll do. We'll get one of the girls  
to sit on the donkey... What's wrong with you?  
Oh, gosh.  
- Are you ready for me now?  
- More than ready, darling.  
I want you to come and sit on this donkey.

All right. Are you sure it's safe?  
He doesn't look too happy.  
He should be. He just got a big load off his mind.  
If you say so.

**SID:**

Don't just stand there.  
Come and give her a bunk up.  
- What?  
- A bunk up! Come on.  
Oh, I see... right.  
Ready?  
There we are. All right, girls.  
Come on, let's have you.  
Round the donkey, please. Come on.  
That's it.  
All right?  
All right, Larry, we're ready.  
Just a minute, I've still got my robe on.  
Hang on.  
I knew it!  
You thieving bitch!  
- What's going on here?  
- That's my bikini she's got on.  
Really, I don't know what she's talking about.  
- Just a minute.  
- She nicked it from my dressing room last year.  
Darling,  
I wouldn't be seen dead in your old rags.  
You'll be seen dead if you don't give it back!  
That's quite enough.  
You stay out of this!  
You rotten cow!  
No!  
Hope, come on!  
Get it off!  
Stop it, somebody!  
Break it up! Come on.  
Is Councillor Fiddler here?  
- Just about.  
- What?  
What is going on?  
Ladies, please!  
(Commotion)

(Splat)

Come on! You've done enough damage as it is.

Come on, leave my potted plants alone.

William, come on with the shovel.

Quick, before there's any more damage!

(Clock chimes)

Mildred!

Ya-aagh!

Mil...

Mildred!

(Radio blares)

You're up, then.

Of course I am! Didn't you hear me calling?

No, I had the radio on.

I know you had it on.

I can't remember when you had it off.

Neither can I.

Are you aware that it is now five past nine?

Am I missing something, then?

My tea. I ordered it for eight-thirty.

Better late than never, I always say.

Here you are, then.

Thank you very much.

- Enough sugar?

- Quite.

And cigarette ash.

Isn't it time you started thinking  
of getting dressed?

What for?

Have you forgotten

what I kept on telling you last night?

To stop snoring?

At ten o'clock, we have an official visit  
to the maternity hospital.

Do I have to go?

Of course you do. They're expecting you.

I don't really feel up to it, Frederick.

You've got to.

You are the Mayor's wife, God help him!

You have a duty to do.

And that doesn't mean sitting around here  
all day like an old compost heap.

Yes, Frederick.

You should take pride in being the wife

of Fircombe's leading citizen.

And what, may I ask, is so amusing?

- You.

- What do you mean?

Here you are.

- Is that you, Rosemary?

- Yes.

Have you seen this?

Yes. Bloody disgrace!

Still, what can you expect from a man?

My boy Lawrence took it, you know.

- It's done him quite a bit of good. And us.

- Us? Why?

The more old Bumble lays himself open

to ridicule like this,

the better our chances

of having a lady mayor next time.

Gosh, yes!

That would hit 'em where it hurts, wouldn't it?

Oh, please, Rosemary. I don't like any reference to that area of their so-called superiority.

By golly, you'd make a spiffing mayor, Augusta.

We've got to keep up the pressure against this damn beauty contest.

I agree. What's the next step?

I've been wondering. Have you any pull with anyone at the maternity hospital?

Good Lord, no.

It's hardly my scene, is it?

Only the Mayor is opening a new nursery there today.

I thought we might arrange a little... surprise for him.

(William sings to himself)

How do you do?

Mr Prodworthy, I'm so pleased you could come.

You didn't mind me calling you, did you?

- Not at all, Miss Brakes.

- I saw your photos in the paper. I'm impressed.

- I thought perhaps you could help me.

- Of course. Anything.

A magazine wants some pin-up photos, and you'd be the person to take them.

- Thank you. Um... here, do you mean?

- No, on the beach.

Oh, fine.

Oh, but I advise plenty of warm clothing.

- I don't think the magazine would like that.

- Why not?

They only want nudes.

You have done nudes before?

- Oh, yes.

- Shall we have a bash, then?

- Pardon? Oh, er... pictures. Now?

- Yes, they want them by the end of the week.

Yes, but naked...

on the beach, in broad daylight, in Fircombe?

I'm sure we'll find a deserted spot.

Come on.

Oh!

I beg your pardon?

Of all the filthy rotten beasts!

Disgusting! You're a sex maniac!

I didn't... Honestly, I didn't do a thing!

Say goodbye to Mrs Philpotts for me,

there's a good fellow.

Ohh!

That's about the fourth that's left this morning.

You don't have to tell me. Where's Mr Fiddler?

He's still up in his room.

He just sent down for some more coffee.

I'll give him coffee!

Good. It'll save me a trip.

(Knock at door)

- Come in.

- I'll have it here, please, on the bed.

- You won't, you know!

I'm sorry, I thought it was my coffee.

That's OK. Look, I came to apologise

for what happened yesterday.

Are you joking? Have you seen the publicity

we got out of it? Front page, every paper.

- Good. I was hoping it'd do the trick.

- What do you mean, you were hoping?

Well, the donkey wasn't a bad idea,

but there's nothing like a really good punch-up,

particularly amongst women.

You mean you started it deliberately?

You're a clever little devil, ain't you?  
Well, I'm pretty sure it was my outfit she had on.  
Of course, I could be wrong.  
We should get together.  
With your brains and my beauty,  
we could go places.  
I don't think I could teach you much.  
- You want a bet?  
- I think I'd better be going.  
Come here. What's the hurry?  
You know what the others would say  
about me being here.  
"Why should she have all the luck?"  
They'd say I was trying to work on you  
to fix myself to win.  
They'd be dead wrong. Nothing in the world  
you could do would influence me.  
- Hop in here and I'll prove it.  
- No, thanks. I'll take my chance with the rest.  
Send the others in one at a time, and I'll prove it  
to them all. Now you can't say fairer than that.  
I really think you would, too!  
(Knock at door)  
Leave it outside the door, please.  
- Sidney, I want to talk to you.  
- It's Connie.  
- She mustn't catch you in here.  
- Sidney?  
Just a minute, love.  
- Quick, get in the cupboard.  
(Spring boings)  
My dressing gown's got caught!  
- Oh, no!  
- Sidney!  
All right, love! I'm not decent.  
- It's caught in the spring.  
- Do something, for God's sake!  
But turn the other way.  
- (Snorts and snarls)  
- Sidney?  
Coming!  
Come in.  
- Sorry to keep you waiting... just getting dressed.  
- You didn't get very far.

- What's the matter? Something's upset you.

- Upset?

Four more of my regulars moved out today.

That's seven gone in two days.

We don't want to discuss it here.

Let's go down to the office.

In your pyjamas?

Charming, that should get rid of a few more.

I'll put on my dressing gown... No, I won't.

You go downstairs and I'll follow straight...

- What is it?

- That's what I'm wondering.

There's my dressing gown!

I'd wondered what happened to it.

Won't be long.

(Fabric rips)

- It's shrunk.

- Where is she?

I don't know what you're talking about.

There isn't one.

I always go to the bathroom. Connie!

- Connie, wait a minute!

- Oh... hello.

I thought as much.

Connie... wait a minute.

Connie!

**DAWN:**

What do you keep looking round like that for?

**LARRY:**

I'm just worried somebody might come along.

So what?

I'm sure they've seen a naked girl before.

Well, I haven't! Well, not like this, anyway.

You're not embarrassed, are you?

You shouldn't be, you know.

As a photographer, you should

regard these things objectively.

Nobody could regard those things objectively.

Why, what's wrong with them?

Oh, nothing. They're, er...

Come on, let's get on with the photographs.

Oh, I've still got my panties on.

Oh, er... haven't you taken enough off?  
Not for the magazine these photos are for.

**LARRY:**

OK, now, Larry?

**DAWN:**

Help, help! Get me out!

(Toilet flushes)

It won't be long now.

- I'm used to this sort of thing.
- Quite all right, Your Worship.
- Here she is.
- Sorry to keep you all waiting.
- It's a weakness of mine, you know.
- That's all right, Lady Mayoress.

Frederick could tell you. I have to get up  
four or five times during the night, don't I?

I'm sure the matron has no wish  
to listen to our nocturnal habits, Mildred.  
I didn't mean those sort of habits.

We haven't done anything like that for...

Could we please get on with it, Matron?

Yes, of course, Your Worship.

This is the new nursery.

As you can see, we've named it  
the Frederick Bumble Nursery.

I am, of course, highly honoured,  
but I would have thought that Mrs Prodworthy  
here, as chairman of the hospital board...

Thank you, Your Worship, but the committee  
felt the honour should go to you.

The commemoration plaque is at the far end.

Now I must ask you all to be very quiet,  
as the babies will all be asleep.

Of course. Bless their little hearts.

Just leave them. Leave it!

Just leave them there. Leave them!

(Whispers) Just pull the cord when you're ready,  
Your Worship.

Yes, of course, Matron. Yes.

- Ladies and gentlemen...

- Shh!

(Softly) Ladies and gentlemen,

it is with the greatest pleasure...  
nay, even with pride...  
that I unveil this commemorative plaque  
to mark the completion  
of this splendid new nursery.  
- Who is responsible for this?  
- (Babies start crying)  
Who was responsible for this?  
I'll have them...  
Who did this?  
Shut up, you little devils!  
Shut up!  
Who was it?  
I tell you, I've never been so humiliated.  
And it's all your fault!  
You and this wretched beauty contest!  
Come off it, Fred. It can't be all that serious.  
I tell you, I was a laughing stock.  
Even the babies were wetting themselves.  
I wish we'd known.  
We'd have had a photographer there.  
You won't need any photos,  
not with Augusta Prodworthy there.  
It'll be all over the town by now.  
I still think you're making a mountain  
out of a molehill.  
Now if you hadn't been wearing  
your underpants...  
It was ghastly enough, thank you.  
If you don't believe me, ask her.  
She'll tell you.  
Well, say something, woman!  
Is there a ladies' handy?  
Oh, shut up!  
I warn you, Fiddler, I will not be involved  
in any more of your publicity stunts.  
No more!  
Pity, because he's got a good one lined up.  
- I do not care. Come along, Mildred.  
- It would have done you a lot of good.  
Put you in a heroic light for a change.  
I don't wish to... know.  
Oh?  
How do you mean?

Heroic light?

You know Lovers' Walk,  
where everybody goes for a snog?

Yes... what about it?

This is it. One of our girls goes for a walk,  
is attacked, has half her clothes torn off,  
but is rescued in the nick of time by guess who?

Me.

What would I be doing there?

Well, you just happened to be there,  
with your wife, of course.

What, me...

down Lovers' Walk with her?

You must be raving mad!

He's got a point there, Pete. Tell you what.

We'll fix you up with one of our girls.

You are raving mad! Oh, let me get out of here.

Oh, it's you, Your Worship.

I didn't recognise you with your trousers on.

Mildred! Let's get out of...

Oh, dear. Did I say something wrong?

Not so as you'd notice.

Did you talk to Connie?

Yeah. I tried to explain to her  
but she just wouldn't listen.

- Just like a woman.

- What do you expect?

She finds you and Hope naked in your room and  
you expect her to believe nothing happened?

I still don't believe it myself. I must be slipping.  
Silly. I like to think a man can have a relationship  
with a woman which isn't just based on sex.

I fully agree. She should have money, as well.

(Phone rings)

- Hello?

Yes, just a minute.

It's a fellow from the television studios.

He wants to talk to you.

Councillor Fiddler speaking.

Are you the person  
organising the beauty contest?

- That's right.

- Well, I'm... Cecil Gaybody.

- You don't say.

- I do Woman's Things every week day.  
- Aren't you lucky!  
- The magazine programme.  
What did you have in mind, Mr Gayboy?  
Gaybody.  
You know the kind of thing...  
come down, interview some of the girls.  
Oh, yes. And I think that's a great idea.  
I should be very happy to lay it on for you.  
- We could come down this evening.  
- Six o'clock? Fine.  
Byesy-wyesy.  
Yes, and byesy-wyesy to you, too.  
We're in!  
I'm telling you, we're in.  
They want to do a television bit on it.  
- Great!  
- On what?  
That's what we've got to sort out.  
It's got to be something sensational.  
Think.  
You've had a lot of experience.  
What we want is some big surprise.  
Nothing would surprise me in this game,  
even if one of us turned out to be a man.  
That's it. That's it!  
I love you! Didn't I tell you you were a genius?  
- Are you kidding?  
- No, no. Can't you see it?  
There are the girls lined up,  
being interviewed on the telly,  
then one arrives looking absolutely fantastic.  
Suddenly... pop!  
- One flat tyre.  
- Do you know, it could be kind of funny at that.  
- It'd be money in the bank.  
- Aren't you overlooking one small point?  
- None of our girls are men.  
- How do you know?  
- Don't be ridiculous, Sid.  
- All right, we'll get a man to do it.  
I'm sure the Mayor  
would be only too willing to oblige.  
I don't know.

I don't think we'd have to look very far, do you?

You know,

I think we might just about get away with it,

- with a good wig and make-up.

- And flat heels.

Oh, no.

- No, I'm not having that.

- Come on, Pete, what have you got to lose?

Nothing much,

but I'm not losing it dressed as a woman.

Nobody will know it's you.

You can change back immediately after.

I'm not changing my sex for you or anybody else  
and that's flat. No, definitely no!

Stop wriggling.

I can't help it.

I can hardly breathe in this damn thing.

Then don't breathe.

That's fine! Don't move, stop breathing...

Why don't you just bury me and have done?

That would be a good stunt.

You can have the other girls as coffin bearers  
with black armbands and a lily stuck up their...

There. 'Ere!

Not bad. I wish your knees  
weren't quite so knobbly, though.

Oh, I am sorry.

I'll go to the hospital and get myself deknobbled.

Anything else you'd like me to have off?

We could do with a little bit more padding  
up here, though.

That's all right. We'll just get them  
to transplant the knobblies from my knees.

I'll do that, saucy!

(Phone rings)

Hello.

Hello, is that Mrs Prodworthy?

Yes, it is. Who is that?

You won't know who this is, but...

- Choo-gai, hurgh!

- Blimey. Not much, she won't.

Kindly state your business.

Well, this may come as a surprise to you,  
but one of the entrants in the beauty competition

is really a man.

What? I can't believe it.

Well, have you ever seen a young woman using the gentlemen's toilet?

No... but it's possible, I imagine.

What, standing up?

Good heavens!

But this is incredible! Which one of them is it?

I'm not prepared to say. If you're at the hotel at six o'clock, you'll have a chance of finding out.

- Did she swallow it?

- Hook, line and sinker.

Willy, well done. Not a word of this to anybody, particularly Mr Potter.

Of course not, Mr Fiddler.

Very nice, I won't forget...

Mr Fiddler? Could you... I seem to have mis...

This is silly. I can't even see my feet now.

You should worry.

I haven't seen mine since I was 13.

Come on. Sit down at the dressing table and we'll try the wig on.

Now, what do you think you look best in?

A black out.

Which would you prefer, a short or a long one?

I think this one.

There you go.

There. What do you think?

Do you know, it may sound kinky but...

I could fancy myself.

You wait till you see yourself in a dress.

(As Mae West) Come up and see me sometime.

(Knock at door)

- Who is it?

- It's me, Sid.

- Just a minute. I'm not decent!

What am I saying?

How's it going?

Hey... you're lovely!

- Shut up!

- No, really, I mean it. Come here.

Get away from me, you dirty old man!

(Sid cackles)

Well, Sid, what do you think?

Absolutely perfect. Look. He'd fool anybody.

- Until I open my big mouth.

- You don't open your big mouth.

When they twig you're a bloke,  
gallop back to your room and change.

What do I do to show them I am a bloke?

If the answer is what I think it is, no, I won't do it.

It's all right, don't worry.

When I introduce you, you step forward, trip,  
your wig flies off, I scream,  
"Gorblimey, it's a fella!"

Sensational.

- Very subtle.

(Phone rings)

- Take this.

- Give me this.

Room 44.

Yeah, I'll tell him.

The television people are here.

Here we go. Now, stop worrying.

Go on, get into your dress, there's a good girl.

No, it goes over your head!

Bend down.

You could do with a spot of rouge  
on your cheeks.

Get out!

What television interview?

I don't know anything about any interviews.

Excuse me, but we made arrangements  
with Mr Fiddler to film here at six o'clock.

- In here?

- Not in this dreary room. It's not Bleak House.

Look here, I refuse to stand here any longer

- and take any more...

- Connie, leave it to me.

Get them out of here, understand? Out.

I'm not having any more of your little stunts.

Excuse us. Connie...

I can't just chuck them out. Think of the publicity.

We can't possibly get enough of it.

Really? I was under the impression that  
you were getting more than enough of it!

Excuse me. I'm sorry about that.

Mr Fiddler, we've come quite a long way,

and I'm really rather worn out.  
And you look it... tired, I mean.  
I'd like to get it over with.  
Through here, please.  
(William mumbles to himself)  
Hello, can I... I won't keep you a moment.  
Hello? Hello?  
Oh, it wasn't... it was...  
I'd like to see Mr Potter, please.  
Yes, just one moment, I'll...  
Ee, give over!  
Mr Potter? I won't keep you a second.  
Yes, Potter, that's quite right.  
It's room 43, the fourth floor.  
It's all right, don't you bother.  
I'll give him a buzz for you.  
No, no, please don't bother.  
I'd like to surprise him, anyway.  
Yes, well, it's room 43, fourth floor.  
Ho! Shut up.  
Careful.  
I think you'd better go down a couple of flights,  
so you can get used to the frock. Come on.  
All right. Quiet, everyone, please!  
Ready whenever you are, Mr Fiddler.  
Hang on, we've just got two more to come.  
Excuse us.  
Here they are. Up here, please. Come on.  
By Jove, what a magnificent beam!  
You clumsy cow!  
- I'm awfully sorry.  
- Don't worry, I'll do it myself.  
Miss Potter,  
would you get on the end of the line?  
Be a darling, Miss Potter.  
There we are. All set.  
Thank goodness for that.  
Now we'll start.  
Come on, girls, don't forget,  
tease, please, plenty of tease.  
Come on, throw your thingamabobs out.  
Not right out, darling.  
It's not an educational programme.  
Yes, yes, I know. But even supposing

that your information is correct,  
I fail to see what we can do about it.  
Inspector, is there no law against  
a man masquerading as a woman?  
Well, if it's with intent to defraud the public,  
yes, ma'am.  
But he would only be defrauding  
if he was offering something he hadn't got.  
He would be offering something he hasn't got.  
It depends what he's offering.  
Well, that is tricky. Take this gentleman here.  
He can dress up as a woman if he so wishes.  
She is a woman.  
Oh, well, that's different.  
- She can dress up as a man.  
- She is.  
Oh, this is getting us nowhere.  
Inspector, is it or is it not fraud  
if a man masquerades as a woman  
in order to win a prize?  
That would be an offence.  
Then that is all we wish to know. Come along.  
And now, Woman's Things takes you  
to the darling seaside town of Fircombe,  
for an exclusive behind-the-scenes peep  
- at the drama in a typical beauty contest.  
- Stop!  
Madam, if you don't mind,  
we are recording a television show.  
You are recording a public scandal,  
that is what you're doing.  
I beg your pardon?!  
I have every reason to believe  
that one of those women is a man.  
Really?  
Do tell!  
You don't know what you're saying.  
Oh, yes, I do. I had an anonymous phone call.  
Well, we'll soon sort that out.  
Girls, you heard what the lady said.  
If it's true, would the guilty one  
kindly step forward?  
Satisfied?  
Certainly not! I demand

that each one undergoes an examination.

- Physical examination?

- Exactly!

It's up to them. If it was me, I'd be only too happy to prove you wrong. What do you say, girls?

- Strip off, you mean?

- Just to the undies. That'll be enough.

Well, I'm game. Come on.

Miss Potter.

Keep shooting, Cyril, it'll be a sensation!

You too, Miss Potter. Now don't be shy.

- You rotten, stinking...

- That's him!

- Stop him, somebody!

- Stop him!

Stop that... person!

After him!

Tally-ho!

This way, my dear. Over here!

Up the stairs!

How dare you, you thing, you!

Serves you right for trying, you dirty old lecher.

Help!

Sorry, wrong room!

Peter, in here!

Get your own clothes on!

Go on, get in the bathroom!

Get your make-up off.

Excuse me. Have you seen

a half-clothed... woman up here?

Why, yes.

She came into my fianc's room a moment ago.

- It's in there.

- What is?

Don't ask me, sir.

Leave this to me, please.

(Knock at door)

I must ask you to open the door, please.

It's the police.

Quick, on the bed.

Ahem!

How dare you burst in like that!

Excuse me, ma'am... sir.

We were looking for a...

Sorry. All right, come on.

Oh, you're wonderful!

- Peter!

- Oh, no!

(All talk at once)

See the way they're pouring in.

It's even better than we bargained for.

- Than you bargained for, you mean.

- You're not still sore about what happened?

Oh, no, I'm chuffed to bits.

I've lost my fiance,

I nearly get raped by a sex-starved admiral,

and if it hadn't been for Hope,

I'd be in jail by now.

- Her idea, was it? All that rumpo on the bed?

- It certainly wasn't mine.

What are you complaining about? Consider yourself dead lucky you got anywhere near her.

I've got nothing against her.

It's just that I happen to be in love with Paula.

Oh, forget it. She'll come back. They always do.

Look at old Connie. Last night she wouldn't speak to me, today she'll be all over me.

Hello, darling. Doing all right out there?

I told you they'd come flocking in, didn't I?

All over you... and from a great height.

That's exactly how it happened,

believe it or not.

I suppose Peter asked you to come and tell me this.

No, he doesn't know I'm here.

But he was so upset, I thought

I ought to try and straighten things out.

You mean that this mysterious Patricia Potter was Peter?

Yes.

The silly fool. What made him do it?

It wasn't his idea. Sid talked him into it.

From what I've heard about him,

I can well believe that.

Oh, Sid's not so bad.

He's really quite nice when you get to know him.

I'm sorry, I didn't realise you were keen on him.

Now you come to mention it... neither did I.

There's a thing.

Look, are we the only two  
who know Peter was this girl?

Yeah, why?

If Peter can be a beauty queen,  
I'm damn sure I can.

Do you think I stand a chance?

Yeah!

'Ere, you'll be the greatest!

Mildred!

Mildred?

(Radio blares)

There!

That should do it good.

Now, perhaps, you will get dressed.

Why?

The car will be here soon.

We are due at the fire station at ten o'clock.

What for?

To inspect their new fire engine.

That should be exciting.

Will you please go to the toilet before we leave?

I don't think I'll bother, thank you.

I don't feel like looking at fire engines.

Have you taken leave of your senses?

Those firemen are expecting you to be there  
with me. What am I going to tell them?

Tell them there's more than one way  
to put a fire out.

And that's exactly how I feel  
about their new engine.

As you all know,

this degrading spectacle is due to take place  
at 3pm on Saturday in the pier theatre.

And our primary objective now  
is to ensure that it does not.

- Hear, hear!

- Now for your orders, then.

This is a plan of the pier and the theatre.

Each one of you section leaders  
will be in command of one area of the offensive.

I must stress that the success of  
the whole operation depends on surprise.

And I must ask you to regard this briefing

as top-secret.

(Clatter, tinkle)

I think there's someone in the outer office.

Aha! All right, come in here.

I'm sorry.

I didn't mean to disturb anything.

Mrs Bumble!

What are you doing here?

Please... I'd like to join up.

Rosemary, get the candle.

Right, it's a deal.

Three o'clock in the pier theatre on Saturday.

And thank you, Mr Gaybody.

How about that, Pete?

5,000 quid for the exclusive television rights.

- Marvellous.

- What are you looking so worried about?

We haven't seen

those Women's Lib pickets out all day today.

So what? We've got 'em licked and they know it.

But why should they choose to stop now?

That is women's fundamental weakness.

They never know when to stop.

Don't worry. It's all plain sailing from now on.

- Yes, Inspector? What can I do for you?

- Excuse me, sir,

we've had information

that Miss Patricia Potter is here again.

- Impossible. He's here.

- That's what I said, sir.

- But he can't... she can't be.

- William booked her into Miss Spring's room.

- What the hell's going on here?

- Perhaps we'd better find out, sir.

You're dead right, matey! We will find out.

Oh... Oh, hello, Sid.

The Inspector seems to think

that you have Patricia Potter in here.

- Yes, that's right.

- You have?

- I'd like to see him, please, miss.

- You mean "her".

I'd like to see him or her, please.

OK. Come in.

Someone to see you, Patricia.

Yes?

- You are Miss Patricia Potter?

- That's right.

Is that the one what was here before, Cookson?

I think so, sir.

I'm sorry about running away like I did,  
but I hadn't got my best undies on.

Oh, yes?

- Do you still intend to enter the beauty contest?

- Of course. Why shouldn't I?

Because we have reason to believe  
that you are of the male sex.

Oh, well, really!

Do I look like a man?

These days, it's very often difficult to tell.

- What about you? Do you think I'm male?

- I'd rather not say.

Well, there's only one way of proving I'm not,  
I suppose.

- No, no, don't do that.

- It's all right. I've got something on underneath.

Is that enough?

Yes. Thank you, miss.

I must apologise. I am perfectly satisfied.

All right, Cookson, come along.

Nice work, darling.

Hey!

What about you, Peter?

Are you perfectly satisfied?

No.

But I bloody well soon will be.

By the... Ooh, dear.

- And by this action...

- And by this action...

- I, Mildred Bumble...

- I, Mildred Bumble...

- publicly proclaim my equality to man...

- publicly proclaim my equality to man...

- and cast aside the bonds of womanhood.

- and cast aside the bonds of womanhood.

- Proceed.

- Proceed.

Call the fire brigade, someone!

This is indeed a proud day  
for the Fircombe Fire Brigade.

Very nice.

- Highly polished. What is that?

- That's the bell, sir.

The new high-speed hose.

Well, well, I must say,  
it all looks very efficient to me.

What is all this?

Well, amongst other things, Your Worship,  
this houses the lifeline.

The lifeline?

When any of the men are entering  
a smoking building or suchlike,  
first they attach one of these hooks  
to their belt.

Oh, I see.

Very good, yes.

- Like this?

- That's right.

Your Worship,  
I'd like to take a photograph of that.

Certainly, my boy, certainly.

(Bell rings)

- Good heavens, what was that?

- That's the alarm, I'm afraid.

(Siren blares)

How much is that, please?

- 50 pence, please, sir.

- Half a quid? Blimey, it'll have to be good!

I assure you,

you won't see anything like it again.

Great, in't it?

I didn't expect a crowd like this.

- We'll be sold out soon.

- Thanks for helping, Con.

Oh, I wouldn't have missed it for anything.

- You can't say I haven't worked for it.

- No, you're going to get everything you deserve.

I've got to get up to the theatre now.

Just make sure all this money is  
locked up nice and safe.

- Oh, I'll take good care of it.

- That's my girl.

You'd better keep your eye on that lot.  
We don't want any trouble.  
Don't worry, sir. None of them will get past us.  
Good lad.  
Yes?  
Excuse me, I'm looking for Paula...  
Miss Patricia Potter.  
All right, darling, I'll come out. Just a tick.  
- Enjoying the view?  
- Oh, sorry.  
What is it, darling?  
Paula, I don't want you to take part in this.  
But, darling, I'm enjoying it.  
And I might even win.  
I can't help it. I can't stand the thought of those  
people leering and mentally undressing you.  
They won't have to strain their mentality much.  
You're not going out there in that?!  
- Don't you think it's suitable?  
- Suitable?! You're showing your... button.  
- My what?  
- Your button! That.  
Oh. Is that bad?  
Don't you know there are certain things  
a woman just doesn't show in public?  
But I didn't think that was one of them.  
My mother always told me...  
I don't care!  
You're not going out there and that's that!  
Peter, you don't own me!  
I damn well do! When people meet my wife,  
they'll say, "There's the woman with the button!"  
Yes, darling. Let's see now...  
- How would it be if I wore this bit down there?  
- Well, that might...  
Darling, I'm going to marry you.  
Don't worry, darling.  
I'll try and find something more respectable.  
Sun Ray to A Able.  
Commence Operation Nobble.  
Roger and out.  
Five minutes, girls.  
Excuse me.  
Are you going to wear your own?

Yeah, I like it, actually.

**GIRL:**

All right, Fred. All I want from you is a few well-chosen words to start the whole thing off. Yes, I had thought of something along these lines:

- "Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen..."
- Great, that's just enough.
- Excuse me.
- Are you going to wish me luck?
- You won't need it, darling.
- You reckon?

I know. I'll speak to the judges. They're mates.

- You great big stupid ape!
- What's the matter?

You think you can go through life fixing things, even me. Well, you're dead wrong!

If I do win, it'll be without any help from you!

Wait a minute! Come here!

Don't you see?

I'm trying to do something nice for you.

Well, if you want to do something nice, wish me luck.

I do, but even luck needs a bit of a shove.

You'll never change, will you?

No, Sid, but thanks all the same.

All right, good luck.

Do you mind? This is private.

This is the ladies' cloakroom.

Oh, Gawd!

Ohh!

Good afternoon, madam.

And although this venture has not been welcomed by some of our more retrogressive residents, I venture to say...

nay, nay...

I more than venture,

I proudly say...

I proudly say... what?

- Ready? I'll introduce you.

- Not quite yet.

All right, Fred.

Thank you.

Ladies and gentlemen,

welcome to this,

the very first Miss Fircombe beauty contest.

I am highly delighted to be able to tell you

that all the contestants you will see today

represent the very cream of their profession.

Cream, let me say, that comes

in the most magnificent containers.

(Laughter)

Thank you. Before we go any further,

I'd like you to meet the man who has given

unstintingly of his time to Fircombe,

your own distinguished mayor,

Alderman Bumble!

Clear my throat.

Ladies and gentlemen...

Get 'em off!

Get 'em off, Bumble!

That's your lot, Fred. Don't overdo it.

It gives me great pleasure to be here...

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen.

It's time for you to meet

our distinguished panel of judges,

who have given their services entirely free.

First of all, we have Miss Carlotta Strong,

principal of the Fircombe School of Dancing,

Miss Charleston 1932.

Second, Mr Alf Foggett,

landlord of the Royal Oak.

(Smattering of cheers and jeers)

And finally, ladies and gentlemen,

none other than Mr Roger Tipson,

your own borough sanitary engineer.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, now comes

the moment you've all been waiting for,

the grand parade of all our lovely contestants,

introduced to you by Mr Peter Potter.

Our first contestant this afternoon

is a young lady who is the present holder

of the title Miss Dairy Queen...

Dawn Breaks!

Reminds me of HMS Bristol.

Thank you, Dawn.

Next a young lady who is a late but nonetheless very welcome entrant to the contest...

Miss Patricia Potter!

By Jove!

Thank you, Miss Potter.

Third, we have a very popular young lady, who is the current holder of the title Miss Easy Rider... Hope Springs!

What's the matter? Has she got fleas?

They all have.

Well done, Section A!

Get the next one on quick.

Contestant number four,

Geraldine Payne.

Section B, commence downfall.

Roger.

That's more like it.

What's happening here?

(Boing)

And now for a lady from bonny...

...land, Miss Susan Brooks.

(Laughter)

Oh, my God! Get the rest of them on quick!

Miss Eileen Denby.

Miss Maureen...

- A-choo!

- Aagh!

(Raucous laughter)

Miss Gloria Grimes.

Miss Melanie... Parker.

Miss Frances Dent.

Miss...

Sun Ray to all sections.

Commence Cloudburst.

(All scream)

Ladies and gentlemen, please.

There is no need to panic.

If you'll all try and keep your feet, we will endeavour to find out what has gone wrong.

Ladies and gentlemen, please!

This is your mayor speaking to you.

I know how terribly disappointed you must all be,

but we mustn't let it get us down.  
Man the pumps! Abandon ship!  
It's all right, ladies and gentlemen.  
- Keep your seats.  
- It's a swindle!  
There's Fiddler. Come on, let's get him!  
All right. Goodbye.  
There he is!  
Look out, he's gone raving mad!  
Sid, wait for me!  
"Thanks, Sid, this will pay  
for all my hotel damages. Connie.  
Love."  
Love?! The crooked old cow!  
Stop!  
There's another one! Hey!  
- Sid, wait for me!  
- Stop that woman!  
Stop them!  
Somebody stop those two!  
Not bloody likely!