Carry on Regardless

By Norman Hudis
We'll have to bung the advert in again, Miss Cooling.
I can't understand it, Mr Handy.
Not a single reply.
We're supposed to open today.
We'll just have to postpone.
With an enterprise like this, you need people with know-how...
...who'll do anything for anybody - that's the whole idea.
Never mind, Mr Handy,
I'm sure you'll get stuffed.
Eh? Oh, staffed.
Morning. Eh?
I'm saying good morning.
Morning.
Nothing interesting?
If there was, I'd be after it.
Are you after a job, Mr Twist?
Why not, Mr Infield-Hopping?
I'm not a fixture in this place.
It wasn't built around me.
A Ministry of Labour clerk can get bored of his job.
Watcha. What have you got today?
Nothing, Mr Weston. It's not worth my friend's petrol to bring me here.
Buongiorno. Shalom aleichem.
Just demonstrating four of the 16 languages I speak fluently.
There must be a worthwhile appointment for me today.
Please say there is.
Mr Courtenay...
Yes?
..there isn't.
Do you mind?
Do you mind?
Oh, charming.
You're in a nice mood.
Sorry, but I'm fed up.
So am I.
I need an interesting job.
Me, too.
There are no exciting jobs for women
You're right. It's a man's world.
Someone should do
something about it.
I agree. Come on.
No, we can't...
You can't come in 'ere.
Why not? I can do a man's job.
Me, too.
What have you got?
Nothing.
Hello, isn't it a lovely morning?
Anything on the cards?
Nothing.
I've never seen him move so fast.
He was reading the paper.
That can only mean...
A job. A fascinating job.
Just a moment...
Yeah, so fascinating
it's not been noted here.
Sam Twist is the name.
Francis Courtenay at your service.
Mike Weston. That's me.
Delia King, Miss.
Dimple. Gaby Dimple.
Lily Duveen, that's me.
Montgomery Infield-Hopping.
Seven - my lucky number.
You're all hired.
Come in. Good morning.
Who's responsible here?
Eh?
You're Mr Haydn?
How do you do?
Yes.
I own this grady far and hadn't had
the chance to do the first meeting.
Oh, yes.
No, you don't understand my meal.
Certainly, sir. What's the job?
There's no job. You don't seem
to understand the twenty fido.
Just give all the details of the assignment to Miss Cooling. There's no assignment shall she attain the ten see. I've come from this monthly grill to meet you...

..and I take it you're he. We do undertake anything, yes. Tell Miss Cooling about it. This is most provoc encouragemold. I've come as the milk and the human kindly and come to give it to you...

..f Klopp me off on your secretrial. Charmish, but that's not the poil. I don't think that's too tough, do you, Miss Cooling?

No. No. You've got a note of it, then?

No.

I should think not. I didn't utter a worm. The age of courtesy and couragemold is finish, I feel. If you want me to conveil my solicitole, I'll serve a writ. I can be as cold as the next. And crystal cleal. Good morny. Oh, sorry. Was that a job? What did he want?

New set of teeth. This kind of organisation gets swamped with nuts. And customers, I hope. But not, at the moment, for you. Girls?

Dead right. How would you like to try on a lady's wardrobe? Would I?

Get cracking, then. I suppose she won on points. A lovely idea - an anniversary gift for your wife. Feels so good. Yes. Doesn't look bad, either. A perfect fit. Thank you, Miss King. Can't wait to try on the others.
Perfect! A perfect fit!
Thank you very much.
It's been a pleasure. What a
marvellous surprise for Mrs Belling.
Would you like a coffee?
Oh, thank you.
Perfect!
Are you dressed?
Does it look like it?
My wife's getting out of a taxi.
I thought she was away today.
So did I.
She'll get her surprise early.
She'll get one I didn't plan.
What's that?
You.
Oh, me!
Quick, hide. Not in there!
You haven't got time to get out.
I'm not dressed for the street.
Precisely.
Can we not explain?
Helen. What are you doing here?
I missed the train.
It's not worth going now.
What's this? I know I'm absent-minded,
but I'd remember ordering all this.
Did I?
No, I did. I wanted you to see them
and wear some on our anniversary.
Oh, darling!
It's the most staggering gift.
Suppose they don't fit?
I've seen to that.
How?
Does it matter?
Poor darling husband, all nervy
because I've spoilt his surprise.
Never mind. Stay here
and I'll make you a coffee.
It is... HELEN! What are you doing?
I'm putting my coat away.
You shouldn't have taken it off.
Why not?
Because... the heating's given out.
Darling, are you all right?
Yes, perfectly.
You need something stronger.
Give me that coat.
That's no way to treat clothes.
That old thing?
I bought it two months ago.
It's not worth hanging up.
Helen, please, don't open...
I'll let you have the
estimate for the new clothes rail.
Morning, ma'am.
He came to try on your clothes,
but there's nothing between us...
..because he's really
a very nice girl.
Sam, relax.
I'll relax when I get an assignment.
Everyone else is out and about.
They're on routine jobs.
I bet fate has got
something exciting in store for you.
It'll be the first time.
Helping Hands? Yes, with pleasure.
Immediately? Yes.
Right, got it. Thank you.
What did I tell you?
No? Something exciting?
Baby-sitting.
Good evening.
I'm from Helping... Hands.
Hello. Come in, do.
Is this the right place? I mean...
Yes, this is the right place.
Erm... P-P-Panting?
No, that's the way I always breathe.
And your name?
Twist, madam. Sam Twist.
Do sit down.
Yes, well, er... where's the baby?
Oh, look.
Oh, delightful.
And so like you, too.
Well, I don't wish to delay you...
...so just show me where the baby is.
Oh, come here and relax, Mr Twist.
Relax? No, thank you, madam, not while I'm on duty.
Well, madam, where is the baby?
I haven't got a baby.
That's my niece.
Oh.
Sit down.
Er, no, no.
Mr Twist,
don't make it difficult for me.
You're making it difficult for me, madam.
I'll explain, Mr Twist.
You see, I have deceived you.
I don't really need a baby-sitter.
In that case, I'll just be going...
But I do need a man.
Mrs Panting!
You will help me, won't you?
It depends what you want.
You.
Why me? Ahem. Why me?
It could be any man, but I want to keep it on a professional basis.
I must have a man by eight o'clock.
Well, we only supply helping hands.
Why eight o'clock?
That's when he gets home.
Oh, I see, yes, does he?
Who?
Mr Panting.
My husband!
Oh, madam.
He neglects me.
I find that difficult to believe.
He ignores me.
It's impossible.
He takes me for granted.
Surely not.
I know he loves me, but I want him to show it more.
Ask him to...
Have a little chat with him.
It's no good, I've tried.
No, he needs a lesson.
So do I. I mean, that he does, yes.
I've got to make him jealous.
That's the ticket.
He must find me with a man.
You're so right. At eight o'clock.
On the dot.
Now do you understand?
Yes, Mrs Panting, I... NO! No, no.
Please, it's nearly eight o'clock.
Stay away from me, dangerous lady.
He'll be here in seconds.
You might as well make it look good.
Kiss me.
Madam!
Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me...
Penny!
Let me go, you beast!
Can I help it if I'm irresistible?
Mr Panting, I can explain.
I'm from Helping Hands. Let me go.
My braces. I can explain everything.
Your wife... oh, my braces.
It all started with the baby...
Darling.
Did you hurt your hand?
"Attractive man required
to model for our..."
Morning. Oh, sorry.
It blew off. Oh.
Ahem!
Aye aye.
Yes, madam, right away.
Yes, certainly, thank you.
Job for you.
As a model?
Lady wants someone to walk her pet.
It's a lovely day. Do you good.
Nice address, anyway.
I'm from Helping Hands. I understand
you want me to take your pet out.
Oh, yes. I got such an awful cold.
Well, never mind.
Where is the little chap?
Here.
Oh, I, really, I... I rather er...
Helping Hands
said they can do anything.
And so we will. What's his name?
Yoki.
Yoki.
Don't let him out of your sight.
No. Come on, Yoki.
Which way? This way? That way?
Oh, down here, all right. Come along.
Go for a nice walk, shall we?
Walk nicely.
You're not bringing that on here.
But he's tired and the best way to
see London is from the top of a bus.
Not this one. Great hairy thing.
I am not!
Hold tight.
I'll report you to the RSPCA.
Cheeky monkey!
No offence. The British Transport
Commission should hear about this.
Taxi! Taxi!
Can you take us to...
I'll take you, but not your brother.
We've had a long walk. We're tired.
Why not climb in a tree for a kip?
Thank you very much Charming.
Did you hear what he said?
Do you want to go somewhere?
Oh, I see. You want to see
your friends. And so you shall.
Just in time for tea.
Morning, Lil.
Morning.
Is it worth taking my coat off?
I've got a beaut for you.
Collecting invitation cards
and being pleasant.
I say, that'll be nice.
Thank you.
Thank you.
Good morning.
Good morning.
That's everybody.
A nice crowd they are, too.
Yes, very.
Can I render any further service?
Just collecting these cards isn't sweated labour.
Please be our guest.
Oh, I say. Thanks.
Are you a lover of the grape, Miss Duveen?
Actually, no.
I never know what to do with the pips - flick, collect or spit.
Well, I never...
Will you excuse me?
Madam, for you? A soupcon?
Really? What kind of soup?
Soup? Madam, there is no soup.
You just said there was.
I asked if you'd care to taste the 1952.
Rather! Such a pretty colour.
Like Coca-Cola. Thanks, I'll try it.
Madam, please. Don't unsettle it.
Wow! That's what I call a drink.
I'll have some more. Fill it up.
Fill? To the brim.
Let's have a proper drink.
Madam, you're supposed to taste several wines.
Don't worry, I will. Fill it up.
Not exactly heavy-handed, are you?
Oh, well, here's cream on your salad!
Tickle.
Nice.
By George!
Hello.
Powerful stuff.
I see you had the Nuit-St-Georges.
A dignified wine, don't you think?
Oh, very.
It was a fascinating experience.
Have you ever...
What are you doing down there?
Getting up. But I can't.
Come along, young lady. Hup!
No handling, if you please.
But I was only...
I know your sort. That'll do.
Bless my soul!
It certainly was powerful stuff.
Marvellous!
Did you see that? Do do it again.
Madam!
Oh, dear. Just shows you. First time
must have been beginner's luck.
I really...
I'm so sleepy.
You can't sleep here, madam.
What's going on? I'm dropping off.
Miss Duveen! If my wife were to...
A married man,
making advances to me?
I didn't!
Chuck him out!
Miss Duveen, please.
I keep being insulted at this do.
Miss Duveen, this is not a do.
Don't speak to me like that!
I'm most terribly sorry.
All right, all right, I'm going.
I wouldn't stay here if you paid me.
I can't apologise enough.
Come on, gorgeous.
Hey! Hold up there.
Let's get out of here together, hm?
Disgraceful. A load of drunks.
We've got them all working.
On the day we got our first office
flowers. The sign of success.
Isn't it wonderful?
Cigar?
No, I don't smoke, thank you.
Come in.
You again.
There's no rights than me to beheed.
Miss Cooling.
Oh, not agrail! It's you I'm going
to thalkest to, come what mayload.
Just tell my secretary.
Miss Coollie?
Oh, perhaps I willed.
Perhaps this lade shall understand
the simply measure I'm to offering.
Have I your attentiahoad, madler?
Lovely day, yes.
I'm not here
to discussit the weatheraped.
We should listen together.
You deal with it, Miss Cooling.
There's no understab in your
eardroves! Beyond my comprehood.
You don't understand
a syllabulb I'm uttering.
You're from sanitation?
I didn't catch that.
He mentioned the guttering.
I did knockers!
There's nothing wrong
with the guttering.
It said which knockers
intern or extern rebode.
It's your responsible
to sign it flap.
You understand, Miss Cooling.
No.
What do you mean, nckers?
You think I talk doplo dutchery?
Dutch!
He's Dutch!
We have a man...
A lere leeny...
Don't get excited. This man
very clever. He speak 16 language.
You come back...
I am not Dutch!
Look, I'm a very busy man.
Do you think I stand for a loafery?
He wants a chauffeur!
We don't compete with car-hire firms.
I'm gone, but I recoil.
To blaze with all communicail,
save the voice and languie
my voice and languie.
This is mobe obsession - to convey
the message. I will for doom that.
I don't want your grames,
but I'll play to the bitter hobis.
How dare you!
And when I recoil alert and refresh,
you shall understab!
And you!
Handy? Who's Handy?
I am.
You look it, I must say.
Thank you. Won't you sit down?
No. I'm Amalagamated Scrap Iron.
You must be a millionaire.
Four times over.
Do sit down.
I've already said no!
Do you provide substitutes?
No! This is a respectable firm.
You know the hospital up the road?
Oh, yes.
Keep my place for me today.
Eh?
Didn't I make myself clear?!
I just don't understand.
You're a millionaire.
Four times over.
And you go to an NHS hospital.
It's the principle.
I buy my stamp and have my money's
worth. But I've no time to wait.
Got to take over
International Screws today.
Will you do it? Yes or no?
I'll put my best operative onto it.
You won't! I want you.
The head man, or the deal's off.
Very well. Have a cigar.
Don't smoke 'em. Neither should you.
Bad for you.
What a stench.
Have a flower to get rid of it.
Good morning, Doctor, Sister.
When Sir Theodore arrives,
telephone me at once.
Yes, Matron.
This is a vital inspection.
What he says goes. Clear?
Yes, but how do I recognise him?
He's not exactly handsome, but
I'm told he has a rugged grandeur...
...and he wears a flower
in his buttonhole.
Yes, Matron.
Doctor?
Doctor, he's here.
No!
I'll phone Matron.
Hello, sir. Hello.
This is an unexpected honour.
Is it?
Of course. That's nice of you.
Would you like to wait
in the examination room?
Yes, I don't mind. Thank you.
Nice people.
Good morning.
Hello.
First patient, Sister.
Yes, Doctor.
Good morning. Welcome.
We feel most honoured.
How do you do?
Would you please follow me,
Sir Theodore?
Sir Theodore?
Morning, matron. Morning, sir.
Morning, sister.
Watch closely. This is the world's
most inspired diagnostician.
He must be to learn about a varicose
vein by studying the scalp.
Watch, listen, learn.
Never.
What do you mean, never?
That track, in the mud - never.
I've been following that horse.
But other horses never follow him.
Don't put me off.
I'm doing you a favour. That's a cow.
Mind your own business.
OK.
It's his funeral.
Nurse, side ward.
Oh, I'm sorry.
Nurse!
I'm sorry, sister.
That's too heavy a load for you.
Don't stand there, give her a hand!
Let me help you, nurse.
Hey, what the hell...!
Cheer up, chicken. It's all right.
Where would we be if we didn't help each other? Let's see some more.
All great men
are slightly eccentric.
Yes, Matron.
Yes, Matron.
All right, Nurse.
Goochy-goochy! Wibble-wibble!
Little baskets!
I mean, what little baskets you keep them in.
Oh, yes.
I love kids.
Have you any of your own?
I can't say I have,
I can't say I haven't.
I always say that brilliant men
are absent-minded.
Yeah.
We give our nurses
a regular checkup.
Is there anything else we can show you?
I think I'll rest here awhile.
You're late.
Where is he?
Where's who?
The man keeping my place.
What man?
He had a face like a relief map.
And a flower?
Yes, he had a flower. He's from Helping Hands. Where is he?
Ward 10.
Emergency.
Yes, Sister.
Nurse. What is it?
It isn't.
Isn't what?
He isn't. That man.
Which man isn't what?
The man with Matron isn't Sir Theodore.
Goodness gracious!
Matron, that man's not Sir Theodore.
He's an imposter.
What?!
You're not Sir Theodore.
I never said I was.
Leave this instant.
Some other time, eh? When you need a helping hand. Tell your friends.
That's definitely my best side.
For what, Mr Courtenay?
Nothing, I was just...
Hoping the photography job might go your way?
What photography job?
Would you like me to pencil you in?
Yes. I photographed well as a child.
My relatives treasure portraits of me. I was curly.
You weren't!
Yes!
How lovely you must have been.
Suggest me for it. I'd like to know how I'd photograph in my maturity.
I haven't been done professionally for ages.
Leave it to me.
Thank you.
Good morning, gentlemen.
I'm your model.
Can't believe it, eh? I understand.
There's no point being modest
- I have the perfect face for photography.
We're very grateful. None of the top models would do it...
Sorry. Would do, I mean.
Some of us have got it
and some of us haven't.
You've got it, all right.
Soon thousands of poster hoardings will have it, too - my face.
Won't you sit down?
Thank you.
Well, gentlemen, ready when you are.
Let's go.
Take your time.
I'm difficult to light, I know.
You're lit.
Oh, you know your job, I must say.
What's the product we're selling?
I mean...
Keep quite still.
Good morning, Sam.
Good morning, you say?
Look at that - you're late.
Only a minute. No-one else is in.
"Only a minute" she says. Charming.
What if Caesar had only been a minute for the Spanish Armada...?
I don't know what I'm talking about.
Sam, are you in trouble?
The worst.
What's her name?
Oh, please, it's worse than that.
Tell me about it and your worries will disappear like a puff of smoke.
If you've got a hangover,
it must be a corker. Take my tip...
Corker, tip...
Sam, what on earth is the matter?
I want it.
No! Cigarette, damn it.
Well, have one.
I've given it up.
Then don't have one.
I want one.
Make up your mind!
I have - to give it up.
Well, there's an end to it.
But I want one.
How long have you been like this?
Since yesterday lunch time, really.
This is hell!
I've got the answer - a sweet.
A sweet.
They'll make you fat.
I couldn't stand inactivity
without a sweet.
Self-indulgence. No willpower.
Look who's talking!
I can talk if I want to.
I've been without it for 24 hours.
Without what?
A cigarette.
You made me say that!
Oh, look at my sweets!
Trying to make me say it.
Sorry, darling.
Smoke... Smoke, see?
Can't do without it.
I must have a smoke!
I must! I must! I must!
Better now?
Oh, yeah.
Sir Walter Raleigh
certainly earned his knighthood.
Isn't that strange?
Just a few puffs of that.
Oh, it makes the whole world look
sort of all... most peculiar.
Sam!
Sam!
It'll pass away.
So will you by the look of you.
Don't worry. It's like this when you start smoking again after a lay-off.
Can you... Can you get up?
Cigarette.
Sam, no.
Please, Lil. Cigarette.
No, you are going to give it up.
I can't give it up, Lil.
I've tried six times and always end up like this. I'm a slave to them.
Six times. It's disgraceful.
This time you are going through with it.
No. I can't.
Yes, you can.
All you need is a helping hand.
A helping hand who needs a helping hand! I'm going to help you.
How? I won't have a single sweet, you won't have a single draw.
We'll both do without.
No sweets.
No draws!
Weiss du, was du bist?
Du bist ein ganz ekelhafter, lumpiger Kerl!
Ich hab' die Nase voll von dir.
Excuse me a minute.
Wer immer das mag sein, mach ihn weg.
Just a moment, dear.
Mr Trellorny? I'm from Help...
Yes, yes, I know. Come in.
You can start work at once.
Thank you.
My dear, would you repeat what you said just now?
Ich glaub', du hast mich sehr gut verstanden. Raus mit ihm!
The lady wishes me to leave, sir.
I'm paying you and I say you stay.
Schick den verdammten Trottel fort!

Good gracious me!

What's she saying?

Eh?

You're meant to listen. Translate.

No, not in front of a lady.

Idiotisches Rindvieh, Sie!

Oh, I say!

I don't care what you say.

What did she say?

No, I couldn't. Oh, no.

Trevor...

Ah, that's better. Trevor.

My name's the same in any language.

What are we arguing about?

Ha!

Ha!

Would you elaborate?

Wenn er nicht vor der Tur sitzt,
dann ist weg mit deinem Kopf!

If I can't leave immediately,
there's to be a physical assault...

Stand your ground.

On you! If you'd let me finish.

Da du einen Dolmetscher hier
gestellt hast...

As you have an interpreter here,
you needn't be ignorant...

..of my sorrow and anger.

Es ist dies -

It is this -

Even I can get that.

..wenn eine Frau eine neue Frisur
hat und einen neuen Hut...

When a wife has a new hairstyle
and new hat...

..erwartet sie,
dass ihr Mann davon Notiz nimmt!

..she wants it noted.

Und wenn er das nicht tut...

When it is not so,
that can only mean one thing.

..dass seine Interessen
woanders liegt.
His interest is elsewhere.
Wahrscheinlich bei seiner neuen
Schlampe von einer Stenotypistin!
Probably with his trollop secretary.
Is that all?
Alles?!
All?!
You silly girl!
Wagst du es,
mein ein dummes Madel zu nennen?
Don't call me a silly girl.
Oh, but you are.
Ich bin es nicht! Ich bin
eine tief leidenschaftliche Frau.
I'm not.
I'm a deeply passionate woman.
Oh, I know, I know.
Du behandelst mich
aber nicht als eine Solche.
You don't behave as if I was one.
How can you say that?
Fur eine ganze Woche hast du mir
kein Zeichen deiner Liebe gegeben.
For a week,
you've shown no love towards me.
I was too tired.
Ja, gewiss - meiner Mude!
Yes, tired of me.
No, no, darling.
Es ist alles die Sekretarin.
It's that stenographer.
There's no need to be so convincing.
I can't help it.
I think your wife's got a point.
You're here to translate, not judge.
Do you come from a broken home?
As a matter of fact, I don't.
Well, I do.
I beg of you, think of your children.
Ja, aber horen Sie!
We haven't got any children.
You won't have, like this.
You tired, you with your hats.
You should be ashamed of yourselves.
Please... don't upset yourself.  
I can't help it.  
You're back in English.  
Does that mean...  
It means our trivialities are  
nothing compared to the turmoil...  
...of this delicate and wounded soul.  
Make up, you two.  
That's the only thing to help me.  
If only for my sake, make up.  
All right, then. All right.  
Yes. Yes, nice.  
Seconds out.  
Lofty Benson! Cor blimey!  
Bert Handy. A little older, but I'd  
recognise that ugly mug anywhere.  
You helped make it like this!  
Let's sit down and have a natter.  
This is business, can't stop.  
I need a couple of seconds tonight.  
You're not going back in the ring?  
Only the corner. I'm in management.  
My fighter's Dynamite Dan Grimsby.  
Never heard of him.  
You will after his fight tonight.  
Who's he fighting?  
Mickey McGee.  
Massive Mickey? Are you punchy?  
My kid's dynamite.  
I'll come myself tonight, gee him on.  
Will you?  
And the seconds are on the house.  
Good old Bert!  
Hulking great brute!  
And such a show-off!  
Bit nervy. There, not to worry.  
Just one big whack in his fat belly.  
That'll knock the wind out of him.  
Who? Me?  
I give the advice around here.  
Massage his back.  
Aargh! Oooh!  
So sorry. I do beg your pardon.  
Owww! He's hurt my finger. Owww!
Get this one off, too.
Ooooh!
You'll be all right, son.
It's a right horrible sprain.
I can't fight.
You've got to.
With one hand?
How can you be so inhuman?
Shut up! Listen, Dan, Dan...
...is a very hurt man.
Ready, champ?
Ready?
No, not tonight.
Eh?
He's only sprained his little finger.
Ladies and gentlemen,
your attention, please.
Dynamite Dan Grimsby is forced to
withdraw owing to a
sprained little finger.
In place of the main bout...
Oh, you unsympathetic lump!
Why doesn't somebody punch him?
Why don't you? It's your fault.
Gabe!
Come here, Gabe.
Hey, you. Come on back and fight.
What are you waiting for?
Do I have to strike the first blow?
Very well, then,
don't say I didn't warn you.
Oh, no, I'm not ready.
Hey, ref! He can't hit him,
he's got his glasses on!
Come on, Gabe! Get at him!
Run, Gabe! Run!
Faster!
Get out! Jump out!
He's coming, Gabe!
He's got him!
Well done, Gabe!
Yes?
I see. How very disappointing.
I shall have to make
alternative arrangements.
Take care. Goodbye.
Helping Hands Ltd.
I beg your pardon? I'm sorry, sir,
I can't understand...
Oh! Too loud now.
I still can't understand.
Now, sir, what was it you wanted?
Yes... yes...
The what?! Are you sure?
Well, I'm sorry, but I find it
difficult to understand you.
Yes,
of course I've got a note of it.
Forth Bridge, rest assured.
Goodbye.
Oh, I wish I'd turned it down.
I'm glad you didn't.
I mean, this to me is... it...
..it's adventure. It's like -
what's it called? - "The 39 Steps".
Oh, I didn't hear him very well.
It's all so indefinite.
But these things usually are.
The agent cool, alert and debonair.
He's only ever given a rendezvous;
he receives his instructions there.
I might even be contacted
on the train.
Ah, Scotland -
lot of hydroelectric stuff up there.
Bet this has something to do
with atomic energy.
Gracious,
I hope you don't end up in Russia!
If I do, I shall behave as an
ex-corporal of the Pioneers should.
Name, rank and number,
and hands off my shovel.
Don't go! Think of brainwashing!
How can they wash what isn't there?
Er, by that I mean
I don't know anything. Yet.
Excuse me, Miss Cooling, my train.
Well, au revoir, Miss Cooling.
Or maybe goodbye.
Oh, dear!
Going all the way?
Uh-huh.
That's our man, then.
Oh!
Thank you.
You're not English.
And you're not Chinese - so what?
So this -
we might be on the same journey.
Of course we are.
OK, I'm persevering.
I don't like it.
Quit the pretence, I'm your man.
What?!
I'm glad we met. I wasn't looking
forward to jumping off the train.
Huh?! But if you say
we jump, then we jump.
Can we talk this over
somewhere less public?
Sorry, mate.
Ugh, brown Windsor! Ugh!
' This is it.
Here's the bridge.'
'Listen, you've got to jump out.'
There's not going to be any contact
on the train.'
'When you jump,
let every muscle go slack.'
'NOT NOW, STUPID!'  
'When you jump.'
'You're not nervous now, are you?'
No!
'OK, kid, near the bridge now
- your rendezvous,
the bridge. Get going!'  
'Maybe... maybe there is a contact
on the train... waiting for you.'
'Yes, that's it - waiting till the last
minute - yes - to test your nerve...
to see if you will prepare to jump.'
'Scuse me.
Have you any orders for me, sir?
Orders?! I just want to pass.
Sure, sir?
Quite sure.
Don't you want me for anything, sir?
No, I do not!
Helping Hands... Oh, yes...
Oh, it's you!
Oh, yes, most honoured we are, sir.
I trust it's going according to plan.
My man went to the Forth Bridge...
Went where?
To the Forth Bridge, as you said.
No! I wanted a fourth at bridge!
Oh... a fourth at bridge...
This is it, Mr Handy.
Thank you, Miss Cooling.
No matter how well a firm
is doing, it needs publicity.
Yeah. Shut up!
And that could well be the
finest publicity we could have.
Obviously, in a kitchen like this
work is a luxurious pleasure.
You can do so many things at once.
Good set-up, old chap.
Thank you, sir.
But the PC's missing. The PC?
Popsy cupboard.
Now, musn't be naughty!
Unimanual control, and it will go
as fast as you like. Observe!
I say! There is a popsy cupboard
after all.
Perfect safety. Fixed in a flash
and unfixed likewise.
None of you children want to rock
on the rocking horse?
Ride it yourself!
I know what you want.
Come along, a swing -
anyone like a swing?
No.
I'll have a swing myself.
Just to show you. Isn't it lovely?
Look at me! Oh!
The safety belt makes
window-cleaning so cosy.
It pays for itself
in six tiny months. Ridiculous!
Won't any little boy or girl sit
on the other end and rock with me?
No!
To unHarness the safety belt,
all you do is AAAGH!
Oh!
I'm sorry, Lily.
You made a wave!
Who's the boiler?
Ooh!
May I ask you to move closer?
Thank you. I do not wish
to raise my voice too
loudly, in case I wake the
people in the next house.
May I introduce you to the Bed
of the Century? Here it is.
Whatever you do in bed,
this bed helps you do it better.
Do you not believe me, madam?
Come to bed with me!
First...
the neighbours may be watching...
That's better.
And so, to bed,
and we will find out.
A little television, perhaps?
The early morning cup of tea?
Or maybe you fancy a snack?
La buffet.
Perhaps you would like
a nice, cosy read?
Voila!
Or maybe you've come to bed merely
to sleep? Can happen, of course.
Very well... Just recline
on the Bed of the Century.
Ooh!
The position not quite right, no?
How often that can happen.
The Bed of the Century will solve
this small problem for you.
Merely recline
- do not move.
Our mould-to-the-body
mattress does it all for you.
Watch, watch, watch.
Eh? What's going on?
Fred! There's something wrong
with the bed, Fred!
Wagon train!
One for the pot!
You're not our Lou.
No. Your Lou's a bit off colour
today, so I come to take his place.
In there? Never!
It's OK, I know the rule - silence.
You're not trained for it.
Oh, come, come, come, please, Sarge.
What training do you need to keep
quiet for a few hours? Don't worry!
Shh!
Quiet! Quiet!
QUIET!!!
You mustn't speak!
Good morning, Mr Handy.
You look dazed.
I am.
What's it all for?
Streamlined organisation.
If it's good for the business,
of course. Perhaps you'll explain.
I have made terrible mistakes.
You're a tower of strength!
Every tower needs foundations,
and these are mine.
Each job is filed here, cross-
referenced there, costed here...
...assigned to an available operator.
All of which is secondary
to the operative procedure.
Oh, yes, operative, yeah.
Oh, b...
Oh, I don't suppose it'll matter.
Morning!
Morning.
Ingenious system, eh?
Oh, yes. No possibility of error?
None whatsoever.
Going my way?
No.
I thought we'd share a taxi.
Well,
I'm already thinking in Chinese.
Chinese?
Interpreting's my job today. Bye!
Chinese - I wonder if it's true
what they say.
Francis!
Good morning, Madam.
Toushan.
Pardon?
Toushan.
Of course!
Coincidence
- a friend of mine has gone all
Chinese this morning as well.
May - I - come - in?
Please! Wait a minute! Look, please!
There's been a mistake.
Mistake? It's impossible.
Gracious me!
This must be Fr-Francisesis's job.
What platform for Ely?
Number one, over there.
Thank you. I'll show them
if I need a keeper.
Come along, girls.
Good morning.
I'm your Helping Hand, I fancy.
Go away.
Oh, you expected me to be Chinese.
Chinese?
I expected your girls
to be Chinese too.
I don't know what you're talking about.
As soon as I saw their breast...
I beg your pardon!
Breast pockets.
I put two and two together.
I want a policeman.
I'll offer you a much better service.
I speak Chinese, with a slight Cantonese accent.
An interesting group of girls, European, of course.
On their first contact with London they'll need me to,
er... Shall we begin?
Begin what?
I'll go in the first taxi with some of the girls...
Police!
Madam...
Police!
What's the trouble?
I'm ready to pick up this woman's girls.
Oh?
Yes, I speak Chinese.
You speak what?
Can't you understand English?
Arrest this man.
No, don't!
They speak English.
So what?
They should speak Chinese.
What am I doing here if they can speak English as well as what we can?
Arrest this man.
I'm working, I'm a linguist.
That's a new name for it.
How dare you!
Shut up!
Aw! They're handling a genius.
I protest! Ah! Ah! Ah! Aw! Ah!
You're Martin Paul, the actor.
That's right.
I thought this wasn't
a beauty salon.
Pardon? Oh, won't you
please come in?
I'm demonstrating
a new beauty treatment.
A very pretty mistake too.
Mr Paul, please.
You can help me dress and undress.
Mr Paul, really!
I like Helping Hands.
Not helping yourself hands!
But you don't understand.
Will you please control yourself?
My fifth marriage has just ended.
What's that got to do with it?
Console me, have pity on me
in my hour of need.
Who knows, you may
well be number six!
Waaa! Not on your nelly! I'm off.
Pity.
Morning, sir.
Is the rehearsal being held here?
It's a demonstration.
Where's Mr Paul?
Who's Mr Paul?
There's been a mistake.
I've assembled the
beauty trade to watch a
lovely girl undergoing
our latest routine.
Have I got a girl? No!
Steady on.
I've got you and I don't want you.
Hello. Togetherness Marriage Agency?
It's three minutes after the time
she's supposed to have arrived.
I'm on the verge of a most important
meeting and you can't
get her here on time.
I am extremely dissatisfied.
The next time I want a wife I
shall take my custom elsewhere.
She's here.
Mr Beamish?
Oh, yes.
I know everything's
going to be all right.
There's no reason
why it shouldn't be.
How exquisite, how exciting.
May I come in?
Oh, please do.
How thoughtful to bring flowers.
That's what you wanted -
a woman's touch in
your home. Do sit down.
I can't sit down, there's so much to
do. Where do you want me to start?
I'll leave that to you.
That doesn't look very comfortable.
Comfortable enough for anybody now.
Yes. Isn't it wonderful,
we're the same religion.
Eh?
Isn't it good the agency
takes care of such things?
Do they?
Definitely.
Your beliefs don't concern me.
The important thing is to get
on with the job and enjoy it.
But don't you want to talk?
Talk? We both know what I'm here
to do. What's there to talk about?
You sound more experienced
than I imagined.
I've had plenty of variety.
Variety?
That's why I joined.
Of course.
I don't mind. You must
take the rough with the smooth.
What are you doing?
Stripping for action.
I like to be comfy.
You don't have to do anything.
I think you ought to go.
But I haven't done anything yet.
And I don't want you to.
There's been a mistake.
You specifically asked for flowers.
I've got the letter here.
Show me.
Show me.
Helping Hands.
Marriage agency?
I thought you wanted someone to tidy
the place, a woman's touch for...
A tea party for my aunt
in two weeks' time.
Here we are. Aren't they lambs?
They look like birds to me.
Where's the show, then?
Olympia, next year.
No, I mean your show.
That must be a corker.
Must it?
You're crafty. You're dead crafty.
It looks like an ordinary house.
Where do you keep them?
Keep what?
You know.
But I don't.
You can rely on discretion with us.
If you want me to do the job,
I must know where they are.
But they're here. Can you not see?
Where?
What do you mean?
Where do the girls undress?!
There are no girls here.
Who does undress here, then?
Only the old woman
when she goes to bed.
Put his head in a bucket.
You do and I'll bite your thumb off.
Get out of it.
You are from Helping Hands?
Of course, I'm your chucker-out.
There's been a mistake.

# SLOW JAZZ
Oh, hello.
What do you want?
Your birds. What sort are they?
What sort do you like?
Blue tits. Have you got any?
No, we've got central heating.
Oh, tropical birds.
We have one from Ceylon.
Oh, my goodness, how do I keep
the poor things warm in a taxi?
Look, chum, this is a respectable
place, you could bring your aunt.
Oh, thank you.
You're not from Helping Hands?
Yes.
You made a mistake.
I can't, we've got a system.
I asked for a chucker-out.
We've had trouble with gatecrashers.
I wanted somebody tough
to turf them out.
And you got me.
Yeah.
Yes. A job's a job, orders
are orders. When do I start?
You mean you'll take the job?
Yes, please.
Well, bully for you.
Thanks.
Oh, I say!
I couldn't bring my aunty here.
Thank you.
You're welcome.
Gee up, gee up, gee up!
You need a punch up the beak.
How do you do?
I was thinking early busy, wondering
if you're ready for the frail.
Sir, perhaps I'll understand you
if you talk slowly.
Do me a favour - slowly.
For many crowthers, I have omster
investor moerd craymen foil.
I just don't understand him.
I do.
You do?
He gobbledegook.
I don't care what he is.
You don't understand.
I know. Translate it.
How do you do?
How do you do?
Minda plow interpri?
Well, how extraordin necessar tooly.
You can strowl and tell
Mr hayden there was goeden.
Prepare yourself for a shock.
This is your landlord...
...and he's just given you notice.
Because I don't talk
his language? Racial prejudice.
No prejudice. Kalaba boawal.
Each man's
investment bowl futures.
And therefore us all upsars.
He's just received a much
better offer for these premises.
That's nice!
Just as we were settling in
so comfortably.
I don't realise the problem sown.
Get the message home for weeks.
He's been trying to tell you
for weeks about it...
..to soften the blow.
I'm sure we'd all chip in
to cover the increase.
Yeah.
No, we'll find new premises.
It took you three months to
find this place and it's no palace.
That's the end of Helping Hands.
Back to the labour exchange.
There must be some way out.
Yeah, that door, we're sunk.
Surely there's something we can do.
We must be sensible.
In his shoes, I'd do the same.
In his shoes, I'd run for me life.
It's not gonna solve our problem.
All conscience and shedy tear.
But I found a wet sea and water...
..but I say you can all stay remain
if you suffer generarops.
He's moved by our loyalty
to this enterprise...
..and we can stay.
Oh, that's nice. Thank you.
If we will do something for him.
What? I'll do anything.
I'll do anything.
I have in this enviros beautiful
lawns a great bildis biroque...
..and a gargol in front entrals,
windy staircase up to the ceily...
..and shandy ladies, fine centra
gives with Van Gogh...
..and if anyone come works
themselves to stickabick...
..this leasy is handy-ho, garba.
His main business
is property development.
He's bought the oldest,
dirtiest house he's ever had...
..and the cleaning
bill is prohibitive.
If we all clean it for him,
he'll give us a 99-years lease.
Why not make it the round 100?
You shuppy caky.
You shut your cakehole.
It'll take 99 years
to clear up this dump.
Yeah, well, step by step.
OK, boss, where do we start?
To make it easier to walk about,
the floor first.
It's better to start
at the top of the house.
Disturbed dust will fall down and
muck up what we've already cleaned.
May I submit for the sake
of efficient team working...
..that we all belt up.
Always the gent.
Let's put ourselves
in the hands of Sir Handy.
I like it noted I suggested
the suggestion I suggested.
Very suggestive it was too.
Over here, please.
Who's the scrubber?
In a straight line.
Get in a straight line. Come on.
Right now, you ready. Quick sweep!
One, two, one, two, one, two...

CHOKING:
I'll get some water.
Here, there's no water, we'll have
to turn on... the... the main.
The water mains.
Wonder where they are.
It's usually in the cellar.
I'll nip down and look. If I find it
I'll shout, you turn the tap on.

THUD:
Mr Handy!
Turn the flaming light on!
Oh, yes, but I'm not sure
where they put the...
Argh!
Don't go, there's so few left.
Where's the flaming light?! 
The electricity
doesn't seem to be connected.
Someone might have told you
the stairs begin immediately.
Well, they didn't, did they?!
No, they didn't! Ohhh!
Can you find the water main
in the dark?
I'll try.
Oh, blimey! I found it
with my blasted shin!
Help, don't just stand there!
I say, how did you know
where I was standing? Oooh!
I've just remembered,
I left the tap turned on.
We got it! Yeah!
Hurray!
Women and children first!
Thank you, Mother, come on!
Francis, where are you?
Where have you gone?
Turn it off!
I've just turned it on.
Turn it off!
Turn off the main!
Get down there and turn off the main!
Break it down!
Go on!
Are you all right?!
Of course he is. He's done it before
Fancy charging
a rotting old door like that.
Any idiot can tell if a door's
solid.
Test it. Simple.
Argh!
Hey, Dave!
Hello. I'm all right,
and I've turned off the main.
The water will die down in a moment.
There's a big hole.
I did suggest we started upstairs.
Look at all the mess.
I'm looking.
This is the end of Helping Hands.
What a remarkable
organisation set to sure.
Who would you know I'd decide
to demolish all this propy...
...and to build
a luxury modern flabablock?
You can say that again.
Flabablock.
Cor! Remarkabold.
An extraordinary pace of progress in such a short tie load. Folly, folly.
Only one thing to sum up it.
What's that?
Carry-okus.
Goodly-bye load.
"What an organisation you are. How could you know I'd change my mind...
..and pull the house down - the greenhouse and wash house and..."
That fell down of its own accord.
He's going to build a luxury block of flats.
Only one thing remains to be said - carry on!
Regardless!