



Scripts.com

Carry On... Up the Khyber

By Talbot Rothwell

India, 1895.

The most precious gem in the far-flung belly
of the Great British Empire.

Here the British rulers and their memsahibs
enjoyed a life of luxury and ease,
matched only by that of the Indian rajahs.

None more so than Her Majesty's Governor
of the Northwest Frontier Province,
Sir Sidney Ruff-Diamond.

(Elephant breaks wind)

For them, it was a rich life.

And endless round of receptions, balls,
ceremonial processions, tiger shoots,
and, of course, polo.

And who are we playing today,
Major Shorthouse?

- Kalabar Ravers, Your Excellency.

- Oh, top-hole.

Hic!

Pardon.

Who's the turban-job on the throne?

You mean the Khasi.

That's Randy Lal.

Who?

Randy Lal, the Khasi of Kalabar.

Ooh. How do you know he is, then?

How do I know he's what?

Randy.

That's his name!

Ooh.

He's very good-looking, isn't he?

Yes. The richest and most powerful rajah
in northern India.

He's smiling at us.

- Well, smile back.

- Cooee!

You don't have to go raving mad.

My father, who are those people?

That, light of my darkness,

is Sir Sidney Ruff-Diamond,

the British Governor, whose benevolent rule
and wise guidance we could well do without.

Oh, I say, he's a charming man, isn't he?

Yes. I wouldn't trust him an inch.

- Ooh, neither would I.

- I didn't mean that.

You don't like this man, my father?

Light of my darkness,

there is no mountain in all India

high enough from which

to adequately show my contempt of him.

Well, why do you smile at him so favourably?

Because in these days

of British military supremacy,

the Indian must be as a basket with two faces.

Shall I tell you something? He'd like to massacre

me and every other Britisher in India.

Well, then, what do you keep smiling at him

like that for?

Because as a top-rank British diplomatist,

I'm as two-faced as he is.

Played, sir.

Well played, Philip!

He'll go far, that boy,

if he makes the right marriage.

Oh, I say! He did not 'alf crack that one,

did he not?

Dearest, if you can't express yourself in more

elegant terms, kindly shut your cake-hole.

And so the British carried on

with their carefree life,

little knowing that

in the snow-capped mountains to the north,

the spark was soon to be lit

that would set Kalabar ablaze.

Here was the famous Khyber Pass,

the gateway to India.

This was a vital key point,

guarded night and day by the celebrated

Highland regiment, the 3rd Foot & Mouth.

Fearless fighting men, aptly referred to

by the natives as "the Devils in Skirts".

SERGEANT MAJOR:

Sergeant Major?

Private Widdle, I know you're an ignorant nana,

but when you are ordered to attention,

you are courteously requested

to stop shuffling your flaming feet about!
I was only trying to keep warm.
Oh, so you're cold, are you?
Perishing.
The way the wind whistles up the Pass.
I'm sorry to hear that, Widdle. Maybe
you'd like me to get you a hot-water bottle.
Oh, how very kind.
As a matter of fact, I already have one.
(Splash)
And what, may I ask, is that thing doing in there?
It keeps my dangler warm.
Give it here!
For the last time, stop calling it a dangler!
It's a sporran!
Yes, Sergeant Major. Sorry.
Look at you, Widdle.
A Devil in Skirts!
You look more like an Angel in Pond!
- (All laugh)
- Silence!
You're not much better, any of you!
I've seen better-equipped men
guarding a harem.
- Ha-ha ha-ha!
- That's not funny, Widdle!
You're a disgrace to the regiment.
I didn't ask to be a Devil in Skirts.
Maybe you're right, Widdle.
You're too good for the likes of us.
You deserve a bit extra.
- Oh, do you really mean that?
- Yes.
And we'll start off
with four hours' extra guard duty!
Oh, Bungdit Din, there is a guard.
We cannot go through.
Only one man, Stinghi.
One Devil in Skirts is enough.
You know they are invincible.
If we fight, maybe.
But there is always bribery.
What have we got to bribe them with?
Don't you know what British soldiers

are always looking for abroad?
Yes, but where are we going to get
a bint up here?
No, no, no, no, no. Souvenirs.
I'll offer him my weapon if he'll let me go through.
Uh-huh.
(Crunch of gravel)
- Halt! Who goes...
Who goes um... Oh, what's the word?
- There.
- Oh, thank you. Who goes there?
- I go there. Very good friend.
- Oh. Advance, friend, and give the password.
- With pleasure, sir. What is password, please?
- Pomegranate.
Very good. Pass, friend.
Hey, just a minute!
You're supposed to give it, not me.
Oh, I'm sorry, sir. I'm just stupid, ignorant Burpa.
Oh, no, you don't.
Stay where you are. I've got you covered.
Oh. Just a minute. Covered.
Oh, no, no, no, sir. No need for antagonism.
I have a present for you here.
- Oh.
- Very good Indian scimitar.
Can cut men in two with one stroke.
What did I do?
I wonder...
Now we know! Hurr-hurr-ha-ha!
You speak truly? The Devil actually wore
this garment beneath his skirts?
I swear it, Highness.
Did I not remove it with my own hands?
You did well, Bungdit Din.
It was not difficult, Highness.
It was only held up with a piece of elastic.
No, no, no, no, my beautiful warrior!
I mean you did well to discover it.
For many, many years now,
they have led us to believe
that the Devils wore nothing beneath their skirts,
and we have feared them according.
But now... Ho-ho-ho!

I do not understand, my father.
What is there to fear from a warrior
who wears nothing underneath his skirt?
Oh, my child, you have not made war.
But think how frightening it would be
to have such a man charging at you
with his skirts flying in the air
and flashing his great big bayonet at you.
It is true.
But who can be afraid of men who wear
such a ridiculous thing beneath their skirts?
Precisely. And when our people learn of this,
they will rise up
and drive the British out of Kalabar.
Left right, left right, left right.
Left right, left right, left right.
Prisoner, halt!
Left turn!
Headgear in hand. Brace!
Give name, rank and number!
Private Widdle, J. 36360.
- Sah!
- Sah!
Well, now, what's the charge, Sergeant Major?
Gross dereliction of duty
resulting in loss of government property, sir.
What government property?
Underpants, woollen,
privates for the use of, one, sir.
And how did he manage that?
Where were they?
I regret to report they were on his person, sir.
What? You mean to say
he was actually wearing them?
Yes, sir. About his lower person, sir.
Good Gad. How could you, Widdle?
I felt the cold, sir.
That's no excuse, man. The 3rd Foot & Mouth
never wear anything under the kilt.
It's part of our glorious tradition.
Look at our motto.
But if we're not allowed to wear them,
why do they bother to issue them?
There are two occasions when the wearing

of underpants is permissible, Widdle.

One:

And only then

when there are to be ladies present.

Really, Widdle, you shock me.

Wearing them is bad enough, but losing them!

Er... beg pardon, sir. I didn't exactly lose them.

They were ripped off.

Ripped off? By whom?

I didn't catch his name.

But he was a huge Burpa.

Anative knows

that you were wearing underpants?!

Good Gad! This is more serious than I thought.

We must see His Excellency right away.

- Follow me.

- Headgear on! Left turn!

Quick march! Left right, left right, left right...

Left right, left right, left right. Halt!

Major Shorthouse,

I must see the Governor right away.

I can't disturb him now.

He's with the memsahib, having a bit of tiffin.

Oh, that is awkward.

However, it is a matter of the utmost urgency.

Well, I'll see if they've finished.

- You can't come in!

- Certainly not, sir,

but Captain Keene's here to see you

on a matter of the utmost urgency.

Oh, all right, just a minute.

Just coming.

Now, what is it? You know

how I hate being interrupted in mid-tiffin.

I know, sir, I'm sorry.

That's all very well, but it's not often

the mem and I get the chance these days.

When we were in Calcutta,

we had it twice a day, together. Regularly.

I'm afraid it's my fault, Your Excellency.

I expect she'll keep it warm.

What is it that's so urgent?

Your Excellency, I regret to report

there's been an incident at the Pass.
There's always incidents at passes. You've only got to make a pass and you're in trouble. I'm afraid this was no ordinary incident, sir. If you'd just listen to Private Widdle's story.

- All right, all right. Make it quick.
- All right. Sergeant Major.

Private Widdle, four paces forward... march!
Left right, left right. Halt!
Le-e-eft turn!
Headgear in hand! Brace!
Story... from the beginning... begin!
Gawd blimey! You don't have to make a full-scale tattoo out of it.
Get on with it, Widdling.
Erm... Widdle, sir.
All right, Widdle, but get on with it.
Well, sir, I was on guard duty up the Pass when this huge Burpa suddenly appeared in front of me and pulled it out.

- Pulled what out?
- His um... sword thing.

Oh...
Go on, then.
Well, sir, the next thing I remember is coming to, lying on the ground... and they were off.
They were?
Blimey, that's rough.

- He means his underpants were off, sir.
- Quite.
But you fellas don't wear 'em.
No, sir, but Private Widdle did.
If the natives ever get to hear of this, sir, it will destroy our reputation for toughness.
He's right, sir. A little thing like this could start off a rebellion.

- Oh, hardly.
- The massacre of thousands of people.
- Oh, please!
- The end of British rule in India.
- Oh, rubbish!
- And the finish of a cushy job for you.
We'll have to do something.
Sir, our only hope now is to try and scotch

the rumour before it spreads too far.
You're right.
Absolutely right.
I will go and see the Khasi personally.
This calls for a spot of top-level diplomatic bluff.
The sort of thing that made our empire what it is.
We are not called John Bull for nothing.
Well, thank goodness.
Now we can finish our tiffin.
- Later. I've got something important to do.
- What?
- I've got to go to the Khasi.
- You should have gone before.
- The Khasi of Kalabar.
- Ooh.
- Ooh! Can I come, too?
- Haven't we got enough trouble
without you coming along, opening
your big mouth and shoving your flat foot in it?
Oh, that's very nice. It never occurs to you
that I might be able to help.
- Help? How?
- The Khasi is susceptible to beautiful women.
Yes, well, so am I. Look what I finished up with.
Ha ha-ha!
Oh, very funny!
You may not realise it, Sidney Ruff-Diamond,
but there are hidden fires in me.
There might have been once
but now you're just bung-full of clinker.
If I am, it's because you never bother...
Oh, shut up.
Tell Shorthouse to call me an elephant.
He needn't bother, I will. You're an elephant!
(Elephant trumpets)
Highness, the Governor is on his way.
Ah. I thought it would not be long
before he came.
Return to your quarters, O warmers of my feet.
Not you, O light of my darkness.
I want you to stay and witness
the discomfiture of the British pigs.
Yes, my father.
I do wish you wouldn't keep doing that.

Rank stupidity!
His Excellency, the Governor of Kalabar.
Rule Britannia
Your Excellency,
your presence enriches my humble home.
May the benevolence of the god Shivu
bring blessings on your house.
And on yours.
And may his wisdom bring success
in all your undertakings.
And in yours.
And may his radiance light up your life.
And up yours.
Your Excellency is most kind.
May I have the honour to present my daughter,
the Princess Jelhi?
An appropriate name
for one set in so perfect a mould.
Ho-ho-ho! Oh, 'ere.
I must beg Your Excellency not to lavish
too much of his excruciating wit on us.
Yes. May I present Captain Keene
and Sergeant Major Macnutt?
I have already seen Captain Keene
on the polo field. He is very pretty.
Thank you, Princess.
I have also seen you.
You are... very pretty, too.
Thank you. You would like to embrace me?
Not yet. Not before tiffin, daughter.
Gentlemen,
please, be seated.
Jelhi, serve our honoured guests.
And how is Her Most Gracious Majesty
Queen Waterloo?
- Victoria.
- Oh, yes, of course.
Silly me. I never can remember.
She's well. I had a postcard from her
the other day. She sends her love.
Ohh. She is most generous.
I must make her another gift.
Some more elephants perhaps?
Oh, I wouldn't do that, Your Highness.

Buckingham Palace isn't all that big
and they need a lot of clearing up after.

If you say so.

But in India, the more elephants a man has,
the higher his standing.

Yes, and the higher his rhubarb.

Oh-ho-ho-ho...

Jelhi!

Yes, my father?

It is not proper for one of such high caste
to be making the eyes of the cow
at the rear end of the horse.

Not even when his smile shines
like the very sun of the heavens?

Not even when it shines
like the very seat of the trousers.

Go to the women's quarters
and pay your respects to your mother.

- (Whispers) Which one is she again?

- Oh, how many more times?

She with the hair like burnished copper
and the eyes as green as emeralds...
and No.32 stamped on her back.

I see Your Excellency is admiring my trophies.

- Yes, they're something to be proud of.

- Take a closer look.

It has taken me many years to collect them.

Very impressive. Very, very impressive.

I'd even go so far as to say
that you're a bit of a shot.

- I hope I heard you correctly.

- You did.

I have a more recent one over here
which I think will interest Your Excellency.

Yes, very interesting.

It reminds me
of what I've come to speak to you about.

- Oh?

- I don't know if Your Highness has heard,
but there's a ridiculous rumour
circulating to the effect
that the fearless soldiers of the 3rd
Foot & Mouth, the dreaded Devils in Skirts,
are wearing garments such as those

underneath their kilts.

Oh ho-ho. Really? Ha-ha-ha. How absurd!

- Is it true?

- Is it true?

Ha ha-ha! Do you hear that?

He wants to know if it's true.

Of course it's not. There was one man wearing 'em, as a form of self-punishment.

Self-punishment?

They are made of rather coarse wool.

Oh, as they say in England, they tickle the fancy.

Ha-ha! Very funny. Isn't that funny?

(All laugh)

I didn't have the old Oxford education for nothing, you know.

Her Majesty was displeased when she heard the rumour but thought that a word of denial from a man of your influence and power...

Well, of course, I should not like to upset Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Euston.

- Victoria.

- Oh, yes, of course. I am so sorry.

Well, truly, I would be most pleased to deny this rumour to my people.

Oh, well, that's good. That's that, then.

If, of course, it could be proved to me that the other soldiers don't wear them.

Eh? Oh. Yes, well, why not?

Right away.

- Captain Keene.

- Your Excellency?

You heard. His Highness wants proof.

Mm.

Yes. Sergeant Major.

- Sir?

- You may have the honour.

I... I'd rather not, sir.

Rather not?! That's an order.

(Whispers) So am I!

Oh, no!

Ha-ha ha ha-ha-ha!

The indignity of it! I've never been made to look such a fool in my life.

How could you do it to me?

I... I'm terribly sorry, sir. I... I had no idea you'd want us to demonstrate.

What are you wearing 'em for anyway!

Great big tough men like you! It's disgusting!

But they're not woollen ones, sir.

I had them made here. They're Indian silk.

Silk?

Silk?!

Imagine what they'll say when it gets out that the commander of the Devils in Skirts wears silk knickers!

I would like to say, Your Excellency, that I am only wearing them from a sense of duty.

- Duty?

- Yes, sir.

They were knitted for me by my mother.

I don't care if they were embroidered by your father!

- He did do the flowers.

- Flowers!

Flowers! It's getting worse.

It's like a canker spreading through the army.

Who knows how far it's gone?

But none of the other men wear them,

I assure you, sir.

That is correct, sir.

The men respect the tradition of the regiment.

Do they? Well, there's only one way to find out.

Perfect bugle call

Parade... Parade, atten...shun!

Parade ready for inspection, sir!

Carry on, Sergeant Major.

Parade ready for inspection, sir.

The area been cleared of spectators?

Yes, sir.

The men were not warned

about this inspection?

No, sir.

- Carry on, Captain.

- Thank you, sir.

Carry on, Sergeant Major.

Now, listen carefully, men.

This is a new drill.

On the word of command...

the hem of the kilt will be grasped firmly
in both hands.

Kilts... grasp!

Right.

Now, on the next word of command...

the hands will be brought smartly up
to the level of the shoulder.

Parade...

still keeping a tight hold on those kilts...
...hands... raise!

(Both laugh)

Oh, my dear Lady Ruff-Diamond, it is truly
a very excellent photographic reproduction.

Mm, I thought you might be interested.

I've heard all about the incident
of Private Widdle and his...

oh, pardon my blushes, underpants.

Yes, indeed. But as it is such very excellent
anti-British propaganda,

I can't help wondering, dear madam,
why you have brought it to me.

Well, can't you guess?

I thought perhaps if I did something nice for you,
you might do something nice for me.

A-ha. I understand.

You scratch my back and I will scratch yours.

- Ooh, that might be interesting for a start!

- (Both laugh)

But, my dear madam,

even if you were to allow me to keep this,
what would you expect in return?

- Rubies? Emeralds?

- Oh, no... Well... afterwards, perhaps.

After what, dear madam?

Oh, can you not tell

from the quickness of my breathing,

the heaving of my bosom,

the hot flush on my cheeks?

Ah, you are perhaps requiring

the Indian herbal laxative?

Oh, no, I had that last week.

Ever since I first saw you, I haven't been able
to get you out of my mind.

I lay awake at night
thinking of your strong arms around me, your...
oh, hot lips on mine and our...
our bodies entwined in oriental passion.
Yes, yes, yes. But what is it that you want?
Oh, stone the crows!
Look, do you want it or don't you?
- Oh, yes, most certainly, dear madam.
- Well, then, take me with it.
Take you...
- Oh, I see.
- Not before time.
But you drive an impossible bargain.
Dear lady, I do not make love.
- You don't?
-No, I am extremely rich,
I have servants to do everything for me.
Oh, well, that's put the tin hat on it, ain't it?
But perhaps... in your case,
I might be willing to make an exception.
Oh, Randy Lal.
I must take this immediately
to show to my warriors in the hills.
And then I will return to attend to you, dear lady.
Oh, no, you'll attend to me first, if you don't mind.
But I must take that with me now.
- Well, then take me with it.
- But what about your husband?
Oh, we don't want him.
Will he not be displeased
that you come away with me?
(Tearfully) Oh, of course.
My poor Sidney'll be ever so upset.
Oh, do not worry unduly. Before many days,
he and the others will all be dead.
Oh, that's all right, then, innit?
(Both laugh)
Captain Keene.
Princess Jelhi. What are you doing here?
I've come to warn you.
You must leave India immediately.
Leave India? Why?
My father is planning an uprising.
He will kill all the British.

(Squeakily) What? I mean... what?

Oh, you must believe me. It's true.

I have to go now, before I'm missed.

But for my sake, please leave.

Why for your sake?

Because I love you.

She loves me.

(Knock at door)

- Yes?

- Captain Keene's here to see you, sir.

- Oh, good. Is Her Ladyship back yet?

No, sir. She said

she was going to the hairdresser.

Oh. Well, I hope she's not having it off.

Send him in.

Oh, Captain, I'm glad you came.

I want you to post an immediate order.

As from now, any of your men caught wearing underpants will be liable for court martial.

Oh... But it's purely tradition, sir.

I... I don't think we can force them not to wear them.

Oh, yes, we can. I've got it right here.

Army regulation 74b.

"On tropical service, all ranks must keep their personal equipment free from dust and rust, and to avoid damp rot, open to free circulation of air."

There we are, I think that should cover it.

Or rather, uncover it! Ha-ha-ha!

Hm. I-I'm afraid it's too late anyhow, sir.

- What do you mean?

- I've just seen Princess Jelhi, sir, and she's told me that her father has got a photograph of the inspection parade.

- You mean, with their things up?

- Yes, I'm afraid so, sir.

He's going to use it to incite his people to revolt.

Who's responsible for this treachery?

Who took that photograph?

I'll nail him to the flagpole.

I... I'm ra-rather afraid, sir,

it... it was Lady Ruff-Diamond.

What, the mem? I don't believe it.

It's true, sir. The Khasi has taken her and the photograph to Jaksi.

Who?

Jaksi, sir. It's a hill town just across the border. Stronghold of Bungdit Din and his Burpas.

Oh. Well, I... suppose we'd better go and rescue her.

Er... I'm... I'm sorry to say, sir, that Her Ladyship did not go unwillingly.

Oh, nonsense! Her Ladyship always does everything unwillingly.

I should know.

Sir, you must prepare yourself for a shock.

According to the Princess, Her Ladyship is... enamoured of the Khasi.

Oh, no. Not that. Not that.

Do try and keep a stiff upper lip, sir.

I'm trying, Captain, but I just can't help it.

The thought of them together.

Her lying in his arms, slobbering all over him.

I just can't help... feeling sorry for the poor berk.

Sir, with your permission, I would like to get her and the photograph back.

But Jaksi's outside our jurisdiction.

I think a few of us disguised as Burpas might well pull it off, sir.

Damn risky. But it would be worth it to get that photograph back.

Yes. We might even get

Her Ladyship back for you, sir.

That's a chance I'll have to take.

Jaksi's over the border. You'll need a guide.

- I know of a guide, sir.

- You do?

Yes, sir. A missionary in the town.

Brother Belcher.

Belcher, eh? Well, he should make a good Burpa anyway. Ha-ha-ha!

Oh, blimey. Do you think he'll help?

Probably not, sir, in the ordinary way.

But I think I know a way of... persuading him.

Repent ye before it is too late.

Leave the primrose path of sin and wickedness and enter into the fold

- along with all the other poor sheep...

- (Sheep baas)

Brothers and sisters,

I say unto you, worldly goods are a curse
and an abomination.

Money is a burden.

Let me relieve you of that burden.

Don't pick your nose in the congregation.

Thank you.

Get out of it!

Oh. There is no profit in worldly goods. No, no.

Nor is there joy to be found in wanton wallowing
in... pleasures of the flesh.

Let not the painted houri lure you with...
lustful embraces.

Nor let their coal-fringed eyes lure you...
lure you...

Ah... Um...

(Raucous laughter and bed springs twang)

Oooh! Ha-ha-ha!

Oh, fight the good fight! Ho-ho!

Wahaaay!

Haay! Ha-haa! Haay!

- Brother Belcher!

(Springs twang)

Captain Keene.

I was er... just giving this young lady
some moral guidance.

I don't think you could teach her a great deal,
Brother Belcher.

You're right there, Captain, sir. I...

No... please don't get the...

don't get the wrong idea, Captain.

I er... wouldn't get the wrong idea,

Brother Belcher.

Get off! Get off or I'll give you one...

Oh. What am I saying?

She does want it badly.

Moral guidance I... I mean.

Er... yes. Well, you just give it to her, Brother.

I'm er... sorry we barged in.

Captain Keene, sir, a word in your ear.

Captain Keene! Sir, just a minute!

- I did well, yes?

- You did very well.

Here.

But, Captain, look, if this got about, people might... might misunderstand.

I don't want to spoil my public image, do I?

No, of course not, Brother.

Don't worry, we won't tell anyone.

Ahh, spoken like a right Christian.

Provided, of course, you're agreeable to do a little something for us.

Certainly, brothers, certainly.

A bit of Bible reading,

or a soupçon of psalm singing?

Psalm singing comes a bit more expensive.

No, no, it's nothing like that. We'd like you to act as a guide on a military operation.

Military? Me? Certainly not!

It's the only way you can stop us talking.

But, Captain, look,

you don't seriously expect me, a man of peace, an advocate of brotherly love,

to lend myself to a military punch-up?

You'll get ten rupees a day, of course.

- When do we start?

- Right away.

Give me ten minutes.

- Why, what are you going back in there for?

- Couple of points I still want to go over.

Military call

Burpas! We are honoured today

by a visit of the great and powerful rajah

from across the mountains,

the Khasi of Kalabar.

What happened? What did I do wrong?

It is all right, Highness.

It is only their way of showing pleasure.

Oh. I'd hate to be around when they show anger.

Burpas, listen to the Khasi and listen well,

for he offers the chance of great glory to you all.

You have heard your great leader

Bungdit Din of Jaksi.

I come to you today from my country

across the mountains because I need help.

And it has long been known that you,

the Burpas,
are the greatest fighters in all Afghanistan.
Warriors who are fearless on the battlefield
and whose very name
makes their enemies tremble with fear.
What's he giving them?
What we term in ecclesiastical circles, Captain,
a bit of the old flannel.
That is why I have come to you.
To offer you the opportunity
to make much money
and even greater glory!
I wish they wouldn't do that.
Do not worry, Highness.
They show much pleasure.
If they hit you, it will only be an accident.
Well, that's very reassuring!
And now I will tell you
how this money and glory will come.
We are going to rise up
and drive the British out of India!
Oh, that's much nicer.
No, no, no, no. It is not good.
It is there way of showing displeasure.
- What?
- I will find out what is wrong.
Burpas, why do you dislike
the idea of fighting the British?
We cannot fight the Devils in Skirts.
It is a well-known fact that they are invincible.
Is that not so, men?

ALL:

Ahh, they are against him.
No, no, no. They are agreeing with him.
Ooh, what a funny lot.
Do not talk to me of Devils in Skirts.
The skirts of the Devils are the skirts of women.
Would Devils wear such a thing as this
beneath them?
Hey, those are mine!
And that's the chap who took them off me.
I remember his face.
I'd hate to think what he remembers of you.

Uggh!

Can you fear men
who wear such a thing as this?
Now will you fight with us?
Yee yee yee.

No?

-No.

- I thought so.

They do everything here the wrong way round.
They are descended from one of the oldest
tribes in Afghanistan. The Arsitasis.
It would need more than one garment
to convince our chiefs.
We cannot fight without their permission.

ALL:

They need more proof.

You have the picture here?

Yes, the memsahib has it.

- Oh, dear, they've got me doing it now.

- Good. Burpas,

go to your chiefs

and tell them to come to my house

and the Khasi will show them a picture

proving that the Devils are as women.

(Muttering)

They will fight

once we have won their chiefs over.

Before I see them,

perhaps we should sweeten them a little, yes?

Good. If he's promised to show them the picture,

that means they haven't seen it yet.

You wait here. I'll just scout around a bit,

see if I can find a way in.

And the best of Bombay luck, duck.

Widdle, replace your chin gear at once!

Ooh, this beard doesn't half itch.

What is it made of?

Goat's hair.

Poo!

Never mind the poo, put it back!

There's no other way, chaps.

We'll have to try and force our way in.

We'll never force our way

through these doors, sir.

That's where Mr Belcher comes in.

That's where Mr Belcher goes out.

Good day.

Mr Belcher, all you have to do is knock
on the door, ask to see the Khasi,
and when the door is opened, we will rush them.

- Now?

- Now. Come on.

Now. Hm.

There's no-one in.

Knock again. Louder.

What do I do now?

Just say you want to see the Khasi
and leave the rest to us.

- (Cuckoo!)

- Ahh!

- Yes?

- I want to see the Khasi and leave the rest to us.

(Shouts in own language)

What did he say?

Hatch-a-maza Khasi, shove me up the Ganges!

Here we go!

Yahoo!

MACNUTT:

Ah, gentlemen, you are welcome.

We have been expecting you.

But, please... put your swords up.

That's tempting.

We offer you only friendship here.

- You do?

- Of course.

His Highness the Khasi will see you later,
but, in the meantime,

I offer you the hospitality of my humble dwelling.

(Clicks fingers) Woman!

(Belcher groans)

Please, go with the women.

Refresh yourselves.

Ask for anything you desire.

Deny yourselves nothing.

It must be a trap.

WIDDLE:

Let's walk into it.

That's enough, Widdle!

But if you care for me to go ahead with her and...

- reconnoitre the situation, sir...

- No, thank you, Sergeant Major.

We must stick together whatever we do.

Follow me.

Well, sir?

- Well, it looks all right.

- All right?!

Why, it's fairyland!

We await your pleasure, masters.

Pleasure? The idea!

MACNUTT:

Men, we mustn't forget we came here
with a definite objective.

To get that photograph.

MACNUTT:

On the other hand, we er...

we don't want to rush into anything.

Oh! Oh, you're absolutely right, sir.

So, perhaps it would be advisable
for us to stay here for a bit.

Stay here for a bit?!

Are you suggesting we remain and indulge
ourselves in er... whatever's going on?

We have no alternative, Mr Belcher.

But these are women of pleasure!

Do you expect me, a missionary,
to lend myself to such carryings on?

My job is to save fallen women.

I realise that, Mr Belcher.

Good. Save me the one with the big earrings.

Enough, Jelhi.

The chiefs have arrived
and are enjoying my hospitality.

Excellent. When they have been surfeited,

- they should be easily persuaded.

- You have the photograph?

Not yet, I fear.

Lady Ruff-Diamond has secreted it

upon her person
in such a place it cannot easily be got at.
Why waste time? Let us take it from her by force.
That would be unpardonable!
In India, the cow is sacred.
What a lovely idea, whatever it is.
Not now, dear.
Not just now, thank you.
What have you got out of her?
Mind your own business.
I mean, what information?
Excuse me, madam.
Her Ladyship's here all right, but she doesn't
know anything about a photograph.
Well, keep working on her.
Don't worry, I will.
Ooh, she must think I'm deaf.
Good boy. Well, now...
Why... Oh! What pretty earrings.
Are they rubies?
No! They are mine!
For me? How nice.
What a pretty necklace.
It'd be a pity to split them up.
You shouldn't. You'll be getting me a bad name.
I can't help admiring those.
- They're beauties, aren't they?
- Oh!
Stop! Shh.
Ha-ha-ha! Laa dee da da.
Ah! Oh...
Uh-uh, hold still.
Oooh!
Oh, it's fun, isn't it?
Ahhh... Oh! There we are.
- There, that didn't hurt, did it?
-No.
Later. I'm collecting on behalf
of the mission at the moment.
Oh!
Oh, no.
Hang on, hang on.
I say, she's done it again.
Done what?

She keeps on asking me something, I nod yes,
she claps her hands and goes mad.
Yeah... Stand easy, will you?
Ah, well, just remember,
when... when a Burpa nods it means no...
Phwoar! Hang on.
..and when... when... when they applaud,
it shows displeasure. Now, then...
Hey, girly, just a minute.
Look, I am saying yes!
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!
Look, look, look, look, look!
I'm saying yes. Yes! Yes!
Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!
What a good idea! Mixed bathies!
Come on, chaps. Fall in.

WIDDLE:

Wahaay! Come and join us!
(Laughing and shouting)
- Well, what is it?
- The chiefs are here.
I know that, fool. I've already seen them.
-No, these are other chiefs.
- What other chiefs?
- Then who are the ones already here?
- Call the guards! Call the guards!
Salaam.
(Boisterous shouting and laughing)
Remember, men,
only give name, rank and number.
This way, please, madam.
All right, thank you, Major.
- Will you sit down, madam?
- Thank you.
- And er... what can I do for you?
- It is more a question of what I can do for you,
Excellency.
Pardon?
I am His Highness the Khasi's number one.
You know that my lord and master has taken
your woman away with him?
I know, I know.
He has done you a great wrong.

And it is my duty, as his woman,
to right that wrong.
It is? Is it?
Oh, er... what exactly did you have in mind?
What he has done unto you,
you are entitled to do unto him.
It is the custom of our people.
Well, as a stranger to your country,
I must get used to your customs.
That is well.
I am ready to right that wrong.
Me too.
Don't go away.
- Shorthouse.
- Sir?
Don't disturb us, please.
We're going to have a spot of tiffin.
Tribal drums
What are they celebrating, my father?
The British prisoners, my child,
are to be executed at sunset.
No, father, spare them.
Impossible, my child.
And it will help to show these Burpa fools
that the British are not invincible.
- The white memsahib?
- Of course. But do not worry.
We'll make it easy for them.
They will die the Death of a Thousand Cuts.
Oh, no. Oh, that's horrible.
Nonsense, child, the British are used to cuts!
Tribal drums
Charming! Charming!
Join the army and see the next world!
- It's all your fault.
- Why? What have I done?
What have you done?!

You can't even take part in a simple little orgy
without going raving mad.
Chasing women round the room,
diving into pools after them!
I didn't ask to come on this job,
and I don't know why he picked me.
I chose you, Widdle,

because if anything was to go wrong,
I couldn't think of anyone
I'd rather it go wrong to!
Now, now, now, now, steady, chaps.
Try and keep calm.
We've been in tighter spots than this.
Here we go, he's going to ask us
to keep a stiff upper lip next.
I was about to say remember we're British.
I beg your pardon, Captain.
Then I was going to say keep a stiff upper lip.
I'm not standing round here
waiting for mine to stiffen.
Guard! Guard!
I'm an ecclesiastical dignitary.
I insist on seeing the British Consul!
What do you want, pig!
I was going to ask for the name of a good
dentist, but I don't think I'll bother.
The feast in honour of the chiefs is ready,
mighty Raj.
Good, I will go now.
- You have the photograph?
-No. Wait, I will see if I can get it.
Oh, there you are, Randy.
I thought you'd forgotten all about me.
Impossible, my dear madam.
- You haven't mentioned the dress.
- Sari.
There's no need to apologise.
There's a nice fringe.
No, no, the garment is called a sari.
Oh! Ho-ho-ho! Oh, yes, of course! Silly me.
The sari with the fringe on top! Ha-ha-ha!
Yes, it looks most exquisite on you, madam.
But if you will forgive my saying so,
there is something here causing an ugly bulge.
- I can't help the way I'm made, can I?
- Oh, no, I don't think it's part of you.
- Ah, I have it!
- You're very welcome to it, I'm sure.
No, of course, it is the photograph.
Allow me to relieve you
of what must be a most tiresome burden.

Now, now, Randy, remember our bargain.
I shall give it to you, when you...
Yes, yes, I know the rest.
And that, I trust, without seeming to be too immodest or anxious, could be right now.
No, please, madam.
No, I cannot. Not before a meal.
- Oh, when, then? When?
- Well... Never fear, I will have it at sunset.
Oh, at sunset! Oh, how romantic!
I can hardly contain myself.
I noticed that. Yes, the sari is much too small.
- Oh, till sunset, then.
- Till sunset.
Well, do you have it?
No, but don't worry.
It will be easy after the public execution.
Oh, and only 500 cuts for the memsahib.
I don't want the photograph ruined.
My Lady, you must leave this place at once.
Are you kidding, dear?
Oh, I wouldn't miss tonight for anything.
My father has told you what is to happen to you?
Not half! At sunset.
- You're not frightened?
- Oh, well, it's not as if it's the first time, is it?
But for it to be in public, in front of everyone, is it not humiliating?
Oh, well, I wouldn't want it...
In public?!
Yes. Everyone will be watching when it is done.
It is the custom.
Well, not where I come from, it isn't.
In public?!
Oooh! Oooh, I... I think that's positively common!
Well, that is why I've come to save you.
You and the British soldiers who are to die with you.
Die? What are you talking about?
The Death of a Thousand Cuts.
That is what is going to happen at sunset.
Death by a Thousand Cuts?! But...

I... I thought he was going to...
Oh! Oh, the dirty, rotten cheat!
You wait till I get my 'ands on 'im!
Oh, My Lady, trust in me.
I have a plan to save you
and to get you to your home.
Home?
But how can I go home now
after what I've done?
Poor Sidney.
I wonder what he's doing now.
- So, you're the Khasi's number...?
- Three.
- Three, eh? Oh, please sit down.
- Thank you.
Very nice, too.
I have come because my lord and master
has taken your woman.
Yes, it's been a terrible shock to me, terrible.
He done me a great wrong.
True. I have come to right that wrong.
Ha-ha-ha. It's funny, I was hoping you'd say that.
Excuse me.
- Shorthouse!
- Sir?
- Don't disturb us. We're having a bit of tiffin.
- It's not time for tiffin, sir.
Mind your own business! Any time is tiffin time.
Who's there?
It is I, the Princess Jelhi.
The white memsahib will be put in the cell
with the other prisoners.
- Princess Jelhi!
- Captain Keene! Is it you?
Yes. How wonderful!
I never thought I'd see you again.
Oh, nor I you.
And yet, here you are.
Here you are.
Excuse me.
Your Ladyship,
have you still got the photograph?
Yes... worse luck.
I thought you said there was no time to lose.

Yes, we must hurry.
We must leave before the feast finishes.
Change into these things immediately.
And now, a little illusion I picked up in Baghdad.
Oh, Baghdad!
Home of the immortal words,
"Who was that bag
I saw you with last night, Dad?"
"Who was that bag
I saw you with last night, Dad?"
Oh, I love it, yes!
I love it... Ahem.
And now, for my greatest illusion,
I would like, from my audience,
the assistance of one female lady.
Thank you, madam,
and er... may I have your name, please?
They call me Busty.
Really?
And may I have your assistance, please?
Who is this idiot?
Ahem.
Now, I want you to observe
I have one young lady here and two stools.
That one's the young lady. Ha! Naughty.
Observe there is nothing between
the young lady and the ceiling
and nothing between
the young lady and the floor.
When I remove the stools, you'll observe that the
young lady is in a state of complete suspension
with no visible means of support.
Now, I will now cover this young lady
with this old cloth.
I will now remove the first stool!
Ha-ha-ha-ha!
I will now remove the first stool.
It's clear. Come on.
Is this the best you could do?
It is the safest. It's the costume of the dancers.
The guards, they will not interfere with you.
They'll get a nasty shock if they do.
Follow me.
Come on, come on.

Go on, Ethel.
I will now remove the second stool.
Bring on the dancing girls. Get rid of this idiot!
Fakir, off!
You! Come! You have kept our guests waiting.
Hurry! The dance! The dance!
Regi.
What do we do now?
Do as I do. It is our only chance.
Play!
Eastern-style tune
Seize him!
This way!
After them!
(Thump)
Hurry, you fools!
Get a battering ram!
How do we get out of here?
There's no other door.
No, it is the place
where the women of the harem get exercise.
As if they don't get enough inside.
We'll have to get over the wall somehow.
Wait a minute. Let's get it right.
Remove the first stool.
Now, remove the second stool.
That's it!
Eureka!
- Hey, you, fakir, we need your help.
- Sorry, madam, I'm busy.
Madam?! I am Captain Keene
of Her Majesty's 3rd Foot & Mouth
and this is Sergeant Major Macnutt.
You could have fooled me.
Look, we need that rope of yours
to get us over the wall.
I'm sorry. It won't work.
Not without the magic words.
Come on, you'll be well paid.
Those are the magic words.
Help me off this thing.
Right.
What thing?
Oh, look! Look! I've got a touch of the levitations!

Never mind that, get the rope.
Oh, rope, yes. Rope.
Here we are. Cop hold of that.
(Hiss)
Oh, here we are. A lovely ladder.
Snakes and ladders! Snakes and ladders!
That'll do.

KEENE:

Come along, now, up the wall.
- Over there.
- Just here.
Right, here we go.
- Couldn't he get the rope, then?
-No! This'll do.
I'm going as fast as I can!
It's Widdle that's holding me up!
Faster!
Right, let's go.
Where are you taking me?
Shut up and keep out of sight.
- Aargh!
(Crash)
They have got away!
Never mind.
We have the photograph!
- I will go after the pigs!
- Don't bother.
Go with your men,
take the short cut to the Khyber Pass
and wipe out the British garrison there.
Then the way will be open for us
to the Governor's Residency at Kalabar!
Ha-ha-ha!
(Tuts)
- Your Excellency. Sir.
- Eh? Who?
There's another one of them here.
- Another one? So soon?
- Mm.
- Did she say what number?
-Nine, sir.
Nine. How many women has the Khasi got?
At the last count, 51, sir.

51. Wow! Send her in.

- Shorthouse.

- Yes, sir?

I know. You're not to be disturbed.

You're having tiffin.

Bugle plays Last Post

Oh, how awful! What can have happened?

I don't like making guesses

but I wouldn't be at all surprised

if there hadn't been a spot of foul play here.

Foul play?! Look at 'em!

Lying around here

like a lot of unwanted cocktail snacks!

Ginger!

- Who is?

- He is. Ginger. My mate.

- Private Hale?

- Yes, Ginger Hale.

Hello, Gin.

It's me, Jimmy.

Your old mate, Jimmy Widdle.

Jimmy? Is it you?

- My old mate.

- Ginge, mate. How do you feel?

Oh, not so good.

I think I've been wounded.

Oh, only here and there.

- Jimmy, I can trust you?

- Mm.

Now, give it to me straight.

Am I going to be all right?

- Course not, Ginge, mate.

- Eh?

I said course not, Ginge, mate.

I... I... I'm not going to be all right?

Well, how could you be

with half a dozen dirty great holes in you?

- You've had it.

- You're a bleedin' fine mate, I must say!

You asked me to give it to you straight.

Yeah, but I didn't mean you to...

You 'orrible little runt, you! Oooh!

That's enough, Widdle!

You're a great deal of comfort to a dying man,

aren't you?

Now, listen, Hale.

This is Sergeant Major Macnutt.

What happened, lad?

They attacked about half hour ago, sir.

Hundreds of 'em.

(Belches) Burpas!

They... They...

Oh, no.

Ginge. Ginge, mate.

I'm sorry I...

Poor old mate.

Last Post

(Ginger sobs)

That's right! Bleedin' well suffocate me!

The entire garrison at Khyber

has been wiped out, mighty Raj.

Well done, my most beautiful warrior!

You're a better man than I am, Bungdit Din.

You see now that the photograph does not lie?

The Devils in Skirts are not invincible.

- We have caught them with their pants up!

- Attack!

Kill! Kill!

Captain Keene, sir!

- Captain Keene!

- What is it?

They're coming down the Pass, sir.

Hundreds of the devils.

Thank you, Sergeant Major.

Everybody outside, please.

(Distant gunfire)

Right, now, pay attention, please, everyone.

It appears the Khasi is coming down the Pass with his army.

Now, I have decided that you will all try and get back to the Residency.

We? What about you?

I'm going to stay back here

and hold them off as long as possible.

Oh, no, sir. That's no job for an officer, sir.

Allow me.

Very well, Sergeant Major.

You realise it means certain death?

Yes.

That's why it's no job for an officer.

Yes, I hadn't thought of that.

I'll be pleased to have one volunteer
to stay with me, sir.

Don't look at me. I'm a civilian.

- Widdle!

- And I'm a coward.

Widdle, I'm giving you one last chance!

And I'm a cowardly volunteer.

- Excuse me.

- With pleasure.

That's my Widdle.

- Good luck, Sergeant Major.

- Thank you, sir. And you, sir.

- And you, Widdle.

- And you.

(Shouting and gunfire)

There's someone moving about
in the Pass.

Do you think those fools
will try to make a fight of it?

They will have difficulty.

We took care of the arms there, too.

(Gunfire)

- I think someone's been at them.

Useless! Never mind,

we've still got the Maxim and a field gun.

Widdle, get the ammunition.

- Ooh, isn't this exciting?

- Oh, yes, I'm just loving it!

It's quite a new experience for me.

I've only ever ridden side-saddle before.

You could have fooled me.

Kill! Kill!

Here they come. Fire!

No, wait till you see the whites of their eyes.

- I can only see the pinks. Will that do?

- Yeah!

Have a taste of this, you swine!

Barrel organ

What the devil...

Barrel organ

You rotten swines! You'll pay for this!

Come on!

Load! Load!

Come on.

Come on!

Stand clear!

(Whistling)

(Whistling)

- Down, everyone!

Widdle! Run!

Come on, let's get out of here.

Whoa! Here! Wait!

Hey, wait for me.

Come on, madam!

Oooh! Oooh!

Guard... halt!

To Her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria,
Queen of Great Britain and her Dominions,
Empress of all India, Defender of the Faith.

Dear Vicky,

I have the honour to report that all goes well
with Your Majesty's province of Kalabar.

And I flatter myself that I have established new
and more intimate relationships
with many of your subjects.

Eleven, to be precise.

..many of your subjects.

And I look forward to continuing to do so.

I therefore close, your most respectful servant,
Sir Sidney Ruff-Diamond, KCB, OBE,

ACDC, BBC, ITV,

- available for private parties.

- Etc, etc.

Oh, yes. PS:

(Knock at door)

- Excuse me, sir.

- There's another one of them here, sir.

- Oh, blimey, no!

Well, sir, if you're not feeling fit,
perhaps I could er... see her for you?

Major Shorthouse,

however onerous they may be,

nobody could ever say

that I neglect my official duties.

Neither do rabbits.

Did she give any number?

13, sir.

13. Unlucky for some. Ha ha-ha!

Send her in.

13, eh? That's 12 down, 38 to go.

Can't help wondering what happened to No.5.

(Bullock bellows)

- Thanks for the lift.

- Yes, it was quite an experience.

I've never ridden in carts pulled by cows before.

Bullocks, Mr Belcher.

-No, I haven't, honestly.

- Here we are, home safe and sound.

If I can still call it home. After the way I've treated poor Sidney, I doubt if he'll have me back.

Nonsense, Your Ladyship. I keep telling you, it isn't as if anything happened to you.

Well, there's no need to keep rubbing it in.

It was good of you to see me.

Not at all. It's a pleasure. Any time.

It was necessary for me to right the wrong done you by my lord and master.

You're quite right there.

Would you mind mentioning that to No.5 if you should see her?

- Your Ladyship!

- Major Shorthouse, where is my 'usband?

Your husband? Ah, you mean Sir Sidney.

Of course I mean Sir Sidney!

I've only got one 'usband, haven't I?

No. I mean, yes. You want to see him?

Well, naturally I want to see him!

What's the matter with you?

-No! You can't go in there!

- Why ever not?

He's very busy with an affair... of state.

- This is more important.

- He gave instructions not to be disturbed.

- I must see him!

- Your Ladyship, he's busy.

- Get out of the way.

- Lady Ruff-Diamond!

Blimey, my wife's here!

It is good.

I will tell her the wrong has been righted.

You'll tell her nothing of the kind. Come here.

Get in there. Quiet. Quiet, please.

Sidney!

Oh!

- Oh, Sidney, dear, I've come back.

- Yes, so I heard.

Sidney, I have been foolish, indiscreet.

I lost my head.

- Is that all?

- Will you ever forgive me?

- What for?

- For running off and leaving you.

- Oh, that. Yes. Go and have a nice cup of tea.

- Sidney, we must have it out.

- Don't have it out.

- But I have wronged you, dear,

- and I want to right that wrong now.

-Now?! Oh, not now!

- For Pete's sake, not now!

- Oh, please, Sidney.

I will not deny that I went off with the Khasi,
but nothing happened between us.

I know that... What?!

Well, it's true. He never laid a finger on me.

Shh. Don't tell everybody.

What do you mean? You ought to be pleased.

I am... I am pleased.

Ooh, definitely. I am very pleased.

But they like a bit of scandal here,
something to talk about in the club.

- Oh, yes, I see what you mean.

- We British have got a reputation.

We want to keep it up, don't we?

- I'm not proud nothing happened.

- Quiet!

Please forgive me. I have wronged you.

- Me?

- I have righted a wrong which did not happen.

I am sorry.

- Funny woman.

- What was that woman doing in there?

I don't know. Cupboard love?

Don't you come it with me,
Sidney Ruff-Diamond. I know you.
What's that mark on your cheek?
Yes, I thought so, you filthy old Governor!
-Now, just a minute, Joany.
- Don't you Joany me, you old lecher!
So that's what happens when my back's turned!
Wait a minute!
You ran away with another bloke!
I've heard some pretty weak excuses in my time!
Well, I'll teach you, Sidney Ruff-Diamond!
Well, it makes a change from tiffin.
Keep your eyes skinned, men.
We're expecting an attack at any moment.
I'll be on my way now, Captain Keene.
I wouldn't leave the compound, Mr Belcher.
These Burpas are after blood, you know.
Oh, they wouldn't dare show violence
to a missionary.
Love thy neighbour, Captain.
(Gunshot)
Get ready to close the gates
once our men are inside.
Give them some covering fire. Fire at will.
Fire at will.
Poor old Will! Why do they always fire at him?
Close the gates. Come on, inside!
All right, cease fire. Cease fire!
Reporting back, sir. I'm sorry
but we were unable to hold them at the Pass.
It's quite all right, Sergeant Major.
I'm sure you did your best.
Carry on. Take over the defence.
Sir.
Her Ladyship's aim seems to be improving, sir.
- You're telling me.
(Knock at door)
- Excuse me, Your Excellency.
- Oh, Captain Keene.
Did I hear firing just now or was it the mem?
It was firing, sir.
We are having a spot of trouble outside.
We're not doing so well in here either.
I don't like it. I don't like it at all.

An armed revolt like this
could set the whole of India aflame.

- That's what I just said, sir.

- Who asked you?

-No-one, sir.

- Well, belt up.

One false step and it could be disastrous.

As Major Shorthouse just said, sir.

- And who asked him?

- Oh, f...udge.

No, gentlemen, this revolt will have to be
suppressed with the utmost tact and diplomacy.
We'll string up half a dozen of 'em for a start.

What is it, Sergeant Major?

The Khasi's here under a flag of truce.

All right, Captain.

- Right, Sergeant Major, show them in.

- Sir!

For heaven's sake, Sergeant Major,
see the surgeon and get that thing taken out!
Under a flag of truce, eh?

I wonder what that means.

- Well, sir, it's a piece of white material...

- I know what it is!

Greetings, Your Excellency.

It is most kind of you to see us
at such short notice.

You're always welcome, Your Highness.

You are most kind.

And how can I be of service to Your Highness?

As a mark of my deep respect

for Your Excellency's person,

I have come to offer you and your people
safe conduct out of Kalabar.

A very magnanimous gesture.

And er... if I do not wish to leave?

Then, Your Excellency,

I shall be forced, most reluctantly,
to burn the Residency to the ground
and kill everyone in it.

Is that all?

As a further mark of my respect,

I shall then exhibit your distinguished but neatly
severed head from the walls of the palace.

A very generous gesture.

You are most welcome, Your Excellency.

Just to show that we too

can make a generous gesture...

(Blows raspberry)

In that case, there is nothing more to say.

Unless you'd like to stop for a bit of tiffin.

No, thank you.

Unlike you British, we are not tiffin-mad.

I still don't trust that fella.

Things look rather bad, sir.

What are we going to do?

- Do? We're British. We won't do anything.

- Until it's too late.

That's the first sensible thing you've said today.

No, gentlemen, as always, we will carry on

as if nothing was going to happen.

But surely, sir, we er...

we must make some decisions.

You're quite right, Captain.

Shorthouse, we'll have dinner at seven.

I'd like Captain Keene, Princess Jelhi

and Brother Belcher to join us.

- Black tie, of course.

- Of course, sir.

Bugle call

Over there! There's only one thing
to be worried about, and that's me.

And I'm right behind you!

What's that supposed to be, Widdle?

The thin red line. They'll never get past that!

If you don't get out of here,

you'll have a thin red line

across your thick white backside!

Remember, men,

it's up to us to see they don't get through.

Everything is ready for the attack, mighty Raj.

Seven o'clock.

This hour will go down in history, Bungdit Din.

- Shall I give the order to attack?

- Yes.

No, wait. What strange noise is that?

Distant waltz

What trickery is this?

JOHANN STRAUSS: Roses From The South

(Low chatter)

You, up there! What is this noise?

Can you see what is happening?

Oh, yes. They are sitting down to dinner.

Sitting down to dinner?!

Are they stark raving bonkers!

Do they think I'm playing games?

It is a typical exhibition of the British phlegm.

I spit on their British phlegm!

Oh, excuse me, a most impolite expression,
but these people, sometimes they infuriate me.

Ooh, they come out here with their starched
uniforms and their stiff upper lips,
and their dirty great flags 'anging out.

Think they own the place!

- They do.

- Well, they won't much longer.

- Start the attack.

- Imshi!

By the time I'm finished,
their stiff upper lips will be so limp,
they'll 'ang down to their navels.

I will kill the pigs! Fire!

Ha-ha-ha-ha!

That will teach them
to ban turbans on the buses.

(Explosion)

(Fierce gunfire)

(Explosion)

Aren't you enjoying your soup, then?

Oh... it's delightful. Delightful.

(Whistle and bang)

Terrible noise.

Yes, it's shocking, innit?

It's not a first-class orchestra.

They're doing their best.

I er... I mean the noise outside.

Oh. It's probably the drains again.

(Gunfire)

Major Shorthouse, you must have that seen to.

Yes, sir. How are you enjoying your stay in India,
Mr Belcher?

Marvellous. Can't wait to leave.

Yes, I suppose it has its ups and downs.

(Whistling)

We'll all be going up in a minute.

I must say,

the wind seems to be a little strong tonight.

Whose?

We used to know a missionary fella in the Solomon Islands. Do you remember, dear?

Oh, yes, a splendid man.

He went down very well with the natives.

- Did he?

- Yeah, they ate him. Ha-ha-ha!

(Bong!)

- You rang, sir?

Yes, Chindi, you may serve the wine.

Wine?! They're all raving mad.

What's all this noise?

Can't you see I'm trying to sleep?

What is that?

It's the flaming fakir

who helped them to escape from Jaksi.

Another idiot!

I'll teach him and those fools in there a lesson they will never forget!

- Seize him!

- Cease firing! Stop firing!

Some more wine, Mr Belcher?

- It's finished!

-No, there's half a bottle here still.

No, no. I mean all that banging and rumbling.

Didn't notice any banging and rumbling.

Oh, Sidney, you didn't forget to take your soda mint before dinner?

-No.

- I don't mean that sort of rumbling, madam.

- Oh, you mean the noise outside just now?

- Yes, that's right!

Yes. A spot of thunder.

It's the season for it, you know.

I remember once when we were in Poona, we had a shocking storm. It really poured down.

Oh, yes, I remember that very well.

- Yes, I thought you would.

- Stark bonkers, the lot of them!

Ah, the meat course.

You'll love this.

(Gasp of horror)

And for my next trick... I will perform a feat...

Well, that's not what we ordered, is it, Sidney?

Of course it isn't.

Chindi, what's the meaning of this?

I... I do not know, Your Excellency.

And I ordered sucking pig, didn't I?

I'm very sorry, Your Excellency.

Well, take it away, go on.

- You've got to get rid of that cook, dear.

- Oh, yes!

- Did you want to go somewhere, Mr Belcher?

- Mad!

That's the fakir's head! They've killed him!

Well, that's dashed unsporting.

- Unsporting?!

- Yes, it's the closed season for fakirs.

I don't believe it. I don't believe it.

No, it's true. Here.

Here we are. April 1 st to September 30th.

Of course. How silly of me. I should have known.

Some wine.

- How did they like that?

- They didn't like it. They're sending it back.

- You mean they're going on with the dinner?

- Yes, Highness.

Oh, no. This is ridiculous.

What must one do to arouse these idiots?

I do not know, Highness.

A thing like that leaves them unmoved,
but put the tea in the cup before the milk
and they go berserk!

It is like their Sir Francis Drake
finishing his bowls.

Oh, don't talk bowls to me!

Kill them! Kill them all!

- Attack! Attack! Kill! Kill!

- Kill!

You and the Princess plan to marry, Captain?

- That's right, sir.

- Oh, I do love a wedding.

Yeah, good show. Course,

I shall put the Residency at your disposal.

Well, that's er... jolly kind of you, sir.

- What's left of it.

- Pardon?

I said what's left of it.

Oh. Eh, oh, yes.

Major Shorthouse, make a note, will you?

- Have this room decorated.

- Yes, sir.

The termites, you know.

SIDNEY:

be coming, then?

More wine, Mr Belcher?

Chindi, get me some more Margaux.

This one's a bit off.

Ah! Ooh.

Oh, dear. Ha-ha-ha-ha!

I seem to have got a little plastered.

(All laugh)

Oh, the orchestra seems

to have stopped playing.

Ah.

Bravo! Encore!

JOHANN STRAUSS: Blue Danube

The gates have gone! Attack!

Kill! Kill!

Well done, my beautiful warrior!

Come, we will put them to the sword!

(Battle rages outside)

(Pop!)

Cor blimey! You frightened the life out of me!

(Whistling)

I wonder if I might pop out, sir,

and see if anything's happening?

But you haven't had your pudding yet.

Oh, and it's strawberry mousse.

Oh. Well, in that case.

Mr Belcher? Mr...

Mr Belcher?

Mr Belcher?

Forgive me. I was er...

- I was adjusting my dicky.

- Oh.

Excuse me for butting in, sir.

That's all very well,

but we have got a door, you know.

- I'm sorry, sir, but this was rather urgent.

- All right, what is it?

- They've broken into the compound, sir.

- That's a dashed bad show!

Perhaps we ought to go out

and have a look, eh, Captain?

- Yes, sir.

- If the ladies'll excuse us.

Oh, yes, of course, dear, if it's important.

I'm sure Mr Belcher will keep you entertained.

Major Shorthouse, my revolver.

Of course, sir.

- Have you got yours, dear, just in case?

- Yes, dear.

Try and save the last bullet for Mr Belcher,
will you? After all, he is our guest.

Chindi, please.

(Battle rages on)

Don't worry, we'll save you
some strawberry mousse.

They like strawberry mousse.

Strawberry mousse!

Strawberry mousse! Strawberry...

Scots Wha'hae

Do you come here often?

(Gunshot)

- Ow!

- What did you do that for?

- I've just got a bullet in my sporran.

Have you? Get back and fight!

I think they may mean business this time.

Looks a bit like it, sir.

If er... you'll excuse me?

Certainly.

Permission to have a bash, sir?

- Yes, go on, enjoy yourself.

- Thank you.

(Blood-curdling scream)

Do you wish to see me?

Fall back to the Residency, men! Fall back!

Captain Keene. Your collar's undone.

Oh. Sorry, sir.

We're done for, sir.

There's too many of them.

Not yet. Line the men up down there.

Sir?

- Line them up! Facing the enemy.

- Yes, sir.

Dis...engage!

Form one straight line

facing the enemy!

Stop!

Regi, get the Raj.

Company... kilts... front!

Go on! There are no Devils in Skirts
to frighten you now!

Hands... raise!

ALL:

Come back! Come back!

There's nothing to be afraid of!

Oh, I don't know, though.

- All right, Captain, dismiss the men.

- Thank you, sir.

- Carry on, Sergeant Major.

- Right, you dozy lot...

- Sidney, dear, are you all right?

- I'm top-hole, dear.

- I thought we'd have coffee in the lounge.

- Yes, why not?

Oh, dear.

That's all right. We'll clear it up in the morning.

Of course, they're all raving mad, you know.