

Crinsk Dee Night

The Beatles

Brian Matthew: The next few minutes, we're in the lap of the gods and the hands of the Beatles. In my young days, when I was a lad, they used to have actors in films and now that they--

Paul: Yes?

John: Hey! Listen!

Paul: It's all changed, now, Brian. They're not doing that, no actors.

John: It's all changed, now.

Brian: But this is what I wonder. In those days, the actors used to say their best bits were left on the cutting room floor. Did you find that?

John: No, no, no, those were the good bits in the film. You should have seen the rest.

Brian: Yes?

John: Rubbish!

Brian: Was it, really?

John: Even worse, yes.

Brian: Who was worst?

John: Oh, Paul.

Brian: I see.

Paul: I think John was about the worst.

John: No, it was you.

Paul: Oh, Ringo was very good. He was. He's a good lad.

Brian: He was. They're saying he's a new Charlie Chaplin. Do you think that's right?

John: He was miming.

Paul: You, too, with Jason.

John: Oh, yes, he's an old one. Okay, Ring?

Brian: Beginning to look like that. Now, then--

Ringo: All right, John. Can you hear me?

Paul: Can you hear him? Hello!

Brian: Not really. I hope not. I hope not!

John: We brought you the flowers, Ring.

Brian: He's not allowed to talk.

Ringo: Eh?

John: We brought you the flowers.

Ringo: Oh, good.

John: And the grapes.

Ringo: Oh, I like grapes.

Paul: He likes grapes.

George: We've been to Portugal.

Brian: Guess who's, guess who's top of the pops in Portugal, then.

All: Who?

Brian: Los Beatles.

John: Los Beatles? Great, great laugh.

Brian: I don't suppose you know the title of your film in Portuguese?

John: No. Crinsk dee Night?

Brian: Could be. Let's hear the number, shall we?

John: Right.