

*When he hears the fire bell chime
Fireman Sam is there on time
Putting on his coat & hat
In less than seven seconds flat*

*He's always on the scene (Fireman Sam)
And his engine's bright and clean (Fireman Sam)
You cannot ignore
Sam is the hero next door*

*Driving down the busy street
Greeting people that he meets
Someone could be in a jam
So hurry, hurry Fireman Sam*

*He's always on the scene (Fireman Sam)
And his engine's bright and clean (Fireman Sam)
You cannot ignore
Sam is the hero next door*

The Kite

Narrator: It's blowing a gale today in Pontypandy; but a hurricane wouldn't lower the spirits of the ever-cheerful debonair, Trevor Evans the Bus.

Trevor: Ba-dum-bum-Oh! Hah.

Narrator: Fireman Sam's just finishing his breakfast.

Radio: High winds this morning in South Wales, but moderating later in the day. Gale warnings in force-

Sam: Mmm, I quite like windy days, wind blows those cobwebs away. I know, I think I'll give Sarah & James a ring; perhaps we could go to the park after I've finished my shift. Odd, that's very odd; the phone's dead

Bella: Pronto pronto. 'ello? 'ello? Oh, il telephona, 'e not work.

Sam: Hello there Bella, I'll have my usual; cheese & chutney sandwiches please.

Bella: Sangadawiches, 'ow I make-a-the sangadawiches? I got-a no bread. I phone the baker, but the phone-a no work. Oh mamma mia.

Sam: Hm, well leave it to me Bella; I'll see what I can do.

Trevor: Hello Sarah, James.

Sarah: Oh Mr. Evans, can you drop us off?

James: At the park please.

Trevor: Hop in then. Woah, that's a nice kite you've got there, I'll show you how to fly it.

Sarah: But we know, Mr. Evans.

Trevor: Not as well as me, my sugarlumps.

Elvis: *Make me some tea, make me some tea*
Make me love that lovely cup o' tea
You got-you got any plans today, Sam?

Sam: Not very easy to make plans Elvis, the phones are dead.

Elvis: Dead? Oh that's sad, man.

Sam: Oh Danno.

Steele: Now who needs the Fire Service? Get to work, men; telegraph pole down on the New Town road.

Sam: All present and correct Sir.

Steele: Right, let's go.

Trevor: Woah! Oh, steady on.

James: Uncle Sam's in a hurry today.

Sam: Here we are, Sir; here's the cause of the trouble.

Steele: Yes yes, here is the cause of the trouble.

Elvis: Trouble? It's not on fire.

Sam: Yes, we know; but it's a danger to traffic.

Elvis: Oh, oh yes.

Narrator: Dilys Price wants to get Mummy's little Norman from under her feet.

Norman: I want to watch the telly.

Dilys: That's all you ever do, you'll have square eyes my sweet.

Norman: Aw, Mam...

Dilys: Now then, off you go; do have a lovely play in the park. Norman, scam!

Norman: Wheel!

Trevor: Now then, you hold the kite like so; keep the string tight, arms length. Oh, ooh it's snapped. Now don't worry, it'll be up in no time. Oh, oh no hang on a minute. Oh no-no come back here. Look, come-come to Trevor! Oh-haw!

Norman: Yes, brill.

Sarah: Mr. Evans.

James: Look out!

Norman: Sorry, Mr. Evans!

Trevor: It's quite alright, Norman.

Steele: All systems go, Cridlington.

Elvis: Yeah, go man go.

Steele: [clears throat]

Elvis: I-no-I-I mean-er-all systems go, Sir.

Steele: Right, Fireman Sam, reverse mode.

Sam: Yes, Sir. Come on, Jupiter.

Steele: Back a bit, back, back, ba-ye-ye-no-no-tha-right that-that-that'll do. Okay men, make up; another job well done.

Sam: There, we'll leave the rest to the telephone engineers.

Dilys: Well, I don't know what the world's coming to, no telephone now.

Bella: Mamma mia, che cosa!?

Dilys: Oh, do you have to be so dramatic? Oh! Well I never!

Sam: I'll just tell Bella that the telephone problems in hand, Sir

Steele: Er, quire right, Fireman Sam.

Sam: Well, that's it ladies, we done our bit; the er-the tele-the-t-oh, what's-what's that kite doing on your roof, Dilys?

Dilys: Nothing to do with me Sam, I dunno.

Bella: 'e-'e just-a fly there now.

Sam: Hm, looks like Sarah & James'; well, we'll get it down this time as a special favour.

Dilys: Don't you fall, mind.

Bella: Ah bellissimo, you worry about our Sam?

Dilys: No, my apples. Oh!

Sam: Er-mind-a-mind yourselves, ladies.

Steele: Yes-er, ladder coming through. Extend. Well, into the building.

Bella: You worry about your apples, what if he fall?

Sam: I won't fall, Bella; I done this a thousand times, I have. Right, here we are, ah. Well, it won't be long now! Right then, woah!

Elvis: Steady, Sir.

Dilys: Careful!

Sam: Erm, there, got it!

Dilys: Hooray!

Steele: Ah, good for you Fireman Sam.

Elvis: Hooray!

Bella: Bravo, bravo.

Dilys: Oh yes, he's so brave.

Sam: There we are.

Dilys: I hope you didn't break anything up there; and you tell Sarah & James to look after their things in future, mind. Norman, now he's never lost anything...

Sam: Yes, alright Dilys.

Sarah: Uncle Sam, come quickly; it's Mr. Evans!

James: He's hurt his arm!

Sarah: And lost our kite

Steele: Yes yes, I-I can see the problem, er-ba-ba-bandages.

Elvis: Hm? Oh, bandages.

Steele: Er-er-not to worry, er-nothing too serious, eh? Er, that arm will be fine in no time at all.

Trevor: I'm not surprised, it's the other one that hurts.

Sam: I don't think you'd better drive home with two bad arms, Trevor.

Trevor: Sorry about the kite, kids.

Sarah: Oh, I-it's alright Mr. Evans.

James: Huh.

Sarah: I wonder where it's got to though.

Sam: Well now, take a look over there

Sarah: Oh, thanks Uncle Sam.

James: Thanks a lot Uncle Sam!

Barn Fire

Narrator: In a field above Pontypandy, on a rather hot day, Sarah & James are picking potatoes for Bella Lasagna.

Sarah: Oh, it's hard work, this.

James: Girls girls girls, moan moan moan... Come on, let's just get the job done.

Sarah: Just cause you know Bella will give you some ice cream, greedy. Listen, it's Uncle Sam.

James: And Jupiter.

Sam: Well Sir, a day and a half this has been; it's the weather I suppose.

Steele: That's right Fireman Sam, ah-blazing hot weather means lots of fires, eh Cridlington?

Elvis: Eh? Oi-aye, yeah-blazer Sir-a-bla-ah-blazing hot er, weather er, too-too right er, man. Erm-er, Sir.

Steele: Who-who's in that field over there, Sam?

Sam: Oh, that's Sarah & James. What are you doing in Bella's potato patch?

Sarah: Picking potatoes.

James: For tomorrow's chips.

Sarah: It's hard, mind; my back aches.

Sam: Hmhmhm, does it now? Well let's have a think. Yes, good idea that, helping Bella; carry on the good work.

Sarah: Bye, Uncle Sam.

James: Bye, Uncle Sam.

Narrator: Dilys Price is busy packing a picnic for Mummy's little darling, Norman.

Dilys: There you are, my sweet.

Norman: Oh Mam, where am I supposed to go? I got no-one to play with.

Dilys: Well go fishing Norman; you do love going fishing, don't you my sweet?

Norman: Aw, fishing? I don't wanna-

Dilys: Look Norman, I don't care if you do want to, or do not want to go fishing; and you do go fishing! Now then, off you do go. Norman!

Norman: Awragh...

Dilys: Mummy's little darling...

Steele: No, no Doris, no I've-no I won't be late. N-er-oh! Oh, erm... Mhm, now who needs the Fire Service? Barn fire, Pandylane Farm.

Sam: All present and correct, Sir.

Steele: Right, let's go.

Dilys: Oh, well I never. Where they off to now I wonder, Mrs. Lasagna?

Bella: Mamma mia, I no know.

Norman: Yeah, good fun fishing really. Now let's see, er... Jam tart, aw maggots.

Sarah: Look at that, we've-we've only filled half a bucket.

James: Cor, that sounds like...

Sarah: ...something serious.

Sam: Great fires of London.

Steele: I say!

Elvis: Woah!

Steele: Right, man the hose men. Come on, let's get this one before it spreads. That's it men, on the double.

Sam: Water on, Sir!

Steele: Water on! Good men, we'll have this little scorcher under control in two shakes; and it'll be another job well done.

Sam: How's the water level, Sir!?

Steele: Er-wha-er, the what? Er-oh! Oh, it's going down fast! How's the fire!?

Sam: It's going out slow, Sir!

Elvis: Oh! Oh, it seems you've got a problem there, Sir!

Steele: Not at all, Cridlington. Erm, wha-wha-what do we do when the water runs out!?

Elvis: Oh, we er... We look er, for the er, nearest-nearest hydrant, Sir!

Sam: No hydrants round here, Sir!

Steele: Ah, oh, er-well we look for a drain and pump the water out!

Sam: No drains either Sir, it's all open country!

Steele: Oh dear, erm...

Norman: Bumblebees bellybutton! A bite, I do believe I've got a bite, lush! Oh drat, fat lot of good that is.

Sam: Fire nearly out, Sir.

Steele: Good! Oh, water dead out.

Sam: Oh...

Elvis: Erm, w-wat-water er, out Sir.

Steele: Ah, heh, well you see I-I-I knew there'd be enough, hah.

Elvis: That er, yeah that-that-that was lucky, wasn't it Sir?

Sam: I've just remembered, there's a pond down the road; perhaps we'd better fill Jupiter up and come back to damp things down anyway, Sir.

Steele: Mmm-er right, er-right men, yes I think we should come back and damp things down anyway; man the engine!

Norman: [snoring]

Steele: Right chaps, work from open water.

Sam: Ready to prime, Sir.

Norman: Hm? Oh! Oh it'd better be a fish this time. Aw, drat and double drat. Crumbs, I done it now, I pulled the plug out.

Steele: Yes, that's full. Right, knock off chaps, well done.

Sam: Ah, now all those bits and pieces have given me an idea. Mmm...

James: Brill Uncle Sam, but what is it?

Sam: Haha, now let me demonstrate the Samuel Patent Potato Picker. There we are, potatoes picked.

James: Oh thanks a bunch, Uncle Sam.

Sarah: Er, do you do deliveries too, Uncle Sam?

Sam: Ha, I think we can give you a lift back to Bella's, eh Sir?

Steele: Quite right; and you can give them a hand with the potatoes, Cridlington.

Elvis: Eh? Oh-oh, right-r-righto Sir.

Steele: Bella Lasagna's Cafe next stop, eh?

Elvis: Come on kids, I-I-I'll take your buckets.

Sam: And I think it's ice creams all round.

James: Lush!

Sarah: Greedy guts.

Sam: Right you two, in you get.

Norman: Woah, it's Jupiter, perhaps I can have a lift. Oi! Wait for me! Aw Danno...

Trevor's Training

Narrator: It's all go at Pontypandy Fire Station this morning.

Steele: Drill day today, eh Cridlington?

Elvis: Now, one cup of mash to two cu-two cups of-woah! Brill-brill-I mean, er-drill huh, Station Officer Steele, Sir. But er, I am making alon Sir.

Steele: Oh, oh well not to worry, Trevor Evans is here today on his part-time fireman course. What is that, by the way?

Elvis: Erm, well instant mashed potatoes, Sir; it's full of fiber, you know? It's very easy to make.

Steele: Yes, well the last time you said that, we had to buy a new stove.

Elvis: Oh...

Steele: Quick burst of the assembly bell. Fireman Sam, Fireman Evans, fall in, on the double.

Sam: Reporting for duty, Sir.

Steele: Where's Evans?

Trevor: Ooh, oh-ooh! Oh!

Steele: [clears throat] Today, we shall be doing pump drill from a hydrant using soft suction; followed by slip and pitch at Bella's Cafe.

Trevor: Doesn't sound very tasty.

Steele: Slip and pitch Fireman Evans means using a ladder to rescue someone who is stuck.

Trevor: Oh, oh pardon me, Sir.

Sam: All present and correct, Sir.

Steele: Right, Thomas Street, let's go.

James: How about a Ridoli Rave?

Sarah: Oh, I-I don't know if I want an ice cream.

James: Do you want to go in, Rosa? Daft as a bat, that cat.

Sarah: Oh, I wonder what's on fire.

WP: Drain blockage reported in the vicinity of Mrs. Price's General Store, WP over.

Steele: Wilco, Jupiter 999 over.

WP: Roger, WP and out.

Sam: Looks like you're in for the real thing, Trev. Ah, that's where it is.

Steele: Now then men, while you're dealing with the blockage, I'm off to set up the drill at Bella Lasagna's Cafe; Fireman Sam, take charge.

Sam: Yes Sir.

Trevor: Oh.

Bella: *I wash-a the glass, to make it-a clean
Bright and sparkling, I make-a them gleam*

Norman: Whee! Sorry Bella!

Bella: Aw Norman, I no know...

Steele: Mhm, um, morning Mrs. Lasagna.

Bella: Oh! Che cosa?

Steele: Permission to use your first floor window for a rescue drill?

Bella: You want to put-a that in my bedroom?

Steele: It's very important to keep the crew fully trained, you know?

Bella: Ah, in that-a case, you're welcome. I'll make you a cup-a tea too.

Norman: Hoo-hoo, I got an idea.

Trevor: Right, now you go round the corner to Mrs. Price's; and I'll feed it through from here.

Sam: It shouldn't take too long with a Samuel Patent Electric Brush Blockage Remover.

Sarah: Oh, what about a Whizzo?

James: I'd rather a Burst. Oh no, perhaps a Whizzo.

Dilys: Either you do want that James, or you do not; make your mind up. Ooh, now, what's that?
I dunno, no peace for the wicked.

Trevor: Hrng, there we are.

Dilys: [clears throat] Morning Trevor.

Trevor: Oh, how's tricks then, Dilys?

Dilys: I'm well, my lovely; and how are you? You're very smart in that uniform.

Trevor: Better for seeing you, my darling; but I can't see a lot down there. Now, where's the torch?

Dilys: Oh, fancy that.

Sam: Power on, speed up, I made it self-lengthening too. Yes, well a bit more power, I think. 'ere, quite a blockage this. Hrng!

Dilys: Oh! Yes, It's-Trevor, I'll-er, I'll see you later.

Sam: Hoho, quite a blockage, that. Well I'd better see how Trevor's getting on.

Trevor: Hello, anybody there? Anybody th-oh! I can't see anything down here! Hello? Hello? [inaudible]

Sarah: Oh, poor Trevor.

James: Hey, don't worry Mr. Evans, we'll get some help!

Sarah: Come on James, let's phone the fire brigade.

Sam: Hello kids.

Sarah: Uncle Sam, come quickly!

James: Mr. Evans has fallen down a drain!

Dilys: Trevor, oh my lovely...

Bella: How are we going-a to get him out?

Sam: He's just a bit stuck, that's all; give us a hand kids.

Trevor: Ooh, anybody there? Hello?

Dilys: Oh poor poor poor Trevor...

Sam: Now don't worry, Dilys. Right, you ready? Right, pull you two. Pull!

James: I am!

Sam: That's it!

Sarah: And me!

Dilys: I'm sure he's getting longer.

Trevor: Urgh, thanks.

Norman: Help! Help! Get me down! Help!

Sam: Oh, great fires o' London. Someone's in trouble, Sir.

Steele: Hmhm right, erm, get Jupiter here immediately.

Norman: Aw help me! Help me get out! I'm trapped! Whoops. Is nobody gonna save me!? Help! Help help help!

Dilys: Oh! Mummy's little darling, Norman! What're you doing up there, my lovely?

Bella: Rosa! What-a you do up-a there?

Norman: Help! Help! Oh, oh-ah!

Dilys: Norman! Oh, Mummy's little sweet!

Steele: Stand by to slip.

Sam: Slip.

Norman: Mum, Mam...

Dilys: It's alright, hang on Norman; they're coming.

Norman: I'm stuck.

Steele: Extend, well, into the building.

Bella: A-naughty boy.

Sam: Naughty boy or not Bella, he's in trouble. Inside, Fireman Evans.

Steele: Yes yes, erm-er, inside Fireman Evans

Norman: Mum! Oh, Mum!

Sam: Don't worry boy, we'll get you. Here we are, now catch hold of me.

Norman: I-I'm-I'm scared.

Sam: No, you'll be alright, now Trevor's right behind you.

Norman: Ooh err, I-oh!

Sam: Open the window. There you are.

Norman: Hello Mam, I'm okay!

Dilys: Oh, my son.

Bella: Oh bravo, bravissimo!

Steele: Er, good for you, Fireman Sam.

Elvis: Oh, oh no.

Sam: Well, I feel really hungry, I hope our dinner's in the oven. Oh, not again Elvis.

Elvis: Yes er-Sam it's a sort of er, it's sorta on the oven innit, not er-not er, in the oven.

Steele: Well I suppose it's Bella's Cafe again.

Trevor: Oh, spaghetti bolognese.

Sam: Not for you Trevor, your tummy's caused enough trouble for one day. Come on, Elvis.

Elvis: Mmm, more salt. You'd better go on a diet, Trevor.

Trevor: Oh, oh yes! I'll have a salad!

Flat Tyre

Narrator: Dilys Price has been doing the sales at Newtown; she's leading Sarah, James & Mummy's little darling, Norman, home to Pontypandy.

Norman: Why couldn't we catch the bus home then, Mum?

Dilys: It's cheaper, isn't it? You see Norman, scrimp today, more toys tomorrow.

Norman: Cor!

Sarah: I'm dead tired.

James: I'm dead hot, phew.

Dilys: No you're not. Anyway, here we are. Mmm, lucky I bought this chair in the sale, I knew it would come in handy, ah.

Norman: Hm, handy for who?

Sarah: What I want to know is when's the bus coming?

Norman: Hey, look. Hmhmhmhaha, hohoho...

Dilys: Now now, what's going on?

Norman: Nothing, yet. Hmhmhm...

Dilys: Ah, now I'm sure I hear a vehicle coming now. Oh-oh, oh it's Sam; it's not Trevor, well I was waiting for-oooh! Oh bli-what's happening!?

Norman: Mum?

Dilys: Oh the bottom's fallen out of my world here look.

Norman: Are you-are you okay, Mum?

Dilys: Get-come on now, give me a hand; come on children! [exhausted noises]

Sam: Hello, what have we got here then? Dilys, is it?

Dilys: Well of course it's me!

Sam: Aye, well I thought I recognise your feet. Come on then, let's give you a hand.

Dilys: Yes, mmm, just waiting for Trevor the Bus we are, See?

Sam: Yes, well if I see him, I'll tell him. I gotta go, I got a new chair to pick up for Station Officer Steele.

Dilys: Yes, well you just tell Trevor that I'm waiting for him.

Sam: Ha, I'll do that, s'pose. Cheerio everybody.

Trevor: Uhoh, what's going on here then? Let's get out of this. Feels like a puncture. Well, there's a blow.

Sam: Oh, that's where Trevor's got to. Hello there, Trevor.

Trevor: Hello Sam.

Sam: I just passed your passengers up the road, Dilys and the kids. What's the problem then?

Trevor: Well I got a flat, but no jack.

Sam: Oh, well that's no problem, you-you leave it to me. Oh, now let's have a look here... Yes, jack, and er, wheel brace, yes, that's it then. Here you are Trevor Boy, you jack it up and I'll fetch the spare.

Trevor: Oh, thanks Sam yes; always happens when you're in a hurry, see?

Sam: Yes, I know, I-I'll be behind too unless we get a move on. Here you are Trevor, catch!

Trevor: Well-wha-wh-where!?

Sam: There! Oh great fires of London!

Trevor: Oh drat...

Norman: I'm hungry.

Dilys: Is Mummy's little darling hungry?

Norman: Aw get off, Mam.

Dilys: Goodness, it's nearly suppertime.

Norman: It's nearly bedtime.

James: Mr. Evans, he's never on time.

Sarah: Nor his bus, urgh...

Dilys: Oh, oh look! A wheel.

Sarah: That's no good, where's the rest of the bus?

Trevor: Ah, sorry about that Sam.

Sam: Oh, it's not your fault mate.

Trevor: Only this is, how am I gonna pick up Dilys now?

Sam: Well don't worry. Look, I'll stand in for you; and I'll pick up a tyre in Pontypandy. Now, I won't be long.

Trevor: Thanks Sam, see you later.

Sarah: Oh it's got to be Mr. Evans this time.

James: No it isn't, it's Uncle Sam again.

Dilys: Oh. Sam, did you see Trevor? Where is he?

Sam: Well he's erm, he-to tell you the truth, he's had a b-hm, well no no, no. He's been unavoidably detained.

Dilys: He hasn't had an accident, has he? Oh poor Trevor, perhaps he's got food poisoning; I told him he shouldn't eat so much at Bella's.

Sam: Don't worry Dilys, I'll just have to give you a lift back to Pontypandy in Jupiter.

Norman: Aw brill!

Sarah: Great, Uncle Sam!

James: Smashing, Uncle Sam!

Norman: [stupid car noises]

Dilys: Keep still, you two; and give me that blooming tennis racket. We're all in, Sam.

Norman: Aw, Mam...

Sam: Hey, where do I go?

Dilys: Move up children, that's it. There you are Sam, there's plenty of room.

Sam: Urgh.

Dilys: Nor-now don't-no don't touch, Norman.

Steele: What's taking him so long to fetch my chair, Cridlington?

Elvis: I dunno Station Officer Steele Sir, gimme a clue.

Steele: Oh I-I've had enough, I'm off to Bella's.

Elvis: Oh.

Narrator: Bella is making the most of a quiet hour at the cafe.

Bella: *Oh floor-a mio, I wash-a you
Nice shiny tiles, sparkling-a like-a new*

Mamma mia, issa beautiful floor-a. Mamma mia, che cosa!? Il no lo so, I no know indeed-o!

Sarah: Thanks a lot for the lift, Uncle Sam.

James: Thanks, Sam.

Sam: Cheerio then.

Dilys: Bit of a bumpy ride, but thank you Sam.

Steele: Thanks for what, Fireman Sam?

Sam: Ah, yes Sir, well Trevor Evans had a-a bit of a-hm, a bit of a mishap, see Sir he er, he lost a tyre.

Steele: Never mind the tyre, where's my chair?

Dilys: Oh! Now, will a folding chair do instead? I'll sell it to you for next to nothing.

Steele: I can't be doing with incompetence; when I order a chair, I expect a chair.

Sam: Sorry Sir, but I-but I er-

Dilys: Sam was only trying to help-oh, hello?

Sam: Oh, watch out Sir!

Steele: Oh! Awrgh! [inaudible]

Dilys: Ooh, Officer Steele!

Norman: Aw, Mam...

Sam: Great fires of London, it's Trevor's tyre!

Trevor: [snoring] Ah! Oh? Hello Sam, you got one then?

Sam: Yes; and you might recognise it, it's the escaping tyre. Now this time, I'll carry it to you.

Trevor: No need for that Sam, lightning never strikes twice in the same place; chuck it over, I'll catch it.

Sam: Okay then, over to you then!

Trevor: Oh! My coat! Aw no, not again; sorry about that Sam, my coat got stuck in the door, see?

Sam: Oh Trevor...

Camping

Narrator: Fireman Sam's just arrived home after work, but it doesn't look as though he's staying very long.

Sarah: We're here! Uncle Sam! Hello!

Sam: Oh, you're here already.

James: Yeah, for our great adventure in the wilds.

Sam: Well I'm nearly ready too. Now where did I put that mallet?

James: Uncle Sam...

Sam: Hm?

James: Here it is.

Sam: Oh yes, silly me.

Dilys: Aw, what have I done to deserve this? All I want is a cup o' tea; and I have to come all the way downstairs to fetch the teabags. 'ey, what's my tea caddy doing here? Norman! What's more, it's full of holes. Norman! Argh! Oh my goodness! Norman, you come here this minute; you hear me now!?

Norman: What's the matter, Mum?

Dilys: What's the matter!?! Hm.

Norman: Aw Ferdinand, how did you get in there?

Dilys: What do you mean “how did he get in there”? Do you think I don’t know how he got in there, Norman Price!?

Sam: Oh! Steady, Norman.

Norman: Oh, sorry Fireman Sam.

Dilys: I’ll give you “Ferdinand” Norman, come back here this minute!

Sam: Morning, Dilys.

Dilys: Horrible little thing, making me jump like that.

Sarah: Do you mean Norman?

Dilys: I beg your pardon?

Sam: Er, yes Dilys, well... Now look here’s a list, I hope you’ve got everything.

Dilys: Course I have. Sausages, eggs, beans, you’re having a party then?

Sam: Well no, not exactly.

Dilys: Oh, holiday then is it?

Sam: You could say that, how much?

Dilys: Oh, three pounds forty three.

Bella: So one-a chocolada milk-a shake-a.

Norman: Aw smashing.

Trevor: Mind your manners, Norman.

Bella: Oh Trevori, you are so polite.

Trevor: I know. Oh, bad throat is it? Sounds like you’ve got a frog in it.

Sam: Hello Trevor, I thought we’d find you here.

Sarah: We’d like a ride, Mr. Evans.

James: To Pandy Lane, please.

Trevor: Oh, right. Well I-I was just having a quick cup o' tea. Why? Am I late? Er, we're just leaving now, I'll be right th-oh! My hat!

Bella: Mamma mia! The hat, 'e up!

Trevor: Hey, come back here you! I sai-hey, now look, come back he-come back!

James: Thanks, Mr. Evans.

Sarah: Thanks for the lift!

Trevor: Now hang on a minute, I think I should give you a hand with this tent, Sam.

Sam: Well I'm... I'm sure we can manage, you know Trevor?

Trevor: No, we'll have it up in no time; old Baden Powell's had nothing on me. Right, another peg by here, Sam.

Sam: Just a minute, Trevor. Oh...

Trevor: I'll just have a quick check inside, soon be up kids.

Sam: Hello? Oh drat.

Norman: Need a peg, Fireman Sam?

Sam: Where did you spring from, then?

Norman: I came to help.

Sarah: It's alright Norman, we don't need any more.

Norman: Hahaha...

Trevor: Oh, hey! Hey there! Ooh! Oh help me! There's a wild animal in here! Oho-oh!

Sam: What's up, Trevor?

Norman: Ferdinand! Oh!

Trevor: What's go-Norman...

Norman: Ferdinand, don't go into the water! Oh. Oh, I hope he can swim.

Sam: Cheerio, Trevor!

James: Bye, Norman!

Sam: I bet Dilys is wondering where he's got to. Right then, we'd better light the fire now.

Sarah: And cook the beans!

James: Yeah, just like real cowboys!

Sam: Here we go, matches; though only adults should use them of course. Right, let's get cooking.

Norman: Aw, look Mr. Evans, they've left a sleeping bag behind; we'll have to go back now.

Trevor: Oh Drabo...

James: Aw, that looks good.

Sarah: Yeah, lush. Hang on, here's Trevor coming back.

Sam: Well, I'm not so sure about that, sounds like he's got engine trouble. I think you'd better get out, Norman. What's up, Trevor?

Trevor: I dunno.

Sam: Doesn't sound too good to me, hm...

Trevor: I got an extinguisher inside, I have.

Sam: Good man, Trevor. Move out of the way kids, leave this to me. Trevor, go to the phone box and phone the Fire Service, will you?

Elvis: A cup o'-a cup o' tea on the table, Sir.

Steele: Now who needs the Fire Service? Vehicle on fire at Pandy Lane.

Elvis: All present and correct, Sir.

Steele: Right, let's go.

Sam: Yes, I think that's it.

Trevor: Oh, well they're on their way now.

Sam: Hello, what's this then?

Trevor: What you got there, Sam?

Sam: Checked your oil recently, Trevor?

Trevor: Yes?

Sam: You left your rag in there.

Trevor: Oh Danno.

Steele: Get to work, Fireman Cridlington. I say, what have we here, hm?

Sam: Bit of a problem with an oily rag Sir, but it's alright now.

Steele: Oh well, I suppose it's make-up and back to Pontypandy.

Elvis: Woah! Look at the tent!

Sam: Great fires of London!

Steele: Man the hose reel.

Sam: Water on.

Elvis: Water on!

Steele: Well done men, knock off and make up.

Sarah: Oh Uncle Sam, what are we going to do now?

Steele: It's put an end to your camping trip, I should think.

Sam: Oh, I dunno Sir...

Narrator: Later on, in Sam's back garden...

Sam: Grub's up, you two.

James: Great, at last!

Sarah: Aw, mega brill!

Sam: And for the long cold night on Pontypany trail, a special treat; central heating!

Norman's Tricky Day

Narrator: It's a sunny day today in Pontypany, ideal for cleaning fire engines; but there's mischief in the air, naughty Norman Price.

Sarah: I can hear him.

James: I can't see him.

Sarah: Uncle Sam!

James: Where are you, Uncle Sam?

Sam: Hello, you two.

Sarah: Oh-haha, there you are.

James: Will you come and play football in the park with me?

Sarah: And me!

James: And Sarah...

Sam: Well, I'd love to.

James: You can be goalie, see? And a-and I'll score a hat-trick!

Sam: But I can't. Thing is, today's the day I have to give Jupiter a special once-over.

James: Oh...

Sarah: Oh...

Sam: Now how about giving me a hand?

James: Erm... Well...

Sarah: To tell the truth Uncle Sam, we'd rather play football.

Sam: Aye, I thought as much; go on, off you go.

Sarah: Phew, 's a close shave, that.

Sam: Now then, polish first I think; soon have you gleaming, Jupiter. Hello, what's this? Boot polish? Someone's playing tricks round here.

Norman: Hohohoho, [inaudible] that's wicked. Oh! Hoh.

Narrator: Norman's mum, Dilys Price, is busy keeping an eye on Pontypandy.

Dilys: Yoohoo, Trevor.

Trevor: Hello, how's tricks Dilys?

Dilys: How's Trevor then?

Trevor: All the better for seeing you, my lovely.

Dilys: Ooh, you are cheeky Trevor. Nice cup o' tea? Kettle's on the stove.

Trevor: Sorry Dil, gotta drop the bread in at Bella's. Hey, lovely apples you got, mmm. See you later.

Dilys: Well...

Emergency Service Operator: Emergency, which service do you require?

Norman: Er, help! Er-erm [coughs] help!

Emergency Service Operator: What is your exchange and number?

Norman: Erm, I er, I can't see a number. It's erm [coughs] it's Bella's Cafe er, Pontypandy.

Emergency Service Operator: What is your name, caller?

Norman: M-my name? Oh, erm...

Dilys: Norman!

Norman: Er, y-y-yes Mum?

Steele: Now who needs the Fire Service? Fire at Bella Lasagna's Cafe!

Sam: All present and correct, Sir.

Steele: Right, let's go.

Bella: There you are Rosa.

Trevor: What about mine then, Bella?

Bella: Oh allora, milk and-a no sugar.

Trevor: That's right Bella, sweet enough as I am, see?

Bella: Oh, Trevore...

Trevor: Oh...

Dilys: What's that Bella Lasagna got that I haven't? Oh! A fire, that's what she's got!

Bella: Mamma mia! Che cosa!?

Trevor: Hello, what's up Sam?

Steele: Right, just tell us where the fire is.

Bella: Fire?

Trevor: Fire, Station Officer Steele?

Sam: Yes fire, Bella.

Bella: It's over-a there where it always is.

Sam: Oh no, it's a false alarm Sir.

Steele: Hm, come on men, make up. Very sorry, Mrs. Lasagna.

Sam: Sorry, Bella.

Elvis: Um, sorry um, Bella.

Bella: Mamma mia!

Trevor: You're beautiful when you're angry.

Norman: Good, there's no-one in the yard. Smashing, there's no-one in here neither. Oh great, just what I need for my next trick. Brill, this grease'll speed 'em up. Oh!

Steele [mumbling in sleep]: He's got the ball... He's got that ball in his... It's a... It's a goal! A goal... Hm, wha-what is it?

Norman: Cor!

Steele: Huh!? Where am I? Oh, where am I!? Ah!

Norman: Ooh!

Elvis: Woah!

Sam: Argh!

Norman: Oh no...

Sam: Great fires of London.

Elvis: Someone's playing tricks again?

Sam: Of course.

Steele: After him, Fireman Sam!

Norman: Mam!

Sam: Just wait til I catch up with you, Norman Price!

Norman: Hohoho hehe, haho, oh!

Dily: Best oranges these, from Spain, see?

Norman: Hello Mam! Whee!

Trevor: Careful, Norman!

Norman: Oh! Out of the way, Rosa! Woah!

Steele: Ah, there you are Master Norman Price, just as well you brought that along with you, Fireman Sam.

Sam: Oh yes, allow me Sir. A coat of this nasty, slimy grease will soon get you out of there, Norman.

Elvis: Yeah, it's great for making things slide.

Dilys: Oh, mummy's little darling.

Sarah: Great, you didn't have to clean Jupiter after all!

Sam: Well you see, I got a very willing helper.

Steele: Yes that's it Master Price, plenty of elbow grease.

Elvis: Er, "elbow grease". Hey that's-that's a good one, isn't it Sir? You-you-you made a joke there.

Steele: Hahaha yes, well yes I mean, that's right. That's right Cridlington, hahahaha...

Lost Cat

Narrator: It's another quiet day in Pontypandy.

Dilys: You wait til I catch you, Norman Price! What an awful mess! They're all over the shop! You come back here this minute, Norman!

Trevor: Morning Dilys.

Dilys: Trevor, how are you, my lovely?

Trevor: More to the point, how are you Dilys? Bit of trouble?

Dilys: Oh no, well you know he's-he's trying to help me he was, you see? Putting the sherbert lemons on the top shelf. He's-he's a good boy really, Norman.

Trevor: Aye, well I suppose so. Any deliveries this morning my darling?

Dilys: Only those tins for Pontypandy Fire Station.

Trevor: Ah, I know what they'll be.

Dilys: Careful not to hurt your back now.

Sam: Morning Trevor, need a hand?

Trevor: Well if-if you just open the back doors...

Dilys: Oh Trevor, you're so strong.

Trevor: Aye, thanks Sam, it's for us anyway, ah.

Sam: For us?

Trevor: Well, for the fire station, it's the paint; glad I'm not on duty today.

Sam: Oh dear, I'd forgotten.

Bella: Every day, I peel-a the potatoes and make-a the chips. These-a people in Wales, they eat only the chips, I no know... 'ey, whaddya think-a Rosa? Where-a you get to now, puss?

Sam: Hello there Bella, you got my sandwiches ready please?

Bella: 'ere you are.

Sam: Thanks Bella.

Bella: Oh Sam...

Sam: Yes?

Bella: You see Rosa, you send her home for dinner please?

Sam: Will do.

Steele: Hm, delivery's late, because it's the weekend I suppose. Now where's Cridlington? Fireman Cridlington!

Elvis: Comin'! Reporting for duty, Station Officer Steele Sir.

Steele: Oh! Looks like you've put your foot in it again, Cridlington.

Elvis: Oh. Oh, yes Sir.

Sarah: Oh poor thing.

James: Don't worry Rosa!

Sarah: We'll-we'll think of something. Oh good, here's Trevor the Bus. Mr. Evans, Bella's cat's up that tree, look!

James: She's stuck, have you got a ladder?

Trevor: No. Now, let's see... Hmhm, I'll climb up, my sugarlumps. I mustn't be long though, the match starts early today.

Elvis: *Paint the door red
That's what he said
Rather do something groovy instead
Door's so big
And the brush is so small
Da-bi-da-ba boo-bi-di-Oh!*

Steele: Woah! Er, how's it going, Fireman Cridlington?

Elvis: Oh, a...Sir.

Steele: Yes, on the door, Cridlington. Morning, Fireman Sam. Spot of painting for you both today, keep you busy, and what.

Elvis: Well there's not much paint left, Sir.

Steele: Plenty more on the way Fireman Cridlington, won't be long.

Sam: Yes, I'm afraid so, Elvis.

Elvis: Oh...

Trevor: Ah, hey! Oh, goodness me.

Sarah: Try that branch, it looks stronger!

James: You can do it, Mr. Evans!

Trevor: Oh, well I-I dunno. Erm... Now uh-oh dear... Oh! Dratted cat. Oh dear, uh, it's a long way down. I-I don't like heights, I-I feel a bit er, dizzy like. Oh, I-woah!

James: Perhaps we'd better phone Uncle Sam!

Trevor: Oh, help...

Steele: Now who needs the Fire Service? Bella's Cafe. Fire at Bella's Cafe! On the double, men!

Sam: All present and correct, Sir.

Steele: Right, let's go.

Sam: Oh! Great fires of London!

Bella: Mamma mia! I no know how this-a fire is-a start!

Steele: Yes, chip pan fire

Sam: Ah, that's what we need Sir, a damp cloth. That's it.

Bella: Oh Sam-a bravissimo, my hero.

Sam: Well, no problem Bella.

Steele: Er, yes yes, yes er, well, good work Fireman Sam. Right men, make up. Er, feeling better now, Mrs. Lasagna?

Dilys: Don't worry, a good strong cup o' Welsh tea, that's what she needs. These Italians, so dramatic they are; should stick to spaghetti, see? Safer.

WB: WB over.

Elvis: Wilco, Jupiter 999 over. Er, message just come through Sir, cat answering to the name of "Rosa" and a man called "Trevor" up a tree in Pandy Square.

WB: Roger, WB out.

Dilys: Oh Trevor!

Bella: Rosa! Piccolo Gatto Rosa! Oh...

Sarah: Don't worry, Mr. Evans!

James: Uncle Sam's on his way!

Steele: Right men, get to work. Stand by to slip. Slip.

Sam: Better move to one side, you two.

James: Okay, Uncle Sam.

Steele: Into the tree.

Sam: Alright Trevor, we'll soon get you down.

Trevor: Ooh-oh! Oh, the sooner the better...I, oh, I, I-I just can't do it!

Steele: Oh come on, Fireman Evans!

Elvis: Er yeah T-Trevor, you'll-you'll miss the match!

Trevor: Eh? Oh, well yes er, oh that-that is er, correct yes, right the-oooh!

James: Look out!

Steele: [clears throat] Would've expected better from an auxiliary, Fireman Evans.

Sam: Well, that's you down Trevor; now for Rosa. Oh! Where's she gone?

Trevor: Oh, that cat... Thanks lads. Hey kids, how about coming to the match with me?

Sarah: Can we? Oh great!

James: Aw, that's smashing!

Trevor: Gotta be quick though, we should just make it.

Steele: Right men, make up. Oh no...

Sam: Well, no painting today anyway Elvis.

Elvis: Oh smashing. I-I mean, what a shame.

Bella: Sam, where's-a my Rosa?

Sam: Well I'm afraid I can't tell you.

Bella: You no bring her home? Rosa, cara Rosa! Oh grazia Sam.

Telly Trouble

Narrator: Today's a special day for one member of the Pontypandy Fire Service.

Steele: Yes well, even if I say so myself, I am a credit to the Fire Service. Mmm, appearance is all important in public relations.

Elvis: He's-he's gone crackers, man.

Sam: Quiet Elvis. I wonder what he's up to.

Steele: ...and you mustn't play with matches at all. No no no no, stronger than that. Um, and at no time, play with matches.

Sam: [clears throat]

Steele: Er-ah! Yea-oh-I-yes er-er-er Fireman Sam, Fireman er, Cridlington. Er, wh-what can I do for you?

Sam: Alright are you, Sir?

Elvis: Er aye, well it's-it's old age, I suppose.

Steele: What? What-ah, hahah. No, ah no, I was just preparing for my appearance on Today Wales.

Elvis: Woah, you're gonna-you're gonna be a TV superstar are you, Sir?

Sam: That's very impressive, Sir; perhaps I'd better have your autograph now, before you become famous.

Steele: Well of course you m-[clears throat] but um, later Fireman Sam; must dash to the studios.

Sam: A shame we won't be able to see you on TV, Sir.

Steele: Don't worry Fireman Sam, you will; look, I've brought you Doris' portable.

Sam: Smashing.

Elvis: Woah, smashing Sir.

Narrator: Mrs. Lasagna's busy preparing too.

Sarah: You want a hand, Bella?

Bella: Oh, you can dust it if-a you like.

Sarah: Great!

James: We want to see Station Officer Steele clearly.

Bella: I 'ope-a the telly, 'e work now. Everybody's-a coming here to see him, you know? It's-a funny, 'e must-a be the wind-a. Mamma mia! Urgh, che cosa!? Oh it's a mouse! Ooh! Ah! Ooh!

James: A mouse!

Sarah: Scaredy cats, scaredy cats.

Bella: I no like-a the mouses! Catch 'im, catch 'im!

Sarah: And anyway, it's not a real one, look.

Bella: Ah, it's-a clockwork, ahahah.

Norman: 'ey, that's mine, give it back to me!

Dily: Norman! Yes, I see you got the telly out ready, Bella; works, does it?

Bella: Of course 'e work, look; it's snowing.

Dily: I suppose it's Italian.

Bella: Il televisione, it's Japanese-a.

Sam: Right, check tyre pressures next. Now then Jupiter my lovely, more air?

Elvis: Oh erm, sh-shall I clean the windows now, Sam?

Sam: Righto Elvis. Oh.

Elvis: Oh come on tap, turn will you? Oh it's-it's stuck, ooh. I know, hammer.

Sam: Pontypandy Fire Station, can I help you? Trevor! Hello, what's the problem?

Trevor: I've broken down Sam, can't even get it into gear.

Sam: Well Trev, could be anything, what about the transmission?

Trevor: Oh, what's that then?

Sam: Well you know, the thing that works the gears.

Elvis: Ooh, ooh eck-ooh! Yes that's done it. I'm-I'm drowning! Oh, ooh! Help!

James: What about the arial?

Norman: Good idea, that.

Bella: Yes Norman, it is. More left-a. No no, to-to the right-a. No a bit-a left-a, yeah-it-no, up a bit, er-no-hm-b-that's it! That's-don't-a move. Bravo Norman, bravo. Norm-Norman?

Norman: Aw...

Sam: You'd better get a move on, don't want to miss the show at Bella's; hope you make it, Trevor. Aw look, it's time I made a move too; I think Elvis could do with a bit of help.

Elvis: Help! Oh, oh Sam, help! Help! Help!

Sam: Alright Elvis, just coming. Now then, what's the problem?

Elvis: Er, it's the-it's the tap, you see? I-I-well no-I-see, I er, it wouldn't work so I-I er, I hit it. Ooh!

Bella: Ah, just in-a time.

TV Host: Now to tell us further about the hazards of fire and its prevention, please welcome Basil Steele of Pontypandy Fire Service.

Steele: Thank you.

TV Host: Now, what are the main causes of fire, Officer Steele?

Steele: Ah-er, Station Officer Steele. Er, you see, you can't be too-

Bella: Mamma mia!

Sarah: Oh dear!

Norman: The telly's exploded!

Bella: It's on-a fire!

Sarah: You'd better phone Uncle Sam!

James: Right, I'll do it! Nine, nine, nine...

Dilys: I thought it was too foreign to work properly.

Steele: ...for lots of reasons. [inaudible]

Sam: Ah good, we haven't missed him.

Elvis: Woah. Hey do you-do you think I could be on TV just like him?

Sam: Quiet.

Steele: [inaudible] ...but be sure that when the alarm goes, Pontypandy Fire Service is off immediately.

Sam: Aye, you're quite right there Sir! Television on fire at Bella's Cafe.

Elvis: Er, all present and correct Sam.

Sam: Right, let's go. Stand back everyone, leave this to the Fire Service. Right Elvis, turn off the power at the mains. Keep well back, all of you.

Elvis: Power's off, Sam!

Sam: There you are Bella, it's safe now.

Bella: Oh grazia Sam.

Dilys: Should've had a Welsh telly.

Trevor: I'm not too late, am I? Oh...

Steele: [clears throat] Well, I'm back.

Sam: Oh, hello Sir.

Steele: Ah, you er, enjoyed my performance Fireman Sam?

Sam: Your perf-oh! It-it went very well then?

Steele: One does what one can, you know? At least my little talk has helped to prevent a few fires in Pontypandy, what. Would either of you care for an autographed photo?

*When he hears the fire bell chime
Fireman Sam is there on time
Someone might be in a jam
So hurry, hurry Fireman Sam*

*He's always on the scene (Fireman Sam)
And his engine's bright and clean (Fireman Sam)
You cannot ignore
Sam is the hero next door*