

S10 E02 - Tales of Men's Shirts

Transcribed by Josh Hayes, corrections by Peter Olausson. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC. After the news there'll be a talk on early Christian plastic knees. And the first broadcast of a piece of knotted string. If you would like a piece of knotted string, send three rust-proof shillings to "Honest" Wal Greenslade of Weybridge. Ta.

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks of world! Hello, folks of world! And in that order!

GREENSLADE:

Ta. That voice comes from inside a short fat round blob, namely Neddie of Wales.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Jim Krint. My first impression will be of Peter Sellers.

SELLERS:

Hello, folks.

GRAMS:

(SUDDEN BURST OF CHEERING)

SEAGOON:

Stop! (STOPS) My next impression will be of Spike Milligan saying "Thynne".

MILLIGAN:

Thynne!

ORCHESTRA AND OMNES:

Thynne!

MILLIGAN:

Thyyyyynne!

ORCHESTRA AND OMNES:

Thyyyyynne!

MILLIGAN:

ThyyyyYYYYyyyyynne!

ORCHESTRA AND OMNES:

ThyyyyYYYYyyyynne!

SEAGOON:

That's Thynne enough!

MILLIGAN:

Alright.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, thank you. Remember, folks. Saying "Thynne" cures you of monkeys on the knee.

SELLERS:

Yes. If you've got monkeys on the knees, just say:

MILLIGAN:

Thynne!

SELLERS:

And they're only three and six a box.

MILLIGAN:

Yes, folks, I swear by Thynne. One morning I woke up and there they were monkeys on my knees!

GRAMS:

PENGUINS IN THE WILD

MILLIGAN:

Then I said the cure word, 'Thynne'!

GRAMS:

SPEED UP AND FADE RECORD OF THE MONKEYS AT HIGH SPEED

MILLIGAN:

And away they went!

GREENSLADE:

Ta. The monkeys were played by professional apes.

SEAGOON:

That was Wallace Greenslade saying words.

GREENSLADE:

Mr. Seagoon, stand by to take part in an adventure story entitled...

ORCHESTRA:

TIMPANI ROLL SOFT, HELD UNDER SPEECH

SELLERS:

Tales of Men's Shirts, a story of down under.

ORCHESTRA:

CONCLUDING CHORDS

GRAMS:

MORSE CODE COMES OUT OF THE MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

1938. But from the continent come ominous rumblings.

GRAMS:

RUMBLING AND BUBBLING CAULDRON

BLOODNOK:

Oho! Oh, this Spanish food! Oh! Waiter! One brandy and pronto!

SPRIGGS:

One brandy and pronto coming up!

GREENSLADE:

Those were the last words said at peace. At that moment, Germany declared war in all directions.

GERMAN:

[MILLIGAN]

Bang!

BLOODNOK:

Bang? War! I must write me memoirs.

FX:

TYPEWRITER

BLOODNOK:

The day war broke, I said to Allenbrooke, "You fool, don't you realise that..."

SEAGOON:

England was mobilised!

BLOODNOK:

Recruits were rushing to the recruiting depots at the rate of one a year.

GREENSLADE:

We join the story... We join the story in 1942. A critical year for Britain, with British Generals slaving away at their autobiographies.

GRAMS:

DOZENS OF TYPEWRITERS

HERN:

[SELLERS]

While across the Channel, the German High Command were welding a master plan, fylum.

GRAMS:

TYPEWRITERS

GERMAN:

[SECOMBE]

Achtung, gentlemen! Be seated. We must have a halt on our war memoirs and go to war! Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm. Our scientists have just invented a liquid that will win the war. Zis chemical, when applied to the tail of a military soldier shirt, is tasteless, colourless and odourless.

SECOND GERMAN:

[MILLIGAN]

Oh. What good is that on the tail of a shirt, hey?

GERMAN:

Ze moment ze vearer sits down,...

SECOND GERMAN:

Ya?

GERMAN:

...ze heat from his body causes the chemical to explode. This way, the soldier will be neutralised.

SECOND GERMAN:

He'll be worse than that.

THIRD GERMAN:

[SELLERS]

Is einer wonderschon, Gerhimmeler!

GERMAN:

Speak English, you fool. There are no sub-titles in this scene. Now, zen. Zis is my plan of attack.

SECOND GERMAN:

It looks like a nail.

GERMAN:

No, it's a tack. Huh, huh, huh, huh. Thank you. Who said we Germans haven't a sense of humour?

SECOND GERMAN:

Just about everybody, I think.

GERMAN:

OberLieutenant Schatz!

SECOND GERMAN:

Where?

GERMAN:

You will take ten men. Each one carrying a spray-gun full of the exploding shirt-tail fluid. You will be dropped near Leicester, and zere you will gain entrance to the Great British Military Shirt Factory. The rest is up to you. We shall call the plan "Operation Burnbaum".

ORCHESTRA:

GERMAN CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

The effect of this deadly plan was soon felt.

FX:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Ohooooohooooo!

GREENSLADE:

The first discovery was made at Whitehall where they were working on their memoirs.

GRAMS:

TYPEWRITERS

BLOODNOK:

Halt! Now gentlemen, be seated.

GRAMS:

SERIES OF SHIRT-TAIL EXPLOSIONS AND SHOUTS OF RAGE

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhhh! Oh, quick, nurse, the screens, nurse!

GREENSLADE:

Portions of the charred shirt-tails were soon at a Military forensic laboratory, where they were forensicked.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes. There's been severe combustion, alright. Hard to say what type. What do you think, sir?

WILLIUM:

Well, I dunno, mate, I'm, uh, I'm only the cleaner round 'ere.

SEAGOON:

Oh, I'm sorry, I... I thought you were one of us.

WILLIUM:

No, no, I'm... I'm one of them, mate, I am.

SEAGOON:

You don't look like one of them. I mean, why are you dressed like an admiral?

WILLIUM:

Well, I... er... er... I... I don't like people to think I'm just a cleaner, y'see. I'm... I mean, I went to a good school, mate, I went t'Eton.

SEAGOON:

How long were you there?

WILLIUM:

'Bout five minutes. I was deliverin' the groceries.

SEAGOON:

You were a greengrocer?

WILLIUM:

Not quite green, more of a dirty yellow colour, really. Ha, ha!

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha. Very good.

WILLIUM:

I couldn't get it published, sir.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Ha, ha! Good luck. Well, now. Very good. Just step out of this thirteenth-storey window.

WILLIUM:

No, thanks, I'm trying to give 'em up, mate.

SEAGOON:

I wish I could. Hup!

WILLIUM:

(DRAMATIC) So sayin', he stepped aht, matie.

GRAMS:

(LONG FADING SCREAM (VERY LONG INDEED))

SEAGOON:

Yes, I always travel by window, folks. It's the quickest way down. (ECHO) Ahhhh! 'Ello, folks!

(NORMAL) I was on my way to the Quarter-Master-General, Knick, knock, knocky knick.

CRUN:

Come in, k-nick, k-nock, k-nocky, k-nick, k-nowel.

SEAGOON:

It's me, Captain Seagoon, from the body of the same name.

CRUN:

Ah, Ned, let me take your window. Did you hear they're sending up a rocket to photograph the other side of you?

SEAGOON:

All lies. All lies, I tell you! I'm losing weight. I've dropped three stone.

FX:

LUMP OF IRON GOES CLANG ON THE GROUND

SEAGOON:

There's one now.

MINNIE:

Hello, sailor.

SEAGOON:

What's this, then?

MINNIE:

What? My name is Bannister.

SEAGOON:

Didn't I see you on the stairs?

MINNIE:

What? Don't you bother me.

SEAGOON:

Now, Mr. Crun. I want to borrow a stock military shirt for an experiment. But first, Geldray and his famed Dutch Conk!

GELDRAY:

These are my wartime Conk memoirs. Ploogie!

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

Tales of Men's Shirts, Part Two.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC DESCENDING CHORDS WITH DISTANT BUGLE AND DRUM

GRAMS:

CROWD OF MEN CHATTING AND TYPEWRITERS

SELLERS:

(LIKE A SERGEANT MAJOR) Eyes front, ears to the side! Stand by your memoirs! Orderly Officer!

GRAMS:

SLUR RECORD OF CHATTING DOWN

SELLERS:

All correct and present, sir. Thynne!

SEAGOON:

Thank you and Thynne. Right. At ease, men.

GRAMS:

IMMEDIATE SNORING

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, all of you officers have been selected because of your high standard of intelligence.

ECCLES:

You sure of dat?

SEAGOON:

Someone has blundered. Private Eccles, I've got bad news.

ECCLES:

Private? I'm a Captain.

SEAGOON:

That's the bad news.

ECCLES:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

Now, just stand in this shallow grave and wait for the next death.

ECCLES:

Ta.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, there has been an outbreak of exploding shirt-tails in the British Army. We suspect sabotage.

MILLIGAN:

Oh! (GABBLES AN INCOHERANT QUESTION)?

SEAGOON:

Not when the train is standing in the station.

MILLIGAN:

Blast!

SEAGOON:

Now, gentlemen. This is a matter of life and death. I want a volunteer to wear this shirt and make notes on the way it behaves.

ECCLES:

(OFF) There's a bloke on this train.

SEAGOON:

In fact... In fact, try everything to make that shirt-tail explode. Who will volunteer?

OMNES:

PAUSE, LIGHT, NERVOUS SINGING AND WHISTLING STARTS, GETS LOUDER AND LOUDER

ORCHESTRA:

ALL GRADUALLY JOIN IN THE SINGING

SEAGOON:

Stop this! I appreciate your love of singing and cowardice. If you won't volunteer, we must draw lots. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

Write your name on a piece of paper and put it in this hat.

ECCLES:

(SCRIBBLES) Dere.

SEAGOON:

Now draw it out and read it.

ECCLES:

Mrs. Phyllis Quott.

SEAGOON:

You imposter. You're not Mrs Quott!

ECCLES:

(ASIDE) Blast! (ALOUD) Wait a minute, I'll tell ya, I... (GIGGLES) (TO AUDIENCE) It's all free, folks... (TO NEDDIE) Wait, I... I know the ideal volunteer for you. He's had more experience with shirt-tails than anybody. His name is...

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

FX:

(TYPEWRITER)

BLOODNOK:

So I said to Winston, "Allenbrooke and Montgomery are ideal lads..."

GRAMS:

THE SHIRT-TAIL EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhhh! Oh! Abdul! Quick, a new shirt, it's happened again. Oh! Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

Knickity, knock, knock, oh, knock!

BLOODNOK:

Knickity, knock, knock in nocks? That's my private number! (CALLING) Come in, within!

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Major Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

I have been called worse, yes. Now what can I do for you? Better still, get out!

SEAGOON:

Major, I'm here to offer you money.

BLOODNOK:

Ohoho! Ohhhh, come in, Ned, and warm yourself by this woman. She's just coming to the boil.

GRAMS:

KETTLE WITH STEAM WHISTLE

BLOODNOK:

There she goes, now! Yes.

SEAGOON:

But I've been told that you have more experience with exploding shirt-tails than any man alive.

BLOODNOK:

True, true. I feel no pain, you know. But what of the rewards, lad?

SEAGOON:

Several plastic OBEs and a drip-dry statue of Jane Mansfield. And... a ticket to Hampstead Fairground.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! None but the brave deserve the fair. I accept, et cetera!

SEAGOON:

Come, Bloodnok. On with this military test shirt.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, let us drink to the success of the venture. Here's mud in yer eye.

SEAGOON:

(PUZZLED) So saying, he threw a plate of mud at me.

FX:

SPLAT

SEAGOON:

Aheoahaiohai!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

Neddie's next move was to actually get into Germany and try to find out the enemy's secret.

SEAGOON:

At dawn, a ship hove to at Portsmouth Ho.

GRAMS:

SEAGULLS, BOSUN'S WHISTLE, SHIP MAKING UP STEAM

FX:

TYPEWRITER

MORIARTY:

"How I Saved de Gaulle and Told Mark Clarke Where to Get Off." (SINGS) A life on the ocean waaave, is the key to a watery grave... (KEEPS SINGING NONSENSE)

GRYTPYPE:

Are you happy, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Aye aye, Captain! I thought you'd never get here.

SEAGOON:

Ahoy, there!

GRYTPYPE:

Ahoy, Ned!

MORIARTY:

(OVER) Ahoy, Neddie!

GRYTPYPE:

Come aboard.

GRAMS:

SPLASH

GRYTPYPE:

You must wait for the gangplank. Ups-a-daisy.

GRAMS:

MAN PULLED OUT OF WATER

SEAGOON:

Oh! By... by Jove, that water was taller than me!

GRYTPYPE:

It's older, that's why, Neddie. Ha, ha, ha, haaaa! Welcome to the good ship Lollipop.

SEAGOON:

My name is, er, Lieutenant Seagoon.

GRYTPYPE:

Better name for a twit I've yet to hear. Ned, this... (SECOMBE STARTS CORPSING) this man in the red football jersey and one white sock is an old steaming French sailor.

MORIARTY:

I've got the sea in my blood.

SEAGOON:

(GIGGLES) I think you see where it gets in.

MORIARTY:

What? I must have it plugged! Mind how you speak to me, Ned. Do you know who I am?

SEAGOON:

Can't you remember?

MORIARTY:

I am, remember, Comte della Robbia de Sploon di Blippen! The Duke of Orange, an old naval family.

SEAGOON:

So, folks, he comes from a long line of naval oranges! Ha, ha, ha, ha. Laugh and the world laughs with you, they say.

GRYTPYPE:

You've proved them wrong, haven't you, Neddie? (OFF) Right, it's all here.

SPRIGGS:

We're ready to sail, Jimmmmmm. Ready to sailllllllll.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, Jimmmmm!

SPRIGGS:

Thank yooooou.

GRYTPYPE:

Cast off fore, aft and ift!

OMNES:

SEA SHOUTS

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC SEASCAPE MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

A heavy sea mist descended, demanding constant vigilance by seamen in the chart-room.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ift by aft by fore and aft and ift. Six bells and all's well on the dog. (SINGS) Fiteen men on deadman chest. Ho, ho, ho, and bottled rum. Drink and the devil (SINGS THE REST GARBLED), yo, ho.

SEAGOON:

Everything alright, Seaman Bottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Everything is Bristol fashion and ship-sinky! 'Ere, I got an electric twit for Christmas. Aye, aye, matie!

SEAGOON:

Aye, aye.

BLUEBOTTLE:

And 'aye, aye' to *you*, sir. (SINGS) Fiteen men on deadman chest, yo, ho, ho and cardboard rum.
Drink the Devil and done for the rest...

SEAGOON:

What's that rough sailor song you sing, Seaman?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm singing this map. (AD LIBS TUNE)
All dese brown parts are the land
and the blue bits with the little white lines
are the seeeas!
All the green is where the forest is.
Sherwood Forest is a-nine mile long,
doo dah, doo dah.

SEAGOON AND BLUEBOTTLE:

Sherwood Forest is nine miles long,
Doo-dah, doo-dah, day!

SEAGOON:

Ahh, lad, they don't write maps like that any more. I say! This fog is getting thick.

BLUEBOTTLE:

And I say, so it is!

GRAMS:

DISTANT FOG HORN;

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh!

SEAGOON:

What's that?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Sounds like Major Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

It can't be, he's never had it *that* bad. Is Eccles in the crow's nest?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yer?

SEAGOON:

Can you see ahead?

ECCLES:

Yer, a dirty big bald one.

SEAGOON:

Is it one of ours?

ECCLES:

It's... Oh! (SINGS IN A SINGLE NOTE) It's Ray Ellington on the cardboard bow! Rum-tum-tum-tum Ellington. Baaa-rum-bump... (ETC)

ELLINGTON:

Man! I don't know how they get away with this stuff.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

That was Mr Ray Ellington who now uses the new blue whitener.

ELLINGTON:

(OFF) I heard that!

GREENSLADE:

Part Four of Tales of Men's Shirts. Thynne!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC RETURN-TO-STORY CHORDS

SEAGOON:

At dawn we came to off the coast of Germany. We prepared to swim ashore by electric plunging drawers.

FX:

ELECTRIC PLUNGING DRAWERS SOUND, THEN A THUD

SEAGOON:

Aaah! A shot in my shorts!

GRYTPYPE:

No, you don't! Hands up, little Ned of Wales.

SEAGOON:

What's the meaning of this?

GRYTPYPE:

This means you're a prisoner of the German Navy.

SEAGOON:

So that's what "this" means. I've often wondered. You traitor, Thynne!

GRYTPYPE:

My name is Horne.

SEAGOON:

Traitor Horne! (TRANSCRIBERS NOTE: "TRADER HORNE" WAS AN IVORY TRADER IN CENTRAL AFRICA)

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you.

ORCHESTRA:

TA RAA CYMBAL

SEAGOON:

They don't come any older, folks! (OFF) Calling, folks of world!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, clap this lot in irons.

MORIARTY:

(YELPS)

FX:

TYPEWRITER

GRYTPYPE:

Chapter Two: "How I Captured a British Idiot in Drawers".

MORIARTY:

Come on, you. Spotty Herbert.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Take your hands off me! Do you think you can take Bluebottle alive?

MORIARTY:

(GABBLES)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Fixes Moriarty with hypnotic gaze. Doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot.

GRAMS:

OLD FASHIONED SILENT MOVIE PIANO, TENSION MUSIC; KEEPS ON IN BACKGROUND

BLUEBOTTLE:

My man, I was trained in judo by the Great Bert. Using the body as a counter-pivot to displace the opponent, I use the Great Bert's method of throwing the opponent to his death! Be warned, Moriarty, one false move and you die by Bert's method!

MORIARTY:

Take that!

FX:

THWACK ON BLUEBOTTLE'S HEAD

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohoooh! (CRIES) Wait till I see that twit, Bert!

ECCLES:

You... you hit my friend Bottle again and see what happens!

FX:

TERRIFIC SLAPSTICK

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohoooh!

ECCLES:

See? That's what happens.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC DESCENDING CHORDS

FX:

TYPEWRITER

GREENSLADE:

"The Greenslade War Memoirs", Chapter One. I said to Alanbrooke, "How dare you." Then I realised that...

ORCHESTRA:

BEHIND DIALOGUE: SILENT FILM PIANO, SAD

GREENSLADE:

...the whole plot has misfired. Lieutenant Seagoon has somehow been betrayed. The destroyer had transferred them to a U-boat that took them to the POW camp at Rhinegold Castle, Fnutt.

MILLIGAN:

The prison was full of British Officers who had sworn to die rather than be captured. (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE) Thank you, fellow [UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON:

It was winter when we arrived and the snow lay heavy on the slopes of Brigitte Bardot.

VON ARLONE:

[SELLERS]

Now, then, Englishers, my name is von Arlone.

ECCLES:

(SINGS TO THE TUNE OF 'ONE ALONE') Von Alooone...

FX:

SLAPSTICK

ECCLES:

Owwww! Ow! You'll pay fer dat!

FX:

HALF A CROWN THROWN DOWN ONTO THE PAVEMENT

ECCLES:

Ta. Want another go?

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles!

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles! Now then, von Arlone.

ECCLES:

(SINGS, OFF) Von Arlooone...

SEAGOON:

What do you intend to do with us?

VON ARLONE:

You will be incarcerated.

SEAGOON:

Ahem. I hope I heard right.

VON ARLONE:

But, er, perhaps if you were to tell us what your mission is, we could...

SEAGOON:

Never, I won't tell you!

VON ARLONE:

You know what happens to British spies?

SEAGOON:

No.

VON ARLONE:

So, you won't even tell us that? Throw them in Stalag Ten, Eleven and Twelve!
Gerschmittenhemenzwitz!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GRAMS:

IRON DOOR SLAMS. HEAVY KEY IN LOCK. PAIR OF GAOLERS FOOTSTEPS WALK AWAY

ECCLES:

(SINGS "MY LOVELY DAY")

BLUEBOTTLE:

What you singing for?

ECCLES:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

[UNCLEAR] sing about.

ECCLES:

I wasn't singing about anything.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I don't like this game. I don't like all these hairy Germans. They hitted me. Hit, hit, hittee, they went.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, men. I have a plin of a plon of a plan. When the German guard comes in with our dinner, let him have it!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Then what are we going to eat?

SEAGOON:

I mean, let him have this iron bar on his nut. Then we'll change uniforms and pretend to be Huns. Now the trouble is I can't speak the language. Eccles, how's your German?

ECCLES:

He's fine, how's yours?

WILLIUM:

(APPROACHING, SINGING) ...land, Deutschland uber Allies, mate, Deutschland uber Allies... (Under)

SEAGOON:

Listen, a German speaking fluent Cockney.

FX:

IRON GATE OPENING

WILLIUM:

'Ere's yer breakfast, mateys.

FX:

GREAT HEAVY ROCK THUDS ON THE FLOOR

WILLIUM:

Boiled egg, I'll be bound, ha ha.

FX:

IRON BAR ACROSS HIS NUT

WILLIUM:

Oh! Cor! I been spunned from the film o' the same name. Ohhhh.

FX:

FEEBLE TYPEWRITER

WILLIUM:

Cor! (VERY FEEBLE) Chapter One: "'Ow I was Spunned in Action". I says to Alanbrooke, "You... you ol' twit", I says.

SEAGOON:

Wait! Wait! This isn't a German, this is Sewerman Sam! What are you doing dressed as a German General?

WILLIUM:

I told yer, I don't like people to know I does the sewers, mate.

SEAGOON:

You come with us, you may come in useful. You can say odd lines.

WILLIUM:

"Oddd Liiiines." "Odd Lines." Yer, I can, yer!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

Ned and his party made their way to the great German chemical works at Schatz. By using the short-wave cardboard secret horse-hair and mattress telephone they were able to contact London by speech.

FX:

TYPEWRITER ON DISTORT

BLOODNOK:

(ON PHONE) Hello, hello, er... Lieutenant Seagoon? About artillery.

SEAGOON:

What about it?

BLOODNOK:

One 'L' or two?

SEAGOON:

Two 'L'.

BLOODNOK:

To 'ell with you, as well.

SEAGOON:

We've escaped from the German nick.

BLOODNOK:

German Nick? That swine! He and Belgian Tom! Oh! How well I remember. Ohoooh! Now, listen. We've discovered the name of the chemical that explodes our shirt-tails. It's called Gerschattzer.

SEAGOON:

Gerschattzer? How do you spell it?

BLOODNOK:

I.T.

FX:

PEN WRITING

SEAGOON:

I.T., pronounced Gerschattzer. Thanks. Now... Now, will you do us a favour?

BLOODNOK:

What's her name?

SEAGOON:

Women... Women, women, women. Is that all you think of?

BLOODNOK:

By Jove, I do believe it is. Oh, you naughty old Dennis.

SEAGOON:

Listen. I remember in the First World War that an English Officer hid in a cupboard from the Germans. So could you have three cupboards dropped to us?

BLOODNOK:

At once.

GRAMS:

CRASH

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Now men, the moment you see any Germans approaching, swallow your uniforms, get inside the cupboards and do an impression of a suit. The shabbier the better.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can I be a pin-stripe, Captain?

SEAGOON:

No, I want the pin-stripe, I'm senior.

ECCLES:

I'll be a morning suit, then I can have the afternoon off. Can I get out this grave?

BLOODNOK:

I should be a dinner jacket, I'm hungry.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok!

ECCLES:

Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh!

SEAGOON:

Come out of that cupboard!

BLOODNOK:

Has her husband gone? Has he?

SEAGOON:

This is not the time to think of women.

BLOODNOK:

Isn't it? Oh, well, er, let me know when it is, will you, and I'll... I'll be off a... Oooh-ohhhh! Ohhh!

GRAMS:

CHICKENS CLUCKING

SEAGOON:

Look!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

A patrol of Germans disguised as chickens.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh! Nonsense, they're disguised as pigeons.

SEAGOON:

So that's why we've all been spotted!

BLOODNOK:

Shhh! Shh! Look! Look! They're digging in behind that tree. I... I hope they're digging in behind that tree.

SEAGOON:

Shhhh!

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

Shh! Keep quiet. They know we're here. I wonder why they're holding their fire.

ECCLES:

Perhaps they haven't got a fireplace.

FX:

SLAPSTICK

ECCLES:

Owww!

GERMAN:

[MILLIGAN]

Listen, Englanders, we know you are dere!

SEAGOON:

Gad! It's Spike Milligan with a bad German accent. And a bad joke!

GERMAN:

[UNCLEAR], I need the money! Listen, I make a bargain. We let you all go free if you hand over Major Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

Never, do you hear, never! We'd rather die than hand him over.

SEAGOON:

You speak for yourself.

BLOODNOK:

I am, I am! I'll make a bargain with you, look here.

GERMAN:

Speak up, speak up!

BLOODNOK:

I'll make a bargain. Take all these lads and I'll let Major Bloodnok go free. What do you say?

GERMAN:

Dis is our answer.

FX:

GREAT OUTBURST OF FIRING

BLOODNOK:

Speak English, you swine!

GERMAN:

Bang!

GRAMS:

AMERICAN BUGLE CALL AND APPROACH OF CAVALRY; SHOOTING

SEAGOON:

Look! Saved by the American Fifth Cavalry! It saved us! (DRY) Let's face it, it saved television, folks.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN 'C'

GREENSLADE:

That was happy ending Number One. And now - are you all sitting comfortably? Here is happy ending Number Two.

ORCHESTRA:

ALTO AND RHYTHM PLAY "LAURA"

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Cynthia? Cynthia, darling, it... it's me, Tom.

CYNTHIA:

[SELLERS]

Oh, Tom, darling! You're back!

SEAGOON:

Yes, I... I brought it with me. I've been a fool about you.

CYNTHIA:

Don't say that, darling.

SEAGOON:

This parcel, it... It's for you.

CYNTHIA:

Is it? What is it, Tom?

FX:

UNWRAPPING

SEAGOON:

Darling, this thing is bigger than both of us.

CYNTHIA:

Oh, Tom. It's... It's an elephant!

SEAGOON:

Yes. I'm not waiting any longer, we're getting married tonight.

GREENSLADE:

And so, that night, Neddie Seagoon married an elephant. Goodnight.

ORCHESTRA:

OLD COMRADES MARCH