

S10 E04 - Robin's Post

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC. It feareth not and holdeth forth not, but it keepeth friends with alleth.

SEAGOON:

And a ripe twit thou soundest.

GREENSLADE:

In the absence of entertainment we present...

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY GONG

SELLERS:

The Great Brown all the way from mysterious Upper Dicker. No question is too difficult.

SPRIGGS:

First question, please.

CLUTT:

[SECOMBE]

(TWIT) My name is Gladys Clutt.

SPRIGGS:

There is no cure. Next, please!

CLUTT:

No, no! My name is Gladys Clutt spelt with a Masculine G as in Gee Whizz.

SELLERS:

(CAMP) I'm his friend.

SPRIGGS:

I thought you were! Now, just stand in that open crocodile and wait for the first spring swallow.
Next, please!

SEAGOON:

Who won the Battle of Waterloo?

SPRIGGS:

Tom F'ning.

SEAGOON:

Wrong! It was Lord Wellington.

SPRIGGS:

It's only your word against mine, Jim.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C

GUSHING BBC TWIT ANNOUNCER:

[SELLERS]

And this week's 'Workers Playtime' came from a cake-bottling factory in Burton Wood. Now then, here is the foreman's name...

SEAGOON:

Tom Hopkin.

GRAMS:

ROARS OF LAUGHTER. GOATS AND COWS

GREENSLADE:

That was the sound of the human race. Resignation forms are now available. Now, to certain things.

CORNISH IDIOT:

[SELLERS]

(WEST COUNTRY ACCENT) Arrr to that, sir, arrr!

GREENSLADE:

The part of the Cornish idiot was played at short notice by a very well-known Cornish idiot player.

CORNISH IDIOT:

Ho, ho, harrrr! Ho, ho, ho, harrrr! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

GREENSLADE:

Ta. We present a tragedy, the story of Lord Seagoon. Playboy of the Western Approaches, great lover, man of action, athlete, slob, and great wit.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GRAMS:

OLD TIME ORCHESTRA PLAYING THE LANCERS IN THE DISTANCE. BACKGROUND MURMUR AND LAUGHTER OF THE DANCERS CONTINUES THROUGH...

MILLIGAN:

You look lovely tonight, Daphne.

DAPHNE:

[SELLERS]

Oh, you're just saying that.

MILLIGAN:

Come, let's go into the garden.

DAPHNE:

Alright, you tease.

MILLIGAN:

You naughty girl! Aha, ha, ha, ha!

GRAMS:

FADES OVER NEXT LINE

SEAGOON:

Hear that maddening sound of gaiety, music and acting? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

THROAT:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

It took place in Robin's Post, my ancestral home at Hailsham, Sussex, SW3. Now, it's all gone. G.O.N.E., pronounced...

GRAMS MILLIGAN:

SAYING VERY FAST 'GOOOOOONE'

SEAGOON:

I was rich, as you will now hear.

GRAMS SEAGOON:

(SPED UP) I ri-i-ich, ahoy!

SEAGOON:

See? That was me then. This is me now speaking. A ruined, broken, crumbling man, going to pieces.

FX:

LENGTH OF THE TUBULAR BELL FROM THE TUBULAR BELLS. LET DROP ON THE FLOOR

SEAGOON:

There goes another bit.

SELLERS:

After her, men.

SEAGOON:

Her? Er, yes. It... (GIGGLES) (CLEARS THROAT) Yes, it was a woman who brought me to this low. This and short legs.

GRAMS:

QUACK OF DUCK

SEAGOON:

Duck's disease! The curse of the Seagoons!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Don't say it here.

SEAGOON:

Anyhow, we met years ago. Her name was Penelope, mine was Ned. Why, I can hear her now.

PENELOPE:

[SELLERS]

(OLD DEAR) Hello, Ned dear.

SEAGOON:

There she is! But let us go back to when it alllllll started. It was Nineteen-Hundred-And-One and I was holding a masked ball.

GRAMS:

SURGE UP THE DANCERS AND THE MUSIC. THEN DOWN.

OMNES:

ODD LINES OF CHATTER. 'GAD, SHE'S GOT A TRIM ANKLE', ETC.

GRYTPYPE:

We shall be *leaping*, soon! Tell me, Lord Seagoon, why are you holding that masked ball?

SEAGOON:

This is no ordinary ball.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't frighten me, Ned.

SEAGOON:

This man was the powerful Lord Thynne, power behind the throne, owner of The Times, Peer of the Realm and relief pianist at the Hackney Empire.

MORIARTY:

Ah, bon soir, [UNCLEAR].

GRYTPYPE:

Heh, heh, heh.

MORIARTY:

Tell me, Neddie. What is that ball made from?

SEAGOON:

Oh, silly old gold.

GRAMS MORIARTY:

SERIES OF SCREAMS AND YELLS ABOUT GOLD. TAKE THREE OVERLAPPING TRACKS.

FX:

SLAPSTICK FAST TWICE

MORIARTY:

(YELPS IN PAIN)

GRYTPYPE:

Steady, Moriarty. It's only gold.

MORIARTY:

Gold!

FX:

SLAPSTICK FAST TWICE

MORIARTY:

(YELPS IN PAIN)

GRYTPYPE:

Come, now. Let us weigh it on this set of scales I happen to have handy. There.

GRAMS:

SQUEAK OF SCALES, SPRINGS BOINGING

GRYTPYPE:

Fourteen carrots, three turnips and a mango. Gad, it's worth its weight in greens.

SEAGOON:

But what does it mean to me, Lord Thynne, me, a man of means?

FX:

HEAVY BOOTS CLUMPING ACROSS A WOODEN FLOOR

ECCLES:

Hello, Neddie! I danced every dance since it started. Ooh-owww-ohh! Lancers and the reels. Um..
Tan-jo. The waltz.

SEAGOON:

Who's the lucky girl?

ECCLES:

Ooh, I didn't bother about them! Ha-hum! I did it all on my own. Ho-how! It's safer.

SEAGOON:

This is... this is my half-brother, Eccles. We... keep him for hitting.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm pleased to meet you.

FX:

SLAPSTICK

ECCLES:

Owwww! Ta! How do you do?

So you're his half-brother.

Yeah, we haven't found out where the other half is, yet.

FX:

SLAPSTICK

ECCLES:

Owwww! Thank you, thank you. Just a minute, I'm not the idiot you think I am.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh? Which idiot are you, then?

ECCLES:

What I mean is, I'm a... I'm a great thinker.

GRYTPYPE:

For instance?

ECCLES:

Well, for instance, I think... er... erm... I think I'll go home.

GRYTPYPE:

You thought of that all by yourself?

ECCLES:

Well, if you put it like that, yes.

GRYTPYPE:

I see. Time for 'Conks' Geldray, the golden plum.

FX:

SLAPSTICK

GELDRAY:

Thank you! Thank you!

MAX GELDRAY & ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GELDRAY:

That was the music of Conks Geldray, folks. Conks lets in air.

GREENSLADE:

Mr. Geldray wishes it known that the Conks Anonymous Club is now open for membership. Part Two of our tragedy.

GRAMS:

OLD TIME MUSIC AS BEFORE. MUSIC STOPS - POLITE APPLAUSE. LAUGHTER OF DANCERS LEAVING THE FLOOR

SEAGOON:

Between dances we sat on the balcony smoking port and drinking sherry.

GRYTPYPE:

(ASIDE) Moriarty, stand by the light switch. Neddie, let us have a look at the golden ball.

GRAMS:

CRACKLING OF ELECTRICITY. DANCERS REACTION

SEAGOON:

Don't panic, folks. It's only the gas mantles fusing. Aha, ha, ha! Carry on dancing.

GERALDO:

[SELLERS]

What do you mean? My boys can't see to play in the dark. Tell 'im! Tell 'im! Tell 'im! Tell 'im
[UNCLEAR]...

SEAGOON:

Can't you busk?

SELLERS:

...get wet. No, we don't... we don't playin' in the dark, we 'ave trouble in the dark.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense, hand me an instrument, I'll play. Waltz, please.

ORCHESTRA:

DRUMS: PLAY WALTZ TEMPO

SEAGOON:

And so the magic of my waltz rhythm rang through the hall Ha, ha, ha! (SINGS) Fertang, fertang, fertang, tang, tang. But! In the rosy light of dawn, I discovered myself sitting in the middle of a field in full evening dress playing the drums. Ho, ho, ho, ho! I took immediate action. I... I stopped playing. "Next dance, please!"

ORCHESTRA:

DRUM ROLL AND CYMBAL.

SEAGOON:

I said.

WILLIUM:

'Ello, 'ello. We got a right twit 'ere.

SEAGOON:

Ah, good morning, Constabule.

WILLIUM:

Hello, sonny. You lost a band, 'ave yer?

SEAGOON:

No, someone has stolen Robin's Post, my ancestral home.

WILLIUM:

Oh. 'Ere, you haven't escaped from anywhere, 'ave yer?

SEAGOON:

What do you mean?

WILLIUM:

Well, you know, one of them. (PUTS FINGER IN MOUTH - WOBBLES) Woowoowoowo.

SEAGOON:

I say! I say! How do you do that?

WILLIUM:

Oh, er... (DOES IT AGAIN)

SEAGOON:

I say, how grand! Let me try, er...

WILLIUM:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

(PUTS FINGER IN MOUTH - WOBBLES) Woowoowoowo. Aha, ha, ha, ha! I say, let's... let's do it together, shall we?

SEAGOON & WILLIUM:

(THEY DO).

SEAGOON:

I say, this *is* fun, isn't it.

WILLIUM:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

(HE DOES IT AGAIN). Ha, ha, ha, ha!

WILLIUM:

Yeah, it's all tax-free an' all, mate, yeah!

SEAGOON:

(DOES IT AGAIN).

WILLIUM:

Now, come along, mate, off to the station, now.

GRAMS SEAGOON:

PROTESTING 'NO! NO!WO WO (SPEED UP SLOWLY) I'M NOT WO WO WOW - LET ME GO, I TELL YOU'

WILLIUM:

(OVER GRAMS) Come on, a few powders and you'll be all right on it, I tell yer.

ORCHESTRA:

SOFT SAD LONG DULL CHORD. TWO BAR HOT BREAK ON TROMBONE

GREENSLADE:

Very puzzling. Part Two

FX:

RATTLING IRON DOOR

SEAGOON:

Let me out of this place! Take this jacket off me, itell you! (CONTINUES PROTESTING BEHIND GREENSLADE)

GREENSLADE:

Lord Seagoon had been incarcerated in a gentlemen's rest home in Sussex on a charge of going 'Wo wo wo wo wo'. Illusions of grandeur and duck's disease. Wow wo wo wo wo! I say, it's not difficult, is it. Wo wo wo wo wo.

WILLIUM:

In you go, an' all, mate.

GRAMS:

IRON DOOR SLAMS

GREENSLADE:

Hey, you can't lock me away, I'm from the BBC. Wo wo wo wo wo wo!

WILLIUM:

You're just the right type, mate. Ohhhh! Wo wo wo wo, mate-oh.

SEAGOON:

It's no good, Wal! Woo-woo-woo-woo! We've got to get out of here. I'll bake a cake, put a file in it and post it to myself.

SPRIGGS:

Parcel for you!

SEAGOON:

It's arrived!

FX:

RAPID RIPPING OPEN

SEAGOON:

And here's the file. Now, while I claw a hole in the wall with my bare hands, you cover up the sound by filing through your teeth.

FX:

FILING

BLOODNOK:

I say. Are you filing your teeth?

GREENSLADE:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Well put them under 'T', would you?

ORCHESTRA:

ONE LONG LOW NOTE ON AN OBOE

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Have tenor's friend, will travel.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok! How did you get in here?

BLOODNOK:

I have the OBE and attachments, you know. Also, a parcel of steamed squid.

SEAGOON:

Well, shut up, man. Help me dig a tunnel.

GRAMS:

DIGGING UP ROCKS BY HAND

BLOODNOK:

Ohh! Ooooooh! In that order.

SEAGOON:

You've got to get rid of these rocks.

BLOODNOK:

I'm eating them as fast as I can, I tell you!

SEAGOON & BLOODNOK:

(GRUNTING)

GRAMS:

ROCKS BEING PILED

GREENSLADE:

What are you doing, Mr. Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Ya nit, I'm trying to tunnel out.

BLOODNOK:

Now, Ned of Wales. Bloodnock of Anywhere will get you out of this hole provided you sign the contract on this boiled egg.

SEAGOON:

Is this contract binding?

BLOODNOK:

A real eye waterer. Now, let me have your deposit, this set of drums will do. Gad! Ohhh! They look in fine military condition. Just adjust me miller. Now. I'll do a parrididdle on 'em.

SEAGOON:

Don't you dare!

BLOODNOK:

What!

ORCHESTRA:

DRUMS PLAY A MILITARY BEAT. SIDE DRUM AND UNDAMPENED BASS DRUM

BLOODNOK:

(OVER ORCHESTRA SINGS HIS FAVOURITE MILITARY MELODY. ALL FADE INTO DISTANCE)

SEAGOON:

He escaped by military drums. Thank heavens he's gone.

BLOODNOK:

And thank heavens he's back again.

ORCHESTRA:

ONE LONG LOW NOTE ON AN OBOE

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. 'The Return of Bloodnok', Part Three. Hello, Ned of Wales. Look, we've all been imprisoned here for woowoowoo.

SEAGOON:

Why should we spend the rest of our time here?

BLOODNOK:

True.

SEAGOON:

Look, this is *my* plan.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION. SERIES OF ELECTRONIC SOUNDS

BLOODNOK:

It sounds infallible. When do we start?

SEAGOON:

Now. First we must contact a solicitor. Contact!

CRUN:

Contact.

GRAMS:

PROPELLER-ENGINED PLANE ROARS INTO LIFE THEN SLURS TO A STOP

CRUN:

Contact made. Welcome to Whacklow, Futtle and Crun, Bannister. Solicitors for Oaths, Thin Oil and Certain Thinggggggs.

MINNIE:

Thinggggg! Thinggggg!

ORCHESTRA:

ALL JOIN IN 'THING. THING, THING', ETC. AS RANDOM NOTES ARE BLOWN ON A TRUMPET

CRUN:

Thinggggs are catching on, Min. Thingggg. Now, sir. What, apart from your plasticine nose, is the trouble?

SEAGOON:

My wife left me.

CRUN:

Where did she leave you?

SEAGOON:

At home.

CRUN:

Describe him.

SEAGOON:

No, you see, my wife didn't understand dme.

CRUN:

Oh? Why not?

SEAGOON:

She only spoke Bulgarian.

CRUN:

What was her name?

SEAGOON:

Mrs Seagoon.

CRUN:

Ohhh. So, she's a *married* woman? There's a clue. Have you got a description of her?

FX:

RUSTLING OF PLANS

SEAGOON:

Here. Here's a complete set of plans of her.

CRUN:

But these are the plans of a house.

SEAGOON:

She's inside. All we've got to do is find that house and there she'll be!

CRUN:

Ahhh, yemnooahh. Min of Mongolia?

MINNIE:

I won't be a second!

CRUN:

Good. There's no money in the boxing game, Min.

MINNIE:

Back, back, all of you.

CRUN:

Min of Mongolia...

MINNIE:

I never wrote it.

CRUN:

Leave the...

MINNIE:

It often gives me the...

CRUN:

Put your saxophone down and listen. This... this man in the mosquito net hat is a new client.

SEAGOON:

How do you do?

MINNIE:

I didn't catch the name.

SEAGOON:

I haven't dropped it yet.

FX:

TUBULAR BELL DROPPED ON STAGE WITH A TELEGRAPH POLE CLANG

SEAGOON:

That's it!

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, dear.

CRUN:

Ohhh.

MINNIE:

Mr. Steel. He... He's coming. He's coming nearer. He's almost here. He's arriiived!

SEAGOON:

Who?

MINNIE:

Ha, ha, haaa!

CRUN:

Now, Ned. That will be a pound. Come and see us in ten guineas' time.

SEAGOON:

Have you change of a yakamakakaaaa? Oh, you haven't, eh? Ha, ha! Then to hell with you!

GRAMS:

WOLF HOWL

RAY:

Man, that sounds like my cue. And I don't like it. I don't like it at all!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

Part Three of certain thingssss.

GRAMS:

TANK TRANSPORTER RUMBLING ALONG THE ROAD

MORIARTY:

(SINGS) Riding along the King's highwayyyyy. Riding along the King's highwayyyyy.

GRYTPYPE:

Happy, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Ahhh, devine.

GRYTPYPE:

I say. There's something in the road ahead.

MORIARTY:

It *is* a head. With a body attached.

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's mine, Bottle of Finchley.

MORIARTY:

Ahhh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can you give me a lift to London Town?

MORIARTY:

Go on, hop it.

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's too far to hop it.

ECCLES:

'Ello, Bottle (GIBBERISH WITH MILLIGAN MORPHING BETWEEN ECCLES AND MORIARTY AND BACK AGAIN TO ECCLES). 'Ello, Bottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor, look at him in brown evening dress. It's Eccles of Lengths.

ECCLES:

He's okay, Moriarty, he's a friend of mine. Come on up, Bottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohh, ta, Eccles. Here's a cigarette card of a newt.

ECCLES:

Ohhh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

And here's one of a King Edward potato at two months old.

ECCLES:

(GULPS AND EATS THE POTATO) Delicious!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do you know what?

ECCLES:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I been doing life-guard duties on the Splon beach at Ratsgate.

ECCLES:

Ohhhhh. I didn't know you could swim in water, Bottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I don't swim in a water bottle.

ECCLES:

What? No, what I meant was... I didn't know you could... er... um... I'm not gonna tell you!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah.

ECCLES:

There! I didn't...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shall I tell you?

ECCLES:

What? Da, what?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do you know that I had to learn to swim at two weeks old.

ECCLES:

Two weeks old, eh? Why?

BLUEBOTTLE:

The vicar dropped me in the font.

GRAMS:

SPLASH AND BUBBLES

BLUEBOTTLE:

I went. 'Ello everybody.

ECCLES:

I'm not stoppin' 'ere.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh, I didn't see you was all out there. One, two, three, four five. (SINGS IN MONOTONE) Fifteen men on dead man's chest. Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum. (NORMAL) Oh, not such a big crowd tonight, then. I wonder if little Bottle's losing the public that has kept him in liquorice and long shorts for all these years? I wonder if I'm a fallen idol? Another was-been? Noooooo! Noooooo! I shall go on from triumph to triumph!

FX:

SWANEE WHISTLE DOWN AND THUD VERY FAST

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, my trousers a-come down! Never again will I trust knotted string from Freda Milge.

ECCLES:

Never m... Ooooh! Ha-hum! You better have a brandy.

GRAMS:

LONG POURING FROM A THREE GALLON TIN INTO A GLASS. THEN A LONG SYPHON OF SODA

BLUEBOTTLE:

[UNCLEAR].

ECCLES:

There we are. (SINGS A LITTLE TUNE WHILE HE POURS FOR A LONG TIME)

BLUEBOTTLE:

No thank you. Ring! Ring! Ring! The phone. Hello?

SEAGOON:

Hello, Bottle! Help me! Where is Robin's Post?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's on a lorry going down the Great North Road.

SEAGOON:

You will be rewarded for this with a twill nightie and a spare sock. Gid up, there! Ha, ha, hooooo!

GRAMS:

LONE RANGER/WILLIAM TELL THEME PLAYED FAST UNDER...

HERN:

[SELLERS]

Yes. A fiery horse, a flash of light. Two pounds of potatoes, a small brown loaf. Hey, ho! And it's the Lone Rangerrrrr!

SEAGOON:

Gid up, proud beauty!

SELLERS:

(OLD WOMAN) All right, dear.

FX:

SLOW COCONUT SHELLS

GRYTPYPE:

Ring, ring, ring in the direction of Ned.

SEAGOON:

What's that? It sounds like a telephone. (TASTES) It *tastes* like a telephone!

BLOODNOK:

What number does it taste like?

SEAGOON:

Hastings 1066.

BLOODNOK:

That's us.

SEAGOON:

Hello, us!

MORIARTY:

(ON PHONE) Listen, Neddie. I'm warning you not to follow us.

SEAGOON:

Arrest that phone! The man on the other end is a criminule!

FX:

HANDCUFFS AND CHAINS ON TELEPHONE

SEAGOON:

There! Hello? Hello? Blast, he's escaped! This phone is empty! Tararaaaa!

BLOODNOK:

It's near enough for jazz.

SEAGOON:

We'd never catch them on a horse. But, just as I said that, folks, an old Indian hooker drew up on a nearby canal.

LALKAKA:

Hello? Hello? Hello, hello, Mr... Mr Neddie Man.

BANERJEE:

Hello, hello. Hindu. Here is our card.

LALKAKA:

Our card, our card, our card.

SEAGOON:

(READING) "Jim Jones and Tom Squat, Printers"?

BANERJEE:

Well, they are the men we bought the cards from.

LALKAKA:

We're getting them the... second-hand, you know.

SEAGOON:

Cast offfffff.

LALKAKA:

Cast off [UNCLEAR]...

ORCHESTRA:

OPEN SEA MUSIC

SEAGOON:

Now, then. Who's our navigator?

ECCLES:

I am.

SEAGOON:

(PANICS) Man the boooooats!

ECCLES:

What!?! What? Wait! Major.

SEAGOON:

Neddie and children first.

ECCLES:

No! No! Stop! Major! Major!

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Wait a... Wait a minute!

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Let... Let... Let... Neddie, allow me to explain.

ECCLES:

Tell 'im and explain.

BLOODNOK:

This man is *brilliant*, you know.

ECCLES:

Yeah. I'm..

BLOODNOK:

He's brilliant at...

ECCLES:

And that's him saying it.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. He's not only brilliant at cartography and astral navigation, he's brilliant at – well, at *all* sorts of things!

ECCLES:

Yeah!

BLOODNOK:

Certain thingggs, he's brilliant at.

ECCLES:

I...

BLOODNOK:

Eccles!

ECCLES:

I do... yeah!

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Now. Eccles.

ECCLES:

What?

BLOODNOK:

Do you know that the mouth of the Amazon is one hundred miles wide?

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah?

BLOODNOK:

And the coast of Albania is ten thousand miles long?

ECCLES:

Ohhhh, yeah?

BLOODNOK:

You see? There! I mean, he knew the answer to *both* the questions.

ECCLES:

Yeahh!

BLOODNOK:

Yes!

ECCLES:

Yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

ECCLES:

My turn? (EDIT) ...here's a map of the... here's a map of the route.

SEAGOON:

What's the scale.

ECCLES:

Doh, ray, me, far, so, la, te, dooooooooooooo.

SEAGOON:

Perfect. (CALLS) Set course for Ferpudden.

ECCLES:

What's Ferpudden?

SEAGOON:

Prunes and custard!

ECCLES:

Owwwww!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Wind's coming up.

ORCHESTRA:

TA RAAAAAA

BLOODNOK:

Caught with their instruments down. Oh! Not long to the pay-off now, folks. Ohhhh dear. Now, Neddie, pick a card. Don't show it to me. What is it?

SEAGOON:

Jim Jones and Tom Squat, Printers.

BLOODNOK:

Correct!

JIM:

Hello, Jim. Hello, , hello, Jimmmmmm.

SEAGOON:

Helloooooo, Ji-iiiiim.

JIM:

Well done! Look what I found floating in the canal - the pay-off!

SEAGOON:

It's the front door to Robin's Post!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

OLD FASHIONED ORCHESTRA - AS BEGINNING OF STORY - SOUND OF DANCERS

SEAGOON:

Stop the music!

GRAMS:

SLOW MUSIC DOWN TO A BLUR

SEAGOON:

Ah, meg! (KISSING)

ELLINGTON:

Man, there *must* be some mistake.

MEG:

[SELLERS]

Oh, Neddie, Neddie, darling. Your back, your... what? Oh, Neddie, Neddie, darling. Your back, your front, you brought them both with you, I see, ohh, la, la!

SEAGOON:

I carry them for sentimental reasons. I...

GRAMS:

GREAT AVALANCHE OF ROCKS

SEAGOON:

She's fainted. Oh!

DOCTOR:

[SELLERS]

(SCOTTISH ACCENT) Stand aside, I'm a doctor, I specialise in fainting. Huh-ohhhh! (FAINTS)

FX:

BODY FALLS TO GROUND

SEAGOON:

So he does!

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie. You disrespectful swine.

MORIARTY:

C'est la guerre!

GRYTPYPE:

Standing there with your two fainted people? Take your shoes off.

GRAMS:

TWO SMALL EXPLOSIONS

GRYTPYPE:

Do you have to wear such loud socks?

SEAGOON:

I've got deaf feet!

SPRIGGS:

Yes, folks, exploding socks. It's the new *noise* clothes! Get noise clothes. Why not get your grannie a pair of red flannel drawers that go...

GRAMS:

GREAT CACKLING OF STARTLED HENS

GREENSLADE:

And with Lord Seagoon's wife safely fainted, and a good laugh and a pair of cackling drawers, we say farewell from page thirteen of the Goon Show.

BLOODNOK:

Is there no end to it! Ohhhhh!

GREENSLADE:

It's near enough for jazz!

ECCLES:

Yeah, I...

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME INTO OLD COMRADES MARCH