

S10 E05 - The Silver Dubloons

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

MILLIGAN:

Anybody want to jump, folks? Don't know? That's how we got here.

SECOMBE:

(LAUGHS)

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC. And the colour's cream!

SECOMBE:

Ah, yes, Wal, the modern cream BBC! I remember the old days when it was brown.

SELLERS:

Brown!

OMNES:

Brown! Brown!

GREENSLADE:

Yes, the old brown BBC! Happy days.

SELLERS:

Brown is better, it doesn't show the dirt.

SECOMBE:

Not in this show, it doesn't, mate! (LAUGHS) Back to your car, Sellers!

SELLERS:

(CAR NOISES)

FX:

OLD CAR HORN HONKING

SECOMBE:

And now, folks of the world, here is a special goatskin microphone announcement in an (GIBBERISH).

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen..

MILLIGAN:

You fyools.

GREENSLADE:

The brown BBC presents the Son of Fun, that old Welsh favourite: Ned, the Seagoon.

GRAMS:

CHEERING, WELSH MALE VOICE CHOIR SINGING 'WE'LL KEEP A WELCOME IN THE HILLSIDE', SHEEP

SEAGOON:

Stop! Stop!

GRAMS:

STOPS IMMEDIATELY

SEAGOON:

Thank you, fellow Welshmen.

SPRIGGS:

(SINGS) Hello, Ned of Wales!

SEAGOON:

It's Milligan of Poona!

SPRIGGS:

Ned of Wales, how's that old Welsh marriage?

SEAGOON:

Only... (LAUGHS) (WELSH ACCENT) Me and the little woman are very happy, indeed, aren't we, love?

LITTLE WOMAN:

[GREENSLADE]

(SPEEDED UP VOICE) I think you're lovely, my darling, with the little fat legs and lovely little cubby chops, you're beautiful with it, you see. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

SPRIGGS:

Then tell me, what's the little woman's name?

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, he! Eh, er, I call her simply...

FX:

WHISTLE AND POP

SPRIGGS:

What a tune that would make!

FX:

HORN PLAYS POP GOES THE WEASEL CONCLUDING WITH WHISTLE AND POP

SPRIGGS:

Thank you. Went better at rehearsal. Next dance, please. And your name, now, then? It's you, Wal. Wal of Weybridge.

GREENSLADE:

[UNCLEAR] Desist, desist, desist from all this fribbage badinage! Stop, I say. Halt! Hold hard! Withhold! Decease!

SEAGOON:

Put your head on this anvil!

FX:

HAMMER HITS METAL

GREENSLADE:

Owwwwwww!

SEAGOON:

There we are! Let's see your old nut. Good heavens, yes! Lumps suit you!

SELLERS:

Yes, lumps. Ladies, do your husbands come home late? Then use...

FX:

HAMMER HITS METAL. HIGH-PITCHED SCREAM

SELLERS:

Lumps. Next time you're at your ironmonger, just open your mouth and say... "Lumps."

CHARLIE:

[Secombe]

(WHINY VOICE) Yes, I'm grateful to lumps. I had a hat that came down over my eyes. Then, one night my wife went...

FX:

HAMMER HITS METAL. HIGH-PITCHED SCREAM

CHARLIE:

Now, thanks to lumps, I have a clear view all the way round.

GREENSLADE:

Now, a word from our sponsor.

MILLIGAN:

Drawers!

GREENSLADE:

Next week, another word.

THESPIAN:

[SELLERS]

Tonight... Tonight...

MILLIGAN:

(OFF, OLD) Ohhhh!

THESPIAN:

By the magic of hack writing and worn cliché, we drag you half across an hour of putrescent dullness and (), producing the new brown BBC shade. But let the author tell you in his own words.

MILLIGAN:

(GIBBERISH)

THESPIAN:

Those were his own words. Ned of Wales, read the inscription on this crippled mango called flan.

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks of the world! Hello, folks of the world! This is Ned of Wales calling! (LAUGHS) Ned of Wales speaking in the new goatskin microphone, folks! The scene is Nineteen Hundred and Hun. A lonely Sussex fishing village in Cornwall!

GRAMS:

WAVES, SEAGULLS, PIANO MUSIC PLAYING UNDER...

ROUGH SEAMAN:

[SELLERS]

(WEST COUNTRY ACCENT) (VARIOUS GRIZZLED ARRRRS) Garrrrn! The Brown Cave, we call it. Arrrr, 'tis somewhere in the cliff face. Overlooking the sea, my little beauty, a-ha, harr! It's an old smuggler's cave, right there. On a dark night they do say a ghostly voice... Ghostly voice, arrr! [UNCLEAR] on the side the smell of ghostly cooking, ha-harr-arr! (SUDDENLY CALM) Excuse me, I've got to get back to the Mermaid Theatre, now, ta. Taxi!

GRAMS:

TAXI DRIVING OFF FOLLOWED BY BUBBLING MUSIC ALA 'MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT' UNDER...

MORIARTY:

Ah. Oh! Quel delicious. Quel delicious!

GRAMS:

BUBBLING STOPS

GRYTPYPE:

What is that excruciating brew you're sipping with that boot, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Ohh! Taste! Taste!

GRAMS:

PROLONGED SLURP

GRYTPYPE:

Gad, what is it?

MORIARTY:

Your laundry! It's Fata de la Socks Supreme!

GRYTPYPE:

Gad. We English have never had it so good. (SINGS TO THE TUNE OF 'AUPRÈS DE MA BLONDE') Hey, what's for afters?

MORIARTY:

She hasn't arrived yet.

SEAGOON:

Hello!

MORIARTY:

Ahhhh!

SEAGOON:

In the absence of a door – knock, knock!

GRYTPYPE:

In the absence of a footman, come in!

MORIARTY:

In the absence of a roof, hold this umbrella!

SEAGOON:

Thank you, lad! Or, if you're French, Yakamakakakoo!

MORIARTY AND SEAGOON:

(SEVERAL VARIATIONS ON "YAKAMAKAKAKOO!")

GRYTPYPE:

Wait, wait, wait. You're Neddie Seagoon, the famous size.

SEAGOON:

All lies, all lies, I tell you, I'm slimming! My pot belly's nearly gone! I mean, it's... Look, look, I... I... I can still touch my toes!

FX:

CLOTH RIPPING

SEAGOON:

Let me tell you who I am. Ladies and gentlemen, I am... Ned Seagoon! Seagoon, the Elephant Man.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, you... you train elephants.

SEAGOON:

No, they just call me "Seagoon, the Elephant Man." Watch this!

MORIARTY:

Stand back.

FX:

DRUM ROLL AND CYMBOLES UNDER, CYMBALS REPEATED AFTER EVERY "HUP! HEY!"

SEAGOON:

(AS AN ANIMAL TRAINER IN THE CIRCUS) Hup! hey! Hup! A-heyyyy! Hoop-a-ha! Hup! Hup! Hey! Hup!
(ETC)

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid, Neddie. I didn't know you played the drums. You see...

MORIARTY:

Owwwww....

GRYTPYPE:

This mess of rags stooping over that fuming pot? None other than the great Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

(OFF) Ahhhh.....

GRYTPYPE:

Trapeeze artist extraordinaire.

SEAGOON:

Him? A trapeeze artist?

MORIARTY:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Moriarty, sketch a trapeeze.

MORIARTY:

No, no, I... I... I haven't got the time.

GRYTPYPE:

Ten past three.

MORIARTY:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Look! I only came here to borrow a shovel. Ahem. I heard that during the Armada, a Spanish galleon went down off Brown Cove and at low tide you can dig for silver Spanish dubloons.

MORIARTY:

Silver? Ahhhhhh!

GRAMS MORIARTY:

(OVERLAPPING RECORDINGS OF MORIARTY YELLING "SILVER? AHHH!". RUNS DOWN AND STOPS)

GRYTPYPE:

That was the new stereophonic Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

Is he ill?

GRYTPYPE:

No, but for a fee it could be arranged. For £100 he will contract lurgy. At present the poor Count is suffering from the Irish Krut. Here is a report on his health.

SEAGOON:

This is a bank overdaft statement.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, a terrible disease.

SEAGOON:

What's the cure?

GRYTPYPE:

Alas, we've run short of the opiate that would restore the roses to his knees. All that can save him, I fear. (ASIDE) The... the groan, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

(FEEBLE) Aoww...

GRYTPYPE:

His only hope is a tablespoonful of silver dubloons, three times a day, forced down his unwilling wallet. I fear he'll be dead by sun-up, I tell you.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no, wait, wait, wait, wait, I... I... I... I can try!

GRYTPYPE:

Here, then. Take this tax-free shovel inscribed Charlie and dig, Neddie. If you should find a few dubloons then this ailing son of the Comte of France will give untold riches to the salvator.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes! (LAUGHS) I'll get a French OBE and a Parisian Lord Tavenor's tie. Don't worry, I'll get the dubloons!

FX:

WHOOSHES OFF

GREENSLADE:

That traditional BBC whoosh terminates part 1.

FX:

PAPER PARCEL BEING UNWRAPPED

GREENSLADE:

We will now unpack Mr. Max Geldray's nose and let him feel the full benefit of it.

FX:

HONK

GELDRAI:

Oh, boy! Look, I got that old Dutch conk back! Am I going to have fun!

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

Ta. Part Ongy. The Spanish Dubloons. Ole! By the way, that "ole" was my own idea. I'm not *entirely* without wit.

GRAMS:

SOUNDS OF DIGGING

SEAGOON:

Cor! Phew! Wh-phuh! Oh, folks! Corrr, phew, phew! I've been digging up dubloons for three weeks to save the French prince. The weather was bitter cold and the snow lay three feet on my feet.

GREENSLADE:

Now a phone call in blue.

FX:

RING

SEAGOON:

Ah, the old-fashioned hand-cranked sea-shell phone. Hello! Hello!

GRYTPYPE:

(ON PHONE) Hello, Ned of Wales. Thynne of Paris speaking. You've heard of Paris.

SEAGOON:

What does it sound like?

FX:

MUSIC

MORIARTY:

(SINGS GIBBERISH OVER MUSIC)

SEAGOON:

Sounds foreign to me.

GRYTPYPE:

It's a French phone, Neddie. Ned, we want you to send the next load of silver dubloons care of the Yumka Hotel, Paris.

SEAGOON:

Yumka? How do you spell it?

GRYTPYPE:

Y.M.C.A.

SEAGOON:

Right. Well, I must say I'm... I'm worn down to an 18-stone shadow by digging, you know.

GRYTPYPE:

(SNARLS) You ungrateful 18-stone shadow! (CALM AGAIN) Ned, look, um... Where do you live?

SEAGOON:

The basement of Bloodnok's military flats.

GRYTPYPE:

Right. You go home and I'll arrange a holiday with tax-free legs *and* certain things.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME FOLLOWED BY RANDOM PIANO KEYS BEING PLAYED THROUGHOUT...

MINNIE:

Henryyyyy? Henry! Hen.

CRUN:

Dear, dear, dear. What is it, Min?

MINNIE:

Is that you playing the... pianola?

CRUN:

No, Min, no.

MINNIE:

What? What?

CRUN:

What! What!

MINNIE:

Oh. I'm on the piano, ahhh.

CRUN:

It isn't...

MINNIE:

What?

CRUN:

It... It's not me, min.

MINNIE:

Who's playing that?

CRUN:

It's the piano tuner

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhhh. Pew! What's that tune he's playyyyyying?

FX:

PIANO STOPS

CRUN:

Pardon me, Mr. Prute.

PIANO TUNER:

[Secombe]

(UNCLE OSCAR)(NEAR-DEATH MUMBLINGS)

FX:

BITS OF PIANO FALL OFF

PIANO TUNER:

(NEAR-DEATH MUMBLINGS)

FX:

MORE BITS OF PIANO FALL OFF

MINNIE:

Ohhhh.

FX:

MORE BITS OF PIANO FALL OFF

CRUN:

Pardon me... What?

MINNIE:

Give me the pieces, Henry.

CRUN:

Mr Prute.

PIANO TUNER:

(NEAR-DEATH MUMBLINGS)

CRUN:

What is that tune you're playing?

PIANO TUNER:

Ahooohah... note of E flat.

CRUN:

It's called the... What?

MINNIE:

What it... what the note called?

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

What's it called? What?

CRUN:

It's called "The Note in E Flat," Min.

MINNIE:

It'll never be a hit with that title.

FX:

PIANO RESUMES

GRAMS:

SHEEP

MINNIE:

Oh! Ohhhh! That you, Henry?

CRUN:

No, no.

MINNIE:

Thank heaven.

CRUN:

What? What that? That is the piano, Min.

MINNIE:

Piano?

CRUN:

It's got wool on to keep the tune warm.

MINNIE:

I thought our piano was stolen.

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

Stooooolen! Thought it was stooooolen!

CRUN:

It was, Min!

MINNIE:

No, oh, yoooo!

CRUN:

(TO PIANO TUNER) Pardon me, sir. I don't want to worry you but we haven't got a piano. You're probably supposed to be tuning the one next door.

TUNER:

I.... *am*.... next door.

CRUN:

(LOUD) Min!

MINNIE:

Yaooh! Don't you... What?

CRUN:

We're in the wrong house again! (TO PIANO TUNER) Sir, we had a piano like that stolen. What colour's the keyboard?

TUNER:

Black and white.

CRUN AND MINNIE:

It's ours!

MINNIE:

Ours!

CRUN:

It's ours!

MINNIE:

It's our piano.

CRUN:

[unclear].

MINNIE:

Our piano! B'daaaaah, ting! Ching.

GREENSLADE:

Ta. Now, over to Bloodnock's room where the windows are never closed.

FX:

BED SPRINGS BOINGING

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Oh, this bed, it's terrible!

ELLINGA:

(POSH) Um, your breakfast, Major.

BLOODNOK:

Breakfast? What year?

ELLINGA:

Vintage '53.

BLOODNOK:

One of their finest years.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BLOODNOK:

Aaaaahoooh!

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok! I saw a light in your window and the brown in the doorway, so I came in, glasses first.

BLOODNOK:

Great news, Ned! Grytpype's paying for you to go on holiday. Have you any warm clothes?

SEAGOON:

No, but I can get some cold ones and put 'em in the oven.

BLOODNOK:

Ah! Here's your ticket, lad.

SEAGOON:

First class lift? Where am I going?

BLOODNOK:

You're going to the seventh floor, Ned, away from it all! You know, on a clear day you can see the clothes line opposite. And Mrs Buge in the bath! Oh, ho, ho! Bye, Ned. Bye. Ellinga, go down and rifle his room with a rifle. Bye, lad.

GRAMS:

LIFT GOING UP

SEAGOON:

Gad, folks! Fancy a free trip to the 7th floor by first-class lift!

JOHN:

[MILLIGAN]

(UPPER-CLASS TWIT) Are you going far?

SEAGOON:

The 7th floor.

JOHN:

Oh. Penelope and I went there last year, didn't we, dear?

PENELOPE:

[SELLERS]

Yes, darling.

JOHN:

Trouble is, it was full of people from the basement. Wasn't it, dear?

PENELOPE:

Yes, John.

SEAGOON:

Is this the little woman?

JOHN:

Yes, she's 2 foot 6.

WILLIUM:

Take yer seats for first sittin' [unclear]...

JOHN:

Come on, Penelope, darling.

WILLIUM:

And all kinds of stewed fruits and mutton. You like... like a bit of stewed fruit and mutton?

SEAGOON:

No, thank you. I brought my lunch...

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) [UNCLEAR] in rehearsal.

SEAGOON:

...with me, yes. Yes.

WILLIUM:

Yes. Forgot abaht that. Now, got your ticket, mate? Ohhh, gawd. Now, 'ere, wai... 'ere. This ain't it, this ain't it. It says your weight is 19 stones, 3 pounds!

SEAGOON:

Give me that! It's all lies, I tell you! I'm slimming, I tell you! I've never been so light in my li...

GRAMS:

WHISTLE OF LIFT FALLING DOWN THE SHAFT THEN LANDING WITH A CRASH

WILLIUM:

Ground floor again.

SEAGOON:

It wasn't [UNCLEAR]... I... I... I tell you, I'm as light as a feather! I even...

GRAMS:

FLOOR CREAKS THEN BREAKS WITH CRASHING SOUNDS

SEAGOON:

Aaaaah!

BLOODNOK:

Neddie! Welcome back to your old basement! Have a nice time? Did you have nice weather or haven't you washed? Now, then. For the second part of your holiday. Ellington? Harness up the coach and four and take Mr. Seagoon's parcel and two!

ELLINGTON:

Gid up, there! Hey-oh, Silver! Woahhhhhh!

GRAMS:

HORSE CARRIAGE, DUCKS QUACKING

SEAGOON:

Along the King's Highway we rumbled, our ducks at the full gallop. It was mid-January and for the sake of the story, the coach was full of me and Ray Ellington!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you, and for my next impression...

FX:

SPLOSH ON FACE

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aieeee! Ahooo!

GREENSLADE:

Now, The Spanish Dubloons, part the hair. The stage coach. Giddup!

GRAMS:

HORSE CARRIAGE

ELLINGTON:

Whooooooooaaaaahhhh, woah back, there! Woah back, I said.

SEAGOON:

What's the matter, driver? Why have we stopped?

ELLINGTON:

One of the horses got a puncture.

SEAGOON:

Which one?

ECCLES:

Me.

SEAGOON:

What are you doing as a horse?

ECCLES:

Gotta make a living, too.

SEAGOON:

But you look frozen!

ECCLES:

I'm an ice-Eccles. (LAUGHS). Okay. You win, folks. Erm... I... I like doing impressions of horses. That's my hobby.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah, he's a hobby horse. Hee-hee!

FX:

SPLOSH AGAIN

ECCLES:

I bet you [UNCLEAR].

BLUEBOTTLE:

Alright, then.

ECCLES:

Um.. pull out you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I never said nothing.

ECCLES:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Look! Over there in Part three, an old manor! I wonder who lives in it?

ECCLES:

I know.

GRAMS:

SCARY OLD MANOR-TYPE MUSIC & SCREAMS

Orchestra:

CREEPY LINK MUSIC

DYALL:

A-ha! There' a coach from part two stopped outside.

GRAMS:

OWL HOOTS ONCE

DYALL:

Hark! The hoot of an owl. She only gives one. Obviously she doesn't give two hoots! Ha ha ha!

GRAMS:

DIABOLICAL LAUGHTER

DYALL:

Ah, ha ha! They don't write tunes like that anymore!

GRAMS:

DONG OF A LARGE BELL

DYALL:

Open the door!

THROAT:

Right, sir.

FX:

DOOR IS SMASHED TO PIECES

DYALL:

You forgot the key, didn't you?

SEAGOON:

Ah, good evening!

DYALL:

You ought to know, you're outside.

SEAGOON:

You're inside, in the warm.

DYALL:

It seems a pretty healthy arrangement. Here's half a nicker.

SEAGOON:

Gad, a wooden leg!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I don't like this man.

SEAGOON:

I don't like him, either.

ECCLES:

I don't like him, too.

DYALL:

How do you think I feel!? I happen to *be* him!

SEAGOON:

Look here, our story has broken down and we're stuck for lodgings.

DYALL:

You certainly are. What do you want, bed and breakfast?

SEAGOON:

Yes, please.

DYALL:

(CREEPILY) I'll leave it outside. In the garden.

SEAGOON:

Can we have shelter?

DYALL:

Very well, come in. Wipe your feet. *And* your boots!

ECCLES:

Evening. Hello.

DYALL:

Gad, what a beautiful woman!

ECCLES:

Get away from me, you naughty man!

DYALL:

You're the living image of my first, second, third, fourth and fifth wives!

ECCLES:

Yer. I do impressions.

DYALL:

Ha-ha! You joking devil.

ECCLES:

Waaa-hoo-howw!

DYALL:

Come, let's all sit round the fire! My name is Count Valentine Dyall. I have one boy.

ECCLES:

That must be your son, Dyall! (LAUGHS)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well done, Eccles! You're toppin' them all the way! Hooray for [UNCLEAR]!

ECCLES:

[UNCLEAR]?

DYALL:

Yes, my son Dyall's a strange boy. He spends all his life collecting the silver milk bottle tops. Sacks of them. He takes them away - heaven knows where - and buries them.

SEAGOON:

There goes the plot, folks!

DYALL:

For years he lived in South America on safari. For months he was trapped in the Amazon!

SEAGOON:

Couldn't he get the door open?

DYALL:

No! He was collecting rare South American pianos for the zoo. This one is stuffed! Let me... let me let you hear the exotic stuffed beauty of it.

GRAMS:

MUTED PIANO PLAYS MOONLIGHT SONATA AS DYALL SINGS DIABOLICALLY

DYALL:

There. That mellow, exotic, delicate, beautifully phrased Peruvian melody. I composed it especially for myself.

SEAGOON:

What do you call it?

DYALL:

I call it... "Fred"! (MANIC LAUGH, UNDER)

SEAGOON:

Suddenly, Count Dyall's face took on a maniacal aspect. He advanced on us, laughing insanely. Look out! He's got a knife!

BLUEBOTTLE:

And a fork!

ECCLES:

And a spoon!

BLUEBOTTLE:

He's going to eat you, Neddie!

SEAGOON:

What? I'm off!

DYALL:

And so, folks, because Neddie *was* off, I didn't eat him.

BLOODNOK:

Don't... don't you worry, folks, better pay offs are being arranged at this very moment.

GREENSLADE:

This story started with silver dubloons. Let us join Thynne as he dines at the Hotel Splendide.

GRAMS:

PIGS AT TROUGH, BALLROOM MUSIC

GRYTPYPE:

Mmm, an excellent meal, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Why do you keep me chained under the table?

GRYTPYPE:

Waiter, the bill.

WAITER:

[GREENSLADE]

Oui, monsieur. It is 10,000 francs in French.

GRYTPYPE:

Will these silver Spanish dubloons suffice?

GRAMS:

POURS OUT HUNDREDS OF BITS OF METAL

WAITER:

These are milk bottle tops!

GRYTPYPE:

Curse! Foiled by filk mottle bops!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C

GREENSLADE:

There now, folks. That didn't hurt, did it? Incidentally, I played the part of the French waiter. Good night.

ORCHESTRA:

END MUSIC