

S10 E06 - The Last Smoking Seagoon

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service *despite* what the Light Programme says.

SECOMBE:

And what does the Light Programme say?

GREENSLADE:

They say...

GRAMS:

SPED UP – GREENSLADE SAYING "THIS IS THE BBC LIGHT PROGRAMME"

SECOMBE:

Gad, how can we tell you apart?

GREENSLADE:

Well, our programme has naturally wavy hair, for instance, and we make insular announcements like this:

SELLERS:

Here is a hendu warning. Hendus are raging in sea areas Cromarty, Firth, Forth, Fifth and Six. Gale force hendus are sweeping eastward from Iceland, Shetland and the ponies. Further hendus are sweeping in from the east. That is the hend of the endu warning. Tong.

SECOMBE:

Pardon me Wal, but what's a hendu?

GREENSLADE:

It lays eggs.

SELLERS:

(OFF) Hey! Hey! Hey! Hup!

SECOMBE:

And you say they're blowing from the east?

GREENSLADE:

Yes.

SECOMBE:

Stand by for Easter eggs!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C

GREENSLADE:

Ta. And now we present Chapter One of a new dynamic novel written entirely on carbon paper paper, shaven Arab socks and copyright underwater during the hendu season, entitled 'The Last of the Smoking Seagoons'. Part one: the scene, an unfilled cavity in a dentist's waiting room.

WILLIUM:

(IN AGONY) Ohhhh, mate!

GREENSLADE:

Ta, part two: The annual sharehol... The annual shareholders' meeting of The Imperial Ascot Tobacco Company.

OMNES:

UNCONTROLLED COUGHING

THROAT:

Oh, blimey.

FX:

MULTIPLE HAMMERING OF GAVEL

HENRY CRUN:

(COUGHS TO A RHYTHM) Oh, dear, I... I've got a nasty cough, Min.

MINNIE:

Yes, you *have* got a nasty cough, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

What happened to that *nice* cough you used to have? You know the one that used to go...

GRAMS:

ELEPHANT TRUNK CALL

MINNIE:

That's the one.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, that one, yes. Someone shot it, Min.

MINNIE:

In... in the quill. Did it...?

Yees.

Did... did... did... did... did you have it stuffed?

HENRY CRUN:

Aaah, now you're asking me something.

MINNIE:

I know I'm asking you something.

MILLIGAN:

(SINGS WITH A VIBRATO VOICE FOR ABOUT 4 SECONDS)

FX:

FFT, FFT

MILLIGAN:

(CONTINUES SINGING FOR ABOUT 2 SECONDS, ENDS WITH BURP)

THROAT:

Thank you very much.

HENRY CRUN:

I don't know where we get these shareholders from.

MINNIE:

You ca... you can't get them... the... can't get the shareholders, you know, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Why?

MINNIE:

I can't get any holders for *my* shares.

HENRY CRUN:

Really?

MINNIE:

No. Oh, well.

HENRY CRUN:

Welcome, now, to the shareholders' meeting, ladies and gentlemen. I'm glad that this time the gentlemen are wearing trousers.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh! Whoop!

HENRY CRUN:

And now Min of Mongolia will read the trading report for the last year.

FX:

URNS PAPER, PAUSE,URNS PAPER, PAUSE,URNS PAPER

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, it was a very quiet year. (SINGS) Nothing was heard but the song of a bird (MIN JOINS IN AND CONTINUES SINGING HIGH NOTES UNTIL GRAMS)

GRAMS:

BURST OF APPLAUSE, CHANTING – "HOORAY, HOORAY", (NEXT PART SOUNDS LIKE A PREVIOUS GOON SHOW WITH AUDIENCE) HARP GLISSANDO, AUDIENCE LAUGHS, MAN TALKING WITH WORRIED VOICE – "I'VE BEEN WORRIED ABOUT THE GOON SHOW LATELY", AUDIENCE APPLAUDS JOKE, MAN CONTINUES "I SAID TO JIM THE OTHER DAY...", ELEPHANT TRUNK CALL.

HENRY CRUN:

Thank you.

MINNIE:

Poor Jim.

HENRY CRUN:

And now the consumer research bureau's statistical report on the custom(EDIT) tobacco company.

FX:

DOOR KNOCKER

HENRY CRUN:

Gentlemen, good news. That means we've had a knocker fitted to the door.

SEAGOON:

It's me! (COUGHS)

HENRY CRUN:

Who i... what?

SEAGOON:

(COUGHS)

HENRY CRUN:

It's coughing Ned of Wales, our only customer. Get the horses out of here, Min.

GRAMS:

HORSE GALLOPS FADING

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! The Lord Mayor's Show has been this way.

HENRY CRUN:

No, no. No, Ned. The floor has been this way for years.

SEAGOON:

Oh, good. So the floor goes this way. It must be a short cut.

HENRY CRUN & SEAGOON:

(ACCENTING LAUGHS)

HENRY CRUN:

Did you hear that, Min?

MINNIE:

(OFF) I did, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Ahhh. Come now, Ned. Do a nice little cough for the shareholders.

SEAGOON:

(COUGHS)

OMNES:

(UNDER SEAGOON) SMALL CLAPS

HENRY CRUN:

[UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Can't stop.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie! May I say on behalf of the shareholders, that was beautiful. Tell me, Ned. What brought you to our meeting?

SEAGOON:

An ambulance. (COUGHS) I've gotta give it up, you know.

GRYTPYPE:

Give up ambulances, Neddie? Ambulances are good for you.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no, no, I'm trying to give up smoking.

GRYTPYPE:

Ohhh.

SEAGOON:

I'm up to two a day, you know. It's... it's ruining me health, hilt and hoolth and howlth and nyehoo!

GRYTPYPE:

Really?

SEAGOON:

Shareholders of The Imperial Ascot Tobacco Company. Even though I'm your only customer, I've... I've *got* to give it up!

GRAMS:

MOURNING CROWD

GRYTPYPE:

Just one moment, please, one moment, please.

GRAMS:

MOURNING CROWD TAPE SLOWS DOWN

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Ned. Don't be hasty. The whole output of this mighty Imperial Ascot Tobacco Company is geared to your nicotine addiction.

SEAGOON:

I don't care, I've got to think of my lungs.

GRYTPYPE:

Why should you, they never think of you, Ned? Moriarty, the sobbing violin, please.

ORCHESTRA:

VIOLIN 'HEARTS AND FLOWERS'

GRYTPYPE:

Dear Ned, have a cigarette to steady your nerves.

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you. (SUCKS) I say! This cigarette's all filtered with a tobacco tip.

GRYTPYPE:

Of course it's all filtered with a tobacco tip, Neddie! It is my latest invention.

SEAGOON:

You filter swine!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C

GREENSLADE:

End of part one. Three years on and six million nerve-wracking coughs later, a tiny nicotine-stained figure sits by a mountain of dog-ends. Behind each ear are strapped two revolving bundles of half-smoked cigarettes.

ORCHESTRA:

SOME KIND OF STRINGED INSTRUMENT PLAYED ABOVE THE FRET

SEAGOON:

(COUGHS, SPEAKS VERY FAST) Oh, boy. Hello, folks, hello, folks, hello, folks, (SPEAKS NORMAL PACE) Aaaallo, folks, (COUGHS MORE) Ooooh, Hello, folks, aiough! This is Ned of Wales calling in the outdoor Fag-end Service of the BBC. (COUGHS) Folks! (TRIES TO TALK, BUT CAN'T BECAUSE OF COUGH) I'm in a bad way, folks. I need help. Heeeeeelp!

GRAMS:

CAR DRIVES UP AND BRAKES

SEAGOON:

Heavens! A 95-foot long motorcar covered in mink! It must be Peter Sellers!

GRYTPYPE:

No... No, Ned. No, he hasn't heard of this one yet, Neddie. This is the delivery truck of The Imperial Ascot Tobacco Company. I just heard your cri de coeur.

SEAGOON:

Did you? It must've been a loud one.

GRYTPYPE:

Fair shook the windows, Ned. Now, Ned. I know a great surgeon who can cure those dreaded cri de coeurs.

SEAGOON:

Does he practice in Harley Street?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, but only on the saxophone. Police kept moving him on, you know.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Oh, I see.

GRYTPYPE:

And that is why he was forced to take this degrading post as Chief Surgeon to the King. Now just go behind this handy road-side screen and take your clothes off, would you.

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you. (OFF, SINGING) I'm only a strolling... Ha, ha, ha, ha, ooh! Ooh! Ahh! Ooh! I haven't had that off for a long time. Oh, hoh, hoh, ha, hoh, hoh! Ha, hooo!

GRYTPYPE:

Right, Moriarty. We'll take these clothes and have them valued.

GRAMS:

CAR DRIVES OFF

SEAGOON:

I say, hurry up! Hurry up, you lot! It... it... it... It's cold behind here! A lot of woodpeckers around.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, a Bow Street runner approaches.

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS FADING IN

WILLIUM:

Hello, 'ello. Who's left this screen [unclear] with its lights off in broad daylight? Anybody in?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

WILLIUM:

Well, come on out, madam.

SEAGOON:

I can't, I haven't any clothes on. I'm waiting for a medical inspection.

GRAMS:

WHEEE!, POPS, BUBBLES, ELECTRONIC ZAPS, BURP, ELECTRONIC BUBBLES, POP, DOIING OF SPRING

WILLIUM:

I reckon you need one, mate.

SEAGOON:

Just a moment – they've gone! My clothes have gone! Grytpype-Thynne's gone, Moriarty's gone, the car's gone!

WILLIUM:

You've gone, mate and all, come on. Off to the old wolololololo!

SEAGOON:

Ololololo! None of that. No ololo, I was in there last week, you know.

WILLIUM:

Well, you're goin' in again this week, now. Old Milligan's a bit short of ideas, y'see, now, come on.

SEAGOON:

Wolololololo! I'm not... Wolololololo!

WILLIUM:

Off to the... Come on, now. Wolololololo!

SEAGOON:

I'm not going in there, now get off! Wolololololo!

WILLIUM:

You are!

FX:

POP

SEAGOON:

Wolololololo!

WILLIUM:

Wolololololo!

SEAGOON:

Try it Wal, wololololop!

GREENSLADE:

Wololololo! Wololololo! Part four. The scene is lit by the brilliant conk of Max 'The Conks' Geldrayyyyy!

GRAMS:

BURST OF APPLAUSE!

MAX GELDRAIY:

"WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?"

GELDRAIY:

Thank you, folks and ploogie! This is Max 'Conks' Geldray, the golden plum and friend to the snowmans. Listen again next week when you will hear... (BLOWS HARMONICA C# CHORD)

GRAMS:

BURST OF APPLAUSE

GREENSLADE:

Stop!

GELDRAV:

(OFF) Thank you!

GREENSLADE:

Stop! Stop!

GRAMS:

STOPS

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. Part four. The dreaded National Health hospital at Hampton Court.

DOCTOR:

[SELLERS]

Say "Aah!"

GRAMS:

RUBBING AND SCRATCHING, THINGS BEING KNOCKED ABOUT AND DROPPED, FEMALE SCREAMS, RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ETC.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Yes, you'll love it here, Neddie. I've had your clothes x-rayed and we've discovered an anonymous swollen wallet inside your jacket. Nurse Mills?

ELLINGTON:

Er, yes, darlin'?

BLOODNOK:

Oh. Nurse, prepare for a money operation.

ELLINGTON:

Oh, the matron won't like it.

BLOODNOK:

She's not getting any *of* it! Aeough!

MILLIGAN:

What's the operation, doctor?

BLOODNOK:

Well, I have to remove his post office savings account, you see.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) [UNCLEAR] not.

BLOODNOK:

Hand me the anaesthetic, would you? Erh!

FX:

THUMP

ECCLES:

Oo-oww! Major!

BLOODNOK:

I'm sorry, Eccles, I...

SEAGOON:

Here, wait a moment, I...

FX:

THUMP

SEAGOON:

Aeough!

BLOODNOK:

Right, nurse. Knife?

GRAMS:

RIP

FX:

WRITING ON PAPER

BLOODNOK:

Pen, ink, specimen of patient's signature. Blotting paper, a forgery kit, there. Oh-ho-ho! Ohhhh! It's all over! Ohhohoho!

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS FADING OUT

SEAGOON:

Ohhh! Oh, nurse. Where am I?

MINNIE:

England, Ned.

SEAGOON:

Thank heaven. If it hadn't been, I'd never have had the money to get back.

GRYTPYPE:

Cigarette, Ned?

SEAGOON:

Cigarette, yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! (DESPERATELY SMOKES THE CIGARETTE WITH SEVERAL OOOHS AND AHHS, ETC)

GRAMS:

CRACKLING FLAMES, FIRE BRIGADE BELL, STEAM

GRYTPYPE:

You enjoy that, Neddie?

SEAGOON:

Ahhh! Oh, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!

GRYTPYPE:

Well, have another one, the crowd expects it of you.

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS WITH SEAGOON SAYING "NO, NO, NO, NO...", SPEEDS UP TO AN INCREDIBLY HIGH SPEED

GREENSLADE:

And now part two of an early Roman trouser plantation. To escape from the dreaded fiend, nicotine Ned stows away on a Hindu ship, disguised as a stowaway.

ORCHESTRA:

NAVAL-TYPE LINK

GRAMS:

SEAGULLS

FX:

DING-DING, DING-DING, DING-DING

BANERJEE:

What? What? What? What is... what is that, then? What is that?

LALKAKA:

What is that? That's six bells. Six bells.

BANERJEE:

Six bells? But listen, man, we're... we... we are don't... don't need them.

LALKAKA:

What do you mean you don't need the six bells?

BANERJEE:

We don't need... What I'm saying... What I'm telling you. What...

LALKAKA:

I don't...

BANERJEE:

You silly old Pakistani, you listen to me. Listen to the... while you Linden...

LALKAKA:

What is that?

BANERJEE:

Listen!

LALKAKA:

My mother is Irish, I tell you.

BANERJEE:

I know that.

LALKAKA:

She's Irish, I tell you.

BANERJEE:

But you're... But you're not born in London [UNCLEAR], I know that.

LALKAKA:

I think... Alright.

BANERJEE:

We don't need six bells. What we need, we need one bell and we hit it five times, that is all.

LALKAKA:

But Banerjee, it was... it was only one bell hit five times.

BANERJEE:

Then why didn't you say so, man? Do it all again and say it properly.

LALKAKA:

Alright, alright.

FX:

DING-DING, DING-DING, DING-DING

LALKAKA:

One bell hit five times!

SEAGOON:

I say! I say, Hindu gentlemen.

LALKAKA & BANERJEE:

What the heck? What? What? What did he say?

LALKAKA:

I've never seen like this before on... What... what is it, sir?

SEAGOON:

Are you generally responsible for berths on this ship?

LALKAKA:

What is written here is now pointless, you understand.

BANERJEE:

Yes, yes.

LALKAKA:

Not all of them.

SEAGOON:

I'm on this trip for my health, you know, I'm a victim of fag-ends.

BANERJEE:

Oh, dear, dear, dear.

SEAGOON:

I've lost all my teeth and I've got hydromynthalics-defatic-thrompyteritis with complications.

BANERJEE:

What are... What are the complications?

SEAGOON:

Trying to say that lot without my teeth.

BANERJEE:

Oh, dear.

SEAGOON:

(WITHOUT TEETH) Now listen, listen, I tell you. (WITH TEETH) I've had no food since the trip started.

BANERJEE:

Oh, we know, sir.

LALKAKA:

We know, we know, we know!

BANERJEE:

We know.

LALKAKA:

We know. Tell 'im. Tell 'im.

BANERJEE:

Oh, dear, yes. It is the policy of this line to starve the passengers to death, you know.

SEAGOON:

Well, why wasn't I told?

BANERJEE:

It is also the policy of this line not to *alarm* the passengers, you know.

ECCLES:

Ahowowoy! (CALLS) Mouth of the Amazon in sight!

PIRATE:

[SELLERS]

Arr, look out for the wash, arr.

SEAGOON:

What wash?

PIRATE:

The dreaded Amazon mouthwash, my dear! Ha, ha, harr! Narnarhaharr! Arrrr! They do say as 'ow South America is 'haunted, my darlin'! Aha, ha, harr! This little fag-end is 'aunted. Gimme sixpence, I'll 'aunt everything ahaharr! Gnarl I'm, ha, ha, ha, harr!

GREENSLADE:

Bernard Miles is now appearing at the Mermaid Theatre. And now... and now, Ray Ellington, *son* of Mermaid.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'TOO MARVELLOUS FOR WORDS' @

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh! Well, Ned. So we meet again thanks to skilful writing. Look at this, Ned. Look at this here, a picture of me.

SEAGOON:

Was it taken by a flashlight?

BLOODNOK:

No, taken by rifle fire, a new process, you know. You get a pile of rifles and you set fire to them.

SEAGOON:

Gad, what will you think of next?

BLOODNOK:

Well, I think I'll say I'm not staying on this ship. I've been beaten, flogged, keel-hauled, mutinied, tarred, hung from the yard-arm, lashed to the mast. And also an unpleasant incident east of the wind.

SEAGOON:

But a sailor must *expect* these things.

BLOODNOK:

Sailor? I'm a first class passenger, sir!

SEAGOON:

You're a first class...

BLOODNOK:

(CUTS HIM OFF) Yes, I know. I know, yes. Well, now. Let's have a quick résumé.

GRAMS:

VERY SHORT SNIPPET OF AN EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Oh, that's better! Now... (PAUSE FOR AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Stand aside for the equity announcement. Badaaaaaa!

GREENSLADE:

Neddie hid all the way on the boat to South America. And he hid all the way back again, thus breaking the world's hiding record.

BLOODNOK:

Ned of Wales. Née, Ned of Nicotine. Listen. Woof! Woof! Woof! The Hound of the Bonkerville.

SEAGOON:

Quick! Where can I hide?

BLOODNOK:

Come inside, you silly... Come inside this patriotic military museum. Disguise yourself as a visitor.

SPRIGGS:

Hello, Jim.

BLOODNOK:

Good heavens, it's 'Hello, Jim'. A night visitor. Welcome to the Bloodnok Patriotic Museum. Every exhibit a real eye-waterer.

?:

Oh, ho!

BLOODNOK:

Admission, a mere nine guineas.

SPRIGGS:

Why do you charge so much, Jim?

BLOODNOK:

Well, it's something to do with the holidays in the South of France, you know.

SPRIGGS:

Very well.

FX:

CASH REGISTER BELL

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh, that tune, how it haunts me. It's my regimental march, the Third Mounted Cash Registers, you know. Come in and savour the exhibits, lad. This way, please. Now you see the actual slice of Gruyère cheese issued to the fifteenth panzer division at the Battle of Bouarada.

SPRIGGS:

Ooooh!

BLOODNOK:

Just here, you see?

SPRIGGS:

Just a minute, Jim.

BLOODNOK:

What? What? What?

SPRIGGS:

Wait a minute, Jim. This steaming cheese has got 'New Zealand' stamped on it.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, it was captured by them during the battle, you see. You can see the bullet holes in it, look. Oh, look out, it's moving!

FX:

GUNSHOTS

BLOODNOK:

Come out and fight!

SEAGOON:

Don't shoot! Don't shoot, Major, it's me.

BLOODNOK:

Nicotine-mad Ned! Have you been smoking that cheese? Come out with your hands up and lay your wrist-watch on this table. That's right. Good heavens, look at the time! Twenty to four! The perfect time for a wrist-watch robbery.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

SEAGOON:

Ohoho! My last worldly possession stolen. My only goat-skin and duck-fur hand-operated wrist watch, gone!

ECCLES:

What's the duck-fur?

SEAGOON:

To lay eggs.

ECCLES:

Oowwww! Oho!

SEAGOON:

Gone in the direction of away! What... what can I doooo?

GRYTPYPE:

Have a cigarette, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no, I... I've given it up. I'm cured! I only smoke salmon. And that's cured, too, you know.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, despite the age of that joke we have decided to recognise your services to the world of fumes.

MORIARTY:

Hello, Neddie!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Come ooooo. Hello, Ned. Hello, helloooo. We have made you a director of the Imperial Ascot Tobacco Company, Ned.

HENRY CRUN:

This means that in future... Tell him, Min.

MINNIE:

In future, Henry.

HENRY CRUN & MINNIE:

Every cigarette you smoke will bring you a dividend of point... (WITH RHYTHM) Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, three of our [UNCLEAR]ing!

HENRY CRUN:

Which will be paid to you in cigarettes. Every 330 thousand cigarettes you smoke will come to you free.

MINNIE:

Freeeeeeeeeee!

HENRY CRUN:

Freeeee.

MINNIE:

Freeeeeee!

HENRY CRUN:

And will be lit for you by our board of directors.

SEAGOON:

Thank heavens! My days of poverty are over! Aha, ha, ha! What I want to know is... how many cigarettes a day have I got to smoke?

GRYTPYPE:

Just one, Ned, and in that order.

SEAGOON:

Alright. Alright, I'll sicken[?].

GRAMS:

FRED THE OYSTER

GRYTPYPE:

What an unusual signature. Alright, lads, bring the cigarettes in.

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING

CARRIER 1:

[MILLIGAN]

Right 'and dahn to you, Billy.

CARRIER 2:

[SELLERS]

Alright.

CARRIER 1:

Up a bit.

CARRIER 2:

I've got it, now. Down a bit your end. mind the filter.

CARRIER 1:

Lower it down now.

CARRIER 2:

Right. Lower it down.

GRAMS:

STRAIN, CRASH!

SEAGOON:

Curse! Trapped by a ninety-foot long cigarette!

GRYTPYPE:

Come along, Ned, you've only got eight hours left to fulfil the contract. Light the end, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Ooowww.

GRAMS:

GIANT CIGARETTE ON FIRE

MORIARTY:

Smoke it, there. Puff! Puff! Puff away!

GRAMS:

STEAM TRAIN AT SPEED

PUFF! PUFF! PUFF! That's right, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

As I puffed at the giant cigarette, the heat drove out half the inhabitants of London.

JOHN SNAGGE:

(RECORDED) This is the Overseas Service of the Baa Bee Cee. Here is the latest report on the giant cigarette situation. At midnight, a red large glow in the eastern sky over Clapham signified that the great cigarette is still alight. A heavy pall of smoke now hangs over east London. A Mrs Violet Nuke of 5 Sussex Road has complained that her tom cat Matthew has changed colour and taken to smoking a pipe.

MATTHEW:

Meow.

JOHN SNAGGE:

The last medical report on Nicotine Ned was that he had turned into a frail green creature. The Stock Exchange. Shares of The Ascot Tobacco Company rose sharply today. I did rather nicely, actually, and I think that Greenslade and I can go to the pictures tonight.

GREENSLADE:

Oh, thank you, John. We haven't been since we saw Hell's Angels. Meantime, coughing Ned of Wales plans to escape.

GRAMS:

RIDICULOUS COUGHING

SEAGOON:

Oh, dear, Bloodnok! (COUGHING) I need your help.

BLOODNOK:

What? Well, you can stand by me to rely on you. Feel this quillbert[?], there, now.

SEAGOON:

Now. Have you a lighter-than-air machine?

BLOODNOK:

Just by chance I have this handy Chinese rice paper fire balloon. And here is the driver, Ar Long.

AR LONG:

[MILLIGAN]

Ah. Ar Long, at your service. (SPEAKS GIBBERISH CHINESE). Nah.

SEAGOON:

Well, get along, Ar Long.

AR LONG:

Hold tight!

GRAMS:

CHINESE-LIKE SONG, EVENTUALLY SPEEDING UP

BLOODNOK:

Oh, dear! Oh!

GRAMS:

GUNSHOTS

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Look, it's Count Moriarty giving chase in the tobacco-powered ground zeppelin. Full speed in all directions!

SEAGOON:

It's only thirteen miles to safe harbour.

ECCLES:

Thirteen miles? That's an unlucky number.

SEAGOON:

Oh! Fourteen miles, then.

ECCLES:

You see, it *was* unlucky. We're a mile further away, now!

SEAGOON:

I say! We're up high.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Gad, the sun's hot.

ECCLES:

Well, you shouldn't touch it.

GRAMS:

GUNSHOTS

BLOODNOK:

Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

I think Moriarty's within earshot.

SEAGOON:

Why?

ECCLES:

I've just been shot in my ear.

SEAGOON:

Keep going, lads. We're up to page thirteen. (CLEARS THROAT) Ar Long, why are we losing height?

AR LONG:

Honourable fire has gone out. No fuel.

SEAGOON:

There's no fuel like an old fuel. Ballast!

AR LONG:

[UNCLEAR].

ECCLES:

If only... if only we had some tinned sliced garlic.

SEAGOON:

Why?

ECCLES:

I *love* tinned sliced garlic.

BLOODNOK:

Look, we shall have to burn our clothes. Draw the blinds, nurse, will you? Eccles? Off with those thorn-proof trousers.

FX:

PHONE RINGS, PHONE OFF HOOK

MORIARTY:

(ON PHONE) Ha, ha, ha! Now listen to me, Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

Who gave you the phone number of this balloon, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

(ON PHONE) A man called Tom.

BLOODNOK:

What?

MORIARTY:

(ON PHONE) Hand over smoking Ned of Wales and we'll see you get a fair trial and a fair hanging.

BLOODNOK:

Ned! Oh, Ned, you'll have to surrender.

SEAGOON:

Not one step nearer, Bloodnok - or I'll put a bullet between your eyes.

BLOODNOK:

I didn't know they made them that small.

SEAGOON:

You'll never take me, dead or alive.

BLOODNOK:

But isn't there any other way?

GRAMS:

SHORT EXPLOSION

GREENSLADE:

A direct hit from the tobacco-powered zeppelin on the rice-paper balloon. We join the crew in the hospital.

SEAGOON:

Hoh, hoh! Ho, ho, ho, ho. Ha, ha, ha, ha. Oh, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

(TALKS WITH BAGPIPE MUSIC) You're lucky to be alive, man.

SEAGOON:

Why?

DOCTOR:

(TALKS WITH BAGPIPE MUSIC) I tried to kill ye three times.

SEAGOON:

You're just saying that to cheer me up.

DOCTOR:

(TALKS WITH BAGPIPE MUSIC) Aye, yes, three, a lot o' yer throttlin'.

SEAGOON:

Tell me what happened to Bloodnok and Eccles.

DOCTOR:

(TALKS WITH BAGPIPE MUSIC) Unfortunately nothin'. Now then... (SCOTTISH-SOUNDING GIBBERISH). Put this wee thing in yerrr mouth.

SEAGOON:

(STRAINS)

GRYTPYPE:

Match, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

No, no! It's a cigarette! Ahhhhhh! Ahahaaaaahhhhhhhh!

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT BURST OF THE END MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

Yes, that was it. The last of them. So, bye, now.

ORCHESTRA:

'OLD COMRADES MARCH', 'DING DONG, THE WITCH IS DEAD'

Notes:

In the UK, 'fag' is slang for 'cigarette'. Fag-end and dog-end are both slang for cigarette end / butt.