

S3 E16 - The Search for the Bearded Vulture

Transcribed by Helen.

(BEGINNING OF EPISODE MISSING)

SCRONGLESHOTT:

[BENTINE?]

That must cause some embarrassing moments during the nesting season.

HANDJUNK:

[SECOMBE]

Never mind about that [UNCLEAR], Scrongleshott. Now get packed. We're starting as soon as possible!

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME SEGUES INTO SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

TIMOTHY:

And so Handjunk and his brilliant assistants Scrongleshott, Eccles and Fussbuttle... Brilliant? Huh. Oh, well. And so, they set sail for Java. Land of the polar bear, the Kangaroo. Land of vodka and the Can-Can. Not much is known of Java. As the idiot who wrote this will bear witness. Anyway, on the explorers sailed in their little ship to unknown dangers, yet always on the alert. Wide awake lookout at the masthead.

ECCLES:

(SINGS A SILLY SONG)

TIMOTHY:

Until one day...

ECCLES:

Oooh! Land ahead!

HANDJUNK:

How far?

ECCLES:

What? Um... I... er...

FX:

CRASH

ECCLES:

Mind if I go ashore? Ho! Ho! Ho!

TIMOTHY:

Yes, it was Java. The small group of intrepid explorers went ashore. And were greeted by a gentleman of evidently savage origins who knelt at their feet and, brandishing the sacred implement of his tribe, said:

ELLINGTON:

Shine, sir?

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

HANDJUNK:

Fascinating, this native music. Who is the leader of these musicians?

ELLINGA:

Me. Chief Ellinga.

HANDJUNK:

Oh. Tell me, what inspired you to sing and play?

ELLINGA:

We play for the great music god.

HANDJUNK:

Music god?

ELLINGA:

Yes. Mau-rice Wi-nik

SCRONGLESHOTT:

Mau-rice...? Oh, ha, ha! Maurice Winnick! Aha, ha, ha, yes! Yes. Well... well, chief, you'd better come along as my servant. Now, what time is it?

ELLINGA:

Ta-hi.

HANDJUNK:

What?

ELLINGA:

Ta-hi.

SCRONGLESHOTT:

He said it's Ta-hi time.

HANDJUNK:

Oh, well, you'd better put the kettle on! Now, next we must check the stores. Fussbottle? Read out the list of stores.

FUSSBUTTLE:

[SELLERS]

(EARLY BLUEBOTTLE VOICE) Righty-Ho. 50 pairs of snowshoes. Six icepicks.

HANDJUNK:

Snowshoes? Icepicks? Those are no use in Java.

FUSSBUTTLE:

No, this is the list of stores we're leaving behind.

HANDJUNK:

I'm not interested in those. You and Scrongleshott read out the list of the *useful* stores, the ones we're taking with us.

FUSSBUTTLE:

Oh, righty-ho. 400 water-cooled Naafi pianos.

HANDJUNK:

Right.

SCRONGLESHOTT:

Six hundredweight of partially assembled Hittite [UNCLEAR] stone ducking stools.

HANDJUNK:

Mmmmmmmm, yes?

FUSSBUTTLE:

One tarpaulin nightshirt. With glossy swabblar and cerebral hammer folio.

HANDJUNK:

Yeeees?

SCRONGLESHOTT:

10,000 starling traps, unused.

HANDJUNK:

Mm-hmm.

FUSSBUTTLE:

Four quarters of rare Hyderabad sari gas boots in Whirlitzer [UNCLEAR].

HANDJUNK:

Rrrrrrrrrright.

SCRONGLESHOTT:

Three cases of light skinned bald idiots bound in aardvark shading and groove support lane foot mouldings.

HANDJUNK:

Yeeeeeeeeeeeeees?

FUSSBUTTLE:

And one 200 foot hollow grit-filled statue of Gilbert Harding with inflammable massage and bamboo dipstick.

HANDJUNK:

Splendid. Everything's here. Now, to work!

ORCHESTRA:

LINK MUSIC

TIMOTHY:

For months they searched but without success. As we see from an entry in Lord Handjunk's diary. June the eighth.

HANDJUNK:

So far we've had no success in our search for the bearded vulture, despite the fact that we have left no stone unturned.

TIMOTHY:

June the 9th.

HANDJUNK:

This morning, a sudden thought struck me. Perhaps the bearded eagle doesn't live under stones.

ELLINGA:

Lord Handjunk! Lord Handjunk!

HANDJUNK:

What is it, Ellinga?

ELLINGA:

If you want to find a bearded vulture, you'll have to go into the heart of the jungle.

HANDJUNK:

Into the jungle? But how?

ELLINGA:

Well, I could drive you there.

HANDJUNK:

Drive me there? You have a car?

ELLINGA:

No, but I have whip.

HANDJUNK:

Splendid idea. Gentlemen, we're going to march into the heart of the jungle.

FUSSBUTTLE:

No we're not.

HANDJUNK:

Why not?

SCRONGLESHOTT:

Well, sir, it may be dangerous.

FUSSBUTTLE:

Yes, and I've got bad legs.

HANDJUNK:

Come, gentlemen, this is for England's sake.

SCRONGLESHOTT:

Who cares about England?

HANDJUNK:

But it's for the glory of your country.

FUSSBUTTLE:

Ahhh, fiddle to the country, I say.

SCRONGLESHOTT:

And me.

HANDJUNK:

I'll pay you £1,000 apiece.

FUSSBUTTLE AND SCRONGLESHOTT:

(SINGS) There'll always be in England.

HANDJUNK:

Come on, now. We must get our stoves and clothes ready.

SCRONGLESHOTT:

Yes. Ellinga. Don't forget to pack my white ducks.

ELLINGA:

Your white ducks? Why?

SCRONGLESHOTT:

Well, I've got to have *something* to play with in the bath.

ECCLES:

What are we going to do about water?

HANDJUNK:

Well, there's no water on Java so I'm having it imported from Bali.

ECCLES:

Ohhh, I hate Bali water.

ELLINGA:

(OFF) All ready, Lord Handjunk.

HANDJUNK:

Right, quiiiiick maaaaarch!

ORCHESTRA:

MARCHING MUSIC

TIMOTHY:

For weeks, these intrepid adventures marched on through the steaming tropic jungle.

HANDJUNK:

Keep going, men. Only a few more miles.

ECCLES:

(SINGING STUPIDLY)

HANDJUNK:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yer?

HANDJUNK:

Didn't I see you with one of those Javanese girls last night?

ECCLES:

Yer! Ho hum! Yer, she took me into her hut and... and she blew the candle out.

HANDJUNK:

And then?

ECCLES:

(SINGS STUPIDLY)

HANDJUNK:

Well, what happened after she blew the candle out?

ECCLES:

Well, half an hour later she slapped my face.

HANDJUNK:

Why?

ECCLES:

She thought I was dead. Ho, hum!

ELLINGA:

Lord Handjunk! Look! There's a big river ahead.

HANDJUNK:

So there is. Men, spread out right and left and see if you can get a way across.

OMNES:

MURMURS OF AGREEMENT "YES, RIGHT YOU ARE, SIR", ETC.

HANDJUNK:

We'll stay here, Eccles. If the others find some natives we may be able to trade with them these strings of beads we brought along.

ECCLES:

Oh, I've traded my string of beads already. I gave them to those Javanese in the last village.

HANDJUNK:

And what did they give you in exchange?

ECCLES:

A television set.

HANDJUNK:

Huh! Ah, well.

SCRONGLESHOTT:

Sir, oh, sir.

HANDJUNK:

Scrongleshott, what happened?

SCRONGLESHOTT:

Oh, it was terrible. I met some fierce-looking cannibals.

HANDJUNK:

Whatever did you do?

SCRONGLESHOTT:

Oh, it was terrible. Luckily, I had the idea that some white man's magic might scare them...

(BREAK IN RECORDING)

ECCLES:

(OFF) Hey, look at me! I'm across the river!

HANDJUNK:

Acr... How did you get across, Eccles?

ECCLES:

I walked across on that log.

HANDJUNK:

That... that's not a log, it's a crocodile.

ECCLES:

Ooh. I wondered why my legs kept getting shorter.

HANDJUNK:

Well, come back. We're setting up camp here.

SCRONGLESHOTT:

Yes. Yes, this looks an ideal spot. Shall I set the cage out for the vulture?

HANDJUNK:

Yes. And set the trap on it, will you? We may have some luck tonight.

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

TIMOTHY:

The following morning...

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC CONTINUES

ECCLES:

Lord Handjunk! Lord Handjunk!

HANDJUNK:

(WAKING UP SOUNDS) What is it, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Look! Look what's in the cage!

HANDJUNK:

What?

ECCLES:

Me.

HANDJUNK:

You idiot. How the devil did you get in there?

ECCLES:

Well, I got in to shoo this thing out, it was eating all our bait.

HANDJUNK:

What thing?

ECCLES:

This vulture.

HANDJUNK:

Vulture?

SCRONGLESHOTT:

He's right, Lord Handjunk. And I think it's the bearded vulture.

HANDJUNK:

Let me see. Grey claws. Aha, that's right.

SCRONGLESHOTT:

And green wing feathers.

HANDJUNK:

Yes, and... and white tail feathers.

SCRONGLESHOTT:

No, wait a moment, sir. This *isn't* the bearded vulture.

HANDJUNK:

It isn't? How do you know?

SCRONGLESHOTT:

It hasn't got a beard.

HANDJUNK:

It has... Curse it, you're right. It hasn't. Its chin is perfectly smooth.

AMERICAN SALESMAN:

[SELLERS]

And why? Because it uses Goon Stick, the wonder shaving foam. Goon Stick guarantees...

ORCHESTRA:

PLAY OUT MUSIC

TIMOTHY:

That was the Goon show...