

S4 E15 - The Missing Prime Minister

Transcribed by unknown. Corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

(BEGINNING MISSING)

SECOMBE:

I just want to thank the Chelsea Pensioners for the Christmas pudding you sent us and the instructions on how to use it.

ECCLES:

Ahow. A Happy New Year!

SECOMBE:

Why, it's Viscountess Boyle!

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SECOMBE:

Ha ha.

ECCLES:

No, it's no good, I can't tell a lie. I'm not Countess Boyle. This beard is false. Ahoo ow ha ha.

SECOMBE:

Welcome, Michael Bentine.

ECCLES:

Ha ha, thank you. Hee, hee, hee, hoh, here. Here, guess what I got in my piece of Christmas puddin'?

SECOMBE:

A threepenny bit?

ECCLES:

Yeah, it tasted delicious! Oh, I was havin' a good time den, ho hum.

SECOMBE:

Yes, thank you.

ECCLES:

Yep?

SECOMBE:

Get away, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Oh.

SECOMBE:

Now, ladies and gentlemen and other denominations, as a special treat for listeners on the Mongolian Overseas Service we give you... The Man In Black!

FX:

GONG

ALEC GUINNESS:

[SELLERS]

Thank you. Actually, I'm not The Man In Black. I am The Man In The White Suit. But on my way here I fell down a coal-hole. Oh, and this is my secretary.

SECOMBE:

Mm... you fell down the coal-hole, too, then.

ELLINGTON:

Man, I never did!

ALEC GUINNESS:

Oh. Pray silence while I tell the you story of The Missing Prime Minister.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK - DRAMATIC

SEAGOON:

My name is Seagoon, Inspector Gladys Seagoon. At midnight on Christmas Eve, 1953...

FX:

BOOTS WALKING

SEAGOON:

...I was checking with the policeman on duty in Downing Street.

WILLIUM:

Ah, evenin' Inspector.

SEAGOON:

Good evening, Sergeant. Everything alright in Number Ten?

WILLIUM:

Yes, Inspector.

SEAGOON:

Constable, where's your helmet?

WILLIUM:

Well, Inspector, a Christmas reveller whipped it for an ashtray.

SEAGOON:

Now, we... we can't have that sort of thing going on, you know.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

Ah, Sergeant, here's your helmet back. And a merry Christmas to you all. Not a word to Lady Astor about this.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

That occurred about midnight. Then at two in the morning...

FX:

PHONE RINGS, RECEIVER PICKED UP

SECOMBE:

(WELSH) Hello?

SELLERS:

(ON PHONE) Who's that?

SECOMBE:

This is Bow Street Police Station speakin', 'ere.

SELLERS:

What a clever Police Station.

SECOMBE:

Ah, what's your name, sir?

SELLERS:

It's Mr. Avery T. Deacon-Harry.

SECOMBE:

(WRITING) 'Avery T. Deacon-'Arry'. (NORMAL) What's the 'T' for?

SELLERS:

Tom.

SECOMBE:

Oh, I see, Avery Tom Deacon-'Arry.

SELLERS:

You know me?

SECOMBE:

Oh, yes, my sister's always runnin' after you. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha. Now, ahh... what's the trouble?

SELLERS:

Ten Downing Street has gone, laddie. It's not there.

SECOMBE:

What do you mean 'gone'?

SELLERS:

Well, in between number Nine and Eleven there is a blank space.

SECOMBE:

Nothin' there?

SELLERS:

Nothing, save a man who's just pitched a small tent.

SECOMBE:

Who's the man?

SELLERS:

An itinerant Egyptian named Ali Bevan.

SECOMBE:

I think you've been pullin' my leg.

SELLERS:

Why?

SECOMBE:

It's just dropped off.

GREENSLADE:

That was at two a.m. At two-fifteen, Inspector Seagoon received a report of the mysterious phone call.

SEAGOON:

Mm. It says the man claims Ten Downing Street is missing. Ha ha ha. Eccles, we'd better take a drive up to Downing Street.

ECCLES:

What for?

SEAGOON:

I want to look round.

ECCLES:

But you already look round. Ho ho hum.

SEAGOON:

Aha ha. Constable Eccles, remember it doesn't pay to be rude.

ECCLES:

Oh, no? You seen Gilbert Harding's new Rolls-Royce?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Is your squad car handy?

ECCLES:

Yep, I tuned the engine myself and now I can get an extra two miles an hour out of her.

SEAGOON:

How fast did she go before?

ECCLES:

Oh. Ain't never been before. Aha ha.

SEAGOON:

In that case, I'll walk. It'll be quicker.

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah? Well, I'll drive my car round dere. You walk and we'll see who gets dere first. Ha.

SEAGOON:

OK. Goodbye.

ECCLES:

Goodbye.

FX:

BOOTS WALKING AWAY

ECCLES:

(OVER, CALLS) Oh, and Inspector?

FX:

BOOTS STOP

SEAGOON:

(OFF. CALLS) Yes?

ECCLES:

When you get dere wait for me!

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK

GREENSLADE:

On arrival at Downing Street Inspector Seagoon was horrified.

ECCLES:

Yeah. I got dere first. Ho hum.

GREENSLADE:

Number Ten Downing Street *was* missing. The area was soon alive with CID men. The Duty Constable was closely questioned.

WILLIUM:

Well, I was, er... I was, er, tied up, Inspector, an'... oh... then they gagged me with this. They got it from 10 Downing Street.

SEAGOON:

Ah. A hand towel.

WILLIUM:

Yes, they stuffed it in me mouth.

SEAGOON:

I see. These initials in the corner must mean 'Winston Churchill'.

WILLIUM:

I 'ope so.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Yes. Yes, now... ahem... your report.

WILLIUM:

Well, sir. At twelve-thirty, a monster lorry pulls up outside. Ten men jumps out an' wallops me on the 'ead. I turned round to see who it was, an' wallop, wallop on the 'ead again. As I stood up, wallop, wallop, wallop, wallop. All on me 'ead and then as I was takin' me notebook out - wallop, wallop, wallop, wallop... wallops on me 'ead all the time, I...

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes, yes, but did you notice anything about these men?

WILLIUM:

Yars.

SEAGOON:

What?

WILLIUM:

I noticed they kept wallopin' me on the 'ead.

SEAGOON:

And to your knowledge the Prime Minister was in the house.

WILLIUM:

Yeah. When I come to, the 'ouse was gone.

SEAGOON:

The Prime Minister gone?

WILLIUM:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

He's got to be found, quickly. Otherwise England's cigar trade is ruined!

POLICE OFFICER:

[MILLIGAN]

Inspector? I found these laying in the road, sir.

SEAGOON:

Ah. A pair of gloves, eh?

POLICE OFFICER:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

These may help us.

POLICE OFFICER:

Good.

SECOMBE:

Right, there. Oh, curse!

POLICE OFFICER:

What's up, sir?

SEAGOON:

They don't fit me.

POLICE OFFICER:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

(CALLS) Bluebottle! Bluebottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you call me. I heard you call, my captain, I heard you call-ed me. Give your command and it will be done-ed. I will not flinch from my duties, I stand ready! Moves left, remains silent.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle? Have these gloves analysed at once.

BLUEBOTTLE:

It shall be done, my captain, it shall be done-ed. With all speed I go, farewell. Salutes badly, exits left.

SEAGOON:

Stout lad. Very stout lad, yes. (CALLS) Sergeant Max Geldray? See what you can make of this small blunt instrument. Exit Secombe, pursued by a cow.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

SEAGOON:

Just as I thought, Geldray, a lethal weapon. Report to Sandy McPherson for foreign service with Anna Neagle's Dancing Bears.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ah, my captain, I return. I am back, I've arrived and to prove it, I...

SEAGOON:

Sshh! Bygraves might be listening.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. These gloves have been thoroughly analysed and tested at a laboratory.

SEAGOON:

Oh. And?

BLUEBOTTLE:

And we have ascertained the exact type that they are.

SEAGOON:

Splendid! What type are they?

BLUEBOTTLE:

They're the type you wear on your hands.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, I am proud to here and now give you the rank of Constable, First Class.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(JOY) Oh! Constable First Cl... (STOPS) (ANGER) You rotten swine! I was already a Sergeant! Oh! You have demoted me! Oh, the disgrace! I'll just throw myself in the river... when the weather gets warmer. Oh! Farewell, cruel world! Farewell! Exits left, on workmen's tram.

SEAGOON:

He's upset about something, Sergeant. Ha ha.

GREENSLADE:

Yes. Still, Inspector, while the police force have men like Bluebottle, what have they got to worry about?

SEAGOON:

Men like Eccles.

GREENSLADE:

(PROFOUNDLY) Yes. Men like Eccles.

ECCLES:

Women like Eccles, too. Ho ho, ho ho.

SEAGOON:

Ah, Eccles. What's the exact time?

ECCLES:

Oh, it's gettin' on.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

ECCLES:

Good.

SEAGOON:

Now... gather round, everyone.

OMNES:

(MURMERS)

SEAGOON:

Men... now listen, chaps. This is the position. Someone claims that they saw a large lorry with what looked like Ten Downing Street strapped to the back.

ECCLES:

Good heavens!

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes indeed, so... so we intend to set up police and military roadblocks on all main roads.

SELLERS:

Of course.

ECCLES:

Good, good.

SEAGOON:

Flying Squad cars will stop all...

ORCHESTRA:

HARP FLOURISH

GRAMS:

CAR ENGINE CRUISING, FADE AND HOLD UNDER

SEAGOON:

Slow down at this corner, Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Right ho, my captain.

ECCLES:

(ON RADIO) Hello? Eccles callin' Inspector Seagoon's car.

SEAGOON:

Hello, Eccles. Seagoon answering. Over.

ECCLES:

(ON RADIO) Inspector, I think I'm on to something. I've been tailin' a car on da road for the last thirty miles and it looks suspicious.

SEAGOON:

Overtake him at once.

ECCLES:

(ON RADIO) But he's doin' over eighty miles an hour.

SEAGOON:

Well, try and pass him.

ECCLES:

(ON RADIO) OK, but he's got the advantage over me.

SEAGOON:

What do you mean?

ECCLES:

(ON RADIO) He's in a car, I'm runnin' behind.

SEAGOON:

You've got boots on.

ECCLES:

(ON RADIO) Yah, I got boots...

SEAGOON:

Well, none of these silly excuses. Get that car!

ECCLES:

(ON RADIO) OK. Over.

SEAGOON:

Right, now. Constable Bluebottle? How's the time going?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's goin' tick tock, tick tock, tick tock.

SEAGOON:

Must be the same make as mine. Mine goes tick tock, too.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Mine does not go tick tock too. Mine goes tick tock, tick tock, tick tock.

GRAMS:

BREAKING GLASS, CAR STOPS

SEAGOON:

Ooh! Ooh, ah. Ah. Ooh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhh! I'm hitted with a brick. Someone's hitted me with a brick. Ohh. Clutches badly injured bonce. Ohhh. Ohh. Falls to floor of car, writhes in agony. Ohh. Sweat pours from brow, blood. Ohh. Face turns green, ear falls off. Ohh. Legs turn to jelly, screams, falls forward on gear lever, faints. Oh.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, are you hurt?

ECCLES:

(ON RADIO) Hello? Hello? Callin' Inspector Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Oh, blast! Hello, Eccles, what is it?

ECCLES:

(ON RADIO) Good news, sir. I managed to stop dat car.

SEAGOON:

How?

ECCLES:

(ON RADIO) I threw a brick at the driver.

SEAGOON:

What? You...

ECCLES:

(ON RADIO) Just a minute! Just a minute! (EFFORT) Ooh! OK, I just threw another brick at the bloke in the car with him.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, you idiot! You...

FX:

TEMPLE BLOCK

SEAGOON:

(PAIN) Ooh!

ECCLES:

(ON RADIO) Hello? Hello? Inspector Seagoon? I got his mate as well. (PAUSE) Hello? Hello?
(REALISES) Ooohhh.....!

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK

SELLERS:

At five in the morning there was still no news of the Missing Prime Minister or Number Ten Downing Street. Finally, the BBC, after high level consultations, decided to broadcast the following bulletin to the nation.

GREENSLADE:

(ON RADIO) Owing to frost, the swimming gala at Lord's has been postponed. In its place you can hear Twenty Questions On Ice, which has been...

BLOODNOK:

(OVER LAST WORDS) Switch that radio off, switch it off. Ohh, that's better. Ohh. Stuck out here at five in the morning in charge of a road-block. What a life! Still, duty before pleasure. Now men, I'll pay pontoons only, let's be havin' you.

OMNES:

CRIES OF 'NO, NO'

BLOODNOK:

Never mind, lads, another round.

BOGG:

[SECOMBE]

Not for me, Major Bloodnok. I'm skint.

BLOODNOK:

No Money? Grapple me gronkers! Get outside on guard, you bounder. How dare you play cards when you should be on duty. To your post! Quiiiiick march!

FX:

PAIR OF MARCHING BOOTS

BLOODNOK:

(OVER) Left, left, left, right, left. Come on! pick 'em up!

FX:

BOOTS STOP

BLOODNOK:

Now, put 'em down again.

FX:

MARCHING BOOTS

BLOODNOK:

(OVER) Left, left, right...

BOGG:

(CALLING) Major?

BLOODNOK:

What?

BOGG:

I've just found ten bob.

BLOODNOK:

About turn. To the card table... dismissed.

FX:

BOOTS STOP

ELLINGTON:

(WAY OFF, CALLS) Hello there!

BOGG:

(SCARED) Sir? There's somebody creepin' about outside.

BLOODNOK:

What? Quick, give me my pistol. Now my sword.

BOGG:

Here y'are.

BLOODNOK:

Hand me that rifle, lad.

BOGG:

OK.

BLOODNOK:

Now me steel helmet and that hand grenade.

BOGG:

Here we are.

BLOODNOK:

Now, Private Bogg... take this stick and go and see who it is.

BOGG:

Right you are, sir.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BOGG:

Ahem... Hello? Ahem. Hello? Anybody there? Ahem. Hello? Hello? Ahem. Anybody out there in the dark?

BLOODNOK:

Well, Bogg, is there anybody there?

BOGG:

No, sir, not a soul.

BLOODNOK:

(CALLS) Come out and fight, you cowards! (NORMAL) You're sure there's nobody there, are you?

BOGG:

Sure, sir.

BLOODNOK:

(CALLS) Come on, you cowards, come out of there. Come and fight. (NORMAL) That's scared 'em away. Aho. (CALLS) You've run away, haven't you.

ELLINGTON:

(OFF, CALLS) Oh, no, I ain't.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh!

FX:

DOOR CLOSSES, BANGING ON DOOR, CONTINUES UNDER FOLLOWING

BOGG:

(OVER, CALLS) Major! Open the door!

BLOODNOK:

(CALLS) I can't, I'm in the bath!

BOGG:

(OVER BANGING, CALLS) Please let me in!

BLOODNOK:

(CALLS) Never!

BOGG:

(OVER BANGING, CALLS) You can 'ave this ten bob!

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BOGG:

(OUT OF BREATH) Thank you, Major. I was frightened out there.

ELLINGTON:

Man, so was I!

BLOODNOK:

What? Hands up or I shoot!

ELLINGTON:

Hey, don't you point that thing at me.

BLOODNOK:

Don't worry - it's not loaded, I... now, who are you and what do you want?

ELLINGTON:

Me? Oh, I just dropped off a lorry.

BLOODNOK:

You're not a spare tyre?

ELLINGTON:

No. It was a lorry with a large building strapped on the back.

BLOODNOK:

What? I must contact HQ at once. That might be Ten Downing Street on the back. Bogg, go and try and find a telephone and you... you'd better earn your dinner money.

ELLINGTON:

Well, all right.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'WOE IS ME'

GREENSLADE:

At six in the morning, Private Bogg approached a house in hopes of using the telephone. Inside, all was asleep.

FX:

CLOCK TICKING LOUDLY, CONTINUES UNDER THE FOLLOWING

HENRY:

(SNORING) Mnk. Dear, dear, dear, dear. Mm, Ah. (SMACKING OF LIPS) Ah, dear, dear, dear. (GRUNT)

FX:

CLOCK ALARM SOUNDS - RINGING CONTINUES UNDER THE FOLLOWING

HENRY:

Oh. Oh. Oh, dear. What what, what what what? What? Oh. Drat. Diddle diddle. Mm. Alarm clock's gone off too early, I... better turn it off, I s'pose. Now where are my spectacles? I... think I put them on the mantelpiece. Mm. Just feel along. Steady does it, Mr. Crun. Oh.

FX:

OBJECT FALLS TO FLOOR

HENRY:

Ohh!

FX:

OBJECTS FALL TO FLOOR

HENRY:

Oh, dear, dear.

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) Henry?

HENRY:

Oh, dear, I mustn't wake Minnie up.

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) Henry?

HENRY:

Ah.

MINNIE:

Henry Crun?

HENRY:

(CALLS) Are you awake, Minnie?

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) Henry?

FX:

ALARM STOPS. CLOCK CONTINUES LOUD TICKING

HENRY:

(CALLS) Are you calling, Minnie?

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) The alarm's gone, Henry.

HENRY:

(CALLS) It's stopped now, Minnie.

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) Turn... turn it off, Henry.

HENRY:

(CALLS) It's stopped, M... the alarm...

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) Turn it off, Henry, it... it... I can't hear it stop...

HENRY & MINNIE:

(BOTH PAUSE,
THEN CONTINUE TOGETHER,
THEN BOTH PAUSE)

FX:

ALARM SOUNDS AGAIN AND CONTINUES UNDER THE FOLLOWING

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) There it goes again and you didn't hear it.

HENRY:

(CALLS) It... it's stopped now, Minnie.

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) It's stopped now, Henry.

HENRY:

(CALLS) No, it's started again, Minnie.

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) It's... started... it's stopped, Henry, no need to bother.

HENRY:

It started, I tell you.

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) I tell you, it stopped when...

HENRY:

(CALLS) Minnie...

HENRY & MINNIE:

(PAUSE, THEN CONTINUE AS BEFORE)

FX:

ALARM STOPS, CLOCK CONTINUES LOUD TICKING, CONTINUES UNDER THE FOLLOWING

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) I know when it stopped, I... quite right. Mm.

HENRY:

Minnie?

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) Merry Christmas... what?

HENRY:

(CALLS) I... where's my spectacles, Minnie? I...

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) In... in... in your trousers.

HENRY:

What? I... I...

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) In your trousers.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

HENRY:

No, it's... who's that at the door? I...

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) Your trousers.

BOGG:

(OFF, MUFFLED MURMURS)

HENRY:

(CALLS) Whoever you are, speak through the letter box.

BOGG:

(OFF, CALLS) Is that better?

HENRY:

Yes. Who are you?

BOGG:

I've come to ask you...

FX:

ALARM RINGS, CONINUES UNDER THE FOLLOWING

HENRY, MINNIE & BOGG:

(ALL TALK AT ONCE)

BOGG:

If I can use the telephone.

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) Rubbish. It's not the telephone, it's the alarm clock.

HENRY:

(CALLS) Minnie, there's some... there's a man at the door.

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) Did you hear what I said?

HENRY:

(CALLS) I didn't hear what you said, Minnie.

BOGG:

(OFF, CALLS) I said, could we borrow your telephone?

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) There it goes again, Henry. Why don't you stop it?

HENRY:

I can't see it, Minnie, I can't find my spectacles.

MINNIE:

They're in your trousers, Henry.

BOGG:

(OFF, CALLS) Hello? Can we borrow your telephone, please?

FX:

ALARM STOPS

HENRY:

(CALLS) Did you say in my trousers, Minnie?

BOGG:

(OFF, CALLS) No - I said, could I borrow your telephone?

HENRY:

(SCREAMS) We haven't got a telephone!

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) I know we haven't got a telephone!

BOGG:

But I heard it ringin'!

HENRY:

(SCREAMS) That was the alarm clock ringing.

FX:

ALARM RINGS, CONTINUES UNDER THE FOLLOWING

MINNIE:

(OFF, CALLS) You're right, there it is again, Henry.

HENRY:

Oh, my spectacles.

BOGG:

(OFF, CALLS) Could we borrow the telephone, please? I want to make a phone call, please. Could we borrow the telephone?

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK

BLOODNOK:

Five-thirty and Bogg hasn't returned yet. Still too dark to see a thing.

ECCLES:

(APPROACHING, SINGS) I travel the road, I'm comin' to oil my pledge.

BLOODNOK:

Strangle me stroggle! Who's that? Hands up!

ECCLES:

Hands up? But I...

BLOODNOK:

Hands up!

ECCLES:

OK.

FX:

CRASH

BLOODNOK:

What's up?

ECCLES:

I was on a bike.

BLOODNOK:

Come near here, will you.

ECCLES:

OK.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, flourish me fabula! Who are you, you... you ragged-looking Goon?

ECCLES:

I'm... I'm a policeman.

BLOODNOK:

And I'm Marilyn Monroe.

ECCLES:

(LUST) Oohh!

BLOODNOK:

Put me down at once! Oho.

ECCLES:

Hey! You... you ain't Marilyn Monroe.

BLOODNOK:

What a bitter disappointment for us both.

ECCLES:

It's agony!

BLOODNOK:

Oh. Now, hold out your wrists.

ECCLES:

OK.

FX:

CHAINS

ECCLES:

(OVER) Holdin' out, yep.

BLOODNOK:

Now your ankles.

FX:

CHAINS

ECCLES:

There's the ankles.

BLOODNOK:

Now your necks.

FX:

CHAINS

ECCLES:

(OVER) There's my necks.

BLOODNOK:

Now, into this hut.

FX:

WALKING WHILE DRAGGING CHAINS

BLOODNOK:

(OVER) Come along.

ECCLES:

(OVER CHAINS) OK.

FX:

CHAINS STOP

ECCLES:

Here. Tell me somethin'.

BLOODNOK:

What?

ECCLES:

Am I a prisoner?

BLOODNOK:

No, of course you're not.

ECCLES:

Then why did you put all these chains on me?

BLOODNOK:

Well, you see, this morning I lost a piece of the chain.

ECCLES:

Yah?

BLOODNOK:

But the moment I saw you...

ECCLES:

Yeah?

BLOODNOK:

...I knew you were the missing link!

ECCLES:

Ohh. Thank you. Thank you.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

BLOODNOK:

(CALLS) Come in. I surrender!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Eccles.

ECCLES:

Inspector.

SEAGOON:

What are you doing in here?

ECCLES:

I'm havin' a good time. Ho hum.

SEAGOON:

There's no time to waste.

ECCLES:

Oh

SEAGOON:

Ten Downing Street and the PM are in France. Last reported travelling towards Paris. Follow me.

ECCLES:

Oohh.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK

SELLERS:

By seven on Christmas morning, Seagoon was in France. French police supplied Flying Squad transport.

FX:

SLOW CLIP-CLOP OF COCONUT SHELLS, CONTINUES UNDER THE FOLLOWING

ECCLES:

I'm not drivin' too fast for you fellers, am I?

SEAGOON:

I can't understand it. The French police have been most uncooperative.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

Very secretive.

ECCLES:

These Parisians are always tryin' to hide somethin'.

BLOODNOK:

Not at the Folies Bergeres, they're not. Ohh.

SEAGOON:

Please, Major, this is not the time to think of women.

BLOODNOK:

Isn't it? Well, let me know when it is, will you? I... I can think of...

SEAGOON:

Stop the car, Eccles.

BLOODNOK:

Stop the cars. Ecc...

SEAGOON:

The trail leads into that wood.

ECCLES:

OK. Whoa! (PAUSE) Whoa, there. Whoa, boy, whoa. Stop. Good horse, there, good horse. Whoa, stop, boy. Whoa, whoa back. Whoa boy.

SEAGOON:

Try shouting 'stop' in French.

ECCLES:

(CALLS) Stop in French! (PAUSE) Stop in French! Stop in Chinese! Stop...

BLOODNOK:

What a big stupid lumbering idiot he is!

ECCLES:

Don't speak to da horse like dat.

BLOODNOK:

What? I was speaking to you!

ECCLES:

What?

SEAGOON:

There, look! In the woods there. A house.

BLOODNOK:

Struttin' me knobkerrie with a sledge-hammer! It's Ten Downing Street!

SEAGOON:

Off the cart, together, jump!

ECCLES:

Oohh!

BLOODNOK:

Ahh!

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS FADE AWAY

SEAGOON:

Are you hurt, Eccles?

ECCLES:

No. Shall I jump again? Aho ho.

SEAGOON:

Save it for the Eiffel Tower, ha ha. Bloodnok? Keep your gun ready. I'll knock.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR - DOOR OPENS

FRENCH MAN:

[SELLERS]

Bonjour. Who are you?

SEAGOON:

I'm an Inspector.

FRENCH MAN:

Oh, of course, the drains. This way, please.

SEAGOON:

Police Inspector!

FRENCH MAN:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Tell us - is this place Ten Downing Street?

FRENCH MAN:

Oui.

SEAGOON:

Oui? Oui what?

FRENCH MAN:

Oh, oui... er... oui... er... (SINGS) We want Muffin...

ECCLES, SEAGOON & FRENCH MAN:

(ALL SING) Muffin the Mule, we want...

SEAGOON:

Stop! You can't have him, you foreign devil.

FRENCH MAN:

(FRENCH-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

SEAGOON:

(MIMICS FRENCH-SOUNDING GIBBERISH) Answer me. Is this Ten Downing Street?

BLOODNOK:

Answer. Remember, this sword is loaded.

FX:

PHONE RINGS

SEAGOON:

(OVER RINGING) Eccles? Answer that phone.

ECCLES:

(OVER RINGING) Hello? Hello. Hello?

SEAGOON:

(OVER RINGING) Pick it up first, you fool!

ECCLES:

(OVER RINGING) Oh.

FX:

PHONE PICKED UP

ECCLES:

Ah. Dat's better. Hello? (PAUSE) Ooh. Ooh. Oohh. Yes, sir. OK.

FX:

PHONE HUNG UP

ECCLES:

Hey. That was the Prime Minister.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

ECCLES:

He'd been kidnapped by the French an' they've given 'im a job.

SEAGOON:

But we need him back in England.

ECCLES:

Don't worry, it's a very short job.

SEAGOON:

What is it?

ECCLES:

Prime Minister of France. Aho ho ho. Here! An' guess what?

SEAGOON:

What?

ECCLES:

He's havin' a good time!

ORCHESTRA:

GOON SHOW SIGNATURE TUNE

SECOMBE:

And that, Mr. Man in Black, is your story.

ALEC GUINNESS:

[SELLERS]

Yes, that is the true story of the Missing Prime Minister.

SECOMBE:

Have you anything else to say?

ALEC GUINNESS:

Yes, I have.

SECOMBE:

What?

ALEC GUINNESS:

Just this.

ORCHESTRA:

GOON SHOW SIGNATURE TUNE

ALEC GUINNESS:

(OVER, MADNESS WARBLE) Hellppp!

GREENSLADE:

(OVER SIGNATURE TUNE) That was The Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The Orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stephens. Announcer: Wallace Greenslade. Produced by Jacques Brown.

ORCHESTRA:

(SIGNATURE TUNE TO END, THEN PAYOUT)

Notes

The “[Wallop! Wallop! Wallop!](#)” routine was also used in *The Case Of The Mukkinese Battlehorn* (1956) where Dick Emery played Willium.