

S4 E20 - The Toothpaste Expedition

Transcribed by Helen.

BBC ANNOUNCER:

This is the BBC Home Service. We present Viscountess Genevieve Sellers, Dowager Gladys Secombe and Lady Minnie Milligan in...

SECOMBE:

The Goon show!

ORCHESTRA:

GOON SHOW THEME FOLLOWED BY "BOYS AND GIRLS COME OUT TO PLAY..."

GREENSLADE:

Britain has always been famous for her high standard of education and every effort is being made to maintain this standard. As the Minister Of Education remarked only the other day...

ECCLES:

Yup, I'm all for that learnin' stuff! A, B, L, Q, Z. Two and one! Ho ho! Yeah!

GREENSLADE:

To prove this, the Goons open to you the gates of England's oldest school, Rottingdean.

SELLERS:

(OLD) Yes, Rottingdean. This ancient school was built in the 16th Century by its founder, the Dean Of Murdle, whose body lies buried in the grounds. Hence the name, "Rotting Dean".

GREENSLADE:

In the classroom the old oaken desks have carved on them names of pupils who have long since become famous. Names like...

MILLIGAN:

Crippin.

SELLERS:

Jack The Ripper.

SELLERS:

Geraldo.

SECOMBE:

Then there was Dr. Arnold Fringe, the brave Headmaster who lost his life in the school fire. Heroically, he dashed through the flames into his study, picked up the phone and was last heard saying:

SELLERS:

(COCKNEY) 'ello, 'ello, Prudential? I wanna take out a fire insurance as from yesterday.

SECOMBE:

The school has ideal accommodation for its boarders - 100 luxurious bedrooms, 1 boy per bedroom.

MILLIGAN:

The other 500 sleep on the floor.

SELLERS:

In the great yard there are the school stables.

MILLIGAN:

Another 700 kip down there.

SELLERS:

This sleeping in the stables has, of course, fostered a love of riding, as the Head Master of Riding will testify.

MASTER OF RIDING:

[SECOMBE]

(YORKSHIRE ACCENT) Aye, I will that. Every morning 230 lads get astride their saddles and gallop over the downs. It's an amazing sight.

SELLERS:

Amazing? Why?

MASTER OF RIDING:

We 'aven't got any 'orses!

SELLERS:

Of course, all is not play. Let us take a look at the arithmetic class where Mr.Secombe is teaching.

SECOMBE:

Now Jones, let's see what you've got.

OMNES:

(PUPIL COUGHING IN BACKGROUND)

SECOMBE:

2, 7, 3, 8, 9. Mm-hmm. And you, Westing? Let's see – 10, 7, 3, 2, 4. Hm. Well, I've got 3 queens, Jack, 10 so you've both had it!

SELLERS:

In a modern school like Rottingdean the use of the cane as punishment has, of course, been done away with. Oh, yes, yes. The pupil is simply made to put on the Dunces's cap, stand with his back to the wall and...

ORCHESTRA:

DRUM ROLL

MILITARY VOICE:

Take aim! Fire!

FX:

GUN FIRE

VOICE:

[MILLIGAN]

Oh!

SELLERS:

The school has a magnificent carpenter's shop where the woodwork classes are held.

CARPENTRY MASTER:

[SECOMBE]

(WEST COUNTRY ACCENT) Now, lads, the next thing is to place the two pieces of wood in a vice. Now, er, you there. What is the best type of vice?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Women!

CARPENTRY MASTER:

No, no! the best type of *carpenter's* vice.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Carpenter's women!

CARPENTRY MASTER:

Good lad!

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OFF) Thank you!

SECOMBE:

The school is equipped with a very fine gymnasium and many of the boys are keen gymnasts. You can see them any day swinging on the trapezes high up near the ceiling. This is not as dangerous as it sounds for should a boy fall he lands on the safety net.

MILLIGAN:

(APPROACHING)ooooOOOOOOOOWWWWWW!

FX:

BODY FALLING ON HARD FLOOR

SECOMBE:

Which is carefully laid out on the concrete floor.

GREENSLADE:

Rottingdean is co-educational and, as in any other mixed school, little boy and girl romances tend to spring up. Always, however, under the benevolent eye of the Headmaster.

HEADMASTER:

[MILLIGAN]

Ohhh, ho ho ho hoo! Now, Smith, how old are you, lad?

SMITH:

[Sellers]

Twelve, sir.

HEADMASTER:

Errr. Well, I've heard about your little romance and in this case I... I can't really say that I approve, lad.

SMITH:

But sir, all the other boys go out with members of the opposite sex, sir.

HEADMASTER:

Yes, yes. But not... WITH MY WIFE!

SECOMBE:

The school has a fine tradition for sport and the pupils are almost fanatically persistent in their pursuit of it.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no, you mustn't.

GRUFF ADULT MALE VOICE:

[MILLIGAN]

Oh, go on, be a sport, go on.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no. No...

SECOMBE:

And in times of danger the Masters of Rottingdean were the first to don uniforms and in moments of great danger, faced by overwhelming odds, would heroically cry the old school motto:

BLUEBOTTLE:

We surrender, don't shoot, we surrender....

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC INTO "BOYS AND GIRLS COME OUT TO PLAY" INTO END OF SKETCH MUSIC

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE INTRO MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

Introducing, Max Geldray!

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and Gentlemen, as you stand before your bathroom mirror in the morning, brushing those pearly white teeth, do you ever stop to consider where that tasty hygienic toothpaste comes from?

SECOMBE:

Do you ever think of the men who are slaving underground in the deep shafts of the toothpaste mines, hacking out the crude toothpaste ore with pick and shovel? You don't?

SELLERS:

Then, beware...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC

SELLERS:

...a world shortage is threatened. At this very moment two expeditions are searching for fresh deposits of toothpaste. The first, under Commander Burke, has gone to investigate a report that a rich lode lies beneath the sands of the Sahara.

ORCHESTRA:

SLOW DRUMS INTO "SAHARA MUSIC"

BURKE:

[SECOMBE]

Headby! Headby!

HEADBY:

[SELLERS]

Yes, Commander?

BURKE:

What's our location on the map?

HEADBY:

Just nearing the centre of the Sahara desert.

BURKE:

The middle of the Sahara, eh?

HEADBY:

Yes.

BURKE:

You sure we haven't come too far north?

HEADBY:

Oh, no, darling.

BURKE:

Right. Well, we'll.... we'll make camp here. Tell the porters to clear a place in the snow and build igloos.

HEADBY:

Right-oh, darling.

BURKE:

Oh, and they'd better make holes in the ice for fishing.

HEADBY:

Yes.

BURKE:

Brrrrr! I... I.... I've never known it so cold in the Sahara before.

JULES:

[MILLIGAN]

Er, Commander, sir?

BURKE:

Yes, Jules?

JULES:

I believe you're right, sir, we're not in the Sahara at all. We're on the ice caps near the North Pole.

BURKE:

The North Pole?

JULES:

Yes.

BURKE:

That means we're 24,000 miles off our course

JULES:

Gad!

BURKE:

However did that happen?

JULES:

I think our compass was faulty, sir.

BURKE:

That compass I gave you, faulty?

JULES:

Yes.

BURKE:

I can't understand it, it was a perfectly good Christmas cracker I got it out of.

JULES:

I know.

BURKE:

AND there was a printed guarantee with it.

JULES:

What?

BURKE:

Look... look, here it is, it says, "Q: When is a door not a door? A: When it's ajar." A guarantee like that cannot easily be dismissed.

JULES:

I agree, sir.

BURKE:

And besides, Sir Flatly Borman and Captain Thund also used a compass like this on their polar expedition.

JULES:

Oh, really? And what did they have to say about them?

BURKE:

We don't know, they... never came back.

JULES:

But sir, this is absolutely terrible – look! The ice is melting, we shall be marooned. How are we going to get back to England? I....

GRAMS:

SHIP'S HORN SOUNDS

BURKE:

What was that?

JULES:

It's a ship, sir. Look! A ship crowded with people!

BURKE:

You're right! (CALLS) Ahoy, there! Who are you?

FERRY CAPTAIN:

[SELLERS]

The Woolwich free ferry, who are you?

BURKE:

An expedition. We were heading for the Sahara desert.

FERRY CAPTAIN:

Oh, ho! You bought a box o' them Christmas crackers, too, did ya?

BURKE:

Yes. But can you take us back to England?

FERRY CAPTAIN:

Got any tickets?

BURKE:

No, where can we get them?

FERRY CAPTAIN:

From the feller on Woolwich pier. Ask for Charlie.

BURKE:

Right! I won't be a moment. Hold my coat will you, Jules.

JULES:

Right.

BURKE:

Thank you. And my collar and tie.

JULES:

There you are, sir.

BURKE:

Right.

JULES:

Good luck, sir.

BURKE:

Thank you. 1.. 2... 3...

GRAMS:

SPLASH

GREENSLADE:

Three years later.

FERRY CAPTAIN:

I'm tellin' yer, if 'e ain't back in the next 10 minutes I'm not waitin' no longer. My dinner will be stone cold.

JULES:

Yes but look... wait! Look! Here he comes now, swimming strongly.

BURKE:

Give me a... give me a hand out, will you? Hurhhh... thank you, Jules.

JULES:

Alright, sir. Did you get the tickets off Charlie.

BURKE:

No.

JULES:

Why not, sir?

BURKE:

He was at lunch.

JULES:

Curse!

FERRY CAPTAIN:

Never mind. On board, everybody. Full steam aheeeead.

GRAMS:

SHIP'S HORN BLOWS.

ORCHESTRA:

"OH, A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE" INTO SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, the other expedition, a rather more efficient group which is searching for the lode of toothpaste believed to be in the Artic region has already covered nearly a thousand miles of their journey to the North Pole.

GRAMS:

NATIVE MUSIC, DRUMS AND SINGING

BARTON:

[SELLERS]

Jock? Snowy?

GREENSLADE:

So that's what happened to them.

SNOWY:

[MILLIGAN]

Here we are, Mr.Barton.

JOCK:

[SECOMBE]

(SCOTTISH ACCENT) Right behind you, Mr.Barton.

BARTON:

Good, keep moving. Jove, I've never known it so hot at the North Pole before. Blast these mosquitoes.

JOCK:

I don't understand it, sir. All these burning sands.

SNOWY:

And these date palms.

BARTON:

And the camels.

JOCK:

And the pyramids.

SNOWY:

And the river they told us is called The Nile.

BARTON:

And the huge Sphinx carved from stone.

JOCK:

And that monument to Cleopatra.

SNOWY:

And them men diggin' for Tutankhamun's tomb.

BARTON:

Yes, I wonder where we are?

SNOWY:

Yes, I wonder.

GREENSLADE:

(SLOWLY AND DELIBERATELY) They are in Egypt. They are in Egypt.

SNOWY:

Do you know, Mr.Barton. I don't think we're anywhere near the North Pole.

BARTON:

What? Are you mad, man? Pass me that compass, Jock.

JOCK:

I can't find it, sir.

BARTON:

Oh, well, never mind, get another one.

JOCK:

Right. Snowy? You hold the other end and pull.

SNOWY:

Right.

FX:

CHRISTMAS CRACKER SNAP.

JOCK:

Ah. So, let's see. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

FX:

PHONE RINGS.

JOCK:

Mr.Barton.

BARTON:

Yes?

JOCK:

The phone's ringing.

BARTON:

Well?

JOCK:

Well, we haven't *got* a phone.

BARTON:

In that case don't answer it, it's probably a trick.

JOCK:

Sir, I... I think I'd better, sir.

FX:

PHONE BEING PICKED UP.

JOCK:

Hello?

ECCLES:

April fool! Oh, ho ho!

BARTON:

April fool? Great jumping jehosophat! You see, it *was* a trick!

JOCK:

What do you mean, sir?

BARTON:

Well, it's December, you idiot.

SNOWY:

Don't be [UNCLEAR] Mr.Barton, there's no sense standin' here and dyin' of starvation and thirst.

BARTON:

You're quite right, come on, lads. Oh, we're lost!

SNOWY:

Lost!

BARTON:

Lost!

SNOWY:

Oh!

BARTON:

Lost under the burning sand in the middle of the desert with no sign of human life for over a thousand...

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR.

BARTON:

Jock? Answer the door, will you? If it's the milkman, tell him we'll pay him next week.

JOCK:

Very well, Mr.Barton.

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

JOCK:

Yes, sir. OK.

BARTON:

What?

JOCK:

It's a fierce lookin' native tribesman!

BARTON:

What? Quick, hand me my violin.

SNOWY:

Here you are, sir.

BARTON:

Now my bow.

SNOWY:

Right.

BARTON:

Now my arrows.

SNOWY:

Right.

BARTON:

Now, you native devil – hands up!

ELLINGTON:

Ohhh, I come in peace, sir. You white men lost in desert here?

BARTON:

Well, what of it?

ELLINGTON:

My master, the great Raj Tardeechay, he send me here to guide you safely back to your own country.

BARTON:

That's very decent of him. Anything we can do in return for this... this great Raj Tardeechay ?

ELLINGTON:

Yes, white man. You can join me in singing the praises of my master.

BARTON:

Right.

ELLINGTON:

Ready? One, two.

ORCHESTRA:

BONGOES START

ELLINGTON:

(SINGS) I've been and gone from rags to richeeeees,

OMNES:

(JOINS IN WITH SONG AND FADES ON THIRD LINE)

GREENSLADE:

And there the matter rests for present. Both the expeditions returned safely but they failed to find any fresh lodes of toothpaste.

SELLERS:

Indeed, the world shortage of toothpaste grows more acute every hour. Already, even in the BBC, people's teeth are becoming weak and unstable and they are likely to drop out at....

FX:

TEETH FALLING OUT.

SELLERS:

(TOOTHLESS) ...any moment of the day. Then.. mnk... nahh.. (ALMOST INCOMPREHENSIBLE) We now... have the pleasure..... to present to you..... (VOICE MORPHS INTO HENRY CRUN) Ray Ellington... and his quartet!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE.

GREENSLADE:

This week marks the close of the annual Canadian moose hunting season. From New Brunswick to Alaska, hunters gather for the sport of moose calling. Among those who have hit the trail this year is that eminent sportsman, Mr. Henry Crun. On entering the hunting area his first visit was to the local equipment store.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, SHOP DOOR BELL RINGS.

SECOMBE:

(TEXAS ACCENT) Ah, mornin' stranger. Sam Secombe's the name. (SPITS) What can I do for yer?

HENRY CRUN:

Mnmmm...I.. ermmm... I want.. mnmmm...

SECOMBE:

Sorry, ain't got none o' them left.

HENRY CRUN:

No, no, no, no. I'm going moose hunting and I want to buy a gun.

SECOMBE:

Here, try this one. Made in England.

HENRY CRUN:

In England? Haven't you anything less expensive?

SECOMBE:

Less expensive? Sure, how about a packet of cigarettes, 30 cents.

HENRY CRUN:

You silly man, you can't kill a moose with cigarettes.

SECOMBE:

With this brand you can! (LAUGHS AND COUGHS) Anyway, what do you want to go huntin' moose fer?

HENRY CRUN:

Because I want a pair of antlers for a hat stand, that's why.

SECOMBE:

If that's all you want that indian over there will sell you a pair.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, yes, I think I know his tribe. I say, my dear man? Are you a Black Foot Indian?

ELLINGTON:

Are you kiddin'? If white man want antlers, I got 'em. Ten dollars a pair.

HENRY CRUN:

Five dollars.

ELLINGTON:

Ten!

HENRY CRUN:

Five!

ELLINGTON:

Ten!

HENRY CRUN:

Five!

ELLINGTON:

Ten!

HENRY CRUN:

Five!

ELLINGTON:

Do me a favour!

SECOMBE:

Ok.

ELLINGTON:

Huh?

SECOMBE:

OK, that's enough, that's enough. I got all the equipment you need, Mr.Crun. But you want someone to help you carry it.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, well, don't worry, I left my friend Eccles outside, he was taking the car to the garage to have the brakes mended. He should be back any moment.

GRAMS:

CAR APPROACHING

HENRY CRUN:

Oh! Listen....

GRAMS:

CAR GETS NEARER THEN CRASHES

ECCLES:

The garage was closed! Ah, ho ho!

HENRY CRUN:

Never mind, never mind, Eccles. Are you ready for the moose hunt?

ECCLES:

Ooh, yeah, I'm ready, ready!

HENRY CRUN:

Good, good.

ECCLES:

Bang! Bang, bang! Down goes a moose. Bang! Bang! There goes another one. Take aim, fire, bang! Bang! Bang! Down they go. Ho! Havin' a good time. Bang! Bang! Bang! Bangbangbang! Click! Click! Click! Click! Click! Oooh!

SECOMBE:

What's up?

ECCLES:

No bullets. Oh, ho ho!

SECOMBE:

Ok, I'll sell you some. Twenty dollars.

ECCLES:

Oh, but, ah, I was only pretending to shoot, you know, I...

SECOMBE:

Ok, I'll sell you some pretendin' bullets. Here y'are. That'll be twenty dollars.

ECCLES:

Ok, here's fifty pretendin' dollars, but I want thirty dollars real change.

SECOMBE:

You want real change? Why?

ECCLES:

I've stopped pretendin'. Oh, ho ho! Ahum!

HENRY CRUN:

Come, come, come.

ECCLES:

What? Havin' a good time.

HENRY CRUN:

Let's start getting our hunting kit together.

SECOMBE:

Oh, yes. Now, see.. er... first, you need snow shoes. Thirty dollars a pair.

HENRY CRUN:

Isn't that expensive?

SECOMBE:

(WHISPERING) Oh, no, no, no. Very cheap.

HENRY CRUN:

What are you whispering for?

SECOMBE:

I don't want the other customers hear me over chargin' yer.

ECCLES:

Hey! What... what's this thing?

SECOMBE:

Oh, you'll need one o' them.

ECCLES:

Yeah?

SECOMBE:

That's a moose horn. It attracts any moose in the area. (LAUGHS) When yer blow it, the moose answers back. I'll blow it and show you.

HENRY CRUN:

Thank you.

FX:

MOOSE HORN BLOWING. PHONE RINGS.

SECOMBE:

Hello?

FX:

MOOSE HORN BEING BLOWN DOWN A PHONE.

SECOMBE:

Y'see?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, what a very clever moose answering the phone.

SECOMBE:

He's cleverer than ya think.

HENRY CRUN:

Why?

SECOMBE:

He reversed the charges!

HENRY CRUN:

Never heard of a moose doing a reverse charge. What does he do, take his antlers off and put them on the other end? Very nasty, my dear sir.

ELLINGTON:

For ten dollars he can have antlers *both* ends.

HENRY CRUN:

Five dollars.

ELLINGTON:

Ten!

HENRY CRUN:

Five!

ELLINGTON:

Ten!

HENRY CRUN:

Five!

ELLINGTON:

Ten!

HENRY CRUN:

Five dollars!

ELLINGTON:

Ten! Ten! Ten! Ten!

HENRY CRUN:

I said five dollars.

SECOMBE:

Hey, come on, come on. Let's load the car up and get away from Ellington. I'll come with you.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, alright.

ORCHESTRA:

HAPPY, CHIRPY, SCENE-CHANGING MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

Fully equipped at last and with new brakes, the intrepid party set off in the heavily laden car, Eccles at the wheel.

ORCHESTRA:

HAPPY, CHIRPY, SCENE-CHANGING MUSIC

ECCLES:

Ohhh! I've had enough of drivin' this car, my arms are achin'.

HENRY CRUN:

But you've driven a car before?

ECCLES:

Yeah, but not from the back seat.

HENRY CRUN:

Well, well, never mind, we'll soon be there.

SECOMBE:

Heyyyy, mighty purdy country round here. Purdy houses as well.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, yes. Look at that one ahead, Eccles. Isn't that a nice house from the outside.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

GRAMS:

CAR CRASHES.

ECCLES:

And the inside!

HENRY CRUN:

Did you.... did you see that fellow in the bath reaching for a towel?

GREENSLADE:

Yes. Would you mind turning back so I can get it?

HENRY CRUN:

Oh! Specially sorry, sir. Eccles, stop the car.

ECCLES:

Ok, but hold tight!

GRAMS:

CAR SKIDS AND CRASHES AGAIN.

LONG PAUSE

ECCLES:

Hey, those are strong brakes, ain't they? (OFF) Let's get 'im again.

SECOMBE:

No need to get 'im again, partner, the car's broke down. We better proceed on foot.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, but what about all this heavy baggage?

SECOMBE:

Oh, we'll have to carry, that's all. Right now, everybody pick up somethin'.

ECCLES:

Ok. Ooooh!

SECOMBE:

Hey, hey... hey Crun?

HENRY CRUN:

What?

SECOMBE:

You ain't carryin' nuthin'.

HENRY CRUN:

Well I'm... so old, you know.

SECOMBE:

Never mind about that, get this on yer head. Now... (STRAINS) you got it?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, ooooh... yes sir, I've got it. Oh, dear...

SECOMBE:

Steady, eh now, ok?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, yes. Dear, dear, I never knew a car could be so heavy.

ECCLES:

Will it help if I get out?

HENRY CRUN:

No, you'd better stay up there, Eccles, somebody's got to steer, you know.

SECOMBE:

Well, it ain't much further now. Ok, forwaaaaarrd..... halt! Ok, we're here. Told you it wasn't far!
(LAUGHS) Ok, now. This is moose territory.

ECCLES:

Oooh!

SECOMBE:

So, you gotta be quiet.

HENRY CRUN:

You mean, they don't like...

SECOMBE:

Shhh!

HENRY CRUN:

What? What?

SECOMBE:

You'll frighten them away. They don't like noises.

HENRY CRUN:

Don't they? What kind of noises?

SECOMBE:

Noises like, eh..... (SHOUTS) HELLOOOO THEEEEERRRREEEE..... YOOOOWWWW... BAAAANNNGGG...
(WHISPERS) Noises like that, they don't like.

HENRY CRUN:

But you just made a...

SECOMBE:

Shhh!

HENRY CRUN:

What?

SECOMBE:

You'll frighten them away.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh.

SECOMBE:

A moose can hear a pin drop.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes I know, but you just shouted very loud and...

SECOMBE:

Oh, they can't hear that, they can only hear pins droppin'.

HENRY CRUN:

All most confusing, most confusing, I... Wait! Wait! Oh, look! Look! There's someone behind that bush! Hand me my gun, horn toad.

SECOMBE:

Steady now. Hey! Hey! You behind that bush! Come out! Heh, heh, thought so, it's a man. What are you doing behind that bush?

GREENSLADE:

I was looking for a towel.

ECCLES:

Oh. We thought you were a bear.

GREENSLADE:

(FUMING) In a sense, I am.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, well, let's get on with the moose hunt and... the moose hunt, I mean. I must get a pair of antlers for a hat stand, I must get them. Hand me that moose call horn.

SECOMBE:

Here y'are.

HENRY CRUN:

Thank you. Now I shall blow it and try and attract a moose.

FX:

MOOSE HORN BLOWS. ANOTHER MOOSE HORN SOUNDS FAINTLY IN THE DISTANCE.

HENRY CRUN:

There! It came from behind that tree. I'm gonna have a shot at it. Right – NOW!

FX:

GUN BANG.

HENRY CRUN:

Gottim! I got one!

SECOMBE:

You got a moose?

HENRY CRUN:

No, I got one of those hunters blowing one of their moose horns!

ECCLES:

Hey! Can I get out of the car now?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Ok.

FX:

CAR DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

FX:

ECCLES FALLS DOWN.

ECCLES:

Oh-oooohhh. Ooooooh, oooo-oooh....

HENRY CRUN:

Well, now you're down here Eccles, help me get this car off my head. I forgot all about you...

SECOMBE:

Ho hup! There's a moose over there. Give me the gun.

HENRY CRUN:

Shoot, Secombe, shoot!

FX:

BANG!

ECCLES:

Ok, I've shot Secombe, what now?

HENRY CRUN:

You stupid horn toad! I missed the moose. Give me the gun. (WHISPERING) Sh! There it is, behind the bush.

ECCLES:

Oh, yah! Look at them big antlers, make a good hat stand.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, yes. Quick now... fire!

FX:

BANG!

HENRY CRUN:

Got 'im! He's down!

SECOMBE:

Hey, that's funny, don't look like a moose now. Looks more like a man carryin' antlers.

HENRY CRUN:

Nonsense, nonsense, it's moving. Finish it off!

FX:

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

HENRY CRUN:

I WANT those antlers! I must have those antlers!

ELLINGTON:

(OFF) Ok, you win! Five dollars!

ORCHESTRA:

END MUSIC