

## S4 E29 - The Great Bank of England Robbery

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

---

(BEGINNING MISSING)

**GREENSLADE:**

...Home Service

**GRAMS:**

ANGRY COMMOTION.

**SECOMBE:**

(CLEARS THROAT) Yes, it's the Goon Show!

**ORCHESTRA:**

GOON SHOW THEME.

**GRAMS:**

CHEERS.

**NARRATOR:**

[SELLERS]

Stop! We present Open Casebook.

**ORCHESTRA:**

DRAMATIC MUSIC.

**NARRATOR:**

Those of you who can afford newspapers will have seen the headlines. Those of you who can read will know what they meant. And if you knew what they meant...

**FX:**

GUNSHOT.

**SECOMBE:**

Good luck! Every day sees new progress in the march of crime.

**NARRATOR:**

Every 24 hours averages 367 robberies, 824 assaults, 942 murders and three repeats of "Life With The Lyons."

**SECOMBE:**

But only once in a hundred years is there the crime of the century. And what could the crime of the twentieth century?

**ECCLES:**

The Goon Show?

**SECOMBE:**

Idiot! No, the crime of this century was...

**BLOODNOK:**

The Great Bank of England Robbery!

**ORCHESTRA:**

DRAMATIC MUSIC.

**SECOMBE:**

My name is "Fingers" Secombe. Now they call me that because of my hands. I've got four fingers on each. Because of this deformity I wear boots. For several years I had been the mate of a small boat smuggling sand from Fez to the Sahara. But things got too hot, especially during the summer, and I returned to Huddersfield. I'd hardly time to drop anchor when...

**FX:**

PHONE RINGS.

**MORIARTY:**

Secombe?

**SECOMBE:**

Yes?

**MORIARTY:**

Pick up the telephone.

**SECOMBE:**

Why?

**MORIARTY:**

I want to speak to you on it!

**SECOMBE:**

Right!

**FX:**

PHONE RINGING ENDS

**SECOMBE:**

(BLOWS ON RECEIVER) Hello?

**MORIARTY:**

Is that you, Secombe?

**SECOMBE:**

Yes.

**MORIARTY:**

I'm glad you were in! This is Moriarty. Now listen. I'm arranging to burgle the Bank of England. My men are all ready. My plans are laid. Your instructions await you in a sealed samovar.

**SECOMBE:**

The address?

**MORIARTY:**

In the street of a thousand dustbins.

**SECOMBE:**

How do I get there?

**MORIARTY:**

Go to a railway station, buy a workman's cheap day return to an unknown destination.

**SECOMBE:**

Right!

**FX:**

HANGS UP PHONE

**SECOMBE:**

Within days I had arrived at the mysterious unknown destination.

**ORCHESTRA:**

XYLOPHONE MUSIC STARTS

**GRYTPYPE:**

Grimsby.

**FX:**

TICKET PUNCHED

**GRYTPYPE:**

The Bournemouth of the Orient. Here on the dreaded eastern coast of Britain, Secombe groped his way through the fog that swirled across the eerie walls and lapis lazuli fish piers.

**FX:**

FOGHORN

**SECOMBE:**

Yes, by the dim light of an unlit candle, I finally found the street I sought and entered the most notorious of all the waterfront dives... Fred's Cafe.

**FX:**

SOUND OF BEADED CURTAIN

**GRYTPYPE:**

Pushing through the beaded curtain, Secombe stepped inside.

**ORCHESTRA:**

XYLOPHONE MUSIC ENDS

**GRYTPYPE:**

Good evening.

**SECOMBE:**

Looking round, I saw beside me a tall, handsome, attractive cross-eyed man with eczema, a bald moustache and wearing a mink vase.

**GRYTPYPE:**

I've been watching you.

**SECOMBE:**

Have you?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Yes. You're horrible, aren't you?

**SECOMBE:**

In a fascinating way, yes.

**GRYTPYPE:**

You're from... uh... you're from Moriarty.

**SECOMBE:**

How did you know?

**GRYTPYPE:**

I listened to the start of this program.

**SECOMBE:**

You mean we're being overheard?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Overheard?

**SECOMBE:**

Yes.

**GRYTPYPE:**

On the Home Service? Ha, ha, ha. You know about the job?

**SECOMBE:**

Yes, the Bank of England.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Right. Now Moriarty will contact you with further instructions in a cellar beneath the Bank.

**SECOMBE:**

Splendid.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Now here is the first part of the plan. You go to London tomorrow evening. At midnight precisely, Big Ben will go "oom, oom, oom" twelve times.

**SECOMBE:**

Why?

**GRYTPYPE:**

It always does.

**SECOMBE:**

Continue.

**GRYTPYPE:**

I shall. As the last stroke fades away, an inconspicuous fish van with yellow mudguards, orange wheels and a French number plate will draw up at the back of the bank.

**SECOMBE:**

Who will be inside?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Nobody. It would be spotted right away...

**SECOMBE:**

Yes.

**GRYTPYPE:**

...it's only a decoy, you understand.

**SECOMBE:**

Gad, what a narrow escape.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Exactly. Now while the... the attention of the police is attracted to this van at the back, at the front...

**SECOMBE:**

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Please don't interrupt. At the front will appear eight men in straw hats, alabaster feet, black faces and carrying thirty Wurlitzer organs.

**SECOMBE:**

Will they play them?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Good heavens, no. Do you think we want to arouse suspicion?

**SECOMBE:**

You've thought of everything!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Hm-hmm.

**SECOMBE:**

What part do I play?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Second banjo. Now meanwhile, unobserved, a tram will be lowered from a helicopter through the glass roof of the London School of Economics. Inside will be Major Bloodnok and two accomplices.

**SECOMBE:**

How shall I tell them apart?

**GRYTPYPE:**

They'll all be wearing black masks on their wrists.

**SECOMBE:**

Brilliant!

**GRYTPYPE:**

I'm glad you appreciate the subtleties of the plan. One of them will admit you through a plastic coal hole. Got everything clear in your mind?

**SECOMBE:**

Yes.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Very well. Shall we dance?

**SECOMBE:**

Of course!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Good!

**SECOMBE:**

Pick up, thar!

**MAX GELDRAV:**

"HOT TODDY"

**GRAMS:**

BIG BEN CHIMES TWICE, FADES

**BLOODNOK:**

Oh! Midnight and that blasted Secombe hasn't turned up! We shall have to start the robbery without him.

**SECOMBE:**

Psst! Psst!

**BLOODNOK:**

Aeorgh! What's that? What's that?

**SECOMBE:**

It's me, Secombe!

**BLOODNOK:**

Where the devil are you?

**SECOMBE:**

I'm inside the pillar box!

**BLOODNOK:**

Bravo, so you were here all the time! Come on, lad, let's be having you.

**SECOMBE:**

I can't, it's locked!

**BLOODNOK:**

Good heavens! And what time's the next collection?

**SECOMBE:**

Ten minutes ago.

**BLOODNOK:**

Curse it! Do you mean to tell me that you didn't get out when the postman opened the thing?

**SECOMBE:**

Well I... I couldn't see him, you see I'm in a brown paper parcel.

**BLOODNOK:**

But why didn't the postman collect the parcel?

**SECOMBE:**

I made a fatal blunder.

**BLOODNOK:**

What?

**SECOMBE:**

I'm insufficiently stamped.

**BLOODNOK:**

Dear, dear, this is going to need a genius to solve.

**ECCLES:**

I got the answer.



**BLOODNOK:**

Obviously I was wrong.

**ECCLES:**

Oh. Well, I got a key.

**BLOODNOK:**

Bravo. Open it up then, get inside and give Secombe a shove-up.

**ECCLES:**

Okay, okay! Let's see now, the old key in the lock.

**FX:**

KEY TURNING, METAL DOOR OPENING

**ECCLES:**

Ho! There it goes, open the door and in we go!

**FX:**

METAL DOOR CLOSES

**ECCLES:**

Oooh. Oh, done a wrong thing, there. Let me see now, where am I? Don't want to stamp on a stamp, oh, ho ho! That's a joke. Oh, yeah. Oh, it's dark in here, isn't it? Mr. Secombe? Where are you?

**ECCLES' ECHO:**

Where are you?

**ECCLES:**

Hello?

**ECCLES' ECHO:**

Hello?

**ECCLES:**

Who's that?

**ECCLES' ECHO:**

Who's that?

**ECCLES:**

I'm Eccles.

**ECCLES' ECHO:**

I'm Eccles.

**ECCLES:**

You can't be, *I'm* Eccles.

**ECCLES' ECHO:**

You can't be, *I'm* Eccles.

**ECCLES:**

*I'm* Eccles, I tell you!

**ECCLES' ECHO:**

*I'm* Eccles, I tell you!

**ECCLES:**

I tell you I'm Eccles!

**FX:**

SOUNDS OF FIGHTING START

**ECCLES:**

(REGULAR AND ECHOES) I'm Eccles! I'm Eccles! (GRUNT)ING NOISES)

**FX:**

SOUNDS OF FIGHTING STOP

**ECCLES:**

Ok, you win, *you're* Eccles.

**ECCLES' ECHO:**

Ok, you win, *you're* Eccles.

**ECCLES:**

Oh, that's better, uh hum. That taught him a lesson, folks, uh hum. Well, now, then, I've got to find Mr. Secombe, now let me see. Hello, Mr. Secombe?

**ECCLES' ECHO:**

I say?

**ECCLES:**

Yeah?

**ECCLES' ECHO:**

Have you finished with me?

**ECCLES:**

Yeah!

**ECCLES' ECHO:**

Goodbye!

**ECCLES:**

Goodbye! Hello? Hello? Hello? Where are you?

**WOMAN:**

[SELLERS]

Hello sailor!

**ECCLES:**

Sai... ooh! Pardon me, a... a lady, oh, ho ho, I think! Here, have you seen a brown paper parcel in here?

**WOMAN:**

Ho ho, you cheeky boy! Ha ha ha!

**ECCLES:**

Ho ho ho! Ha ha ha! What ha ha!

**FX:**

BANGING NOISE

**BLOODNOK:**

Weargh, Eccles, what are you doing in there?

**ECCLES:**

Having a good time! Ha ha!

**SECOMBE:**

Eccles!

**ECCLES:**

Oh!

**SECOMBE:**

Oh, Eccles!

**ECCLES:**

Oh, Mr. Secombe.

**SECOMBE:**

There you are.

**ECCLES:**

Ooo, ya.

**SECOMBE:**

Well, I managed to smash my way out of that parcel.

**ECCLES:**

What strength!

**SECOMBE:**

Ha ha! Nothing at all. Never mind. Now, bend down and I'll climb on your back and reach the mouth of the letterbox like that.

**ECCLES:**

Um, ok. (STRAINING NOISES)

**SECOMBE:**

(SOMEWHAT DISTANT) No, no, it's no good, I can't reach.

**ECCLES:**

Well, you stay where you are and I'll get on *your* shoulders.

**SECOMBE:**

Right!

**ECCLES:**

(MORE DISTANT) Nope, no good, not high enough yet.

**SECOMBE:**

Well, keep there and I'll climb on *your* back.

**ECCLES:**

Okay!

**SECOMBE:**

(MORE DISTANT) Nearly there

**ECCLES:**

Keep it steady, now.

(DISTANT VOICES OF SECOMBE AND ECCLES)

**GREENSLADE:**

Listeners, may I draw your attention to this problem. Seagoon gets on Eccles's back and Eccles, half-way up a wall, stays where he is while Seagoon mounts on his back and so on. What's the distance between Seagoon, Eccles and the ground? I'll tell you, it's, um...

**SECOMBE AND ECCLES:**

Wahhhhh! (CRASH)

**GREENSLADE:**

...exactly.

**ECCLES:**

Why don't you keep your big mouth shut?

**SECOMBE:**

Help, we can't get out!

**ECCLES:**

Help!

**BLOODNOK:**

(SOMEWHAT DISTANT) Wait a minute, I'm throwing a length of rope through the aperture. (GRUNT)

**SECOMBE:**

Right! Got it!

**BLOODNOK:**

Good. Now grab on and I'll pull you through. Take the strain...

**ECCLES, SECOMBE, BLOODNOK:**

Heave!

**FX:**

SOUND LIKE CORK POPPING

**BLOODNOK:**

(NORMAL) You blasted idiots! Now we're *all* in it!

**ECCLES:**

Oh, ho, ho! Right in it, aren't we?

**SECOMBE:**

Shh! Shh! Listen!

**ECCLES:**

What?

**SECOMBE:**

Listen!

**FX:**

FOOTSTEPS

**SECOMBE:**

Hear it? It's the postman.

**ECCLES:**

Ooo.

**SECOMBE:**

Now, now, watch. Now, as soon as he opens that door...

**ECCLES:**

Ya

**SECOMBE:**

...everybody make a noise like a registered letter. He'll collect us and put us in his sack. Then we can cut our way out.

**ECCLES:**

You sure it will work?

**SECOMBE:**

Of course it will.

**ECCLES:**

Okay.

**SECOMBE:**

Everything clear?

**ECCLES:**

Yeah.

**SECOMBE:**

Good! Now shh!

**FX:**

SOUND OF POSTMAN SINGING LIGHTLY AS HE WALKS, OPENING PILLAR BOX, GATHERING LETTERS, CLOSING PILLAR BOX AND WALKING OFF... FADES

**ECCLES:**

Well, didn't work, did it? Haha!

**SECOMBE:**

Of course not! Some idiot was making a noise like an unstamped postcard.

**ECCLES:**

Oh!

**ORCHESTRA:**

"HEARTS AND FLOWERS" ON VIOLIN.

**GREENSLADE:**

Nine bitter months later.

**BLOODNOK:**

We've got to get out of here! We've eaten all the food parcels and all the brandy's gone.

**ECCLES:**

Yep and I want to sell my collection of stamps, ho ho!

**SECOMBE:**

Ha ha. Admit it, lads, (CLEARS THROAT) we've never had it so good.

**BLOODNOK:**

That's not the point. We've set out to do a job and...

**SECOMBE:**

And?

**BLOODNOK:**

You're quite right, you know, we *have* never had it so good. Any more parcels of whisky or brandy left?

**ECCLES:**

Nope, none.

**BLOODNOK:**

Curse it.

**ECCLES:**

Oh. Oh, there's one parcel left, yeah!

**BLOODNOK:**

What what?

**ECCLES:**

From a fellow who signs himself "Jack."

**BLOODNOK:**

What's in it?

**ECCLES:**

A rubber dinghy. Ho ho!

**BLOODNOK:**

Then he must be all right.

**ECCLES:**

I suppose so, yeah.

**SECOMBE:**

A rubber dinghy? A rubber dinghy, we're saved! Now we can sail out of here.

**BLOODNOK:**

But we haven't got any water, man.

**SECOMBE:**

Eccles, any parcels of water?

**ECCLES:**

No, I drunk the last one.

**SECOMBE:**

Hmm, then we'll have to dig for it.

**BLOODNOK:**

Splendid, Secombe.



**SECOMBE:**

Ah, yes, they don't call me an idiot for nothing.

**BLOODNOK:**

You mean you pay them?

**SECOMBE:**

Only by cheque.

**BLOODNOK:**

Oh.

**SECOMBE:**

Quick! Hand me that pneumatic drill!

**ECCLES:**

I ain't got a new one.

**SECOMBE:**

Then hand me that old-matic drill.

**ECCLES:**

Okay, hah!

**FX:**

SOUNDS OF DRILLING

**GREENSLADE:**

For the benefit of listeners without radio sets, it should be explained that although they are unaware of the fact, Major Bloodnok and his confederates are drilling for water straight through the base of the pillar box, down to the bed of one of London's famous underground rivers, the Wallbrook. Will they be successful, will they find it?

**FX:**

SPLASH.

**BLOODNOK:**

Ohhh! Ohh! Greenslade, why don't you keep your big mouth shut?

**ECCLES, SECOMBE, BLOODNOK:**

(ALL SHIVER)

**SECOMBE:**

Up, lads! Now, ah, are we all in the dinghy?

**ECCLES:**

Yep, we're all in there.

**SECOMBE:**

Right!

**ECCLES:**

Right!

**SECOMBE:**

Now...

**ECCLES:**

Ooh, dear.

**SECOMBE:**

...we must keep a listening watch for police submarines. Eccles? Eccles? Switch on the ASDIC.

**ECCLES:**

Righto, Fred.

**SECOMBE:**

I'm not Fred.

**ECCLES:**

Well, I ain't Dick.

**BLOODNOK:**

This is mutiny!

**SECOMBE:**

Do as I say, Dick, switch on the ASDIC!

**ECCLES:**

Okay, Dick.

**GRAMS:**

BEEPING SONAR MERGES INTO THE OPENING PIANO NOTES OF...

**RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:**

PERFORMS "SUCH A NIGHT"

**GREENSLADE:**

Changing course in order to avoid the music you've just heard, Bloodnok and his buccaneers soon found themselves on the upper reaches of the underground river -- see chapter two -- and directly beneath the Bank of England.

**SECOMBE:**

Shh, shh.

**BLOODNOK:**

All ashore, now. Splendid, splendid.

**SECOMBE:**

It's very dark, Major. Shall I strike a match?

**BLOODNOK:**

Certainly not, I know the way perfectly! Follow me.

**GRAMS:**

SPLASH

**BLOODNOK:**

Argh, strike a match! Get me out of here!

**ECCLES:**

Steady now. (COMMOTION, STRAINING NOISES)

**BLOODNOK:**

Now, now. Now we must proceed up this secret tunnel. It leads straight to the vaults. But remember, for the next fifty yards, not a sound.

**SECOMBE:**

Right.

**BLOODNOK:**

Right?

**SECOMBE:**

Yes.

**FX:**

25 SECONDS OF SILENCE, JUST OCCASIONAL AUDIENCE LAUGHTER.

**GREENSLADE:**

Listeners, we admit that this lengthy period of complete silence cannot be regarded, properly speaking, in the category of entertainment. But as silence is necessary to the safety of these three men, we hope you will bear with us for another few yards.

**FX:**

27 SECONDS OF SILENCE, JUST OCCASIONAL AUDIENCE LAUGHTER.

**GREENSLADE:**

Thank you.

**ECCLES:**

Oh! Woah! Looks like the end of the tunnel!

**BLOODNOK:**

Is it a cul-de-sac?

**ECCLES:**

I don't know, it's got a wall built right across the end of it.

**BLOODNOK:**

Curse it.

**SECOMBE:**

Don't worry, don't worry, I've got Moriarty's instructions on me.

**BLOODNOK:**

Gad, strike a light.

**SECOMBE:**

I can't, we've lost all our matches.

**BLOODNOK:**

So have Arsenal.

**SECOMBE:**

Ha ha. Chin up, laddo. Moriarty cunningly foresaw this exact situation.

**BLOODNOK:**

You mean...?

**SECOMBE:**

Exactly.

**BLOODNOK:**

Ahhhh.

**SECOMBE:**

He's made a two-sided, short playing gramophone record of the entire plan. Eccles? Prepare the hand-wound phonograph.

**ECCLES:**

Oh, gonna have a dance? Hoho.

**SECOMBE:**

No, you fool. Give it to me! Now, listen closely.

**GRAMS ANNOUNCER:**

"Polynesian Bells, played by London Regimental Band, Edison-Bell Records." (MUSIC)

**BLOODNOK:**

Oh, you fool, you put on the wrong record.

**SECOMBE:**

It must be on the other side.

**BLOODNOK:**

But it's an old cylindrical record.

**SECOMBE:**

Then we must play it inside out.

**BLOODNOK:**

Ahh. This is going to be very difficult.

**SECOMBE:**

Not at all. I have here a reversible, unilateral, bamboo, high-fidelity, boot-pointed needle made especially for this purpose.

**BLOODNOK:**

What a bit of luck!

**SECOMBE:**

Haha yes!

**BLOODNOK:**

Insert it into groove A.

**SECOMBE:**

Haha right. There.

**MORIARTY:**

(ON PHONOGRAPH) Moriarty speaking. This is an Edison-Bell record. Now listen, here are your instructions. Have you reached the end of the tunnel?

**SECOMBE:**

Yes!

**MORIARTY:**

Good! Now, I've got some notes written here, so strike a match.

**SECOMBE:**

We haven't got any.

**MORIARTY:**

Curse! Never mind, I'll nip out and get some. Taxi? Taxi!

**GRAMS:**

TAXI APPROACHES. DOOR OPENS.

**MORIARTY:**

To a tobacconist's shop, quickly!

**GRAMS:**

DOOR CLOSES, TAXI ACCELERATES AWAY.

**GRAMS:**

END OF RECORD SKIPS.

**SECOMBE:**

Curse! We've come to the end of the record and he's gone! How can we get him back again?

**BLOODNOK:**

Play it backwards, of course!

**SECOMBE:**

How do you play the inside of a cylindrical record backwards?

**BLOODNOK:**

Perfectly simple, you pot... put it on in the opposite direction, going away from you, but only the other way.

**SECOMBE:**

Of course, hahaha! Right, here we go, backwards.

**BLOODNOK:**

Yes.

**GRAMS:**

SOUND OF RECORD BEING PLAYED BACKWARDS. MORIARTY SPEAKS BACKWARDS.

**SECOMBE:**

The swine was speaking backwards! Ahh, how can we get in touch with him, now?

**FX:**

PHONE RINGS

**SECOMBE:**

Hello?

**MORIARTY:**

You fools!

**SECOMBE:**

Moriarty, where are you?

**MORIARTY:**

In hospital, badly scratched. You were using a blunt needle!

**SECOMBE:**

Well, what's the next move?

**MORIARTY:**

As soon as I ring off, follow me.

**SECOMBE:**

Right!

**BLOODNOK:**

Ohhhoh, which, which way did he go?

**SECOMBE:**

Oh, gad, we must find a way out of this tortuous labyrinth. Tap the walls as we go along.

**ECCLES:**

Okay.

**FX:**

TAP TAP TAP (PAUSE)

**FX:**

QUIETER TAP, TAP, TAP

**ECCLES:**

Oooh

**FX:**

TAP TAP TAP TAP (PAUSE)

**FX:**

QUIETER TAP TAP TAP TAP

**ECCLES:**

Mmm hmm!

**FX:**

QUICK TAP TAP TAP TAP

**FX:**

QUIETER QUICK TAP TAP TAP TAP

**ECCLES:**

Ah. I'll get him.

**FX:**

TAPPING TO BEAT OF "SHAVE AND A HAIRCUT"

**ECCLES:**

Hands up those who thought he was going to go...

**FX:**

TAPPING TO BEAT OF "TWO BITS!"

**ECCLES:**

Oh, he did! What? What? What?

**SECOMBE:**

Shh. There's somebody on the other side of this wall!

**BLOODNOK:**

What? Hand me your stethoscope. Yes, just as I thought!



**SECOMBE:**

What?

**BLOODNOK:**

It's definitely...

**FX:**

TAP TAP

**SECOMBE:**

Are you positive it's...

**FX:**

TAP TAP

**BLOODNOK:**

Positive, it's quite clearly...

**FX:**

TAP TAP

**BLOODNOK:**

I knew them both in Africa. Then they split up and became...

**FX:**

TAP

**BLOODNOK:**

...and...

**FX:**

TAP

**BLOODNOK:**

...but of course they joined forces again later and are now...

**FX:**

TAP TAP

**BLOODNOK:**

...again.

**SECOMBE:**

I'm glad to hear it.

**BLOODNOK:**

Mind you, if you hear...

**FX:**

TAP TAP TAP

**SECOMBE:**

Yes?

**BLOODNOK:**

One of them's an impostor.

**SECOMBE:**

Which one?

**BLOODNOK:**

This one.

**FX:**

TAP

**SECOMBE:**

You may be right. You may be right indeed. But right or wrong, there's someone on the other side of this wall. Suppose... suppose it's the police?

**BLOODNOK:**

The police? I know how to handle the police.

**SECOMBE:**

How?

**BLOODNOK:**

Wait here.

**FX:**

SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY

**SECOMBE:**

And to this day, I've never seen him again. Now, the next step is to dynamite our way through the ceiling into the gold vault. Now, where's my trusted man? (CALLS) Bluebottle!

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

I heard you call me. I heard you call my etcetera etcetera etcetera etcetera. Gets it quick over this week as I'm late for the Leighton County high school old boys football club fish supper. Yes, it is I, Bert Show-us-ya-weasel Bluebottle. What do you want, my lovely capitan? As if I did not know.

**SECOMBE:**

Here. Plug these sticks of dynamite into the chandelier and I'll detonate them merely by turning on the switch.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

I will do it my capitan, immediately! I shall go and... wait a minute. Haha hahaha. You will not switch on while I'm there, will you?

**SECOMBE:**

Ha ha, of course not.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

I will do it, I shall do it! 'Cause I trust and love my lovely little hairy capitan. I will prepare myself for the task. Strips to waist as done by young film starlet in search of free publicity. Successful, of course. Exits up ladder.

**SECOMBE:**

There he goes, brave lad. Just look at his shoulder blades rippling under that bronze skin and the muscles knotted like shredded string.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

I'm up here, my capitan, and I'm plugging in the dreaded dynamite piece by piece. It's not easy work for one so fragile. It's jolly dark up here.

**SECOMBE:**

Dark? Oh, then I'll switch on the lights.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

No, don't!

**GRAMS:**

LOUD EXPLOSION, GLASS SHATTERING.

**FX:**

PHONE RINGING

**SECOMBE:**

Hello?

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

You rotten swine, you! Oh! You... you have deaded me. You have ruined my chances of entering the Junior Jetman's cardboard spacesuit contest. Picks up badly singed earholes, three teeth, bent legs and weasel. Reverses phone charge and exits left to YMC restroom.

**FX:**

PHONE HANGS UP

**SECOMBE:**

Huh, look, look, it's blown a hole, round, narrow hole in the ceiling!

**ECCLES:**

Quick, up the ladder!

**SECOMBE:**

Right!

**FX:**

SOUNDS OF CLIMBING LADDER

**ECCLES:**

Watch your head, up we go again. Ooo, it's dark up here!

**SECOMBE:**

Never mind about that.

**ECCLES:**

Ooh.

**SECOMBE:**

We must find the gold. Feel about a bit.

**ECCLES:**

Okay. Ooo, what's this?

**BLOODNOK:**

Take your filthy hands off me, you shocking oaf!

**SECOMBE:**

Bloodnok, what are you doing here?

**BLOODNOK:**

I'm waiting.

**SECOMBE:**

Waiting for what?

**BLOODNOK:**

The next collection, we're all back in the blasted pillar box again!

**SECOMBE:**

Nooooo!!! (OTHERS JOIN IN)

**ORCHESTRA:**

THE GOON SHOW THEME

**GREENSLADE:**

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, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton.

This is "Flying Saucer" Greenslade with another warning. We would like to remind listeners who have not paid their licenses that they got this lot for nothing.

**ORCHESTRA:**

PLAYS OUT

**Notes:**

Moriarty's backwards speech:

"Never mind, I'll nip out and get some. Taxi! Taxi! Over here! To a tobacconist's and hurry! Hurry man!"