

S6 E18 - Tales of Montmartre

Transcribed by Tony Wills, corrections from Paul Winalski and others. Minor adjustments by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. Or if you're French, 'Zis is ze B.B.C. 'ome servis'.

ORCHESTRA:

OFFENBACH'S "THE FRENCH CAN-CAN POLKA"

SECOMBE:

Hear that French-type music, listeners? Hmm, hmmm, hmm. It gives you a clue as to what country tonight's play is set. Have any of you guessed?

ECCLES:

No.

SECOMBE:

Try again, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Um hum.

SECOMBE:

Now here's another subtle musical clue.

ORCHESTRA:

CAN-CAN FOLLOWED BY "SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS"

ECCLES:

(PAUSE) No.

SECOMBE:

It is difficult, I know.

ECCLES:

Ahh.

SECOMBE:

But from time to time we will give you further clues. Now, Mister Greenslade, continue.

GREENSLADE:

Mesdames et messieurs. Presenting 'Tales of Montmartre'. One, two, three.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

ORCHESTRA:

SPIRITED CAN-CAN WITH CALLS AND YELPS.

TOULOUSE:

(SECOMBE, NEDDIE VOICE) It was Paris in 1880. My name is...

MILLIGAN:

One moment. Get on this chair.

FX:

GRUNTS AND CLAMBERING UP ON CHAIR NOISES.

TOULOUSE:

Merki. My name is Toulouse-Lautrec. Neddie Toulouse-Lautrec. Of Leeds. My story is of a great love, Fifi. But more of her later. Much more.

ECCLES:

Fine, fine.

TOULOUSE:

It was a bleak Parisian evening when I entered a small art shop and haberdashery.

FX:

DOOR OPENED. SHOP BELL.

CRUN:

Arh, ah.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED.

CRUN:

Bone sewer.

TOULOUSE:

Bone idle, Monsieur le patron. I want to buy a twenty foot easel.

CRUN:

Twenty foot? Whatever for?

TOULOUSE:

I want people to think I'm tall.

CRUN:

But if you stand by a twenty foot easel it'll make you look even shorter.

TOULOUSE:

That's just it, I'm not going to stand by it. Hmph. I'll stand somewhere else. A-ha, ha. I'm not a fool, you know.

CRUN:

If you're not going to stand near it, why buy it?

TOULOUSE:

I've got to buy it so as to have something tall not stand by. Ha, ha. It's no good not standing by something tall that's not there is it, eh? Ha, ha, ha, ha.(CLEARS THROAT).

CRUN:

Yes. Supposing someone comes in unexpectedly when you're standing near it?

TOULOUSE:

Then I shall deny every word of it and stand on a ladder.

CRUN:

I see. Madam Bannister?

MINNIE:

Ohhh...

CRUN:

Have you got that easel?

MINNIE:

Wee, wee, buddy.

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, dear. Here. Twenty foot high. Shall I wrap it up for you, buddy?

TOULOUSE:

No. Just strap it on my back and put my hat on top. I'll show them how tall I can look. Ha, ha, ha!

FX:

DOOR OPENED SHOP BELL.

TOULOUSE:

Bon sy-er.

MINNIE:

Bon sy-er.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED WITH NOISE OF SHOP BELL.

GRAMS:

"MOULIN ROGUE" THEME (FILM 1952)

TOULOUSE:

(SINGING THEME FROM MOULIN ROGUE)tell me where is your heart?

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

TOULOUSE:

Ahhh, home at last. So saying, I set up my twenty foot easel and started to paint. (HUMMING TO PREVIOUS TUNE) Hmmm hmm, hmm-hmm-hmm.

MORIARTY:

Good evening in French.

TOULOUSE:

Needle nardle noo! Who are you?

MORIARTY:

I am Count Fred Moriarty.

TOULOUSE:

Then why are you disguised as Major Bloodnok?

MORIARTY:

He couldn't come. It's the dreaded lurgi, you know.

TOULOUSE:

The dreaded lurgi, a likely story. Or a lurgi story. Hmm, hmm, hmm. You come in here, a complete stranger and...

MORIARTY:

Correction, correction. An incomplete stranger.

TOULOUSE:

Explain.

MORIARTY:

I have a wooden leg.

FX:

SAWING OF WOODEN LEG

MORIARTY:

Stop sawing my leg through, I tell you! Stop...

TOULOUSE:

Timberrrr...

FX:

SOUND OF TREE CREAKING, OVER:

MORIARTY:

Aiiiiiiiiii.

FX:

TREE CRASHING TO GROUND.

MORIARTY:

Oi, sapristi nabolas!

TOULOUSE:

Yes! That's cut you down to my size. Now, explain what you were doing in mon studio.

MORIARTY:

Well, as I said, mon name is Count Fred Moriartee, from... you and I speak French, now.

TOULOUSE:

Of course.

MORIARTY:

(FRENCH-SOUNDING GOBBLEDEEGOOK).

TOULOUSE:

Hold it! Hold it! I'll get a bucket.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi nabolas. You make a joke of me! Insult! We must fight a duel. Three paces and fire.

FX:

TWO PISTOL SHOTS IN RAPID SUCCESSION.

MORIARTY:

Thank you, honour is satisfied. Now to business.

TOULOUSE:

Business? What is your business?

MORIARTY:

I, Monsieur... I, Monsieur, am a collector.

TOULOUSE:

What do you collect?

MORIARTY:

Firewood. I pay two francs a bundle.

TOULOUSE:

Two francs?

FX:

SAWING.

MORIARTY:

(URGENTLY) Stop sawing my wooden leg!

FX:

SAWING STOPS.

MORIARTY:

You insult me, we must fight another duel. Three paces.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT. PISTOL SHOT.

MORIARTY:

Thank you. Honour is satisfied. Monsieur Lautrec, I can do business with you.

TOULOUSE:

Me? I am but a poor old painter.

MORIARTY:

So I see by your poor old paintings.

TOULOUSE:

You insult me! We must fight a duel! En garde!

MORIARTY:

En garde!

FX:

CLASH OF SABRES.

TOULOUSE:

Thank you. Honour is satisfied.

MORIARTY:

Merci.

TOULOUSE:

Now, what do you want?

MORIARTY:

That painting on that twenty foot easel. Ten francs?

TOULOUSE:

(ASIDE) Ten francs! He's made an offer. I've sold my first painting.

MORIARTY:

Correction: You've sold your first easel.

TOULOUSE:

That twenty foot easel is not for sale.

MORIARTY:

(ASIDE) Sapristi, sapristi. Curses, dear listeners. That great easel, sawn up, would made fifty bundles of French type firewood. I must have it. I'll think of a plan. (GOING OFF) Oww! ze plan, I'll think of a plan, oh, oi oi oi...

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR.

TOULOUSE:

Pardon me.

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

GAUGUIN:

(SELLERS, GRYPPE VOICE) Oh, good evening. Is your mother in, sonny?

TOULOUSE:

Sonny? I... I... I... I'm Toulouse-Lautrec.

GAUGUIN:

Oh? And where are you going to lose him?

TOULOUSE:

Have a care, sir. I'm not a man to be laughed at.

GAUGUIN:

Really? I heard your record and I just couldn't stop!

TOULOUSE:

(GETTING FASTER AND FASTER) What, what, what, what, what, what, what, what what?

GAUGUIN:

What a Brouhaha..

TOULOUSE:

hah hah, har u ar u, Who are you?

GAUGUIN:

Gauguin, Monsieur Paul Gauguin.

TOULOUSE:

(IN AWE) Gauguin?

GAUGUIN:

You've... you've heard of me?

TOULOUSE:

Oh, yes. I've read all of your paintings from cover to cover. Entré.

GAUGUIN:

Thank you, little squaged-out nurk.

TOULOUSE:

Gauguin dismounted. He appeared to be a fastidious man. Before entering, he wiped his feet on the van Gogh, rolled himself a Renoir and lit it with a Botticelli.

GAUGUIN:

Nice little studio. The fourteenth floor, isn't it?

TOULOUSE:

Yes, it's the highest basement in Paris. Now, wait here and I'll go and make a pot of wine for us.

GAUGUIN:

Oh, that's very kind of you.

TOULOUSE:

(GOING OFF) If you'd care to come along with me, perhaps, I might be... (FADES).

MORIARTY:

So, this man Gauguin was a painter, eh? Now, if I could get him to paint a portrait of the twenty foot easel, then I could take the actual easel for firewood, leaving the painting in its place and Neddie would never know the difference. (CLEARS THROAT).

FX:

SOUND OF NEDDIE AND GAUGUIN TALKING IN BACKGROUND.

MORIARTY:

Monsieur.

GAUGUIN:

Oui?

MORIARTY:

Monsieur, yes. I want you to paint a portrait of a twenty foot easel.

GAUGUIN:

I shall have to have a model.

MORIARTY:

You can have my poor old grandmother. Meantime, paint that easel.

GAUGUIN:

Not so fast, lopsided frog eater.

MORIARTY:

What!?

GAUGUIN:

You can't *order* me to paint. If you want a painting you must commission me.

MORIARTY:

Right. Sew these pips on your shoulders. Now get on with it, Captain.

GAUGUIN:

Stand to attention when you're talking to me.

MORIARTY:

Merci.

GAUGUIN:

Now before I start painting, here is Max Geldray to play a melody divine. Shall we dance, Neddie?

TOULOUSE:

I'd love to.

GAUGUIN:

Come along...

MAX GELDRAY:

"JEEPERS CREEPERS".

GREENSLADE:

That was Max Geldray playing his harmonica. I wonder what excuse he'll give this week. And now, Tales Of Montmartre, part the derx. Enter... enter Figh-Figh. Or if you're French, 'Fee-fee'.

GRAMS:

THEME FROM "MOULIN ROUGE"(1952).

TOULOUSE:

Gauguin stayed with me and for weeks worked on a painting. He never let me see it. At night he kept it covered with a layer of black paint.

GAUGUIN:

Neddie? Answer the door.

TOULOUSE:

What door?

FX:

KNOCKS ON DOOR.

GAUGUIN:

That door, Neddie.

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

FIFI:

[CHARLOTTE MITCHELL]

(FRENCH ACCENT) Toulouse! Darling Toulouse! Ohhh, darlingggg.

TOULOUSE:

(CLEARS THROAT) Good evening.

FIFI:

Here is a ladder. Kissss meeee.

FX:

LOUD KISSING NOISES, FOLLOWED BY A POP.

TOULOUSE:

Arrrrrgggghh! (TARZAN-TYPE YODEL) aha aha aha aha aha aha (SINGS) Be my looooooove... (INDIAN WAR WHOOPS ETC).

FX:

EXPLOSION RESOUNDING LIKE THUNDER.

TOULOUSE:

Who are you?

FIFI:

Don't try and fight it, darlinggg.

TOULOUSE:

Eh?

FIFI:

Zis is bigger than both of us. Look.

TOULOUSE:

Gad. A photo of the Eiffel Tower.

FIFI:

Yes, I was born on top of it.

TOULOUSE:

You've come down in the world.

FIFI:

Come, darling, kiss me. Time is so short and so are you. I am Fifi, I've come to help you. I am a model.

TOULOUSE:

Oh. (CLEARS THROAT) Well, (AHEM) you can disrobe behind those screens.

FIFI:

For three weeks I posed for Toulouse. Ohhh, how I posed.

TOULOUSE:

That's enough for today, Fifi. The light's failing and my eyes are hurting.

FIFI:

But Toulouse, when are you going to start painting me?

TOULOUSE:

I say, that's a golly good idea! Yes, well, I'm hopeless at nudes. (LAUGHS, CLEARS THROAT) And so we got married.

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

GAUGUIN:

Have you got a spare sack butt, mines gone out and I... What? Aaaaoooooooooooooh...

FIFI:

Helloooo.

TOULOUSE:

Ohh, you two haven't met before, have you? Well, this is Fifi, my wife, and Fifi, this is my trusted friend...

FX:

WHOOSH.

GAUGUIN:

Ohhh, how delighted...

FX:

NOISEY KISSING CONTINUES UNDER:

TOULOUSE:

This is, um... Fifi? Er... Fifi? (CLEARS THROAT) (LOUDER) Fifi? This is, um...

FX:

DOOR OPENED. DOOR CLOSED. PHONE RINGS. PICKED UP.

FIFI:

Darling... Hello?

TOULOUSE:

I just wanted to say his name is Paul Gauguin.

FIFI:

Thank you.

FX:

HANG UP PHONE.

GAUGUIN:

Who was that, dear?

FX:

DOOR NOISILY OPENED.

TOULOUSE:

(PANTING) Me!

GAUGUIN:

Neddie? Naughty Neddie. You never told me about your jolly little wife.

TOULOUSE:

Well, I knew you were busy.

GAUGUIN:

(CHUCKLES) Neddie, we three are going to be jolly happy together. Aren't we, dearest?

FIFI:

Yes. Let's go away, together.

GAUGUIN:

Yes, let's. Oh, darling, I find you...

FX:

KISSING.

TOULOUSE:

I'm so happy you and Paul are going to get along together. At first I thought you might fight. Ha ha ha. Well, let's celebrate, shall we? I'll make dinner. Now, I'll just light the stove. Where are those, um...? Fifi? Oh, Fifi? (CLEARS THROAT) Darling? (WHISTLES) Just a minute. Woo-ooo, Fifi? I say?

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES. PHONE RINGS. PHONE PICKED UP.

FIFI:

Hello? Hello?

TOULOUSE:

Darling? Where are the matches?

FIFI:

On the cupboard.

TOULOUSE:

Thank you.

FX:

HANGS UP.

FIFI:

Ohhh, how happy we three were, together.

TOULOUSE:

Yes. I didn't see much of Fifi. For that matter, I didn't see much of Paul so that evened things up. Then one French evening.

GRAMS:

THEME FROM "MOULIN ROUGE" UNDER:

FIFI:

(CRYING) Oh, (GASP), Oh, ho ho oh, (BREATH) Oh, mon coeur! (TRANSLATION: "OH MY HEART/DEAR!") (BREATH) Oh, hoho.

TOULOUSE:

Here, let me take that heavy gramophone.

FX:

NEEDLE BEING DRAGGED ACROSS RECORD. MUSIC STOPS.

FIFI:

(SOBS) C'est triste (BREATH)! Couer terrible! (TRANSLATION: "HOW SAD! HEART DREADFUL!")

TOULOUSE:

Don't stop darling, tell me all.

FIFI:

(10 SECONDS OF PASSIONATE 'FRENCH' WHICH IN FACT IS JUST A STRING OF FRENCH PHRASES)

(BREATH)

Défense de cracher, défense de fumer, (NO SPITTING, NO SMOKING)

Boulevard Saint Germain (???)

c'est Radio France, aux Champs-Élysées (RADIO FRANCE, WITH THE CHAMPS ELYSEES)

(BREATH)

la plume de ma tante (MY AUNT'S PEN)

galerie (???)

théâtre (???) toujours,

toujours la tristesse, (BREATH)

toujour pour jadis toujours (SADNESS STILL, ALWAYS, THEN AND STILL NOW)

(BREATH)

côté de la mer (???)

sur le Pont d'Avignon, Père Auguste (ON THE BRIDGE AT AVIGNON, PÈRE AUGUSTE)

(BREATH)

TOULOUSE:

Gad! If I could only speak French.

FIFI:

(HOWLS) Ohhhh (UNDER)

TOULOUSE:

There, there, there. Please don't... don't... don't cry. You're making your moustache all droopy.

FIFI:

It's Paul, you must speak to him.

TOULOUSE:

Certainly. Hello Paul, I see Arsenal took another bashing!

FIFI:

No. Paul didn't come home to me last night.

TOULOUSE:

He can't do that to a wife of mine.

FIFI:

He has been unfaithful to us.

TOULOUSE:

I'll thrash him within a hundred miles of my life. Shhh, listen.

FX:

NOISE OF KEY IN LOCK. DOOR OPENING QUIETLY.

FIFI:

It's Paul.

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

TOULOUSE:

You swine, Gauguin! Take that.

FX:

CRASH, SOUNDS OF MEN STRUGGLING. WOODEN AND OTHER OBJECTS DROPPING. BUGLES BLOWING. SOUND OF MANY MEN YELLING IN BATTLE. OVER:

FIFI:

Ohh, how they fought. They were still at it when I came back from the pictures. I could not see who was winning, but I knew it was one of them.

TOULOUSE:

Ngurgh, ah, there. (PANTING) Now, you swine, what have you got to say for yourself?

ECCLES:

Yugoslavia.

TOULOUSE:

Eh?

ECCLES:

I've been thinking about that music you played at the beginning and I say this story takes place in Yugoslavia!

TOULOUSE:

No, no. Try again. Now get out, Eccles.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED.

FIFI:

Oh, darling, darling, look! You have cut yourself fighting. Let me kiss away those broken bones.

FX:

KISSING.

FIFI:

There, is that better?

ECCLES:

Fine, fine, fine.

TOULOUSE:

Get out, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Get out, Eccles.

TOULOUSE:

Get out.

ECCLES:

Get out.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED.

FIFI:

Oh, now, darling, we are alone.

ECCLES:

Yeah, darling.

FX:

POUNING ON DOOR OVER:

TOULOUSE:

Let me in, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Let me in, Eccles.

TOULOUSE:

Shut up.

ECCLES:

Shut up.

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

TOULOUSE:

Now, get out, you little idiot.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED.

TOULOUSE:

(PANTING) I'm sorry about that interruption, darling.

ECCLES:

That's ok, darling.

TOULOUSE:

(YELLS) GET OUT!

FIFI:

Toulouse... Toulouse, who was that woman?

TOULOUSE:

Woman? That was a man.

GRAMS:

HORSE WHINNYING.

FX:

GALLOPING HOOVES. DOOR CLOSED.

TOULOUSE:

Mad, impulsive girl. Oh, well, she's obviously gone for a breath of fresh air and a brioche.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

TOULOUSE:

Ah, darling, you're back. You look much better after your little walk.

FX:

LOTS OF KISSING BY TOULOUSE.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Now to business. My name is Major Dennis Bloodnok.

TOULOUSE:

Then why are you disguised as a steak and kidney pudding?

BLOODNOK:

It's lunch time. How many live here?

TOULOUSE:

Let me see, there's my wife, Paul Gauguin...

BLOODNOK:

So your wife is Paul Gauguin? Well, everyone to his own tastes, I always say.

TOULOUSE:

Thank you.

BLOODNOK:

What, what, what?

TOULOUSE:

What do you want here, you ragged bum?

BLOODNOK:

Ragged bum? A duel, sir! Four paces.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT. PISTOL SHOT.

BLOODNOK:

Right, honour is satisfied.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

FIFI:

Toulouse, darling, what is all the noise a...

BLOODNOK:

Ohohohoho.

TOULOUSE:

This is Fifi, my wife. Fifi, this is Major...

BLOODNOK:

Ohohohoho.

FX:

WHOOSH. KISSING OVER:

BLOODNOK:

Oh, you little beauty! You lovely little naughty thing. You're a lucky man, sir, I say. I think I'll take my pack off for a few moments, I...

TOULOUSE:

Excuse me!

BLOODNOK:

How dare you talk while I'm kissing your wife. Who do you think you are?

TOULOUSE:

I am Toulouse-Lautrec, the famous French impressionist.

BLOODNOK:

Alright, do Al Jolson.

ELLINGTON:

Maamee.

BLOODNOK:

Splendid, shall we dance?

TOULOUSE:

I'd love to.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'PLEASANT AS A SUMMER BREEZE'...."ONE ALONE"

(SOMEONE DOES A RASPBERRY NEAR THE BEGINNING AND ECCLES JOINS IN WITH "HAVE A GOOD TIME" IN THE MIDDLE).

GREENSLADE:

That was the Ray Ellington Quartet. The BBC are not responsible for the loss of valuables. And now Tales of Montmartre, part the troys.

ORCHESTRA:

WAH WAH WAH LINK.

MORIARTY:

That girl Fifi was a menace. Paul Gauguin was very slow in painting the portrait of the easel. So I sent Bloodnok to offer Neddie a slightly higher price for the twenty foot easel.

BLOODNOK:

(FADING IN) Yes, I offer you ninety five francs in French currency.

TOULOUSE:

In French currency? That means I could stay in this country to spend it.

FX:

THUMP ON TABLE.

BLOODNOK:

Here's a hundred franc note.

TOULOUSE:

I've no change. Have you nothing smaller?

BLOODNOK:

I have a bus ticket.

TOULOUSE:

Not enough.

BLOODNOK:

Two bus tickets and an empty matchbox.

TOULOUSE:

I accept.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you.

FX:

RING UP SALE ON TILL.

TOULOUSE:

Wait, how do I know these bus tickets are genuine?

BLOODNOK:

Great boiling buckets of bringe. I used them myself only this morning. Look, here's a photograph of me being thrown off a bus, here you are.

TOULOUSE:

Proof enough. I'm sorry I doubted you. Now, here's a twenty foot easel all wrapped up in brown type paper.

FX:

PAPER BEING RUSTLED.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Moriarty, I got it, I've...oh....

FX:

RUNNING FOOT STEPS.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, ohhh (FADING).

FX:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS FADING.

MORIARTY:

Six o'clock. Sapristi Nabolos. I told that fool, Bloodnok, to meet me here outside Monsieur Crun's shop.

FX:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING OVER:

BLOODNOK:

Ahh, Moriarty! I've got it, I've got it.

MORIARTY:

I knew you'd get it one day. You must see a vet at once.

BLOODNOK:

Naughty Moriarty. Look, I've got the easel.

MORIARTY:

Ohhh ho oi oi, good.

BLOODNOK:

I managed to get it for only a hundred and fifty francs.

FX:

RING UP SALE ON TILL.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Now, what about the commission?

MORIARTY:

Here it is, two francs in unused socks.

BLOODNOK:

What! You've deceived me! We must fight a duel. Three paces and then fire.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT. PAUSE. PISTOL SHOT.

BLOODNOK:

Honour is satisfied. Now then, I'll come in the shop and see how much you're going to sell it for.

MORIARTY:

Oh, sapristi no! No, no, no. I must do it alone.

BLOODNOK:

arrhhh ah hah ha ho, oh, no. You're not going to get rid of old dirty Dennis quite so easily. Oh, no, I'm going to...

MORIARTY:

Police!!

BLOODNOK:

(YELLS) Arrrrggghhh.

MORIARTY:

Ha ha ha, got rid of him.

FX:

DOOR OPENING. SHOP DOOR BELL. DOOR CLOSED.

CRUN:

Count Morinary mon aimy.

MORIARTY:

Ah, Monsieur Crun, Monsieur Crun. Look! I have here a twenty foot easel to sell for firewood.

CRUN:

Oh, good, good.

MORIARTY:

Now to business.

CRUN:

Yes, well

FX:

NOISE OF UNWRAPPING OVER:

MORIARTY:

I'll unwrap the easel and show you how much of it there is. And it's solid wood except for the peg holes. And they're solid air. There.

CRUN:

Wait a minute. This isn't a twenty foot easel. It's a painting of the easel.

MORIARTY:

Oh, eh oh, eh ho eh o! Oi e oh. In French. I've been swindled.

CRUN:

(ASIDE) This painting is signed by Paul Gauguin. (CLEARS THROAT) I'll um give you, ah, a thousand francs for this.

MORIARTY:

What! (ASIDE) If a *painting* of the twenty foot easel is worth a thousand francs, then the original easel must be worth a fortune! I must get it. Ho ho. Wait here.

FX:

WHOOSH. DOOR SLAMS.

MORIARTY:

Cabby, cabby in French. Ici (FRENCH 'HERE').

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard your French-type call, mon capitain. Enter French Bottle-Bleu. Voy-la. Cracks whip.

FX:

SLAPSTICK.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhh, mon ear-'ole. I'm always doin' that.

MORIARTY:

Silence. Drive me to the studio of Toulouse-Lautrec. And step on it.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Step on what, Captain?

MORIARTY:

Go fast, hurry!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I haven't got a horse. Oh, I know. I will pull the carriage myself. Gets in shaft, puts on harness.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi cardboard harness, hurry man!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, you go on ahead and I'll catch you up.

MORIARTY:

Do you know the address?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I'll follow you.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi, I don't know the address.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, then you'd better follow me.

MORIARTY:

Right.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Gets coconut shells and starts up. Gid up.

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS.

MORIARTY:

Stop! Stop! This is the place. And here is something for you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohh, ta. What is it? It is a nice...

FX:

SHORT EXPLOSION.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you...ee-he...

GRAMS:

THEME FROM "MOULIN ROUGE".

FIFI:

Oh, Paul.

GAUGUIN:

Darling, how lovely you are. (GAUGUIN AND FIFI MURMURING TO EACH OTHER IN BACKGROUND)

TOULOUSE:

Dear listeners, this had been going on for some time. Gauguin, I'm going to come to the point. What's the matter, Fifi? Don't you love me any longer?

GAUGUIN:

If you were longer, she'd love you much more.

TOULOUSE:

Swine! Then I hit on a plan. To try to draw her attention, I set fire to myself. It moved her. She fried an egg on me. To keep me going, they chopped up the twenty foot easel and threw that on me.

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

MORIARTY:

Neddie! Neddie! Ne... Oh, Stop! Fools, you've burnt the easel. Oh, ruined! Oh!

FIFI:

Ohhhh, kiss me.

FX:

WHOOSH.

MORIARTY:

Oh, ho, ho, my little beauty, I love you.

FX:

KISS KISS KISS KISS (PECK PECK TYPE KISSES).

FIFI:

I bet you say that to all the girls.

MORIARTY:

Well, it's no good saying it to all the boys.

GAUGUIN:

You swine, we must fight a duel. Three paces.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

MORIARTY:

Ohhhh in French.

GAUGUIN:

Got him! And now, Fifi, let's go.

TOULOUSE:

So you're... you're both leaving me. Leaving me penniless.

GAUGUIN:

Not quite, you can keep my paintings.

TOULOUSE:

What good are they?

GAUGUIN:

Nothing now, they'll be worth a fortune after I'm dead.

TOULOUSE:

After you're dead?

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

GAUGUIN:

Urgghh.

TOULOUSE:

I'm rich! heh heh. Now, Fifi, we can be happy.

FIFI:

No, there's someone else.

TOULOUSE:

Who?

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Are you ready, Fifi, my little love?

TOULOUSE:

You rotten swine, Bluebottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eehehehehe!

ORCHESTRA:

THEME TUNE UP AND DOWN FOR:

GREENSLADE:

That was the goon show. A BBC recorded program, featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Spike Milligan and Charlotte Mitchell. With the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan and Eric Sykes, announcer Wallace Greenslade. Program produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

END OF THEME TUNE.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT.