

S6 E24 - The Treasure in the Lake

Transcribed by Moriarty, corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

SECOMBE:

Let that be a lesson to you!

GREENSLADE:

I'll strike you down, sir!

SECOMBE:

Don't you dare raise your Radio Times to me! One false move and I'll horse-whip you with this.

ECCLES:

(MUFFLED) Put me down!

SECOMBE:

Eccles, you must stop wearing those leather suits.

GREENSLADE:

Shut up, both of you!

ECCLES:

Shut up, both of you!

SECOMBE:

Kindly allow me... please! Kindly allow me to announce The Highly Esteemed...

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT DISTORTED CHORD INTERRUPTS SECOMBE

SECOMBE:

...Goon Show. You come in too quick, there, Mister Conductor. Hmm, hmm, hmm. Close your eyes.

FX:

GUNSHOT

CONDUCTOR:

Aeiough!

FX:

THUD

SECOMBE:

Get up, man, get up. Stop sulking about that silly little hole in your head. Mister Greenslade, cease framing that copy of The Listener and give us the old chat, there. Come along, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and Gentlelonlamonge. Presenting the story of...

ORCHESTRA:

TIMPANI ROLL

SCOTSMAN:

[SELLERS]

(TALKS WITH BAGPIPE MUSIC) 'The Treasure of Loch Lomond'. It was six hundred years ago that the Spanish treasure galleon, San Itary, sank in Loch Lomond with great treasure aboard her.

GREENSLADE:

So much for the clumsy, heavily-laboured plot. We move now to the clumsy, heavily-laboured hero.

SEAGOON:

My name is Neddie MC Seagoon. My story starts one warm day in London. My business partner had just handed me a vital financial report.

WILLIUM:

We're skint, mate!

SEAGOON:

Skint, mate? Well, let's try Leicester Square, they... they like good music there.

WILLIUM:

Well, you take the solo this time, mate.

SEAGOON:

I'm not afraid. Give me your tin hat.

WILLIUM:

Alright.

SEAGOON:

Keep an eye open for coppers.

WILLIUM:

Alright.

SEAGOON:

And silver.

SEAGOON & WILLIUM:

('SING') Twen'y tiny fingo', twen'y tiny toe', two angel faces, eac' wi'a turn up no'!

FX:

COIN IN MUG

WILLIUM:

Give it here!

SEAGOON:

It's mine!

WILLIUM:

It's mine! It's mine!

SEAGOON:

Here! Give that back to me! Let go of it!

WILLIUM:

Let go of it! I've got it...

SEAGOON:

That penny's mine! I'm the company director.

WILLIUM:

I'll bring this up at the next board meeting, mate, you see if I don't. After all, it was in my mug it had fell in to, mate.

SEAGOON:

I don't care, I'm the lead singer. You're always moaning.

WILLIUM:

No, I'm not. I stop when I'm asleep, don't I? Oowa! Look out, here come the rozzers, mate.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH, WHOOSH

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

Ha, that's given them the slip. Bolt the door.

FX:

HAMMERING BOLT BEING SLID HOME

WILLIUM:

Oooh, he's coming up the stairs, mate.

SEAGOON:

Quick! Quick! We'll fool him. Slide this window under your wig.

GRAMS:

SHATTERING GLASS

SEAGOON:

There. Now, help me fold up the walls. (STRAINS OVER FX)

FX:

SQUEAKING

SEAGOON:

That's better. Now, get the floor into this sack. (STRAINS WITH WILLIUM)

FX:

THUD

SEAGOON:

Ah, ha ha. He won't find this house here anymore.

WILLIUM:

Mate, the floor's stuck, mate.

SEAGOON:

Fool, you're standing on it.

WILLIUM:

What?

FX:

SLIDING OBJECT, THUD, KNOCK ON DOOR

WILLIUM:

Aeough! He's at the door, mate.

SEAGOON:

Hurry. Let's put the door up on the ceiling where he can't reach it. (STRAINS WITH WILLIUM)

FX:

A COUPLE OF THUDS

SEAGOON:

There.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

SPRIGGS:

(OFF) I say, you two down there! Open up in the name of the knee.

SEAGOON:

It's no good, we're trapped. Put on these master disguises. This lead beard for you. Hurry, man. Now I'll just put this pear of plastic ears around my waist (STRAINS). There, now he'll never recognise us. Come in!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SPRIGGS:

Neddie Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

(SADLY) Yes.

NORRIS TOOF:

[SELLERS]

I'm Norris Toof of Messers Meal, Thin and Thudder, commissioners for oaths and small bets placed.

SEAGOON:

You should know.

NORRIS TOOF:

I've been instructed to inform you that you are next in line to the treasures of Laird McGool. It's a heritage, sir, worth 10,000 pounds.

SEAGOON:

Oh, well, I'll have to inform the Labour Exchange.

NORRIS TOOF:

One point, sir, before you do. You must prove to me that you are of Scottish blood.

SEAGOON:

Simple, (COUGHS). Ochay, mon. It's a warm black munich nach un it (moon lit night tonight). Robert the Bruce. Partick Thistle 3, Celtic Rangers nil. PS, down with England. Mon hoots.

NORRIS TOOF:

Proof positive, sir, proof positive.

SEAGOON:

Needle nardle McNoo.

NORRIS TOOF:

You can't go a word against a (GIBBERISH AS SELLERS FLUFFS LINE. SECOMBE LAUGHS) You... You can't go against the word of a patriot. You must leave for Scotland at once.

SEAGOON:

Well, how do I get there, mon. I've nier siller, mon. No silver, man.

NORRIS TOOF:

Your dear uncle has provided for the journey. Put these boots on and... off you go.

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

SEAGOON:

(SINGS. SPEEDS UP AS HE GOES) For he'll take the high road and I'll take the low road and I'll be in Scotland a-fore ye. Where me and my true love, will never meet again, on the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

ORCHESTRA:

SCOTTISH-TYPE LINK (BAGPIPES) ENDING MESSILY

GREENSLADE:

At dawn the following year, Ned Seagoon galloped into the great yard of the castle McGool.

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS GALLOPING AND FADING IN

SEAGOON:

Whoa, proud beauty!

ELLINGTON:

Welcome to Scotland, white man! Ah. Let me help you down off these coconut shells.

SEAGOON:

Gad, a member of the black watch! Are you the night porter?

ELLINGTON:

No. No, I am a Gillie.

SEAGOON:

Of course, the famous Gillie Porter, hup!

ORCHESTRA:

TA-DAAA CHORD

SEAGOON:

Thank you, thank you. (LAUGHS) Now, I'll have you know I am of Finchley blood. I've come to claim my treasures and heritage. I bring with me all the wealth of my London domain.

ELLINGTON:

Ah, let me take the honourable prince's brown-paper parcel.

SEAGOON:

I... ah... I admit I have been travelling light.

ELLINGTON:

Too light. You forgot your trousers.

SEAGOON:

I didn't forget them, I just came prepared for the kilting season.

McGOOL:

[SELLERS]

(BAGPIPE MUSIC EVERY TIME HE TALKS) (GIBBERISH SCOTTISH FOR 5 SEC) You must be wee Neddie.

SEAGOON:

And you, you must be my uncle, Laird McGool.

McGOOL:

Come in, lad, you must be cold. You must be cold. Put on this porridge. Come in. Come in and warm yourself by this roaring candle.

SEAGOON:

Ah, thank you, uncle. Real regal Scots' hospitality. Tell me, Mc uncle, why have you brought me to Mac Scotland?

McGOOL:

The truth is, Neddie, I've no heirs left.

SEAGOON:

I've gone a bit thin myself (LAUGHS AT JOKE, CLEARS THROAT)

McGOOL:

There's treasure waiting for ye. Ten thousand pounds. It's yours. You get it when I die.

SEAGOON:

Only when you die?

McGOOL:

Ah, yeah.

SEAGOON:

How's your health been lately?

McGOOL:

Fine, fine, fine. I've one weakness, mind. Me chest, er...

SEAGOON:

Gad, it's stuffy in here, I'll open a window.

FX:

WINDOW SLIDING OPEN

GRAMS:

GALE WIND, BAGPIPE MUSIC PLAYING AT VARIOUS SPEEDS

McGOOL:

(CHOKES AND COUGHS)

GRAMS:

STOP

FX:

WINDOW SLIDING CLOSED

McGOOL:

(CHOKES MORE FOR 2 SEC) Oh, you devil! Ye tried to get rid of me, the noo! Now, ye get out or I set the hounds on you.

SEAGOON:

No, no, I was only joking, I didn't...

McGOOL:

Rover, see 'im off, boy, go on.

ECCLES:

OK. Bow ow ow ow wow, bow wow wow wow!

SEAGOON:

Shut up, you Mc idiot. You're not a dog.

ECCLES:

Ssh, don't give me away, all found and free collar. Bow ow ow ow ow.

SEAGOON:

I'm going. I'm going. But you haven't heard the last of me. I'm on Housewives' Choice tomorrow.

McGOOL:

You're always on Housewives' Choice. Get out!

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Bow wow wow.

McGOOL:

Good work, Rover, good dog.

ECCLES:

(DOG PANTS)

McGOOL:

Now, off you go to the loch and bring up some more of that treasure from the sunken galley.

ECCLES:

OK and you listen to Max McGeldray.

McGOOL:

(GIBBERISH SCOTTISH)

MAX GELDRAY & ORCHESRTA:

"I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THE LIGHT" / "YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY"

GREENSLADE:

The Treasure in the Loch, part Mc two.

ORCHESTRA:

SCOTTISH-TYPE LINK ENDING MESSILY

GRAMS:

BIRD CALLS, HOWLING WIND

MORIARTY:

Sapristi freezing blue Mc sporrns! Three days we've stood waist-deep in this ice-bound Loch Lomond. What's the idea, eh?

GRYTPYPE:

Don't you like fishing, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Fishing? Oiawiwiywiuw. Type O! We haven't any rods. How do you catch fish like this?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, they've go to die sometime. We just wait until then.

MORIARTY:

By the great measurements of Sabrina, you must be off your nut!

GRYTPYPE:

Ssh! Frog eater, look.

ECCLES:

(OFF) Bow wow wow wow wow wow wow wow, doa doa doa, my love, wow wow wow wow wow, wow wow wow wow wow . . .

MORIARTY:

(OVER ECCLES) It's a ragged idiot wearing a dog collar.

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER ECCLES) Quick, dive down and put out the fire, we don't want to be spotted.

MORIARTY:

(OVER ECCLES) Too late, I've already been spotted.

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER ECCLES) How?

MORIARTY:

(OVER ECCLES) I had measles.

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER ECCLES) Silence, heavily-oiled French joker. Observe yon dog-type man.

GRAMS:

SPLASH

MORIARTY:

What's he dived in for?

GRYTPYPE:

You'll see when he surfaces.

GRAMS:

WATER BUBBLING

MORIARTY:

(OVER GRAMS) Do you think he's trapped on the bottom?

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER GRAMS) No, he would've shouted for help.

ECCLES:

Ow, be my love, bow . . .

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER ECCLES) Look! See what he's got round his hind leg.

MORIARTY:

(OVER ECCLES) Sapristi! A platinum chandelier with a diamond studded candelabra. Pass the telescope. Now hold the jewellers glass on the end. Sapristi, those diamonds are genuine. After him! Money! Moolah! Ooooooh, money, money, money! Ooooooyoooooyoo. Stop me.

GRYTPYPE:

Silence. Silence, reeking garlic wreck. There's more... there's more diamonds where that comes from at the bottom of the loch.

MORIARTY:

But neither of us can swim under water. How do we get down to it?

GRYTPYPE:

We'll drain the loch. The question is, how?

SEAGOON:

Ahoy, there, good fishermen. Are they biting today?

MORIARTY:

Yes and I've been scratching them all night as well.

SEAGOON:

Ah, well. I must be on my way. It seems as though I must leave Scotland for I and take the open road.

ORCHESTRA:

SNARE DRUM ACCOMPANIES SEAGOON:

SEAGOON:

(SINGS TERRIBLY)

I've got a great big rock for my pillow

And a tuft of grass for my bed.

I sleep naked by the roadside

It's a wonder why I'm not dead!

Walking through the fields of corn,

Leaning up against a rick of new mown hay.

The open road,

The open road,

The open road for meeeeeeeeeee! (CLEARS THROAT)

GRYTPYPE:

You raving idiot, you.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Have you been here long?

GRYTPYPE:

Three hundred years.

MORIARTY:

(WHISPER) What are you talking about, Grytpype?

GRYTPYPE:

(WHISPER) Shut up, shut up. It's the plan, my plan.

SEAGOON:

You've been here three hundred years, eh? Ha, ha, ha. They don't give holidays like that anymore.

(GIVES SHRILL SHRIEK) You're three hundred years old!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Yes it is a shock, I know. Let me explain. You see, my fast disintegrating friend and I have been keen drinkers of the loch waters. You see it has a sort of mysterious properties that rather prolong the lifespan.

SEAGOON:

I don't believe this longevity story.

GRYTPYPE:

Is that so? See that mountain? That's over two thousand years old.

SEAGOON:

Really?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes and it's not full grown, either.

SEAGOON:

Proof positive.

GRYTPYPE:

(LAUGHS)

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) So that's why it's bald.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS). Well you can't go against the word of a mountain, can you?

GRYTPYPE:

Indeed.

SEAGOON:

Oooh, dear friend, what a lucky break. If I drink this lake water, I'm sure to live longer than my uncle Laird McGool and thereby inherit his treasures. (LAUGHS)

GRYTPYPE:

Is that so? Well, we'll help you, won't we, Moriarty? Give Neddie a glass of the loch water.

MORIARTY:

Here, one shilling.

FX:

CASH REGISTER DING

MORIARTY:

Thank you.

FX:

COIN FALLING IN

GRYTPYPE:

Fiendish French [UNCLEAR]. Give the gentleman back that ha'penny and the silver paper. This glass of loch water is on the house.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Here's health. (THREE GULPS). Ah, marvellous. I'll outlive him!

GRYTPYPE:

Of course you will, Neddie. You've put ten years on your life.

MORIARTY:

He'd put ten years on anybody's life.

GRYTPYPE:

Here, Neddie, here's another.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. (GULPS)

GRYTPYPE:

(UNDER GULPS) Moriarty, this is the Charlie who's going to drink Loch Lomond for us.

MORIARTY:

Of course! Then that would reveal the treasure at the bottom. Ohhyhooyhooooo! Money, money, money, money! Oooooooooo.

SEAGOON:

Ah, lovely.

GRYTPYPE:

Have another.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS)

GRYTPYPE:

And again, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS) Thank you, I... (GULPS)

GRYTPYPE:

And more.

SEAGOON:

(STRAINING GULPS)

GRYTPYPE:

Is the level of the loch going down?

MORIARTY:

No. This way it will take years.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes. Ah, Neddie? Lie down. Good. Now, put this end of the hose in your mouth.

SEAGOON:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, put the other end in the lake.

MORIARTY:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Neddie, suck away.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS)

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER GULPS) Good boy. Drink as much as you can. That's it, it's all free.

MORIARTY:

(OVER GULPS) It's going down! Slowly, mark you, but it is going down.

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER GULPS) Yes.

GRAMS:

THUNDER RUMBLE, RAIN

MORIARTY:

(OVER GULPS AND GRAMS) Ooh, sapristi! What bad luck, it's starting to rain.

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER GULPS) Drink faster, Neddie, faster.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS FASTER)

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER GULPS) There's a charabanc... There's a charabanc of... er... pensioners arriving. Er... drink, drink, drink.

MORIARTY:

(OVER GULPS) That's it! That's it! Drink, little water pipe.

SEAGOON:

(MORE GULPS)

MORIARTY:

(OVER GULPS) Quick, plug his ear, it's leaking.

SEAGOON:

Hah, it's no good. I have to stop.

MORIARTY:

What for?

SEAGOON:

Can't you guess? I'm feeling faint.

MORIARTY:

Faint? Feel faint?

SEAGOON:

Yeah.

MORIARTY:

Here, drink this glass of water.

SEAGOON:

Thanks. (GULPS)

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Neddie, on with the drinking. You want to live longer, don't you?

SEAGOON:

Oh, (GULPS). No more tonight, please. I must get a good night's sleep! I promise... I promise I'll come back tomorrow. Needle nardle McNoo. I'll be... I'll be staying over in that old, red lodge. Goodnight.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi, tomorrow's too late! We must have that treasure tonight.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Our plane leaves for Amsterdam at dawn.

GRYTPYPE:

Let me think, I have it. The water for that old red lodge comes from the lake.

MORIARTY:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Let's go and turn all the taps on and fix 'em so they can't be turned off.

MORIARTY:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

Wait! The water comes for that old red lodge comes from the lake. Let's go and turn all the taps on and fix 'em so they can't be turned off.

MORIARTY:

I heard you the first time.

GRYTPYPE:

You don't count, I'm only interested in the listeners. Ssh, Ray Ellington!

MORIARTY:

Let's hide!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"I'VE CHANGED MY MIND A THOUSAND TIMES" / "WHO'S SORRY NOW?" / "HOLD HIM TIGHT"

GREENSLADE:

The Treasure of Loch Lomond, part Mc three the noo. Otch aye.

ORCHESTRA:

SCOTTISH-TYPE LINK ENDING MESSILY

GRAMS:

GUSH OF WATER

FX:

HAMMER HITTING METAL OBJECT

MINNIE:

Naaaaaw.

FX:

HAMMER HITTING METAL OBJECT

MINNIE:

Naaw. Naaaaaw.

FX:

HAMMER HITTING METAL OBJECT

MINNIE:

Naaaaaw.

FX:

HAMMER HITTING METAL OBJECT

MINNIE:

Naaaaaw.

FX:

HAMMER HITTING METAL OBJECT

MINNIE:

Naaw.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

HENRY:

What's going on in here, Min? You're waking all the people in the lodge.

MINNIE:

I can't turn this tap off, Henry.

HENRY:

Give me the hammer.

FX:

HAMMER HITTING METAL OBJECT TO A FANCY RHYTHM

HENRY:

Min?

MINNIE:

Yes, Hen?

HENRY:

I can't turn it off. I know, I know. Hold my saxophone a minute. Now, just roll up my kilt.

MINNIE:

Not too high, Henry!

HENRY:

Min, have you got the monkey wrench?

MINNIE:

I gave it back to the monkey.

HENRY:

We don't wish to know that type joke, Min.

MINNIE:

I got it from a very expensive Christmas cracker, buddy.

HENRY:

Oh, we'd better do something, the water's up to my sporrán. Call a plumber, Min.

MINNIE:

Plumber, Min.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Ah, dear landlord, I heard running water so I came running down. Good heavens - you're flooded.

HENRY:

We've got a burst pipe.

SEAGOON:

Which one of you.

MINNIE:

Naughty Neddie! Naughty, naughty, naughty needle nardle noo, Neddie. It's... It's the tap.

SEAGOON:

Ah, I see. Let me try. I didn't study astronavigation in the isotopes Peru for nothing, you know.
(LAUGHS)

FX:

HAMMER HITTING METAL OBJECT 3 TIMES, METAL OBJECT HITTING FLOOR

SEAGOON:

There - that's got the tap off.

HENRY:

The water's still coming out of the pipe.

SEAGOON:

What bad luck. Where's the stopcock?

HENRY:

We don't know, cock.

MINNIE:

Ooooooh, look, there's a... there's something coming out of the burst pipe. Ohhhh....

FX:

SQUEEZING, POP

GRAMS:

POP, SPLASH

BLUEBOTTLE:

Enter Bluebottle through pipe! Thank you, thank you, little sausage makers, thank you. Returns to serious business of acting. Strikes Frank Sinatra, man with golden arm pose. Thinks: 'ere, I like that bit where Kim Novac keeps him warm, eee hee hee!

SEAGOON:

Who are you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm Mac Blunebottle! Talk of North Finchley. I go through life with a smile and a songe. With a smile and a song, life is like...

FX:

THUD WITH METAL OBJECT

BLUEBOTTLE:

[UNCLEAR]. Who threw that porcelain-type sink at me?

SEAGOON:

I did.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

How dare you come through Mr. Crun's water pipe without knocking?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm sorry, it was not my fault, Captain. Do you know that I was swimming in the lake with my first class swimmer's badge pinned to my water wing, when suddenly, ploodgee! I was sucked up into the nasty water pipe. Then there was hours of darkness and writhing agony. And finally, splunge, blat, I was squirted out into this bathtub, here. But I was not afraid.

SEAGOON:

Spoken like a man.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I can do impressions, you know. Ooh, I have got a message for you. Major Bloodnok says he wants you all to start building him a boat.

SEAGOON:

Why?

BLUEBOTTLE:

He's drowning in the lake.

FX:

THUD WITH METAL OBJECT

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eiiiy! Stop clouting me with that sink-type sink. I must not be nutted by strangers.

SEAGOON:

Wait!

SEAGOON & BLUEBOTTLE:

If this young, cardboard Captain Webbers tale is true, then this pipe is draining the lake of its life prolonging waters.

SEAGOON:

Shut up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up!

SEAGOON:

All this water here must be returned to the lake. Form a bucket chain!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can I help?

SEAGOON:

No, I must do this alone. A horse and bucket. Horse and bucket.

BLUEBOTTLE & MINNIE:

(WITH RHYTHM) They go together like a...

SEAGOON:

Shut up! Gid up, Dobbin. Come on, Dobbin.

ECCLES:

OK, neeeeeiiiiigh!

SEAGOON:

Eccles, you're not a horse, you're a dog.

ECCLES:

I know, but I do impressions.

SEAGOON:

Right, gid up there, come on. To the lake, Dobbin!

ECCLES:

OK. (STARTS MAKING CHICKEN NOISES) No, that isn't a horse, no. (MAKES DOG NOISES) That's a dog. (MAKES CAR NOISES) No, no, I'll get it, I'll get it, I...

SEAGOON:

I can't wait, I must save the lake. Out of my waaaaaay!

GRAMS:

HORSE GALLOPING

ORCHESTRA:

ALLEGRO, DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

So started that epic night of adventure. Back and forth went Seagoon with his bucket, trying to return the water. Meantime, back at the lake:

GRAMS:

BIRD CALLS

MORIARTY:

It's going down fast.

GRYTPYPE:

Good, it won't be long now.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, back in the bathroom:

FX:

HAMMERING

MINNIE:

It's got to the ceiling.

HENRY:

Swim, Min swim.

MINNIE:

Oh!

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, on the road to the lake:

GRAMS:

GALLOPING

SEAGOON:

On, proud beauty!

GREENSLADE:

Back in the bathroom:

FX:

HAMMERING

MINNIE:

Well done, Neddie, the water's going down.

GREENSLADE:

Back at the lake:

MORIARTY:

Sapritsti, the water's going up!

GREENSLADE:

On the road to the lake:

GRAMS:

GALLOPING

SEAGOON:

The water's going backwards and forwards!

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in the middle of the lake:

BLOODNOK:

Help, oh, heeeelp, oh!

GREENSLADE:

Back in the bathroom:

FX:

HAMMERING

HENRY:

We must stop it rising.

MINNIE:

Oh!

GREENSLADE:

Back at the lake:

MORIARTY:

We must stop it rising.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in the steam baths in Edgeware Road:

THROAT:

Cor blimey!

GREENSLADE:

And... and in the cafe Fred:

GRAMS:

DANCE MUSIC SPED UP.

MORIARTY:

You dance divinely.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, but the water's reached flood level.

GREENSLADE:

Back in the bathroom:

FX:

HAMMERING

MINNIE:

The water's reached flood level.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, back in...

BLUEBOTTLE:

What about me?

GRAMS:

LONG EXPLOSION

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you! Eeeh, hee, hee!

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, back in the studio I was about to say, 'Meantime, back at the castle':

McGOOL:

You've been good to me, laddie. For the last 18 years you've been salvaging the treasures of the sunken galleon.

ECCLES:

Yeah, for the last 18 years! Yeah.

McGOOL:

Aye. And now we've got the lot. £20,000!

ECCLES:

£20,000. That money must be worth a fortune.

McGOOL:

You know what it means to us both?

ECCLES:

No.

McGOOL:

It means that I'm a rich man and you're a far better swimmer.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, back in the bathroom. (SILENCE). Meantime, back in the lake. (SILENCE) Back on the road to the lake. (SILENCE) Don't some people get discouraged easily. Goodnight.

ORCHESTRA:

TA-DAA CHORD

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. And now Mr Adolphus Spriggs with Rubin Croucher at the piano.

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO GIVES INTRO. THEN ACCOMPANIES SPRIGGS:

SPRIGGS:

(SINGS "I'M WALKING BACKWARDS FOR CHRISTMAS)

I'm walking backwards for Christmas,
Across the Irish Sea.
I'm walking backwards for Christmas,
It's the only thing for me.

I've tried walking sideways,
And walking to the front.
But people just look at me,
And say it's a publicity stunt.

I'm walking backwards for Chriiiiistmas,
To prove that I love you!

ORCHESTRA:

END MUSIC: "LUCKY STRIKE"

GREENSLADE:

That was The Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Bruce Campbell, script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Pat Dixon!

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC CONTINUES

NOTES:

Spanish treasure galleon Sanitary is pronounced San Itary, as a play on words (Spanish names typically starting San as in San Cristobal, or even San Fransisco).