

S7 E07 - The Great Bank Robbery

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

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme.

FX:

GUNSHOT

GREENSLADE:

Ooooooh, yaroooool! Who shot me?

SECOMBE:

Me, Wal. Just seeing if you were alert.

GREENSLADE:

My senses are very alert.

SECOMBE:

Never mind, little steaming nut announcer. Worororahum. Open up that parcel of mangos and read the contents.

GREENSLADE:

Right. The title of the mango I'm holding is 'The Great Bank Robbery'.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC TIMPANI ROLL ANTICLIMAXED BY CORNY WOODWIND CHORD

GREENSLADE:

Next dance, please! 'The Great Bank Robbery', part one, an idiot in an attic.

ORCHESTRA:

BASS DRUM BANGING TO A MARCHING RHYTHM

SEAGOON:

(IN TIME WITH BASS DRUM) Ho-hup! Two-three. Ho-hup! Two-three. Hup!

FX:

RAPID KNOCKS ON DOOR

SEAGOON:

Curse! How dare someone get me out of bed at this time of night?

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, may we get out of our beds and come in?

SEAGOON:

Who are you?

GRYTPYPE:

Er, Moriarty, show him the photograph of who I am.

MORIARTY:

Certainmont. Voyla!

SEAGOON:

Gad, it's you. Entres!

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. Have a bugle.

ORCHESTRA:

BUGLE PLAYS HIGH Bb NOTE

SEAGOON:

Lovely. So fragrant!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. And only 10 and 6 a packet.

SEAGOON:

Now, who's your friend?

GRYTPYPE:

This is – and I quote from...

MORIARTY:

[UNCLEAR]. Tell him, tell him.

GRYTPYPE:

Yeah, I will. I quote from this plasticine monument of Gilbert Harding. This is Count Jim 'Thighs'...

MORIARTY:

Aaaaw...

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty. International chauffeur extraordinary and general handyman.

SEAGOON:

What can I do for you?

MORIARTY:

We heard you playing... melody.

GRYTPYPE:

Melody.

MORIARTY:

Melody.

SEAGOON:

Oh, that melody. You... you like it, eh? (CHUCKLES)

MORIARTY:

It's beautiful.

SEAGOON:

Well, I'm practising to enter the world's long distance bass drum race, from John O'Groats to land's end.

GRYTPYPE:

And just the right weather for it, too, by jove.

MORIARTY:

It sounded like it.

SEAGOON:

Alas, unfortunately I have not the wherewithal to buy a really fast racing drum.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh. Neddie, have a Trombone.

ORCHESTRA:

TROMBONE PLAYS LOW D NOTE

SEAGOON:

My, they're lower than bugles.

GRYTPYPE:

And they suit you, yes. Tell me, Neddie, how much wherewithal do you need for this racing drum?

SEAGOON:

£8/10 wherewithal.

GRYTPYPE:

Mmn. Neddie, with your help, I think we can raise the necessary wherewithal.

SEAGOON:

(GOING UP TO VERY HIGH PITCH) What?

GRYTPYPE:

Look, please don't do that full face, do you mind? Now, Neddie, we're going to play a little naughty game. Now this is what we do. First, we sew you into this mattress, like so.

MORIARTY & GRYTPYPE:

(SMALL STRAINS)

GREENSLADE:

According to the markings on this Albino turnip, and the seating arrangements on this banana, Neddie was about to become an innocent participant in a fiendish-type robbery.

SEAGOON:

I'm innocent, I tell you, innocent.

GREENSLADE:

Now, if you'll...

SEAGOON:

I wasn't there, I was with Jim. You know Jim? Big Jim.

GREENSLADE:

Now, if you'll just...

SEAGOON:

Big Jim. Little Jim. Big Jim's brother.

GREENSLADE:

Now, if you'll just li...

SEAGOON:

Little Jim.

GREENSLADE:

Oh, will you shut up?!

SEAGOON:

I'm innocent.

GREENSLADE:

N... Now if you'll just...

SEAGOON:

I'm innocent.

GREENSLADE:

Will you shut up?!

ECCLES:

He's innocent, he said.

GREENSLADE:

Now, if you'll just listen by this...

SEAGOON:

Innocent, ha ha ha!

GREENSLADE:

I'll get it in if it kills me. Now, if you'll just listen by this window, you will hear part two.

OMNES:

(RHUBARBS)

FX:

RAPID HAMMERING

OMNES:

(RHUBARBS CONTINUE)

CRUN:

Quiet, here, quiet. Quiet, please! Gentlemen, quiet.

FX:

MORE RAPID HAMMERING

CRUN:

(RHUBARBS STOP) Gentlemen, as I was saying; I decided to start this bank, so I got a financier to put up the money and a builder to put up the building.

MINNIE:

Aaahhaaaaha...

CRUN:

Mm? What?

MINNIE:

What?

CRUN:

What? Speak up.

MINNIE:

Listen, what did, ooooo, what did you put up, buddy?

CRUN:

I put up a sign saying, 'Henry Crun, Banker'.

MINNIE:

Hooray!

CRUN:

'Licensed to sell the moneys'.

OLD SECOMBE:

No offence meant, mark you, Mr Crun, but... er... look 'ere, why... um... mmmmmmm. Why did you... why did you call it 'Crun's Bank'?

CRUN:

After my dear daddy, Lance Corporal Hoggins.

OLD SECOMBE:

Butn... butn... butn... you... you... you haven't... haven't... haven't called the bank that!

CRUN:

Of course I haven't, you can't call a bank 'Lance Corporal Hoggins'. This is not a military bank, you know, it's not a...

SPRIGGS:

Aaaaah, just a minute, Jim.

CRUN:

What? What?

SPRIGGS:

If we put our wherewithal, the money, in [UNCLEAR] this bank... if we put this money in the bank, how do we know it'll be safe, Jim?

OLD SECOMBE:

Aye, that's right, aye, fair dos, aye.

SPRIGGS:

I am right. That man can't even afford teeth, let alone money. As I was saying, if I put this money in the bank, how do I know it'll be safe? I've always kept my money in a mattress!

OLD SECOMBE:

And I've... I've always been satisfied, nnnn nnn, with my wherewithal... the money... the money... in.. in... in my mattress.

MINNIE:

Ayyyye.

CRUN:

(CHUCKLES) Oh, dear, dear, gentlemen, gentlemen.

MINNIE:

Speak up, will you, I can't hear...

CRUN:

What? What? This... this ancient method of keeping monies in mattresses is stupid.

OLD SECOMBE:

Well.

CRUN:

In my bank, the monies are placed in a... they're placed in a tea caddy and *then* they're put in a mattress. Double strength security!

MINNIE:

Hurray!

OLD SECOMBE:

Wait, wait a minute, Mr Crun. Is this... ummmmm... is this yon mattress burglar-proof?

MINNIE:

He said is it burglar-proof?

OLD SECOMBE:

Burglar-proof? Is it burglar-proof?

CRUN:

Sure it is, hand-sewn by a locksmith.

MINNIE:

What type of locksmith?

CRUN:

A Latvian locksmith. And only one other person knows the combination.

SPRIGGS:

Who's that?

CRUN:

The swine who stole all the money last night!

OMNES:

(RHUBARBS)

FX:

RATTLING COINS AND CASH REGISTERS OPENING

CRUN:

Gentlemen. Gentlemen, gentlemen, stop these naughty withdrawals. There's no need to worry. It was only a fake desk robbery done by the insurance agent to test out security guards.

SPRIGGS:

And was he satisfied?

CRUN:

I don't know, the guard shot him. I...

OMNES:

(CLAPS) Hurray, well done, (ETC.)

CRUN:

Thank you, thank you for your support, I shall always wear it. And now, gentlemen... I declare the bank OPEN! Ohhhh!

MINNIE:

Hurray!

FX:

SHOP BELL

GRYTPYPE:

Good morning, cashier. We... er... we would like to open an account and pay (STRAINS) in this mattress.

GREENSLADE:

Certainly, sir. I'll just count it.

FX:

BOING!

GREENSLADE:

One. Yes, it's all here, sir. Erm...

SEAGOON:

(MUFFLED) What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What?

GREENSLADE:

I say, sir. There's a *man* in there!

GRYTPYPE:

Um... yes. Yes, he's a friend of ours.

MORIARTY:

Yes.

I'm... we're putting him up for the night, aren't we?

GREENSLADE:

Oooh

MORIARTY:

He's a very light sleeper, you know.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, I see. In that case, I'll have it put into your own vault and if anything happens, it's your own vault. Ha ha ha!

ORCHESTRA:

WOODWIND CHORD, SYMBOL CRASH

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. And now, to the next customer in the red, Max Geldray.

MORIARTY:

The new sound, aaw!

MAX GELDRAY:

"HOW ABOUT YOU?"

GREENSLADE:

Now, according to this parcel of fruit from Australia marked 'Fragile', and the damage contents therein, we present...

GRYTPYPE:

(MUTTERING UNDER GREENSLADE) Yes, yes, yes.

GREENSLADE:

...'The Great Bank Robbery' part three.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, I'll take over from here, Wallace, if you don't mind.

GREENSLADE:

Oh.

GRAMS:

BIG BEN CHIMING AT VARIABLE SPEEDS

GRYTPYPE:

With midnight chiming in all directions and Neddie safe inside Crun's bullion vaults, the plan for the daring bank robbery was put into operation. So over now to a secret blacked out airshipdrome at Potter's Bar.

GRAMS:

SPINNING PROPELLER

FRED NURKE:

Right-oh, lads. Settle down, Eidelburger, settle down.

EIDELBURGER:

[SELLERS]

Settle down, he says? Me, who's been married ten times? And all on the National Health?

FRED NURKE:

Quiet, Mein Herr. Now where's that Japanese Jap pilot, Yakamoto?

YAKAMOTO:

(GIBBERISH JAPANESE FOR 2 SEC) I am here, Mr Bloss. Er... was just combing my teeth. Er... could not find a brush.

FRED NURKE:

Right-oh, lads. Belt up now, then. This is Grytpype's plan, eh? At three seconds to one, or thereabouts, we take off in Count Eidelburger's zeppelin in the direction of up.

EIDELBURGER:

(GERMAN-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

YAKAMOTO:

Oh, boy!

FRED NURKE:

At half past, we hover over Crun's Bank and lower four sky-hoops.

YAKAMOTO:

Whoopee!

FRED NURKE:

A gentleman already secreted i... I say, can we have a bit of music? This part's a bit boring.

YAKAMOTO:

I play saxophone.

ORCHESTRA:

SAXOPHONE PLAYS LIVELY MELODY - UNDER:

FRED NURKE:

Thank you. Right, well, as I was saying: a gentleman already secreted in a mattress will affix the hoops to the sides of the bank and we winch the whole lot up. Now, pay off the flute player and off we go.

FX:

CASH REGISTER

FRED NURKE:

Is that clear to you?

EIDELBURGER:

No.

FRED NURKE:

Why not?

EIDELBURGER:

Zere's a heavy mist.

FRED NURKE:

Let me look. (STRAINS) Four pounds, ten ounces. By the centre, it's heavy.

EIDELBURGER:

Not only by the centre, but at both ends, too! Now get in this zeppelin, mit aus kabloongen volkischer bierwerken kreuzkrrrrgggg.

FRED NURKE:

Are you a German, Eidelberger?

EIDELBURGER:

Nein. No self-respecting German would have a phoney accent like zis!

YAKAMOTO:

Please, ah, second phoney accent would like to speak. Ah... fiendish hand-painted zeppelin stuffed with horse hair... ah... ready for takeoff in general direction of up.

FRED NURKE:

Wait a moment, it looks like a 7:20 train to Bradford, does that.

EIDELBURGER:

Exactly. That, my friend, is a zeppelin in disguise.

YAKAMOTO:

Ya.

FRED NURKE:

Ooh. Well, right-oh, in you get. Contact! Cast-off! Put the dinner on!

YAKAMOTO:

Yes, ah!

GRAMS:

TRAIN WHISTLE, TRAIN CHUGS FADE AWAY GETTING FASTER

GREENSLADE:

Listeners with keen ears and socks to match will recognise that even the *sound* of the zeppelin has been disguised as a 7:20 train to Bradford. Quel merveilleuse ingenuitay!

SEAGOON:

I'm innocent. I'm innocent, I tell you. Absolutely innocent. I was with Filthy Fred.

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile...

SEAGOON:

You know Filthy Fred?

GREENSLADE:

Will you shut up?! Meanwhile...

SEAGOON:

I'm innocent.

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile...

SEAGOON:

I wasn't there. Ha ha!

GREENSLADE:

According to this...

SEAGOON:

Meanwhile.

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, according to this fine head of cabbage now under treatment at an LCC Chiropractors...

MINNIE:

Got a message... message for you. The young man over there said that he's innocent, thank you.

SEAGOON:

Champions of liberty!

GREENSLADE:

I've never heard of Millicent. Anyhow, we find that back at the bank, the vaults are being patrolled by a stalwart security guard with a loaded bullet.

FX:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, BOING, STRAIN!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh! What was that? I heard a sound plunge. Plunge, plat, ploogie!

SEAGOON:

(MUFFLED STRAINING NOISES)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oooooooh! Mummy! There's somebody straining in a dark corner over there! Switches on torch. Switch! As done by switch. Beam of light falls on eerie scene. Ooooh! There's someone struggling in a mattress. I will make a simple test and find out what is in it.

FX:

GUNSHOT

SEAGOON:

Aeough!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have shot him in his mattress!

SEAGOON:

You fool, I'm only playing a game.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Huh?

SEAGOON:

Now take this knife and cut me out.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Okay, then. Rip, riiiiip!

SEAGOON:

Whoop! Thank you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What was you doing inside the mattress, captain?

SEAGOON:

It was short of stuffing.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aaehh. You're well stuffed, aren't you, captain!

SEAGOON:

Yes. It was a Christmas present from my auntie.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What are you stuffed with, then?

SEAGOON:

With horse hair.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Fancy that, then.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Captain? Do horses wear widges on their ears?

SEAGOON:

Widges? No... no such thing.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Then what is an earwidge, captain?

SEAGOON:

What do you think? He's a captain of earwidges!

ORCHESTRA:

WOODWIND CHORD, SYMBOL CRASH

MILLIGAN:

Hoy!

SEAGOON:

That didn't get much of a laugh, did it? (GIGGLES) They'll be better second house. Now, 'The Great Bank Robbery', part four.

GRAMS:

WHIRR OF AERIAL VEHICLE

SEAGOON:

Listen... listen, gerblunden. They're playing the record of a horse hair-stuffed zeppelin right above us! This is the game Grytpype told me about. Little lad, see what's up there?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh, a zellepin, captain.

SEAGOON:

A good try, lad. Wait, who's this being lowered from the zellepin by his feet?

ECCLES:

Ooohoho! Hallo, fellers! (AUDIENCE APPLAUDE) Thank you, thank you. Hey, what are you doing upside down?

SEAGOON:

The newcomer was a blackened wreck bearing signs of a recent devastating explosion.

ECCLES:

Yeah. Some naughty man gave me a cigar stuffed with horse hair.

SEAGOON:

How did that explode?

ECCLES:

I put it out in a barrel of gunpowder.

SEAGOON:

What were you doing in a barrel of gunpowder?

ECCLES:

I was practicing exploding myself for Guy Fawkes Night.

SEAGOON:

What a beautiful melody. How does it go again?

GRAMS:

SHORT EXPLOSION

SEAGOON:

Ah, they don't write tunes like that these days.

ECCLES:

Well, I'm glad.

SEAGOON:

Well, lads. If you'll just help me stick these hoops in the four corners of the bank, then we can all go home!

FX:

HAMMERING AND RATTLING CHAINS

BLUEBOTTLE, ECCLES & SEAGOON:

(RHUBARB OVER FX)

SEAGOON:

That's it! Right! Now, I... I'm off to get the money from Grytpype.

EIDELBURGER:

Eccles! Are you all set down zhere?

ECCLES:

Yeah! Haul away up there.

GRAMS:

STRAINING FLOORBOARDS, FALLING BRICKS, METAL WORK PULLING

GRYTPYPE:

Dear listeners, from the Drunkard's Lounge of the Temperence Hotel opposite, I watched Crun's Bank hoisted into the belly of the zellepin. The noise of the operation being covered by a recording of a piece of cardboard highly amplified by Ray Ellington.

MORIARTY:

The new cardboard sound, folks.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"RAZZLE DAZZLE"

GREENSLADE:

That was Ray Ellington. I say, *he's* done well for himself. Now, according to this tray of ready-stoned walnuts, the news of the zeppelin bank robbery flashed round the world and finally came to the notice of, of all people, the British police!

FX:

PHONE RINGS, HANDSET LIFTS UP

BLOODNOK:

What? Yes!

FX:

HANDSET PUT DOWN

BLOODNOK:

Ooohoho! Gentlemen, a mystery has been committed. Prepare the police airship for immediate pursuit.

MILLIGAN:

(NOT WORRIED) Right, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Issue the following description.

MILLIGAN:

(NOT WORRIED) Right, sir.

FX:

TYPING TYPEWRITER OVER:

BLOODNOK:

Wanted.

MILLIGAN:

Wanted.

BLOODNOK:

One large horse hair poltis stuffed zeppelin disguised as a 7:20 train to Bradford with Crun's Bank attached. Last seen going in the direction of up near Blackpool.

MILLIGAN:

(NOT WORRIED) Right, sir. (SPEAKING VERY SLOWLY) Ah... er... er... pardon me, sir.

BLOODNOK:

What? What? What? What? What?

MILLIGAN:

(SPEAKING VERY SLOWLY) The... ah... the police airship has been...

BLOODNOK:

What? What? Mm?

MILLIGAN:

Just a minute, sir. (SPEAKING VERY SLOWLY) The police airship has been stuffed with... fresh horse hair.

BLOODNOK:

Mm?

MILLIGAN:

And is... waiting... directly... over... head.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Here, have a Benzedrine.

MILLIGAN:

Thank you, sir. (GULPS) I say, how long do the...(SPEEDS UP TO GIBBERISH)

BLOODNOK:

Right. Lower skyhooks and haul up the police station.

MILLIGAN:

(MORE SPED UP GIBBERISH)

GRAMS:

METAL WORK PULLING, REVOLVING PROPELLER, POLICE BELL

MORIARTY:

Oooh! Great steaming bowlers, Grytpype! Look through this modern chop whisker telescope.

GRYTPYPE:

Gad! It's a police airship going in the direction of up near Blackpool.

MORIARTY:

Quick, I'll get von Eidelburger on the Morse code. I'll just strap myself in.

FX:

MORSE CODE BUZZING

EIDELBURGER:

(IN THIS SCENE: THROUGH PHONE) (TO MORSE CODE) Ya ya ya ya. Ya ya ya ya. Ya ya ya.

MORIARTY:

(MORIARTY-TYPE GIBBERISH)? Eidelburger, what course are you on?

EIDELBURGER:

Prunes and custard.

MORIARTY:

You fool! Listen, you must throw yourself overboard at once. A police airship is chasing you and they've already reached a speed of hot pie and peas!

EIDELBURGER:

Gerfalshit snorkel arolsich (AND SIMILAR GERMAN-SOUNDING GIBBERISH) standing on ze Edgware Road. Yakamoto!

YAKAMOTO:

(GIBBERISH ORIENTAL)

EIDELBURGER:

Serve cheese and biscuits and full speed ahead!

MORIARTY:

Right. Make for John O'Groats. He's a friend of mine.

FX:

PHONE HANDSET PUT DOWN

GRYTPYPE:

Well done, Moriarty.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, BASS DRUM BANGING

MORIARTY:

It's the Charlie.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh. Ah, Neddie! Have a piano.

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO PLAYS EXTENDED C CHORD

SEAGOON:

Ta. Well, I've finished the game at the bank. Now where's the eight pound ten?

GRYTPYPE:

Surprise, Neddie, surprise. We've spent the money on a new racing drum.

MORIARTY:

(GETS EXCITED) Yes, it'll be waiting for you at the starting line of the drum race at John O'Groats.

SEAGOON:

Splendid! (LAUGHS) Gad, with this drum I'll be the first past the post at Land's End. Goodbye!

GRYTPYPE & MORIARTY:

Goodbye...

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

MORIARTY:

Charlie! Little Charlie, ohhh!

GRYTPYPE:

Naughty little Charlie! And Moriarty, guess what Neddie'll be carrying inside his new racing drum.

MORIARTY:

Aaaaaaaaw!

GRYTPYPE:

Aaaaaaaaw!

MORIARTY:

Fifty thousand pounds from Crun's Bank in crisp notes! (GETS REALLY EXCITED)

GRYTPYPE:

Money to burn!

MORIARTY:

Aaaaaaaaw!

GRYTPYPE:

Go and get the sardine tins and oil yourself, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Right!

GRYTPYPE:

And while Bloodnok's police zeppelin is heading north to find it, the money will be coming safely south inside an innocent-looking racing bass drum. And with that boring exposé of the plot, over to the BBC.

ORCHESTRA:

WOODWIND CHORD, SYMBOL CRASH

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. Part five: the last day of the Tour de Britain Bass Drum Race. Hup!

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS WITH LOTS OF BANGING BASS DRUMS

ANNOUNCER:

[SELLERS]

(OVER GRAMS) Well, hello, folks. Here we are at Cob's Corner, a bare half mile from the finishing post of the Tour De Britain five day bass drum race. And here... here comes Stirling Moss beating a 1926 all wood British racing drum, followed closely by Sheila van Dan beating her highly tuned father. And... what's this now? Yes! Yes! My goodness me, they're really coming along, here! It's a wonderful day! You can see them all beating their drums as they come...! Yes, that was the Italian ace, Giuseppe Fred Saponee, thundering into the straight of the sticks of a very fast waltz drum. So over now to the finishing line!

GRAMS:

PREVIOUS GRAMS WITH CHEERING

ECCLES:

Oorrooy! Oorrooy! Oorrooy!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I wonder where Neddie is.

ECCLES:

I wonder where Neddie is, Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Wonder where Neddie is.

ECCLES:

Wonder where that Neddie is.

BLUEBOTTLE:

All the other runners have finished.

ECCLES:

Oooh! Then he stands a good chance of coming in last.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

(SLOWLY) He stands a good chance of coming in last! Yeah.

FX:

RUNNING AND BANGING

ECCLES:

Oooh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

ECCLES:

Here he comes!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here he... hairy comes!

ECCLES:

Hairy comes!

SEAGOON:

Ah! At last! Land's End! To go further would be silly. I made it! Scilly, get it? Scilly Isles! Get it? Ha ha ha! Scilly Isle.

ECCLES:

A-ha, ha. Ha ha.

SEAGOON:

I'm guilty.

CORNISHMAN:

[SELLERS]

Captain Seagoon? Welcome to Land's End, my dear.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

CORNISHMAN:

Now the traditional privilege of the last man in. We give you this cheque for eight pound ten and then we burns your old drum on the bonfire. Ar har har har!

GRAMS:

ROARING FIRE, CRACKLING

SEAGOON:

Will this be a happy ending?

FX:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

GRYTPYPE & MORIARTY:

(OUT OF BREATH)

MORIARTY:

Ask him, ask him.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes.

MORIARTY:

Ask him!

GRYTPYPE:

Hello, Neddie, hello. So sorry we're late. Mmmnnnnn. Now, where's the bass drum?

MORIARTY:

Yes, where's the bass drum?

GRYTPYPE:

Where is it?

SEAGOON:

Well, that's it up there on top of the fire.

MORIARTY:

Oooooow! The money's inside!

GRYTPYPE:

The fire! Start the water! Fire! Fire! Get that fire!

FX:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

GRYTPYPE & MORIARTY:

(MAKE WORRYING SOUNDS, UNDER)

GREENSLADE:

Here is an announcement. Early this morning, two men were admitted to Brook Street Hospital with scorched fingers. A foreign office spokesman said the men were trying to retrieve a bass drum from a bonfire. Who said the British aren't musical? Goodnight, Charlies, everywhere.

SEAGOON:

I'm innocent!

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT: "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, Max Geldray and the orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stephens. Announcer: Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Pat Dixon

OMNES:

('SING' TO THE MUSIC)

BLOODNOK & MORIARTY:

(WITH SAX SOLO) Bum bum bada diddle dee, yam boddie dooo! Etc.

MORIARTY:

(WITH INTERLUDE) Oh, I've melody. I've got melo melody. Racing drum, lucky...

BLOODNOK & MORIARTY:

(WITH TROMBONE SOLO) (MORE 'SINGING')

BLOODNOK:

Come along Min, now!

MINNIE:

(WITH PIANO SOLO) Yim bum yibble dee... etc.

THROAT:

(WITH GUITAR SOLO) (MORE YIM BUM ETC)

BLOODNOK & MORIARTY:

(ON LAST CHORD) Ooooooooooh!

MAX GELDRAV / RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY"