

S7 E19 - The Mysterious Punch-Up-The-Conker

Transcribed by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Paul Webster. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme.

SEAGOON:

You'll get a punch up the conk, Wal!

GREENSLADE:

Mr. Seagoon, the practice of punching BBC announcers up the conk was outlawed in 1773.

SEAGOON:

Wrong, Wallace, wrong!

MILLIGAN:

He's wrong. He's wrong.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha. Wrong indeed.

MILLIGAN:

Hee haw!

SEAGOON:

Only recently there was an fresh outbreak of up the conk punching. So loosen your gentleman's support for elderly couples, whilst the great poet tragedian William McGoonagle sets the scene.

ORCHESTRA:

SCRATCHY VIOLIN.

WILLIAM McGOONAGLE:

Thank you, Paganini. Let me get that 'Melody Divine' [UNCLEAR]. Oh, folks. Ohhhhh, folks. 'The Ballad of the Punch Up The Conk'. No laughing, please, folks.

SEAGOON:

(BLOWS RASPBERRY)

WILLIAM McGOONAGLE:

Listen, folks...

'twas in the year of nineteen-feeftyfrwe,
when the Punch Up The Conker struck without rhyme or rea...
...son.

SELLERS:

(AD LIBS) Get him out of here.

WILLIAM McGOONAGLE:

Late one night without any warning,
he struck a gentleman's private conk,
whilst he was yawning.
Awwwww... (FADE)

WILLIUM:

Ucchhh!

FX:

PNEUMATIC CAR HORN BLOWS.

WILLIUM:

Owwwhhhwhhhwhwhhhwhwh! Mate! Oh! Me 'ooter, ohhh...!

FX:

POLICE WHISTLE. KNOCK ON DOOR.

SEAGOON:

Hello, hello, what's going on here?

WILLIUM:

I been punched up the conk, officer.

SEAGOON:

I'll have to make a note of this. Now, where did I put my notebook?

FX:

WOODEN DRAWER OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Ah, it's in the sideboard here. Now, tell me all.

WILLIUM:

Well, er, I was sleeping on the joe in the garden, the pianna, er, when a leather omnibus draws up and out jumps a man wearing a masked boxing glove on 'is 'and. 'What's that up there?' he says. Up I looks and wallop! Right up me ol' conk, there!

SEAGOON:

I see. Have you ever committed a murder?

WILLIUM:

No, no.

SEAGOON:

Hmm. I can't get you on that, then. Now tell me, why were you sleeping on the piano in the garden?

WILLIUM:

'Cos the grass was damp, mate. And, er, I don't wanna get the nadgers again, yer see. My wife's got the lurgi.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

WILLIUM:

And my eldest boy's got the plin, mate. (FAINTLY) On 'is legs!

SEAGOON:

Sergeant Dongler, take this man along to the station.

SERGEANT DONGLER:

[MILLIGAN]

Yes, sir.

SEAGOON:

And put him on the train to Birmingham

SERGEANT DONGLER:

Right, sir.

WILLIUM:

Let go, mate.

SERGEANT DONGLER:

Come on, you old gentleman.

WILLIUM:

I'm telling yer, I was on... (GOES OFF ARGUING WITH SERGEANT DONGLER)

ORCHESTRA:

DETECTIVE THRILLER-TYPE ('DRAGNET') FANFARE.

HERN:

[SELLERS]

Eleven Ten, Inspector Seagoon dismissed the conk punching as drunk's hallucination. Hern, hern of the hern. Eleven eleven, Seagoon returned to Scotland Yard. Eleven twelve, Scotland Yard returned to London. Oh, snarl, snarl.

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGS TWICE AND IS PICKED UP.

SEAGOON:

Hello, Seagoon of Fabian Yard here.

MANAGER:

[MILLIGAN]

(INDIAN ACCENT) (SPEAKING ON TELEPHONE) Pardon me, sir. This is the management of the red indian youth hostel in Paddington W2. We are just having a nasty incident here, sir.

SEAGOON:

Really?

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

What happened?

MANAGER:

(IN THE ROOM) I tell you, I tell you all about it. Please put on this cardboard turban. Thank you. Now, we were sitting down, sir, playing ping pong in the oriental style. When a leather omnibus approaching from the direction of W4, and the occupant, wearing a masked boxing glove, is punching poor Bert Ramjat Singh right up his conk. And poor Ramjat Singh is falling backwards in the direction of SW2, so help me, it's the truth, I tell you.

SEAGOON:

'Gad!', I said. Then that old man sleeping on the piano was telling the truth.

WILLIUM:

(SHOUTS FROM DISTANCE) Yes, I was!

SEAGOON:

Constable, go up to Birmingham and bring him back. (SHOUTS TO WILLIUM) I'm sending someone for you.

WILLIUM:

(BACKSTAGE AND VERY FAINTLY) Ta, mate, ta!

SEAGOON:

Now, then. Sergeant Greenslade? Question all people wearing masked boxing gloves and driving leather omnibuses.

GREENSLADE:

It'll take time, sir.

SEAGOON:

Very well, take time. And... and Greenslade?

ORCHESTRA:

ROMANTIC CLARINET MUSIC OVER THE NEXT FEW LINES...

GREENSLADE:

Yes, sir?

SEAGOON:

Do be careful. Remember, you're... you're all I've got.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC STOPS ABRUPTLY

GREENSLADE:

Don't worry, sir. I'm wearing my trousers back to front.

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTS) It must be hell in there!

GRAMS:

STEAM ENGINE LOCOMOTIVE, SLOWS DOWN AND GRINDS TO HALT.

SERGEANT DONGLER:

Here he is, sir.

WILLIUM:

Hello, mate.

SEAGOON:

You're back quickly.

WILLIUM:

Yes, we brought the train by hairplane.

SEAGOON:

Splendid. Now look, what did this attacker look like?

WILLIUM:

I dunno, I dunno, I didn't see 'im, mate, I...

SEAGOON:

I see. And would you recognise him if you didn't see him again?

WILLIUM:

Straight away! Although, you know, sir, I must admit, me eyes ain't what they used to be.

SEAGOON:

No?

WILLIUM:

No! They used to be me ears!

SEAGOON:

Sergeant! Take this man to Birmingham and put him on the police station for Crewe.

SERGEANT DONGLER:

Yeahhyahayha, sir.

SEAGOON:

And Sergeant Geldray?

MAX GELDRAI:

Yes, boy?

SEAGOON:

Your nose is an obvious temptation to the punch up the conker. Place this harmonica under it as a protection!

MAX GELDRAI:

Plooogeeeeeee!

SEAGOON:

Right, round the old back for the brandy, there! Right!

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS.

MAX GELDRAI:

"CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS?"

FX:

SOUND OF GELDRAI GETTING A PUNCH UP THE CONK! HARMONICA BLOWS OUT OF TUNE.

MAX GELDRAI:

Ooohh, my nose! Oooooohhh!

GRAMS:

BUS BELL, LEATHER OMNIBUS PULLING AWAY.

SEAGOON:

Quick, they've clouted Geldrai's hooter! After that leather omnibus on these National Health feet.

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS.

ORCHESTRA:

DESCENDING DRAMATIC FANFARE LINK.

MILLIGAN:

(MILLIGANESQUE SINGING IN THE BACKGROUND)

SEAGOON:

Unfortunately the leather omnibus out-distanced us whilst I was having lunch.

MILLIGAN:

(BURPS) Pardon.

SEAGOON:

(HARRY LOSES IT, BUT QUICKLY REGAINS COMPOSURE) (AD LIBS) We shouldn't have had them afters! And when I got out of bed next morning, it was completely out of sight.

VOICE:

[SELLERS]

Inspector, I been looking through this, er, log book of leather omnibus manufacturers and hmmmfnbjhbsgsgu...

MILLIGAN:

(BACKSTAGE, GIGGLING QUIETLY)

SEAGOON:

Hmmm, let me see. Hmmm. There's only one entry. We'll have to go in there! A-ha, ha, ha! A-ha, ha!
Ahem! Dear listeners, up a narrow street, in a broad road, which ran through a long narrow lane, in a quaint... (SINGS)...old fashioned towwwwwwwn.

GRYTPYPE:

You'll starve.

SEAGOON:

We saw a small green door.

GREENSLADE:

We now reveal for the very first time exactly what *is* going on behind that green door.

MINNIE:

(SINGING) ...greeeeeen door! Yatta bumdebum... greeeeeen door! Bwarck bwarck. (MAKING CHICKEN NOISES).

HENRY CRUN:

Min, Min.

MINNIE:

Oooooohhhhh!

HENRY CRUN:

I can't concentrate on the brown leather when you keep singing 'The Green Door', you know.

MINNIE:

Aww! You gotta get modern, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

(SHOUTS) Modern?!

MINNIE:

Modern.

HENRY CRUN:

I *am* modern Min! I am known as 'Modern Crun'.

MINNIE:

Lawks-a-mercy, he's losing his reason.

HENRY CRUN:

You think that because I don't sing rhythm-type melodies, that I'm a corny. Well, you asked for this.

MINNIE:

What's... he's losing his reason!

HENRY CRUN:

You asked for it.

MINNIE:

Awwww.

HENRY CRUN:

I'm going to sing moderrrrrn.

MINNIE:

Oh, I'll put my corsets on.

FX:

HENRY TAPPING HIS FOOT IN RHYTHM

MINNIE:

Oh, what's he gonna do?

HENRY CRUN:

One, two, three, four! (SINGS) Midda watchayacallum, whatcha doing tonight, Yeahhh! Taroo, I hope your in the mood cos I'm feeling alright. Ohhh, go, man, go... (CONTINUES SINGING NONSENSE)

ORCHESTRA:

CYMBAL CRASH.

HENRY CRUN:

There, Min. Let that be a lesson to you.

MINNIE:

Ohhh, dear, dear.

HENRY CRUN:

You and your Dan Leno school of rhythm. (PAUSES FOR LAUGHS) Now, let us get back to the leather omnibus make.

MINNIE:

Well, we never seem to sell any.

HENRY CRUN:

I know, I can't understand it, you know. We... we make the finest leather omnibuses in the world.

FX:

PENGUIN SOUNDS.

HENRY CRUN:

Min, Min, it's the penguin wants to go out.

MINNIE:

Now, then, um... I tell you what, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

What? What?

MINNIE:

If we want to sell more of these modern leather rhythm omnibuses, we should do more modern American advertising-type advertising.

HENRY CRUN:

We... we can't get more modern than we are already, Min.

MINNIE:

What do you mean, Henry? Uryeurrrhhhh!

HENRY CRUN:

We've got a... a gas-lit poster in the gents wash up and brush up in Piccadilly Tube, you know.

MINNIE:

I bet that's been marked for life by now.

HENRY CRUN:

We must... keep production rolling, Min.

MINNIE:

Yes.

HENRY CRUN:

Help me lace up this leather engine.

MINNIE:

Mind the piston rods, now, [UNCLEAR]...

FX:

SHOP DOORBELL RINGS, DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Good morning.

MINNIE:

(SHRIEKS OF SURPRISE)

HENRY CRUN:

(SHRIEKS OF SURPRISE)

MINNIE:

Ohhh! What is it? What is it? A ball of...

HENRY CRUN:

Min!

MINNIE:

...welsh rubber. What is it?

HENRY CRUN:

It's a customer direct from the Piccadilly wash and brush up.

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

HENRY CRUN:

(SINGS) Midda watchayacallum, whatcha doing tonight, Yeahhh!

SEAGOON:

So that's what happened to Harry Roy? Now, sir, I'm from the police department.

HENRY CRUN:

(GASPS OF SURPRISE)

MINNIE:

(GASPS OF SURPRISE)

HENRY CRUN:

Min and I haven't done anything wrong.

SEAGOON:

I don't suppose you could at your age.

MINNIE:

What!?

SEAGOON:

Now...

MINNIE:

What do you mean?

SEAGOON:

What I've come for is your record of all-leather omnibuses sold.

HENRY CRUN:

Just a minute, sir, we shall... let's have to look in the vital ledger. Errr.

MINNIE:

We didn't do anything wrong.

FX:

PAGES BEING LEAFED THROUGH.

HENRY CRUN:

No, I don't... [UNCLEAR]... Ahh, let's see. Omnibuses sold. Yes, here's the first one we sold, 1873.

SEAGOON:

And the next one?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes... Ohhh! We haven't finished it yet.

SEAGOON:

No. Well, who did you sell the first one to?

HENRY CRUN:

We... we don't know. You see, he punched me up the conk and displaced my string and leather wig.

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners, here was proof. Whoever bought that omnibus was the punch up the conker!

MINNIE:

(SHRIEKS IN HORROR) Oooooooooohhhhhhhh!!

ORCHESTRA:

'DRAGNET' FANFARE. MINNIE SINGS ALONG WITH IT.

HERN:

Eight seventy six, got back to headquarters. Found dinner in oven.

SEAGOON:

Two months went by.

HERN:

Dinner got cold. Three months went by. There were no more reports of punch up the conking. Work at Scotland Yard went on as normal.

GRAMS:

CURIOUS NOISES INCLUDING A STEAM ENGINE, VIOLIN AND KNOCKING NOISES.

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTS) Sergeant Hogg, turn that radio down, will you?

VOICE:

[MILLIGAN]

(FAINTLY) Yoing.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Now, any news?

HOGG:

[SELLERS]

Er, yes, sir. I, er, think we can close the Dick Turpin case, now. We discovered... we discovered where he was hiding, sir.

SEAGOON:

Where?

HOGG:

Under a gravestone in 'ighgate Cemetery, sir.

SEAGOON:

Are you sure it wasn't a disguise?

HOGG:

Ooh, I never thought of that, sir. I'll, er, send a man round with a police shovel. I get 'im...

FX:

BUZZER

SEAGOON:

Yes?

VOICE ON INTERCOM:

[MILLIGAN]

(PROFICIENT RECEPTIONIST-TYPE GIBBERISH)

SEAGOON:

Send him in.

VOICE ON INTERCOM:

Right.

FX:

DOOR RATTLES OPEN.

GRYTPYPE:

Good morning, Inspector. Grytpype-Thynne is the name. Permit me to introduce you to the part-owner of my suit. Count Jim 'Thighs' Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwwww.

GRYTPYPE:

Schlapper royale and noted amateur postman.

MORIARTY:

Owww do you doooo? Owwwww do you dooooo?

SEAGOON:

The voice came from a thin, heavily-oiled Lisle Street frenchman.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwwww.

SEAGOON:

His suit was a West End misfit and fitted him perfectly. He occasionally took a sip from the steaming jam tin of porridge.

MORIARTY:

(SLURPS)

GRYTPYPE:

Inspector? We seek the long lost heir to the Spon fortune of £40,000.

SEAGOON:

Have you any clue to his identity?

GRYTPYPE:

He has a habit of leaping off leather omnibuses and punching people up the conk.

ORCHESTRA:

MELODRAMATIC DRUM AND HORN LINK.

SEAGOON:

Gad! There's just a chance that this might be the 'up the conk puncher'.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAGNET FANFARE WITH MILLIGAN SINGING ALONG AND HOLDING THE END NOTE

MORIARTY:

(DOING AN IMPRESSION OF A CAR) Brrrrrrr...

GRYTPYPE:

Beep beep

MORIARTY:

Owwwwww-owwww.

GRYTPYPE:

(THROUGH A LAUGH) Beep beep!

MORIARTY:

Brrrrrrrr, owwwwww,

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Yuyuyuyuyuyu.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwwww.

GRYTPYPE:

How many times have I told you not to drive that leather omnibus round the bedroom in broad daylight? You know these blinds are drawn, they're not real.

MILLIGAN:

(QUIETLY, ASIDE) [UNCLEAR] a blind thing. Thank you, [UNCLEAR]. Here they come...

MORIARTY:

Thank you. I was only practising my leap and conk punching.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, I quite understand, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

You do that, too.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, did you put the advert in The Times?

MORIARTY:

Yes, here, read it.

GRYTPYPE:

Let me see.

MORIARTY:

From left to right, the new style.

GRYTPYPE:

Ahhhh, how appropriate, they've put it in the fourth leader. (READS) 'Don't risk being punched up the conk. Wear a Moriarty nose protector. Now available in flesh-tint plastic. Send ten shilling postal order for free receipt'. Splendid! Well, according to the nine o'clock news it's getting dark outside.

MORIARTY:

Dark? What ideal conditions for night!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes! A few more punch up the conk attacks and the orders'll start rolling in!

BOTH:

Uhuheehow! (ETC)

MORIARTY:

Right, tonight we start punch up the conking. Owwww...!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

SEAGOON:

I called an all night meeting but held it in the day because the light was better.

OMNES:

RHUBARB, RHUBARB, RHUBARB.

SEAGOON:

Now, gentlemen, where is the head of the river police?

GRAMS:

KERSPLOSH!

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Sir Lawrence. Gentlemen... Ggentlemen, I'm of the opinion that the heir to the Spon fortune and the punch up the conker are one and the same person.

OFFICER:

[MILLIGAN]

How can two people be one person, sir?

SEAGOON:

It's all done under cover of darkness. Therefore, until further notice all people showing signs of darkness will be searched.

ELLINGTON:

I object!

SEAGOON:

Silence, Ellington. Give us the ol' calypso banana boat song while we slip round the back for the ol' Marlon Brando, there.

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'THE BANANA BOAT SONG'

ORCHESTRA:

'DRAGNET' FANFARE

HERN:

Midnight, twelve thirty. Entire London police force now wearing Moriarty nose protectors. Inspector Seagoon checks on all police posts... buburl fnarl in the hern furl.

GRAMS:

BIG BEN CHIMES THREE, ENDS WITH A WOUND DOWN BELL CHIME. CHEERY BRITISH BOBBY WHISTLES 'MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I'M A LONDONER'.

SEAGOON:

Evening, Doxon of Dick Green. Anything to report?

CONSTABLE BOWZER:

[MILLIGAN]

Ahhhhhhh... Ahhhhh... Yes. Ahhh... Ahhhh... I was... ahhhh... Ahhhhhhhh...

FX:

THUD!

SEAGOON:

Good Heavens! He's collapsed in the direction of pavement. Just as I thought.

CONSTABLE BOWZER:

Awwhh

SEAGOON:

That constable, his nose protector has been severely dented.

CONSTABLE BOWZER:

Oiks!

SEAGOON:

And there's a finger print of a boxing glove on it. Quick! Give him some air. Undo the buttons on his boots.

CONSTABLE BOWZER:

Awwwhhh! I want to be buried with my socks on. I... (MILLIGAN CORPSES)

SEAGOON:

Here, my poor man. Swallow this bottle of smelling salts.

CONSTABLE BOWZER:

(GULP)

SEAGOON:

Steady, now. Just sit in the direction of up and tell me what happened.

CONSTABLE BOWZER:

I felt alright, sir, until... some idiot... made me swallow a bottle of smelling salts, sir.

SEAGOON:

Quick, Sergeant, after himmm!

SERGEANT:

(UNDECIPHERABLE YOKEL SHOUTING AFTER THE CULPRIT)

MILLIGAN:

(CRACKS UP)

SEAGOON:

Now, Bowzer, when I arrived here you were lying in the gutter, why?

CONSTABLE BOWZER:

I was off duty, sir.

SEAGOON:

I trust it's different when you're on duty?

CONSTABLE BOWZER:

Oh, yes, sir. Then I lie on the pavement.

SEAGOON:

That's better.

CONSTABLE BOWZER:

It is.

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP.

SEAGOON:

Hello? What? Yes! Bowzer, great news.

CONSTABLE BOWZER:

Yeowwhh.

SEAGOON:

A leather omnibus has been discovered grievously injured.

CONSTABLE BOWZER:

Yeowwhh.

SEAGOON:

It collided with a lead tricycle on the roof of the Kensington Science Museum.

ORCHESTRA:

THREE CHORD DRAMATIC LINK.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, the mystery assailant is now immobilised. There's only one place he can get a new leather omnibus.

CONSTABLE BOWZER:

Where?

SEAGOON:

Men! Surround Crun's factory. And wear your nose protectors.

POLICEMEN:

(MUTTERING)

ORCHESTRA:

OUT OF TUNE RENDITION OF THE 'DRAGNET' FANFARE

GELDRAY:

Oy!

GREENSLADE:

This is the Light Service of the BBC Home Programme. Here is the neen o'clock noise. To date, the £40,000 due to the heir of Spon is still unclaimed. The only clue to the missing heir is that he always rides in a leather omnibus...(FADES OUT)

BLOODNOK:

Oooeeerrr! Owweeeerrr! Oooooohhh, did you hear that, Gladys, darling?

THROAT:

Yes, darling.

BLOODNOK:

If I can get a leather omnibus I could pass myself off as the heir of Spon and collect 40,000 naughty pounds.

THROAT:

Cor blimey!

BLOODNOK:

Gladys, darling, this is the moment I've been waiting for.

THROAT:

Ah, darling.

BLOODNOK:

Awwww...

THROAT:

Awwww.

BLOODNOK:

All these years I've lived off you. You've lent me money, bought me suits and never asked for a penny back.

THROAT:

Not a penny.

BLOODNOK:

If I get this £40,000, at least I can afford to run away from you.

FX:

PENGUIN SOUNDS.

BLOODNOK:

Ellington, let that Penguin out, will you.

ELLINGTON:

Yes, Major.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, now, er, lay out your pugree, your dohti and your loin cloth.

ELLINGTON:

Oh, good, am I going out?

BLOODNOK:

No, I am. And lay out one boot.

ELLINGTON:

Why?

BLOODNOK:

I'm going to hop to where the leather omnibus factory lives.

ORCHESTRA:

BRASS SECTION BADLY PLAYS YING TONG SONG AS A LINK.

SEAGOON:

Meanwhile, in a sleeping England - and let's face it England *is* asleep - I had surrounded the Crun omnibus factory with two plain clothes detectives who were secreted in the ground floor attic of a nearby clock repairers.

GRAMS:

VARIOUS TIMEPIECES TICKING, CHIMING AND CUCKOOING. A CHICKEN CLUCKING. FINALLY A HOOTER.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What time is it, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Um, just a minute, I... I got it written down 'ere on a piece of paper. A nice man wrote the time down for me this morning.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oooh. Then why do you carry it around with you, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Well, um, if, er, anybody asks me the time, I... I can show it to them.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Wait a minute, Eccles, my good man.

ECCLES:

What is it, fellow?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's writted on this bit of paper what is eight o'clock, is writted.

ECCLES:

I know that, my good fellow. That's right, um... When I asked the fella to write it down it was eight o'clock.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, then, supposing when somebody asks you the time it isn't eight o'clock?

ECCLES:

Well, then I don't show it to them.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooohhh.

ECCLES:

(SMACKS LIPS) Yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, how do you know when it's eight o'clock?

ECCLES:

I got it written down on a piece of paper.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohh, I wish I could afford a piece of paper with the time written on.

ECCLES:

Oohhhh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

'Ere, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yah?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Let me hold that piece of paper to my ear, would you? Here. This piece of paper ain't goin'.

ECCLES:

Whaaat? I've been sold a forgery.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No wonder it stopped at eight o'clock.

ECCLES:

Oh, dear.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You should get one of them things my Grandad's got.

ECCLES:

Oooohhh? Ohhh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

His firm give it to him when he retired.

ECCLES:

Oooohhh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's one of them things what it is that wakes you up at eight o'clock, boils the kettil and pours a cuppa tea.

ECCLES:

Ohhh, yeah. Um... um... um... What's it called, um...?

BLUEBOTTLE:

My Grandma.

ECCLES:

Ohh. Ohh. Ah, wait a minute. How does *she* know when it's eight o'clock?

BLUEBOTTLE:

She got it written down on a piece of paper.

SEAGOON:

Alright! A man has just gone into Crun's factory.

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

Whoaoaoaoayay!

SEAGOON:

If he comes out driving a leather omnibus, arrest him.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Is this man armed?

SEAGOON:

Armed and legged.

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

Whoaoaoao.

GRAMS:

SOUND OF A LEATHER OMNIBUS DRIVING SLOWLY.

SEAGOON:

Psst! Here he comes! Quick, Eccles. Do an imitation of a bus stop.

GRAMS:

SOUND OF A LEATHER OMNIBUS STOPPING.

ECCLES:

Stop! Stop, bus.

BLOODNOK:

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, this is a private bus.

SEAGOON:

Come out with your hands up and your legs down.

BLOODNOK:

What? I'm the heir to the Spon fortune.

SEAGOON:

That's him! The dreaded punch up the conker is brought to book! Take him, men.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hit! Hit!

ECCLES:

Hit! Hit!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hit! Hit! Hit! Hiiiit! End of hitting.

ORCHESTRA:

COMICAL FANFARE.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you.

ECCLES:

Ta.

SEAGOON:

Yes, folks. Bloodnok is now doing a hundred years imprisonment and lucky he didn't get life.

BLOODNOK:

What? I deny it all.

GREENSLADE:

And thus another glorious miscarriage of justice was perpetrated.

BLOODNOK:

It's a lie, I tell you. What?

GREENSLADE:

Grytpype and Moriarty for their nose protectors were each given a knighthood and a spare pair of trousers.

MORIARTY:

Awwww, it saved the day.

GREENSLADE:

Sic transit gloria, or in English... Goodnight

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME AND OUTRO.

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded program 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.