

S7 Special - Robin Hood

Transcribed by Stringy Flea. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC.

ORCHESTRA:

TRUMPET FANFARE.

GREENSLADE:

This is London calling the world.

ECCLES:

Hello world!

GREENSLADE:

That was the voice of England.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) We're in a bad way, mate!

GREENSLADE:

Shush! Mr Seagoon! Don't spoil this magic moment. Kindly put on these self-splitting tights.

SEAGOON:

What for?

GREENSLADE:

The Goon Show Christmas pantomime entitled Robin Hood and his Mirry Mon.

GRAMS:

BELLS PEALING

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC FANFARE AND BACKGROUND MUSIC FOR NARRATION

SELLERS:

It is now Christmas Eve in the year eleven ninety-one. In distant Acre my lord, King Richard, Coeur-de-Lyon, does battle in a valiant crusade. But, here at home in England's realm, a despotic rump is lowered onto our ancient throne. Its owner is yclept Prince John.

SEAGOON:

But, to the poor people of England, hope is kindled by a magic name - Robin Hood!

OMNES:

Cries of 'Robin Hood'.

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

FX:

KNIVES AND FORKS ON PLATES, CHATTER, LAUGHTER, FLUTE PLAYING IN BACKGROUND. UNDER:

SHERIFF:

[VALENTINE DYALL]

Come, my Prince John. You raise such a great Christmas yuletide type of feast of vittals for your barons, and yet eat not yourself? Come, partake of this side of ox.

PRINCE JOHN:

[DENNIS PRICE]

Oh, no thanks, I've just had a boiled egg.

SHERIFF:

Oh, my thin Prince. Why are you so broody tonight?

PRINCE JOHN:

I think the egg's hatched.

SHERIFF:

My majesty was given a bad egg? I'll have the chef boiled alive!

PRINCE JOHN:

No, I'm not that hungry. Pass me another fairy cake, please.

SHERIFF:

Your majesty, is it this Robin Hood vagabond that upsets you?

PRINCE JOHN:

Oh, don't mention that man's name again, don't mention that man's name to me again!

SHERIFF:

But what part of him shall I mention then?

PRINCE JOHN:

Well, there's so much of him.

SHERIFF:

But you insisted on Secombe playing the part.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What?

SHERIFF:

Quiet, back there!

SELLERS:

Well, I don't wish know this.

SHERIFF:

You're not on 'til the second act!

PRINCE JOHN:

My lord, Sheriff of Nottingham, I have decided. You will capture that fellow Robin Hood by Christmas or I'll split your grotkin with a leather mackerel-sheet.

SHERIFF:

Oooh, majesty!

PRINCE JOHN:

The reward will be, um, a hundred gold splonders.

SHERIFF:

One hundred gold splonders! Hahaha!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GRAMS:

GENERAL CROWD NOISES

JIM SPRIGGS:

Ding-dong! Clang! Clang-ding-dong-dang-dang! Here ye! Ding-dang! Stolen: one bell! Hear ye...
Silence, good people of Nottingham! A proclamation from the sheriff. He sends you Christmas and Xmas greetings at the same time. And he will give one gold splonder for the capture of Robin Hood, dead or alive, or both. Also, there will be an archery-type contest on ye green. A willow wand will be split in thrice and there will be a prize of a Nottingham Christmas pudding... (TRAILS OFF)

GRYTPYPE:

Did ye hear that, Moriarty? Ye golden splonder for ye Robin Hood.

MORIARTY:

Ye money. Owww! Ye owww! Ye gotta go owww!

GRYTPYPE:

You've got to go...

GRYTPYPE & MORIARTY:

...OWWW.

MORIARTY:

Another record sold.

GRYTPYPE:

Oww! And ye archery contest.

MORIARTY:

That's what he said.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, methinks me can gain me a gold splonder.

MORIARTY:

But how? We've got no contacts.

GRYTPYPE:

Please, don't do that with your teeth out! Stop worrying, Moriarty, I've got a trump card up my sleeve.

MORIARTY:

And I've got newspaper in my boots.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, well, you always were a snappy dresser, weren't you? Come, steaming Frank. Pack the jam tins. You and I are going to take a coach ride through Sherwood Forest.

MORIARTY:

Oh, a little ta-tars! Oh, I love...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GRAMS:

HORSES AND CARRIAGE

ORCHESTRA:

Trumpet plays corny 'pop goes the weasel', played like an army reveille

MINNIE:

What a lovely... what a... what a lovely tune that was.

CRUN:

Yes. It's snowing, Min.

MINNIE:

Ohh!

CRUN:

Doesn't it look nice.

MINNIE:

Yes.

CRUN:

I... I wonder where we are, Min?

MINNIE:

I'll find out. Er, pardon me, young man. Could you tell us where we are?

GRYTPYPE:

You're riding in a coach, Ma'am

MINNIE:

Oh, thank you, young man.

CRUN:

What did he say, Min?

MINNIE:

He said we're riding in a coach, Henry.

CRUN:

Ohh! Where's Auntie Gladys?

MINNIE:

Ohh! Oh, wa... she waved us goodbye when we left.

CRUN:

Ohh! The wonders of speed travel. To think we only came to see Auntie Gladys off and here we are riding through Sherwood Forest.

MINNIE:

Oh, it's... it's wonders of modern-type travel, you know.

CRUN:

Yes, yes.

MINNIE:

Oh! Oh, dear! What the..?

CRUN:

What? What?

MINNIE:

Ooh! Ooh! Pardon me, young man. Is that your Christmas brown paper parcel under the seat?

GRYTPYPE:

That brown Christmas parcel, madam, is an eccentric French Count of some thirty-two summers

MORIARTY:

Owww!

GRYTPYPE:

He insists on riding with his back to the axle. I think it's something to do with the shortage of money.

MINNIE:

Oooh, dear! He said it's something to do with the shortage of money, Henry.

CRUN:

You can't get it, Min, there's a... there's a shortage of shortages, too, you know

MINNIE:

Oh, dear. Where will it all end?

CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

Ohhh, hallelujah! Ohhh... oh, dear.

CRUN:

Min? Did you put the cat out?

MINNIE:

No, it wasn't on fire.

CRUN:

Oh, dear. Well, I'm going up to bed, Min.

MINNIE:

No smoking up top, now.

CRUN:

No, no.

MINNIE:

I'll lock up... I'll lock up from the [UNCLEAR].

GRAMS:

HORSE WHINNYING

MINNIE & CRUN:

(ALARMED EXCLAMATIONS)

GRAMS:

HORSE HOOVES SLOWING TO STOP

SEAGOON:

Merry Christmas! Your money or your life!

CRUN:

Happy new year! An outlaw!

MINNIE:

Ohhhh, mercy, we'll all be murdered in our beds! Get away, you devil in green!

CRUN:

Go on, Min, give him the length of your tongue!

MINNIE:

I will - six and a half inches!

FX:

DOOR OPENED

SEAGOON:

Go on, get out of that bed and hand over your money.

MINNIE & CRUN:

Ohhh!

MINNIE:

Oh, dear!

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, old wrinkled retainer.

MINNIE:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

I won't harm a hair of your head.

CRUN:

If you can find a hair on *my* head, I'll pay you for it.

SEAGOON:

Wait! What's that shaking heap of bones under the seat?

MORIARTY:

Ah-o-a-a-a-oh....

GRYTPYPE:

That is... and I quote from this floodlit bankruptcy note... Count Jim 'Springknees' Moriarty, who seeks the English archer Robin Hood.

SEAGOON:

I am he! He-he-he-he!

ORCHESTRA:

CHORD

SEAGOON:

Next dance, please.

MINNIE:

Thank you, sir

GRYTPYPE:

Robin, my friend and I wish to join your band. We play C-melody saxophones.

SEAGOON:

Give proof.

ORCHESTRA:

TWO SAXAPHONES PLAYING JAZZ

SEAGOON:

Split me terikin! Ye bloweth a cool metal pipe! By Fred the Kenton, I'll sign you on for five and seven.

GRYTPYPE:

Give the man five and seven, Moriarty and sign on.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwww...

GRAMS:

CASH REGISTER

SEAGOON:

Thank you. (LIKE AN ARMY SERGEANT-MAJOR) Now, report to Q stores for the old battledress of Lincoln green, there. Two bows and arrows and a pair of spare feet. (CLICK OF TONGUE) Breakfast oh-six-hundred, parade oh-six-oh-one. Right, Maxster Geldray? Beguile me with a merry tune on your nostril.

MAX GELDRAI:

"YOU'RE THE CREAM IN MY COFFEE"

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA:

SUBDUED FANFARE LINK THEN STRUMMING LUTE

MINSTREL:

[MILLIGAN]

(SUNG OVER LUTE)

The snow was gently falling,
as Robin to Nottingham went.
He entered the archery contest
with a hat all battered and a-bennnnnnn...

(STOPS SINGING)

Well, that's enough of that.

GRAMS:

SPRING-WOOSH THUD, COMBINATION X3 FOR ARROWS

SEAGOON:

Ye Grytpype. Do you think ye people will recognise me in this Kentucky minstrel disguise?

GRYTPYPE:

Ye no.

MORIARTY:

Its your turn to shoot, Robin.

GRYTPYPE:

No, I shot him last time! Oh-ho,ho! Ye joke, Robin.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Ye haha.

GREENSLADE:

Ye next bowman, please.

MORIARTY:

Your turn.

SEAGOON:

Watch this for shooting.

GRYTPYPE:

Right.

GRAMS:

SPRING-WOOSH-THUD-MOO!

GRYTPYPE:

A bull!

GREENSLADE:

Ye Charlie disguised as ye Kentucky minstrel wins.

SEAGOON:

Ye hooray!

MORIARTY:

Well done!

PRINCE JOHN:

Archer! Here archer, you pull a mean bow.

SEAGOON:

Yes, it was given me by a mean uncle! Hahahaha, ye joke!

PRINCE JOHN:

Oh, no, no, no. Leave ye jokes to me. I wear ye funny crown. Now tell me, where did you learn to pull a long bow?

SEAGOON:

I took a postal correspondence course. The envelopes were six feet long. Hahahaha.

PRINCE JOHN:

Please don't... please don't tell any more like that. Bad enough having to laugh at my own without having to listen to yours. The smelling salts, please.

GRAMS:

SQUEAK

SHERIFF:

There, there, your majesty. Give him his prize and let him go.

PRINCE JOHN:

Here, a ten shilling postal order for one three and a piece of holly.

SEAGOON:

This smells of trickery.

PRINCE JOHN:

Mm? (SNIFFS) It smells alright to me.

GRYTPYPE:

Stop! Your majesty, ere the archer departs, allow me to remove his wig.

MORIARTY:

And his trousers!

GRYTPYPE:

So!

SEAGOON:

No!

ALL:

Oooh! (AMAZED MUTTERINGS)

SHERIFF:

It's Robin Hood! Ye seize him!

MORIARTY:

(GRUNT) Get his...

SEAGOON:

Stop! Stop!

MORIARTY:

(GRUNT)

SEAGOON:

Ye traitor, Thynne! I'll write to The Times about this.

GRAMS:

QUILL SCRATCHING ON PAPER

SEAGOON:

(OVER EFFECT) Dear Sir, I should like to say...

PRINCE JOHN:

Silence wretch!

GRYTPYPE:

Your majesty, may we crave the reward of one golden splonder?

PRINCE JOHN:

One? Well, I offered a hundred and a hundred you shall have.

SHERIFF:

Ah, thank you, sire. Here, steaming churls - one golden splonder.

MORIARTY:

One out of a hundred? We've been taken for Charlies. One golden splonder! Owww!

GRYTPYPE:

Wait a minute. Who cops the other ninety-nine?

SHERIFF:

Inland Revenue.

GRYTPYPE:

I've never heard of them.

SHERIFF:

They've heard of me.

GRYTPYPE:

Merry Christmas.

PRINCE JOHN:

No, no, stop. No, no, stop all this arguing. I'm not having ye happy time. I'm quit of ye colour.

SHERIFF:

Have ye aspirin.

PRINCE JOHN:

No, I'm not strong enough.

SHERIFF:

All your ills will be gone by dawn tomorrow when Robin Hood will be hung.

OMNES:

(VARIOUS CRIES, MOANS AND GASPS AS THE04 SHERIFF LISTS EACH PUNISHMENT...)

SHERIFF:

Drawn! Quartered! Clubbed! Struck! Lifted! Lowered! Hurlled! Stretched! Drowned! Dragged!
Drugged! Bashed! Bonked! Thudded! Tweaked! Walloped and then... splugged on a gillikin spike.

PRINCE JOHN:

Do you mind if I sit down?

SHERIFF:

Now, throw the wretch into dungeons dark, dank and donk.

OMNES:

LOUD CROWD NOISES

SEAGOON:

You devils! Ye'll pay for this!

SHERIFF:

Nonsense, we get it all free on National Health.

ORCHESTRA:

DESCENDING SCALE THEN LUTE STRUMS

MINSTREL:

(SUNG OVER LUTE)

Cast into dungeons dark dank and donk,
all hopes of freedom gone.
Chained by the walls by his nose, teeth and ears,
three for the price of one.

(MUTTERS)

Not very good but the best I could do.

FX:

THROUGHOUT DUNGEON SCENE ACOUSTICS ARE ECHOY AS IN A LARGE CHAMBER

SEAGOON:

He's gone. Dont worry, folks, I wont be in this cell for long. Ha ha ha. They've promised to take me out and ha... I'll (AHM) do that again. I won't be in this cell for long. They've promised to take me out at dawn and hang me. I said it. But... but they'll never do it. Before then, my brilliant Lieutenant, Friar Balsam, has promised to rescue me.

FRIAR:

Psssst!

SEAGOON:

What is that I hear?

FRIAR:

Psssst!

SEAGOON:

How do you spell it?

FRIAR:

Pssss ssss ttttt!

SEAGOON:

What? Why, that's the way Friar Balsam pronounces his Psssstst! Is that you, Friar Balsam, come to rescue me?

FRIAR:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Where are you, my clever Lieutenant?

FRIAR:

(BLOODNOK) Behind you, chained to the wall by the ears, nose and throat.

SEAGOON:

You clever Lieutenant! You've disguised yourself as a prisoner.

FRIAR:

Have I? Have I got news for you! The truth is, I'm a prisoner, too. My arms are chained by the neck.

SEAGOON:

Are... are your legs chained?

FRIAR:

No.

SEAGOON:

Then... then let's dance!

FRIAR:

Delighted!

GRAMS:

JAZZY DANCE TUNE

SEAGOON:

Gad! You waltz divinely. Do you come here often?

FRIAR:

Only when I'm caught.

SEAGOON:

Ha-ha-ha. Can we face life together?

FRIAR:

I've got news for you, we *are* facing life together!

SEAGOON:

What? Stop! (MUSIC STOPS) Send that band back to their own cell. I've just remembered; I'm going to be killed tomorrow. We must escape. Wait! This stone I'm chained to... it's... it's loose.

FRIAR:

Really?

SEAGOON:

Yes! I... I can feel a draft. (STRAINING NOISES). Oh! Oh! Done it!

FRIAR:

What?

SEAGOON:

Taken an aspirin. I don't want to catch cold.

FRIAR:

Wait a moment, I... I have an idea. Place your chain twixt my teeth.

SEAGOON:

There. 'Tis twixt. Now... Pull! Pull!

FX:

CLANKING OF CHAINS

FRIAR:

(MUFFLED STRAINING NOISES)

SEAGOON:

Go on, Friar Balsam, pull! Let those strong, white, English teeth pull us to freedom!

GRAMS:

POP FOLLOWED BY CLATTERING OF TEETH IN A BUCKET

FRIAR:

(TOOTHLESS) Well, don't just stand there. Put them in a glass of water!

SEAGOON:

Never mind ye choppers, you pulled the stone out. Follow me through to freedom!

FX:

CLANKING OF CHAINS

FRIAR:

Yes, I... Gad! It... it is ye dark in here.

SEAGOON:

Yes. It's not worth opening ye eyes.

FRIAR:

What a relief to get out of that filthy cell twenty-five. Now then, where are we?

SEAGOON:

In filthy cell twenty-six. Shh! There's somebody coming with a lighted candle.

FRIAR:

(WHISPERS) It looks like the sheriff.

SEAGOON:

So! He's disguised himself as a lighted candle. Quick! Hide under this straw.

FX:

NOISE OF HIDING UNDER STRAW, SOUNDS LIKE LOADING BOLT ACTION RIFLE OR SOMETHING ???

FRIAR:

He'll never spot us under this.

SEAGOON:

Haha!

FX:

HEAVY DOOR OPENING

SHERIFF:

Alright, you two idiots, come out from under that straw.

FRIAR:

What? What? What?

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What?

SHERIFF:

Now listen, I'm going to make a bargain with you.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What?

SHERIFF:

Two Christmas weight poplin shirts with holly attached to tail, five and eleven pence. Or in Canadian money, six thousand dollars.

SEAGOON:

Time to pay?

SHERIFF:

Yes, I think it is time to pay.

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry, I've... I've only got one on and one in the wash

SHERIFF:

So! You turn my ye offer down? Very well - pay a ransom of a thousand golden splonders... or hang!

SEAGOON:

Ye gulp. Give me til the end of Ray Ellingtons number.

SHERIFF:

Not a moment longer.

FRIAR:

Ohhhh!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'SHE'S A THREE HANDED WOMAN'

MILLIGAN:

Dong! Dong! Christmas Eve and all's well!

SEAGOON:

Midnight .

MILLIGAN:

Dong.

SEAGOON:

One o'clock.

FRIAR:

Gad, it's late. If that ransom money doesn't arrive by dawn we shall never see the North Pole again.

SEAGOON:

Yes. And after all the cactus I planted, too.

FRIAR:

Yes.

FX:

HEAVY DOOR OPENING

SHERIFF:

Alright you dogs, kneel down for Prince John.

PRINCE JOHN:

Oh, no, they'll get all their knees dirty.

SHERIFF:

Listen, scum...

FRIAR:

Mr Scum to you.

SHERIFF:

Robin Hood! A thousand splonders, now!

SEAGOON:

Quick! Blow out his candle.

FX:

FSSH OF CANDLE BEING BLOWN OUT

SHERIFF:

Aggghh, you devils! Have at you!

FX + GRAMS:

FIGHT SOUNDS NEDDIE AND SHERIFF AND ECCLES YELLING, THUMPS, BANGS

ECCLES:

(BREATHLESS) Alright, we finished.

SEAGOON:

(HEAVY BREATHING) Thank you, Jack.

ECCLES:

We finished.

SEAGOON:

He's doing his nut, there. Now, you swine, had enough?

ECCLES:

(BREATHLESS) Yeah, I had enough.

SEAGOON:

It's Will Eccles! What are you doing in prison?

ECCLES:

Six months, what are you doing?

FRIAR:

Then where are those two scoundrels?

GRAMS:

HEAVY DOOR BEING CLOSED

ECCLES:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

They've locked us in from the outside!

FX:

PHONE PICKED UP

ECCLES:

Oh! Do something!

GRAMS:

TELEPHONE BEING DIALLED

GREENSLADE:

Dear listeners, the sound you're hearing is an early British Telephone circa fourteen-twelve

NORRIS:

[SELLERS]

(AMERICAN ACCENT) Hello? Robin Hood to Headquarters here.

SEAGOON:

Hello, Norris?

NORRIS:

Robin, where are you? In the nick?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Listen, unless I give him a thousand golden splonders, the Sheriff's going to kill me for Christmas.

NORRIS:

A thousand? Offer him nine-fifty and take a chance.

SEAGOON:

No. No, its a thousand or nothing.

NORRIS:

You giving me a choice? Don't worry schmulik, I'm sending a schlapper round with the geld straight away.

GRAMS:

PHONE BEING HUNG UP

FX:

DOOR KNOCK

NORRIS:

That's him at the door now.

SEAGOON:

That's an old gag.

NORRIS:

So? This is 1412, remember? You should get new gags, now, yet, already?

SEAGOON:

Ying-tong-iddle-i-po-muzzletopf.

GRAMS:

PHONE BEING HUNG UP AGAIN

SEAGOON:

It's no good. Lew is unreliable. He let Milligan down at Eastbourne.

ECCLES:

I know!

SEAGOON:

He might never send that money. We must escape at once! If not twice!

FRIAR:

Wait! Look up there, a high window with no barring

SEAGOON:

Curse these licensing laws!

FRIAR:

Oh!

ECCLES:

Wait! I... I got a li... I got a licence for climbing out of windows.

SEAGOON:

Splendid, young Eccles. Get against that wall. Right!

ECCLES:

Ok.

SEAGOON:

Now, Friar Balsam.

ECCLES:

Yup.

FRIAR:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

You climb on his shoulders.

FRIAR:

Right-oh, yes.

OMNES:

STRAINING NOISES

ECCLES:

Dont hurt yourself, now!

FRIAR:

That's it.

ECCLES:

Be careful.

FRIAR:

Now, come up now, Robin, come on.

OMNES:

STRAINING NOISES

SEAGOON:

Curse! I... I still can't reach it.

ECCLES:

I know. I'll come up, I'll get on... on your... up on your shoulders. That alright?

OMNES:

ALL THREE TALK TOGETHER

ECCLES:

Still can't reach. Now you get up on my shoulders, Friar Balsam.

SEAGOON:

And I'll get up on yours.

OMNES:

ALL THREE TALK TOGETHER FROM A DISTANCE

GREENSLADE:

(OVER TALKING) Ladies and gentlemen, the feat now being performed is extremely dangerous and should only be done on radio by experienced idiots. Meantime, a stranger is admitted to the presence of Prince John.

FX:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING

BLUEBOTTLE:

Enter Blunebottle in doublet... (PAUSES FOR AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Enter Blunebottle in doublet made from Mum's old drawers.

SHERIFF:

Silence! What is this sodden piece of cardboard?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Silence, or I will strike! Moves right, brandishes string sword in Sheriff's face.

SHERIFF:

That string sword doesn't frighten me, lad.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, doesn't it? You just wait 'til I tie a knot in it, then!

PRINCE JOHN:

No, no, please, stop this violence. Where's the money?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will not give it to you until you free Robinge Hood.

SHERIFF:

Whaaaat? Tie him to a stake!

BLUEBOTTLE:

No! Do not tie me to a steak. I'm a vegetarian!

PRINCE JOHN:

Then tie him to a stick of celery.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh, lovely! But I warn you. One step nearer and I will bring the power of fists into play. Blan! Blun! Splut! I will go. Blin! Splowee! Zon! Hit! Hit-hit-hit-hit-hit! Do you know dat I learned all my boxing off comic strips? Have you ever seen a comic strip?

PRINCE JOHN:

Only in a steam bath. It was ghastly.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh!

SHERIFF:

Come here!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Nooo-no! Let go of my set of ankles. It is Christmas. Merry Christmas! (SINGS) 'Good King Wenceslas looked out, on the...'

FX:

DOOR BURSTING OPEN

SEAGOON:

Drop that Bluebottle!

SHERIFF:

Curses! Robin is free!

PRINCE JOHN:

It's Robin Hood! I feel quite faint.

SHERIFF:

I know how his men fight, so take that! Blat! Splat! Blun! Zowee! Sock! Thud!

SEAGOON:

What? Splinge! Carrumph! Splat! Ching!

OMNES:

(ALL JOIN IN WITH COMIC BOOK FIGHTING)

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OVER FIGHTING NOISE) Ohhh, My captain is over there, fighting to rescue me!

SEAGOON:

(OFF) That's what you think!

SHERIFF:

Ahh! There you are!

SEAGOON:

Blat! Thud Blin! Blon!

BLUEBOTTLE:

My captain did that!

SHERIFF:

Blam!

BLUEBOTTLE:

My captain copped that!

SEAGOON:

Wallop!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oww! I copped that!

PRINCE JOHN:

Stop! Robin Hood, call your men off! Call them off! Do you hear me?!

SEAGOON:

Come on, boy! (WHISTLES) Come on! (WHISTLES)

PRINCE JOHN:

No, no, no, no, no, no, please, I told you, no more jokes like that. We give in.

SHERIFF:

We were better on the bonks, bangs and caluds.

PRINCE JOHN:

But we had so few of them.

SHERIFF:

You win, you devil, Robin. Give us the thousand gold splonders and a piece of holly and you can go.

SEAGOON:

Here, catch. Hahaha. And let that be a lesson to you! (LAUGHS) Come along, chaps.

ECCLES:

Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

In two.

ECCLES:

In two.

SEAGOON:

One...two.

SEAGOON, BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

(SINGS)

Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
riding through the glen.

Robin Hood, Robin Hood
with his band of men.

Feared by the good,
loved by the bad,

Robin Hood, how's your Dad?

(FADES INTO DRUNKEN SINGING)

ORCHESTRA:

BANGS OF A BASS DRUM

GREENSLADE:

Oh! I do believe they've finished. Well, I must be off. Catch the bus, you know. Goodnight.

ORCHESTRA:

STARTS THEME MUSIC

SEAGOON:

(OVER ORCHESTRA) Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop! Please, we forgot. From all of us here waist deep in the snow of Sherwood Forest, we send Christmas greetings to all the people waist deep in the snow of Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. We also send greetings to all those chest deep in snow in the... aforementioned countries. (COUGHS) I'll do that again! Do you mind, Chisholm? We also... (RASPBERRY) We also send greetings to all those... I'll start again, if you don't mind.

ECCLES:

[UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON:

We also send greetings... I'll start from the beginning, shall I? Thank you. Stop! Stop! (RASPBERRY). We forgot. From all of us here waist deep in the snow of Sherwood Forest, we send Christmas greetings to all the people waist deep in the snow of Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. We also send greetings to all those chest deep in those countries. And a merry Christmas to you all.

ECCLES:

Ohh!

ORCHESTRA:

THEME MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show. A BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Spike Milligan, Valentine Dyal and Dennis Price. With the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray and the orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stevens. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The program produced by Pat Dixon

Notes:

- 1) In 1191, Richard the Lionhearted's army reinforced the Crusaders in their seige of the town of Acre, a port city in what is now northern Israel, thus leading to its surrender in the following month
- 2) yclept = named
- 3) Going ta-tars = going on a journey