

## S8 E02 - The Junk Affair

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Final corrections by Helen.

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**GREENSLADE:**

This is the BBC Light Programme.

**SECOMBE:**

Gad, a genuine antique!

**GREENSLADE:**

And a talking one! Pray, place your ears in the direction of the sound of this good show.

**SECOMBE:**

(QUIET) Goon Show.

**GRAMS:**

SELLERS ON PIANO AND MILLIGAN ON TRUMPET SPEEDED UP. LUNATIC INTRODUCTION.

**SECOMBE:**

Stop! (GRAMS STOPS) That's not the all-leather Goon Show.

**GREENSLADE:**

No, sir. That was the all-leather Goon Show disguised as Kenny Baker's dozen.

**SECOMBE:**

Odd bodikins!

**MILLIGAN:**

The bread was stale.

**SECOMBE:**

How could we sink so low?!

**GREENSLADE:**

A low sink is the right height for you.

**SECOMBE:**

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What?  
(CHICKEN NOISES) I've gone broody. Any more mouth talking from you and I'll... I'll strike you down, sir!

**GREENSLADE:**

Master Neddie, that will lead to deportation.

**SECOMBE:**

But think of the prestige!

**GREENSLADE:**

Very well. I shall go there and think of it.

**SECOMBE:**

Oh, he's quick with it.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Er, pardon me, short sir, but what is that on the pavement?

**SEAGOON:**

Gad! It's the friend of man - a pound note!

**GRYTPYPE:**

No, no, no, not that. Next to it.

**SEAGOON:**

Oh, that's a piece of junk.

**GRYTPYPE:**

I saw it first!

**SEAGOON:**

What? What? Hey! hey! What? Nonsense! It was nearer to me than you and you were further away.

**GRYTPYPE:**

I tell you, dear tightly packed fellow. That reeking piece of junk is a family heirloom, it belonged to my reeking grandmother.

**MORIARTY:**

Sapristy bazolika dowser! I vouch for the truth of my friend's lies.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Gad! It's my dear balding friend, Count Jim Tin 'Thighs' Moriarty.

**MORIARTY:**

Owwwwww!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Thanks to your timely intervention and bleached underpants, that piece of junk stays in the family. Kindly insert it in this fur-lined envelope and have it valued.

**SEAGOON:**

Valued! Vahlooded? (TO HIMSELF) Thinks: what's so valuable about a piece of junk? I can't take chances. (CLEARS THROAT) (ALOUD) I tell you that piece of junk is mine!

**MORIARTY:**

No! No!

**SEAGOON:**

Mine...

**MORIARTY:**

No!

**SEAGOON:**

...I tell you! Mine! MINE! Give it back to me or I'll set this wardrobe on you.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Dear heavily blotter-outer of... (SELLERS FLUFFS LINE)

**SECOMBE:**

Do it again. I'll give you cue-in, there.

**MILLIGAN:**

'E's underlining again, folks.

**SEAGOON:**

I'll set this wardrobe on you!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Dear heavy blotter-outer of landscapes.

**SECOMBE:**

Well done!

**GRYTPYPE:**

It's the brandy, you know. If you wish to contest the ownership of this rare junk, here is my address.

**SEAGOON:**

And so saying, he pointed north.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Farewell!

**MORIARTY:**

See you later, incubator!

**GRAMS:**

GALLOPING HOOVES, BULL ROARS OVER AND DISTANCE CATTLE.

**GREENSLADE:**

In a flash; in a trice; nay, in a thrice, Neddie instructed his lawyer to contest a man pointing north riding a water buffalo. I therefore announce the case of the piece of junk part two.

**GRAMS:**

CHICKENS CLUCKING. DISTANT CATTLE. GAVEL ON BENCH.

**OMNES:**

VARIOUS RHUBARBS.

**FX:**

GAVEL ON DESK.

**SPRIGGS:**

Silence! Silence! Silence! Silence in court, please. (SINGS) Silence in courrrrrrrrrrrrrt! (NORMAL) Mister Neddie Sigh-joon, let your agent state your case, Jim. (SINGS) State your caaaaaaaase!

**CRUN:**

Yahs gnukk-nukk - noyiey mmnnnenoiy ahhhghrah aaahhhhhh oeeigh ouchhhhhh... oh

**MORIARTY:**

It's a filthy lie!

**SEAGOON:**

It's a clean lie. Hold it up to the light and see for yourself.

**CRUN:**

My Lord Justice Spriggs, my client Mr Nellie Sea-loon claims that at noon on the tenth of January he espied on the King's Highway a portion of junk!

**SPRIGGS:**

Ohhh, Jiiiiim! We live in an age of wonder, folks!

**CRUN:**

Aaaaaaaayaaayooooouuuuuuuayyaaaahhhhhh...

**SPRIGGS:**

(SINGS) Age of wonderrrrrr.

**MORIARTY:**

It's a filthy lie!

**SEAGOON:**

A clean lie!

**MORIARTY:**

A stinking, stinking, filthy lie.

**SEAGOON:**

A clean lie!

**MORIARTY:**

It's a foul lie, I tell you!

**GRYTPYPE:**

The dear Count is going to lose us this case. I am forced to use brick-on-nut procedure.

**MORIARTY:**

You're all in the pay of the Germans! It's a dirty Spanish...

**FX:**

SHARP STROKE ON TIN POT WITH LUMP OF WOOD.

**MORIARTY:**

Owwwwwww!

**GRYTPYPE:**

My Lord...

**MORIARTY:**

Type 'ow'.

**GRYTPYPE:**

...my client has been taken ill with 'head'. Therefore, we rest on the grounds of 'homo nefragem ad ero di tandem procliveran scaretheth lorethque a lorum'.

**SPRIGGS:**

Ahem. Mr Seagoon, what is the value of this piece of junk?

**SEAGOON:**

It's not the value, it's the principle, sir!

**SPRIGGS:**

Then what's the value of the principle-sir?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Er... My Lord, may I tell a story? Moriarty.

**MORIARTY:**

Yes, buddy.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Beguile their suspicions with a viola.

**MORIARTY:**

I'll get a new G string on.

**ORCHESTRA:**

DODGY FIDDLE SOLO OF 'HEARTS AND FLOWERS'. CONTINUE UNDER WITH WOMAN CRYING...

**GRYTPYPE:**

(ECHO) My Lord Justice Spriggs. Members of the jury. That piece of junk, no gold can buy. Ah, me. No, m'lord. That junk has only a simple sentimental value.

**ORCHESTRA:**

VIOLIN SOLO STOPS.

**MORIARTY:**

(FRANTIC) Yes! But that sentimental value... is worth money! Money! You're a swine! You're in the pay of the germans! I want money! Money, I tell you...

**FX:**

SLAP ON BARE SKIN.

**MORIARTY:**

Ahhhhh!

**GRYTPYPE:**

My Lord.

**ORCHESTRA:**

FIDDLE SOLO RESUMES.

**GRYTPYPE:**

With lumps appearing on my client's head, the defence rests.

**SPRIGGS:**

Will the clerk of court strike those lumps from the record. (SINGS) Strike them from the recordoooooord! (NORMAL) Now, will the crown state the case? May the case...

**GREENSLADE:**

(LOUD AND CLEAR) My Lord!

**SPRIGGS:**

(SURPRISED) Ohhhh!

**GREENSLADE:**

My Lord, a piece of junk, being found on the King's Highway, it is declared treasure trove.

**OMNES:**

GROANS, MOANS AND MUMBLES.

**GRAMS:**

MASSED CHICKENS. BULL ROARS.

**GRYTPYPE:**

The case is going just as we wanted, my dear Count.

**MORIARTY:**

Ah, ce ti, mon ami.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Speak English, you ignorant swine.

**MORIARTY:**

Ohhh.

**SEAGOON:**

My Lord! My Lord, I appeal against the light!

**BLOODNOK:**

'Ow's that!

**MILLIGAN:**

Out! Leg before trousers!

**OMNES:**

MUMBLING

**GREENSLADE:**

The stumps were drawn, the case closed, the lights dimmed and slowly the great fire-proof Max Geldray was lowered from the roof on a rope.

**ECCLES:**

Round the back for the old brandy again.

**GRAMS:**

BOOTS RUNNING AWAY.

**MAX GELDRAY**

**ORCHESTRA:**

DRAMATIC LINK

**GREENSLADE:**

Don't be frightened, folks, that was only 'a Paper Moon'. The Junk Affair part 2A. The time, might-might. In the cellars beneath the House of Commons, two masked men wearing leather wigs are tampering with the Bank of England's official wooden safe.

**FX:**

SAWING

**GRYTPYPE:**

Not so loud, Moriarty, not so loud. Turn the volume on that saw down. D'you want to wake the Government up?

**MORIARTY:**

I wish somebody would. That always gets a round of applause in France, folks. (AUDIENCE APPLAUD) Hooray! Frenchman! [UNCLEAR]. Merci.

**GRYTPYPE:**

You should never have left France!

**MORIARTY:**

The audience must think we're mad trying to get a piece of junk back. It's worthless! England is full of junk.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Ah, ah! But are the English capitalising on this natural asset?



**MORIARTY:**

Ah, non!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Exactly.

**MORIARTY:**

Certainment non!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Therefore it is worthless.

**MORIARTY:**

Awww!

**GRYTPYPE:**

But watch the change in attitude when they find we've stolen this piece, Moriarty.

**MORIARTY:**

C'est formidable, mon ami!

**ORCHESTRA:**

FURTHER DRAMATIC LINK

**MORIARTY:**

(IN TIME WITH THE LINK) Ha, ha, ha-ha, ho, hoooooo....

**GREENSLADE:**

(ON THE RADIO) The time is 8.30 and here is the 9 o'clock news. The Ministry Of Housing has granted permission to turn the Albert Memorial into flats. The owner says... the owner says that he is forced to sell as, for the past eighty-two years, the Albert Memorial has been running at a loss. The new flats will be turned into offices to house the Coal Board officials who'll be moved from their temporary war-time quarters at the Ritz Hotel.

**MILLIGAN:**

Okay, folks. Let 'em have it. Let 'em know what you think of 'em.

**GREENSLADE:**

(ON THE RADIO) And now, here is an interesting news item for Goon Show listeners. (ALMOST CRACKS UP) Last night at dawn, a piece of junk was stolen from the official Bank of England safe. It is believed the thieves will try and smuggle it out of the country into the city.

**SEAGOON:**

Switch that radio off!

**GREENSLADE:**

(ON THE RADIO) Right. Click!

**FX:**

TELEPHONE RECEIVER LIFTED. DIALLING.

**SEAGOON:**

A-ha, ha, ha, ha, haaaa! That junk must have been valuable.

**HAROLD CUPBOARD:**

[MILLIGAN]

(OLD) (ON THE PHONE) Ah! Ya... yes? You phoning me?

**SEAGOON:**

Yes. Hello?

**HAROLD CUPBOARD:**

Yes.

**SEAGOON:**

Is that a well-known city stock broker?

**HAROLD CUPBOARD:**

Aaaahah, yes. Harold Cupboard Junior, here.

**SEAGOON:**

Cupboard?

**HAROLD CUPBOARD:**

Yes.

**SEAGOON:**

How are your drawers?

**HAROLD CUPBOARD:**

Ohhhh!

**SEAGOON:**

(LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY) Ahhhh!

**HAROLD CUPBOARD:**

You devil you!

**SEAGOON:**

(LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY) 'How are your drawers'!

**HAROLD CUPBOARD:**

You...

**SEAGOON:**

(LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY) 'How are your...'!

**HAROLD CUPBOARD:**

That's not a city joke.

**SEAGOON:**

(CALMING DOWN) Ohhh. Listen! [UNCLEAR].

**HAROLD CUPBOARD:**

You appear to have it already.

**SEAGOON:**

Listen!

**SELLERS:**

Do me a favour, there, I'm trying to...

**HAROLD CUPBOARD:**

I'm doing you one.

**SEAGOON:**

This last bit [UNCLEAR]. Listen! I want you...

**HAROLD CUPBOARD:**

Water!

**SEAGOON:**

Do me... 'Ere! Can I get in, 'ere?

**HAROLD CUPBOARD:**

I...

**SEAGOON:**

Five! Look! My life! (SOUNDS LIKE:) Release him! (BACK TO THE PLOT) I want you to buy me as much junk as you can.

**HAROLD CUPBOARD:**

That should be easy! The shops are full of it!

**SEAGOON:**

Splendid! Then buy me all the junk you can.

**HAROLD CUPBOARD:**

Yes!

**SEAGOON:**

Never mind how much you buy but buy! Buy!

**HAROLD CUPBOARD:**

Bye, bye!

**FX:**

TELEPHONE RECEIVER INTO CRADLE.

**SEAGOON:**

A-ha, ha, ha, ha! Maniacal laugh! Ha, ha, ha, ha, haaaa! Greenslade, hand me my speaking trumpet whilst I tell the listeners my plan. Hello, folks! Heeeeeello, folks! Calling, folks! Folks, I'm going to corner the market in junk. You watch, folks. The price of junk is going to go sky high, folks. And all I've got to do now, folks, is just sit and wait!

**GREENSLADE:**

(LONG PAUSE) The silence you hear is Mr Neddie Seagoon sitting and waiting. Or, if you wish, waiting and sitting. Which is merely sitting and waiting in reverse. As good as any time for The Junk Affair part three.

**SEAGOON:**

Hello, folks! Hello, folks! I'm back again. Calling folks. I'm back again, folks! Folks! Folks! With my stock broker buying all the junk he could, folks, I went to purchase a warehouse for it, folks.

**ORCHESTRA:**

BLOODNOK THEME

**GRAMS:**

MASSED FLIES BUZZING.

**BLOODNOK:**

Oooohh! Ohhh! Oh, oh, oh, ohhhh! Oh, well, I... I can't sit here all day.

**FX:**

KNOCKING AT DOOR.

**BLOODNOK:**

Oohooh! Oohhhhaahh!

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS.

**SEAGOON:**

Major Bloodnok.

**BLOODNOK:**

Who are you, sir?

**SEAGOON:**

Reading from left to right, I'm Ned Seagoon the junk millionaire.

**BLOODNOK:**

Erianoillim knuj eht noogaes den mi!

**SEAGOON:**

What's that?

**BLOODNOK:**

That's reading from right to left.

**SEAGOON:**

Splendid! Major, I believe you have monster warehouses for sale.

**BLOODNOK:**

True, true, true.

**SEAGOON:**

What do you keep in it?

**BLOODNOK:**

My wife.

**SEAGOON:**

Why?

**BLOODNOK:**

She's a monster.

**SEAGOON:**

Hup!

**ORCHESTRA:**

TATTY CHORD IN C.

**GELDRAY:**

Hoi!

**BLOODNOK:**

That went quite well, didn't it? Yes, good, good, good. Now, Neddie raise your hands above your head and stand in front of this shotgun. Splendid, splendid. I'll just aim it at your head. That's it. Now then, let me hear your offer for this warehouse.

**SEAGOON:**

Well I... I... Hehehehe. I'd like to see it first.

**BLOODNOK:**

Not enough! Nevertheless, I'll show it to you. It's under this bed.

**SEAGOON:**

I'll drive you there.

**BLOODNOK:**

Ta!

**GRAMS:**

MOTOR CAR AT SPEED.

**BLOODNOK:**

There's the place.

**SEAGOON:**

What a magnificent warehouse. Is it on the phone?

**BLOODNOK:**

I'll just ring it from a phone box and see. And gad! What luck! Here comes a phone box now.

**GRAMS:**

HIGH POWERED MOTOR CAR DRIVES UP.

**SEAGOON:**

And there's a telephone in it!

**BLOODNOK:**

What will the G.P.O. think of next?

**SEAGOON:**

Putting the prices up, I should imagine. Yes.

**BLOODNOK:**

Yes, yes.

(BOTH CRY)

**SEAGOON:**

Yes. Ahem. Yes.

**BLOODNOK:**

Now, let us phone up this warehouse.

**FX:**

PICKS UP PHONE

**BLOODNOK:**

W - A - R - E - H - O - U - S - E.

**GRAMS:**

PHONE RINGS. (BUZZ TYPE)

**SEAGOON:**

Major! I can hear the phone ringing in your warehouse.

**BLOODNOK:**

Oh, run in and answer it, will you?

**SEAGOON:**

Right!

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

**SEAGOON:**

(AT END OF LINE) Hello?

**BLOODNOK:**

Ah, is that the monster warehouse?

**SEAGOON:**

Yes.

**BLOODNOK:**

Could I speak to the owner, please?

**SEAGOON:**

Well, er, he's outside. I'll get him.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

**SEAGOON:**

Major! You're wanted on the phone.

**BLOODNOK:**

Mm? Oh, well, hang onto this one for me, will you?

**SEAGOON:**

Alright.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

**BLOODNOK:**

(AT END OF LINE) Hello?

**SEAGOON:**

Hello?

**BLOODNOK:**

I believe someone wanted to speak to me. Mm?

**SEAGOON:**

Yes. I'll just call him. Major Bloodnok! You're wanted on the phone.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

**BLOODNOK:**

Oh, well, er, hang onto the one in the warehouse will you?



**SEAGOON:**

Right.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

**BLOODNOK:**

Hello?

**SEAGOON:**

(AT END OF LINE) Hello?

**BLOODNOK:**

Ah. Is that the monster warehouse?

**SEAGOON:**

Yes.

**BLOODNOK:**

Could I speak to the owner, please?

**SEAGOON:**

But he's outside. I'll get him.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

**SEAGOON:**

Major! You're wanted on the phone.

**BLOODNOK:**

Oh, er, well, hang onto this one for me, will you?

**SEAGOON:**

Right.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

**GRAMS:**

(RECORDING. GRADUALLY SPEEDING UP...)

**BLOODNOK:**

(AT END OF LINE) Hello?

**SEAGOON:**

Hello?

**BLOODNOK:**

I believe someone wanted to speak to me.

**SEAGOON:**

Oh, yes, I'll just call him. Major Bloodnok! You're wanted on the phone.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

**BLOODNOK:**

Oh, well, er, hang onto the one in the warehouse, will you?

**SEAGOON:**

Right.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

**BLOODNOK:**

Hello?

**SEAGOON:**

(AT END OF LINE) Hello?

**BLOODNOK:**

Is... is that the monster warehouse?

**SEAGOON:**

Yes.

**BLOODNOK:**

Can I speak to the owner, please?

**SEAGOON:**

Well, he's outside, I'll get him.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

**SEAGOON:**

Major! You're wanted on the phone.

**BLOODNOK:**

Ohhh! Well, hang onto this one for me, will you?

**FX:**

BOOTS RUNNING AWAY.

**SEAGOON:**

Right.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES. (SPEEDED UP FURTHER)

**BLOODNOK:**

(AT END OF LINE) Hello?

**SEAGOON:**

Hello?

**BLOODNOK:**

I believe someone wanted to speak to me. (SELLERS ALMOST CRACKS UP)

**SEAGOON:**

I'll just call him. Major Bloodnok! You're wanted on the phone.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

**BLOODNOK:**

[UNCLEAR] ...in the warehouse will you?

**FX:**

BOOTS RUNNING AWAY.

**SEAGOON:**

Right.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

**BLOODNOK:**

(AT END OF LINE) Hello?

**SEAGOON:**

Hello?

(CONTINUES UNDER)

**GREENSLADE:**

This jolly little party game is now available in the large three ton family-size, complete with pair of plastic telephones, two inflatable idiots and a small brown loaf, not forgetting... Ray Ellington.

**SEAGOON:**

Right, lads. Round the back for the old brandy, there!

**FX:**

BOOTS RUNNING, CHICKEN CLUCKING

**ELLINGTON:**

Man, that chicken'll come to no good.

**RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:**

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

**CHIEF ELLINGA:**

What? No money!! Just for that, me give you back Junk Affair part five!

**GRAMS:**

SEASHORE SOUNDS. GULLS, DISTANT WAVES.

**GREENSLADE:**

The scene: a Corsican bandit's cave anchored off the coast of Corsica. From out of the dark interior comes a thinks-type bubble with the following words in it...

**GRYTPYPE:**

Moriarty, the hour has come.

**GRAMS:**

BIG BEN STRIKES ONE O'CLOCK.

**SEAGOON:**

Meantime, for safety, I had stored my supply of junk in the giant warehouse and anchored it three miles inland off the coast of Corsica.

**GRYTPYPE:**

But mark ye, Neddie, before you can corner the world market in junk you've got to buy OUR portion.

**SEAGOON:**

Yes, yes! But... where can I find it?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Moriarty, this is it!

**MORIARTY:**

What? What? What? What?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Put this price ticket on the piece of junk and...

**MORIARTY:**

Right!

**GRYTPYPE:**

...place it in the display window over our cave.

**MORIARTY:**

Owwwwwww.

**SEAGOON:**

Thinks: little do they know that by placing my telescope to my ear I heard every word they said. Yes. And was even now on my way to bid for that final piece of junk that would make me - and I say this for the benefit of the listeners - that would make me owner of ALL THE JUNK IN ENGLAND!

**MORIARTY:**

He's on his way. He mustn't recognise me.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Right. Swallow this false moustache and wait.

**MORIARTY:**

(SWALLOWS) Ah.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Good. Now the wait.

**MORIARTY:**

(SWALLOWS UNEVENLY) It's no good. I can't get the weight down.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Then you must give up bread and potatoes. Shhhh!

**MORIARTY:**

Ahhh!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Shhhh!

**MORIARTY:**

What?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Switch off that wall. I hear legs approaching.

**GRAMS:**

BOOTS ON GRAVEL COMING NEAR. SLIGHTLY ECHOEY.

**MORIARTY:**

It... it sounds like more than one person.

**GRYTPYPE:**

That's Neddie. He's wearing an echo chamber.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

(SLIGHTLY DISTANT) Ahhhhh. Hello, Eccles.

**ECCLES:**

(SLIGHTLY DISTANT) Heello, Bottle.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Ohhhhhh.

**ECCLES:**

Ohhhhh.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Well.

**ECCLES:**

Well.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Fancy you and me meeting each other walking along two miles off the coast of Corsica on holiday.

**ECCLES:**

Yeh. Fancy you and me... on holiday... meeting each other... bottling along... off the Corsican... off the coast of Ecceland!

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

That is not what I said, Eccles.

**ECCLES:**

Oooo. That's what I said, Eccles.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Oh.

**ECCLES:**

Ohhhhh.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Have you ever been on... holiday in Corsicas before?

**ECCLES:**

No. But I... but... but I once made a dog kennel out of elastic.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Ohhh! There's something to be said for these premium bonds, then.

**ECCLES:**

Oooooaaawwwoaowaawooowwww.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

I think the government is very clever, you know. I won twenty-five pounds in a premium bonds draw.

**ECCLES:**

And what's... what's clever about that?

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

I never bought any premium bonds.

**ECCLES:**

Owwwowwowahow. And I made a hole in the front.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

What for?

**ECCLES:**

For the dog to get in and out.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Ohhh! That's nice for the doggie.

**ECCLES/BLUEBOTTLE:**

(LABOURED) That is nice for the doggie!

**ECCLES:**

Yeah.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

I say, Eccles? Why are you not wearing any trousers?

**ECCLES:**

Oh, er, it's... it's lunchtime.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Ohhh! What did you have for lunch?

**ECCLES:**

My trousers.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Here, Eccles?

**ECCLES:**

My friend.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

My good man.

**ECCLES:**

My friend of all time.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Look in the window of that shop. In that cave.

**ECCLES:**

Oooh! An elastic dog kennel.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

No, next to it. There's a piece of junk for sale.



**ECCLES:**

Ooooooooooooo! Hoo, hoo, hoo-hoo-hoo! We can't afford that, look at the price. Eight pounds, six foot three inches.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Well, I could stand on your shoulders.

**ECCLES:**

Ok, I'll put 'em on the ground. You stand on 'em and I'll pick them up. Ready?

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Ok, then!

**ECCLES:**

Hup!

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Ayyy!

**ECCLES:**

Oooh, the strain on my...

**FX:**

SHOP BELL.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Ah, a mounted gentleman. Good morning. What can we... er...?

**SEAGOON:**

(SLIGHTLY MUFFLED) Now, then, there! What about some lines for me, then? I'm the [UNCLEAR]. Wait till my film comes out, you'll be sorry enough. Folks! Please, folks! Make them give me some lines, folks. I tell you what. Folks!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Moriarty, go and slam the door in his face.

**MORIARTY:**

He hasn't got a door in his face.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Then he's trapped... and he can't get out. I set the grand scheme which will culminate in our current catchphrase. Seagoon stands yon, poised perilously atop his junk warehouse. Around him, the angry sea. I shall now fire this loaded laundry list at him. (SHOUTS) Stand by, little catch-phraser!

**SEAGOON:**

Never about all the... Never mind about all chat that you're doing, there. What about some lines for me, then!!? What about all... (CONTINUES AD LIBBING, ENDING IN...) I don't wish to know this, you know.

**GRYTPYPE:**

FIRRRRRE!

**GRAMS:**

HOWITZER. SHELL TRAJECTORY. EXPLOSION FOLLOWED BY SPLASH.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Lad.

**LITTLE JIM:**

He's fallen in the wa-tah!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Thinks: it can't last forever.

**MORIARTY:**

No. But we got to make the most of it while we can, buddy!

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

(as grytpype) Yes! Now then, nice man.

**MORIARTY:**

Wrong voice!

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Now then, nice man.

**BLUEBOTTLE AND LITTLE JIM:**

We want to buy that piece of junk in the window.

**MORIARTY:**

Ahh! That, little spotty lad, is not for sale.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

I don't want to buy that little spotty lad. I want to buy the junk.

**MORIARTY:**

Awwwwwww, that's not for sale, either.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Oooooooooioohhie!

**ECCLES:**

Oh, he-ho! But there's a price ticket - eight pounds, six foot four inches.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Ahhh, but that's the price for the ticket.

**ECCLES:**

Ooooooo. How much is that on... How much is that on H.P?

**GRYTPYPE:**

£8 down and 6 foot 4 inches. 18 instalments over 2 inches each month.

**FX:**

FRANTIC SAWING. PIECE OF WOOD FALLS TO FLOOR.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Well, there's 1 foot 9 to start with.

**ECCLES:**

Here, where's my leg?

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Oooooooooioohhie!

**GRAMS:**

SHOP BELL.

**SEAGOON:**

You swine!

**ECCLES:**

(OFF) He said 'swine'.

**SEAGOON:**

You shot me into the water just for the catchphrase. Now gentlemen, I'm bidding for this last piece of junk. I know my rights! I know my lefts.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Control your powers, man. Now, who was that lady I saw you with last night?

**SEAGOON:**

That was no lady, that was my wife. I married her just for the gag.

**MORIARTY:**

You got to keep 'em laughing, folks!

**SEAGOON:**

Now, look. What about the junk?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Neddie, we've kept that piece of junk steaming in the window for you on a low gas.

**MORIARTY:**

Nowwww, what about the money?

**SEAGOON:**

Gentlemen, please. If you'll just turn your backs, I'll take the money from its secret hiding place in my wallet.

**GRYTPYPE:**

By the way, we'll need it paid in danger money.

**SEAGOON:**

I've only got sterling.

**MORIARTY:**

That's dangerous enough. (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE) Seven percent. What?

**SEAGOON:**

There, gentlemen!

**FX:**

COIN ON TABLE.

**SEAGOON:**

Eight pounds.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Thank you. Now, what about the six foot four inches?

**SEAGOON:**

Six foot four? (GULP) Wouldn't you... wouldn't you settle for... four foot eleven?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Never, shorty!

**SEAGOON:**

Foiled by duck's disease. The curse of the Seagoons.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Very well, Ned. We'll forget the six foot four and settle for the four foot eleven. Like the British Olympic high jumpers, you know.

**SEAGOON:**

Huzzah! I'm rich. I now own all the junk in England. I'll... I'll... I'll... I'll... I'll get a peerage. I'll be known as Lord Junk.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Neddie, a moment, pray.

**SEAGOON:**

Yes?

**GRYTPYPE:**

We've just heard... that... er... the British junk has been devalued.

**SEAGOON:**

What! (CRYING) Then I'm ruined! Penniless! I shall kill myself with death and other accepted means. Ohh, no!

**GREENSLADE:**

Yes, alright, thank you.

**SEAGOON:**

(CRYING) This can't go on, Greenslade.

**GREENSLADE:**

That's enough. Right, thank you. Thank... That's quite enough, thank you. (SEAGOON SOBS) That'll be all for tonight, Mr Seagoon. Here you are.

**FX:**

CASH REGISTER. PENNY IN MUG.

**SEAGOON:**

(NORMAL) Eight bob. Ta. All right, lads, round the back for the old brandy, there!

**GRAMS:**

BOOT RUSHING OFF AT SPEED. ADD CLUCKING CHICKENS.

**GREENSLADE:**

And so we say goodnight to the Goons and a chicken will come to no good. We would like you to know that this was the first broadcast from the Russian satellite moon. I say, it's jolly high up here, isn't it?

**ORCHESTRA:**

PLAYOUT

**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 Charles Chilton.