

S8 E11 - The Stolen Postman

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

...and gentlemen, we present the all weather Goon Show.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD

SELLERS:

(DRAMATIC) And tonight we bring you the story of... The Stolen Postman.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC INTRODUCTION

SELLERS:

The scene; a self contained, unfurnished radio set.

GREENSLADE:

(ON RADIO) And here is the news. The birthday celebrations of the Sultan of Dirtistan have had to be postponed as he's been unable to find a volunteer to act as a guest victim in the annual exploding ceremony. And now, scene two; a self contained unfurnished sewer under the Euston Road.

GRAMS:

SPLASHING. CONTINUES UNDER...

GRYTPYPE:

(SINGING) Da di da di, da di da da. Moriarty! Come on in, the water's fine.

MORIARTY:

Yes, but you're not. I'm not getting in there and getting myself wet with water.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, there's a first time for everybody, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Ahhhhhwww! Not the dreaded water.

GRYTPYPE:

Shut up, you fool!

MORIARTY:

Ahhhhhhhh! Ahhwww again. Owww. Owww...

GRYTPYPE:

You almost owwed in a confined space. You realise one more oww and the whole place will go up in flames? Now help me on with my clean newspaper, please.

FX:

TAPPING ON RESONANT PIECE OF IRON.

MORIARTY:

Grytpype, there's somebody at the man hole cover.

FX:

HEAVY IRON LID BEING THROWN ASIDE.

SEAGOON:

Good morning.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, good morning, postman.

SEAGOON:

Good morning. A registered boot for you. Sign on the dotted sock, please.

FX:

SCRIBBLING

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank *you*, postman. Oh, and here's a little something for yourself.

GRAMS:

PISTOL SHOT

SEAGOON:

Ah! Oh, goodie, just what I've always wanted, my own bullet. (GOING OFF SINGING) It's a hap, hap, happy day, on the spring on the sprabble spray...

GRYTPYPE:

Now let's have a look what's in this registered boot. Good heavens, Moriarty, a registered foot.

MORIARTY:

What's it say, Grytpype?

GRYTPYPE:

It's from our landlord. "Dear Sirs, Owing to complaints from the tenants of the others sewers about your singing and owwwing after eleven o'clock, I do hereby give you notice to quit."

MORIARTY:

Ah, howwwwee! Or if you like, Hi ih ha ho ho hoo! Grytpype, we've been given the registered boot. Kicked out, sewerless, without a street over our heads. We've nothing but the water we stand up in. Grytpype? Grytpype! You're not listening.

GRYTPYPE:

Mmm?

MORIARTY:

You're not listening Grytpype. (RUBBISH)

GRYTPYPE:

I'm sorry. I was just reading this advertisement on the back page of my suit. Listen here. "Wanted, man for exploding. One thousand pounds offered for a genuine Charlie in good condition. Apply, The Sultan of Dirtistan."

MORIARTY:

Four thousand pounds! (SIC) Grytpype, with that we could build our own sewer.

GRYTPYPE:

Exactly. Moriarty I have an idea. Follow me...

ORCHESTRA:

Short tense link

GREENSLADE:

(ON RADIO) And here is the news. Early this morning two masked men broke into the GPO and stole postman Neddie Seagoon. Police believe Seagoon was rendered unconscious by a blow from a weighted banana, a photograph of which was found nearby. And now scene three; a self contained unfurnished idiot.

SEAGOON:

Oh. Oh. Oh, my head. What. What. What-what-what! Where's my megaphone? Thank you. Thank you. Folks! Calling, folks through my megaphone, folks. What's happened, folks? Where am I, folks?

GRYTPYPE:

Alright Neddie, drop that speaking trumpet.

FX:

DROP METAL PIPE

MORIARTY:

Ohh oh, oh, oh, oh! My foot!

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? (CONTINUES CLUCKING) Who are you, sir?

GRYTPYPE:

My name, sir, is Hercules Grytpype-Thynne. And the teeth resting in this glass of stale beer belong to none other than Count Jim 'Ping'...

MORIARTY:

Ping!

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty. Ace... ace knee-slapper and king of pong.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww owwww!

GRYTPYPE:

Did you hear that, Seagoon? Once again, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww owwww!

GRYTPYPE:

Ohhhh! Melody divine.

MORIARTY:

Ace...

SEAGOON:

Never mind those ahhrrrowwws divine. What's going on?

GRYTPYPE:

My dear postman, pull up a floorboard and I'll tell you a likely story. Because of your excellent service in the parcel smashing department you're being promoted to corporal postman and sent to a better job.

SEAGOON:

What! You mean I'm... I'm going to be posted?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, registered of course.

SEAGOON:

Oh, happy day! Huzzah, huzzah, huzzah!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, get a floor cloth and mop up those huzzahs, would you. Neddie, Neddie. Stand to attention now and close your eyes.

SEAGOON:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty get that pad of cotton wool and soak it in chloroform.

MORIARTY:

Right. Now what?

GRYTPYPE:

Now hit him with this iron bar.

MORIARTY:

Huurgh...

FX:

CLANK OF IRON BAR. THUD OF BODY FALLING TO FLOOR.

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid. Now the brown paper and string.

MORIARTY:

Oh, the browwwwwn paper. The browwwwwn paper. (EXTENDED)

GRYTPYPE:

And to keep Seagoon unconscious get Max 'Haircut' Geldray to strum his elastic plastic ploogie.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwww....

MAX GELDRAÏ:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

And now The Stolen Postman part two. The scene; a small post office in East Penge.

CRUN:

Errr, ten, eleven, twelve words. That'll be one and ninepence, please. Thank you.

FX:

CASH REGISTER. COIN DROPS INTO TILL.

CRUN:

Good day to you, sir.

FX:

DOOR OPENS. SHOP BELL RINGS. DOOR CLOSES

THROAT:

Good day to you, too. Thank you.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AGAIN. SHOP BELL GOES

MINNIE:

Oh, what's that?

CRUN:

Ah, good morning, sir.

MORIARTY:

Awwwww. Good morning, mon ami. I want to send this parcel by registered post.

CRUN:

Right, sir, put it up here.

MORIARTY:

La post registeur.

CRUN:

Ah.

GRAMS:

STRAINING OF OVERLOADED SPRINGS WITH ECHO EFFECT TO GIVE IT THAT HOLLOW SOUND

CRUN:

Twenty two stone, sir. I'm afraid that is going to cost you an extra tuppence.

MORIARTY:

Take it out of... take it out of my post office account.

CRUN:

Could I have your book, sir? Thank you.

MORIARTY:

There.

CRUN:

Just forward your name along this finger here would you?

MORIARTY:

Thank you. Good day and Owwww.

CRUN:

And a good Owwww to you, sir.

FX:

DOOR OPENS. SHOP BELL. DOOR CLOSES.

CRUN:

Oh, dear, dear. He's left his steam behind. Oh, yes. Ah, well. Min? Stamp this parcel registered while I go and change the elephant's hat, Min.

MINNIE:

O.K. Right-oh, buddy. Now where's that modern rhythm rubber-type stamp?

FX:

QUICK STAMPING.

SEAGOON:

(MUFFLED) Ahhhhhhh!

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhhh!

SEAGOON:

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

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhhh!

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What?

MINNIE:

Henry! Help, Henry. Henry! Ohhhhhhh!

CRUN:

What is it? What is it, Min?

MINNIE:

Henryyyy!

CRUN:

What is it, Min?

MINNIE:

The parcel, Henry. The parcel spoke to me.

CRUN:

What!

MINNIE:

The parcel spoke to me, Henry.

CRUN:

You've been at the spirit gum again.

MINNIE:

But...

SEAGOON:

(MUFFLED) I'm through and through.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh! It spoke again! It spoke again in parcel language.

CRUN:

What... what did it say?

MINNIE:

It said... it said, Henry...

CRUN:

It said Henry? Then it wasn't speaking to you, it was speaking to me.

SEAGOON:

(MUFFLED) Let me out!

CRUN AND MIN:

Ohhhhh!

MINNIE:

We'll all be murdered in our post office!

CRUN:

Ohhhhhh! The parcel's moving.

FX:

CRINKLING PAPER.

MINNIE:

Oh! Hit it, Henry, with that mighty club of yours.

FX:

THUMP

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

CRUN:

Got it! Now, let us see what it is.

MINNIE:

Open it up, Henry.

FX:

CRACKLING OF PAPER.

MINNIE:

Save the paper for lunch. Oh, look! Look what's inside, it's a... it's a... it's a... it's a... it's a postman's uniform.

CRUN:

Yes. Let's see what's inside it.

FX:

PAPER CRACKLING.

CRUN:

Oh! It's a man in long underwear. Explain yourself, sir.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? Look here, I'm... I... I'm... I'm postman Seagoon.

CRUN:

What! You're the man who was stolen from the GPO?

SEAGOON:

Stolen? Then I must hand myself in. How do I get to the nearest police station?

CRUN:

By walking.

SEAGOON:

Isn't there a quicker way.

CRUN:

Running?

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Goodbye.

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUNNING OFF AT SPEED.

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT DRAMATIC LINK (SPRIGGS SINGS ALONG)

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGS. RECEIVER PICKED UP.

INSPECTOR WARDROBE:

[SELLERS]

Hello? Inspector Wardrobe, here. What? Oh, yes. Bring him in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SPRIGGS:

This is him, Jim. This is him, Ji-immmm!

SEAGOON:

Inspector!

SPRIGGS:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

I want to report a robbery.

INSPECTOR WARDROBE:

Oh? What's been stolen?

SEAGOON:

Me. You see I'm... I'm postman Seagoon.

INSPECTOR WARDROBE:

You can't be, Seagoon's missing.

SEAGOON:

Well, *I'm* missing.

INSPECTOR WARDROBE:

Nonsense, you're here.

SPRIGGS:

Yes, Jim. You're here. You're heeeeeere!

INSPECTOR WARDROBE:

Shut Constable C major chord.

SEAGOON:

Ying tong iddle I plinge. Look here, I can prove I'm Neddie Seagoon. Look, here's a photograph of myself.

INSPECTOR WARDROBE:

Oh, yes. But you're facing the other way.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no. That's the back of the photograph. Turn it over.

INSPECTOR WARDROBE:

Oh, yes. This is a photograph of a woodshed. Where are you?

SEAGOON:

I'm in the woodshed.

SPRIGGS:

I always said there was something nasty in the woodshed.

INSPECTOR WARDROBE:

Ah. Come out.

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

INSPECTOR WARDROBE:

There's one way to find out who you are. Constable, look inside his underwear.

SPRIGGS:

Yes, sir. Let me see now. The label on this underwear says 'hand-knit'. Hand-kniiiiii-it!

INSPECTOR WARDROBE:

So, Mr Knit. You're trying to pretend you're Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

But I am Seagoon.

INSPECTOR WARDROBE:

Then you're wearing stolen underwear!

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGS. RECEIVER LIFTS.

SPRIGGS:

Constable Spriggs, here. Are you there? Are you there, because I am here-eeeeee!

GRYTPYPE:

(ON PHONE) I wish to report the whereabouts of the missing postman Seagoon. He is at present on board the steamship Venus at Toolbury Dicks.

SPRIGGS:

You mean Tilbury Docks.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? He's an imposter. I'll expose him, I tell you. I'll expose him!

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUNNING OFF.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GREENSLADE:

Seagoon proceeded to the docks hot-foot, a common complaint in the Seagoon family. And now, if listeners will lag their hornpipes they will be able to hear him ascending the gangplank of the steamship Venus.

GRAMS:

DOCKSIDE SOUNDS. DISTANT SHIP'S SIRENS.

SEAGOON:

Ahoy! Ahoy! Anyone on board?

GRYTPYPE:

Ahoy.

SEAGOON:

Now then, what's all this... YOU! Grytpype Thynne!

GRYTPYPE:

Have we met?

SEAGOON:

Of course. I'm Neddie Seagoon.

GRYTPYPE:

Simple. Seagoon's inside that crate.

SEAGOON:

What! This crate marked "Human Sacrifice for Exploding Ceremony"?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. If you don't believe me step inside and see for yourself.

SEAGOON:

I will. (WITH ECHO EFFECT) There you are, you see. There's no Neddie Seagoon in here.

FX:

RAPID HAMMERING ON WOOD.

GRYTPYPE:

There is now!

MORIARTY:

Ha ha ha ha owwww!

GRYTPYPE:

Well done, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

I've done nothing.

GRYTPYPE:

Have you oiled yourself this morning?

MORIARTY:

(RUBBISH)

GRYTPYPE:

Now have you stoked up the boilers?

MORIARTY:

Oui, oui, mon ami.

GRYTPYPE:

Is the steam pressure up?

MORIARTY:

Oui, oui, mon ami.

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid. Then grab those oars and row, man, row.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwww oww, buddy. Owww.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC NAUTICAL LINK AND RANDOM SAILOR CRIES.

SECOMBE:

(VOMITS)

GRAMS:

SEAGULLS.

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks. Hello, folks. This is tragic Neddie Seagoon speaking to you, folks, from the tragic hold of the steamship tragic Venus, folks. Trapped inside a crate on my way to be exploded. Ho ho ho ho ho, folks! I must find a way out of this crate. I will ask somebody. Excuse me...

ECCLES:

Hello. (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Don't stop, folks. It's good for my ego.

SEAGOON:

Mad Dan Eccles! What are you doing here?

ECCLES:

It's on the tip of my tongue.

SEAGOON:

Well, put your tongue out and let me see.

ECCLES:

Errrrrrrrrr.

SEAGOON:

Em-i-grating.

ECCLES:

That's it, yeah! I'm emigrating. My tongue's emigrating. On account of my job.

SEAGOON:

Why? What are you?

ECCLES:

I'm an idiot. Anybody want to join?

SEAGOON:

Gad, a professional idiot. Then why are you leaving England?

ECCLES:

Too much competition. Ah... oh! What are you... What... What are you doing, Neddie?

SEAGOON:

I'm going out to be exploded.

ECCLES:

Ohhhhh, that sounds a nice job. You been doing it long?

SEAGOON:

No.

ECCLES:

Well, there's always a first time for everybody.

SEAGOON:

Listen. I've got to get out of this crate.

ECCLES:

Oooooowwwrroowwwooarrghooo? Well, how did you get in?

SEAGOON:

I was nailed in.

ECCLES:

Well, nail yourself out again.

SEAGOON:

I know! I'll dig myself out. Have you got a shovel?

ECCLES:

Ah, see, now, I... um... I think I, um... I think I got one somewhere...

SEAGOON:

Well, find it man. Empty your pockets.

ECCLES:

Ok, ok, ok.

FX:

NUTS, BOLTS AND SUNDRY OBJECTS DROPPED ONTO HARD SURFACE. FINALLY METAL PIPE.

ECCLES:

No. Must be in my other suit.

SEAGOON:

Never mind. Here, inflate this pneumatic drill.

ECCLES:

Right.

GRAMS:

PNEUMATIC DRILL. CONTINUE UNDER.

GREENSLADE:

Quickly Seagoon dug a hole in the floor of the crate and tunneled down through the bottom of the ship.

SEAGOON:

Huzzah! We're through. Give me a hand down.

GRAMS:

SPLASH

SEAGOON:

Ah! Ohh! Gad, it's... it's damp down this tunnel. Now, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Yep?

SEAGOON:

To cover my escape hold up this leather map of Ray Ellington. Goodbye!

ECCLES:

Wait for me!

FX:

FRANTIC HAMMERING ON WOOD.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

And now 'The Stolen Postman' part three. The burning deserts of Dirtistan and the residence of the British military attache.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhh! Oh, never again, never again. Cennapod and gunpowder soup, I... I... I must have been mad, you know. Now, where was I, now? Oh, yes. "Dear Lord Plunger. I enclose... I enclose a snapshot what I accidentally took while passing the window of your seventh floor flat. I never realised you and Mrs FitzHerbert were such close friends. As you are an art collector perhaps you would like to buy the negative of this naughty photo. P.S. If you go to the police about this letter, I didn't write it and I don't live here."

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhhhhhhhh! Who is it?

SEAGOON:

It's me! Can I see you?

BLOODNOK:

I don't know. Can you see me?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

Thank heaven for that!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Major!

BLOODNOK:

Oh! A man in postman's underwear.

SEAGOON:

Major. I wish to obtain a passage to England, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Well, you won't find one here. This passage only goes to the front door, I tell you.

SEAGOON:

Curses! Foiled by a short passage.

BLOODNOK:

I felt no pain.

SEAGOON:

And long egg-cloth. What about an aeroplane?

BLOODNOK:

No thanks, I'm trying to give them up, you know.

SEAGOON:

You don't understand, Major. Two men have stolen me and they're going to have me blown up.

BLOODNOK:

If they blow you up any more you'll burst.

SEAGOON:

But I must escape. (WEEPING) You must... you must help me escape.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) What acting [UNCLEAR].

BLOODNOK:

Steady, lad. Steady. Sit down and light yourself a tree.

SEAGOON:

No thanks, I'm trying to cut them down.

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

A-ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! I'm in condition tonight. Ha ha ha.

BLOODNOK:

I've got a right one here, you know. Now Neddie, you'll never escape from Dirtistan dressed in English underwear. We'll disguise you as a man disguised as a woman. Now put on these woman's clothes while I go outside and keep watch through the keyhole. Now you go in...

FX:

DOOR CLOSSES.

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks! Hardly had I disguised myself when I noticed a large crate labelled 'Dancing girls, this way up, use no hooks'. Ho, ho, ho, ho, hoooo! Ha, ha, ha. Hello, folks! A dancing girl! Excuse me while I step in the crate and introduce myself. (PAUSE) (ECHOEY) Funny. I can't see any...

FX:

RAPID HAMMERING.

BLOODNOK:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! There's another one. Singhiz! Take this round to the Sultan. Usual price and don't forget, cash on the nail.

SINGHIZ-THING:

Alright, sir.

BLOODNOK:

You tell the Sultan, 'No pay, no play'.

SINGHIZ-THING:

Alright, Sahib...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC ARAB LINK.

GREENSLADE:

Scene twenty-eight; the sultan's palace. And if listeners will look eastwards through a melted sock, they will hear the sultan calling for his ferocious captain of the guard.

ELLINGTON:

Ai Bou Raloyi wahl Basha!

FLOWERDEW:

You don't have to shout, I'm not deaf.

ELLINGTON:

Open this crate.

FLOWERDEW:

Not another dancing girl, dear, you haven't touched the old ones, yet.

ELLINGTON:

Never mind. Me saving them up for birthday party.

FLOWERDEW:

Oh-ho!

ELLINGTON:

You lock this girl in harem for the night.

FLOWERDEW:

Oh, alright.

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT DRAMATIC LINK.

SEAGOON:

Oh, folks! Oh, folks! What a tragedy. Locked in a darkened harem full of dancing girls. Oh, what a trage...

ECCLES:

(SINGING) Oh, da da da... A thing of beauty is a joy forever. Hou hou hou... Houw houw houw.

SEAGOON:

Eccles!

ECCLES:

Yep?

SEAGOON:

Is that you?

ECCLES:

Er, just a minute, I'll strike a match.

FX:

MATCH STRIKE

ECCLES:

Yep, it's me.

SEAGOON:

How did *you* become a dancing girl?

ECCLES:

I took lessons.

SEAGOON:

He-he-hello, folks. This is terrible. I must find the exit. I'll grope about in the darkness. Huh! What's this? Must be one of the dancing girls. Just a minute, I'll... I'll make sure.

FX:

SPRING

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, ho! Stop pulling my lanyard. Don't do that. Harm can come to a young boy scout like that.

ECCLES:

Oh. Hello... hello, Bottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hello, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Hello, Bottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hello, Eccles.

ECCLES:

What are you... this is a silly question but what are you doing in a hareem?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I came to see if anyone wanted a bob-a-job doing.

ECCLES:

Ohhhhh! Ooooooh! Your... your good turn for the day.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I thought I could help an old sultan across the hareem.

SEAGOON:

Quiet, you spotted lads.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What?

SEAGOON:

Something's coming.

FX:

RATTLE OF DOORKNOB. DOOR OPENS.

GRYTPYPE:

There he is, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww owwwwrrrr.

GRYTPYPE:

Alright, now let's take him to the sultan.

SEAGOON:

You villains! You can't explode me. I'll...

GRYTPYPE:

Back, Neddie. Hands up.

SEAGOON:

But... but you haven't got a gun.

GRYTPYPE:

No, but I'm thinking of one.

SEAGOON:

Well, I'm thinking of ringing the police. Eccles, think of a telephone.

ECCLES:

OK.

FX:

PHONE RINGS. RECEIVER PICKS UP.

SEAGOON:

Hello, police? I want to report a...

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, Neddie! Put down that telephone that Eccles is thinking of.

SEAGOON:

I refuse.

GRYTPYPE:

Then I'm thinking of shooting you.

GRAMS:

PISTOL SHOT.

SEAGOON:

Well, I'm thinking of the bullet missing me and hitting Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aieeee! You rotten swine, you.

MORIARTY:

Aw. Owwwwwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, what are *you* thinking of?

MORIARTY:

Ho, ho, ho, ho, howwwwwww! It's the way you say it, folks!

GRYTPYPE:

You filthy swine.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

Go and get Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

I warn you, Moriarty, I'm thinking of a canal right in front of you.

GRAMS:

SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

GRYTPYPE:

It was tricky but we finally got it in.

SEAGOON:

Now you devil, I'm thinking of a pistol.

GRAMS:

PISTOL SHOT.

GRYTPYPE:

And I'm thinking of a grenade.

GRAMS:

GRENADA EXPLOSION.

SEAGOON:

Good luck, lads.

GRAMS:

THE FOLLOWING LINES ARE RECORDED AND GRADUALLY SPEED UP...

SEAGOON:

I'm thinking of a machine gun.

GRAMS:

BURST OF RAPID FIRE.

GRYTPYPE:

And I'm thinking of a cannon.

GRAMS:

WEEEEEEEE BANG.

SEAGOON:

I'm thinking of a bomb.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION.

GRYTPYPE:

And I'm thinking of an atom bomb.

GRAMS:

LARGE EXPLOSION.

SEAGOON:

I'm thinking of a horse.

GRAMS:

WHINNEY, HOOVES INTO DISTANCE, LARGE SPLASH, FOLLOWED BY LARGE EXPLOSION

SEAGOON:

Whoop!

GREENSLADE:

(BACK TO NORMAL SPEED) The moral of this is of course, beware of thinking because thinking is... all in the mind, you know.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT – THE WICKED WITCH IS DEAD.