

S8 E13 - The Plasticine Man

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC light program. We present the all-leather Goon Show. For the benefit of listeners who are listening we present 'The Plasticine Man'.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC INTRODUCTION.

GREENSLADE:

The curtain rises on a window revealing the waiting room of the East Penge labour exchange. On a crude wooden bench sit two crude wooden men.

MORIARTY:

Owwwowww. What? Ohohoh. Owwwowww. (EXTENDED) Grytpype, I don't like it. I don't like it a bit.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, spit it out, then.

MORIARTY:

Quaxxo[?], quaxxo, quaxxo. What are we doing in this labour exchange?

GRYTPYPE:

We're going to sign on and draw the moolah.

MORIARTY:

OWWW! What... what if they find us... work!?

GRYTPYPE:

That is a risk we have to take.

MORIARTY:

Awww. Awwwmm-awww. (EXTENDED)

GRYTPYPE:

Shut up, you fool. Do you want to get arrested for committing a public awwwoww?

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Pardon me.

GRYTPYPE:

That's quite alright, accidents will happen, you know.

SEAGOON:

Is this the queue for signing on?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, it is indeed. Moriarty, made room for the ragged gentleman, would you?

SEAGOON:

Thank you. The owner of the voice was a high stiff collar clad in well-cut string.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. And the flies buzzing in this cloud of steam belong to none other than Count Jim 'Gums'...

MORIARTY:

Pshh-too.

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty. Lone porridge dancer and three times world trousers champion.

MORIARTY:

Awwwwwww.

GRYTPYPE:

Hear those lilting strains?

MORIARTY:

Awwwwwww.

GRYTPYPE:

Strain again, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

(PAINFULLY) Awwwwwww. Awwwwwww.

GRYTPYPE:

So, little tattered man. You're in the unemployment lark as well, are you?

SEAGOON:

Well, no, I'm... I'm... I'm in show business.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, it's the same thing really, isn't it?

SEAGOON:

Actually, I rock and roll.

GRYTPYPE:

You're the right shape for it, too.

SEAGOON:

Yes, but I... I can't get engagements.

GRYTPYPE:

Strange. Have you a gimmick?

SEAGOON:

Certainly. Match?

FX:

MATCH BEING STRUCK.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Yes. I sing and play the saxophone at the... at the same time.

GRYTPYPE:

Really? Then you play the saxophone by ear?

SEAGOON:

Oh, no, no. I play the saxophone by mouth and *sing* through my ear.

GRYTPYPE:

Pure genius. And you can't get work, you say?

SEAGOON:

No. I've tried but... people won't look at me.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, it isn't easy.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? (CLUCKING)

FX:

TUBULAR BELL HITTING CONCRETE.

GRYTPYPE:

(ASIDE) Moriarty, fry that sound effect, we'll have it for breakfast. Now, Neddie, my friend here happens to be a highly steamed publicity agent.

MORIARTY:

Awww, the steaming publicity, awww.

GRYTPYPE:

You. Stop flashing your teeth and put them back in your pocket, Count. Aloud. Neddie, to be a star you must be discovered and we can arrange it for you.

SEAGOON:

You can? How?

GRYTPYPE:

Quite simple. Listen to this nine o'clock-type news.

GREENSLADE:

(ON RADIO) American archaeologists digging at stonehenge have discovered the skeleton of a stone age dustbin. They are continuing their excavations and... (FADE)

GRYTPYPE:

You see, Neddie? You want to be discovered, so we take you to stonehenge and bury you.

SEAGOON:

Brilliant. Brilliant. Why didn't I think of that?

GRYTPYPE:

Because you're an idiot.

SEAGOON:

Of course. Right. Let's go!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, at the British museum, Britain's leading archaeologists were holding a conference.

GRAMS:

CROWD NOISES. (CONTINUE UNDER)

OMNES:

Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb etc. (EXTENDED)

FX:

GAVEL ON DESK.

MINNIE:

Phsh-too. Phsh-too.

CHAIRMAN:

[SELLERS]

(OLD) Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Grave news. Those Americans digging at stonehenge have now discovered the bones of a genuine stonehenge NAAFI bun.

GRAMS:

CROWD NOISES. (CONTINUE UNDER)

OMNES:

Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb etc. (EXTENDED)

ARCHAEOLOGIST:

[SECOMBE]

(OLD) Quiet! Quiet, there.

SPRIGGS:

I don't know why I [UNCLEAR].

GRYTPYPE:

Well, gentlemen. I happened to be hiding under your table and heard what you were saying through your open legs.

SPRIGGS:

Ohhhh! Oh, Jim! A kneehole peeper. It's all in the mind, you...

GRYTPYPE:

My friend and I have the complete answer, we think, to your problem. We can show you the exact spot at stonehenge where lies buried a perfect specimen of a man of the plasticine period.

ARCHAEOLOGIST:

(OLD) We must go to stonehenge at once.

SPRIGGS:

He won't last the journey, Jim.

GRYTPYPE:

No need, sir. To save you the journey we have brought stonehenge here. Moriarty, unwrap the parcel.

FX:

UNWRAPPING OF PAPER.

MORIARTY:

Phsh-too, phsh-too.

GRYTPYPE:

There, gentlemen. Stonehenge.

SPRIGGS:

Oh, Jim, but where do we dig? Where do we di-iiiigg?

GRYTPYPE:

In your pockets for a small fee of ten thousand small pounds.

FX:

COIN IN TILL.

GRYTPYPE:

I thank you. Now, gentlemen, you will find the plasticine man beneath the tombstone marked plasticine man. (FADES) Goodbye, to you...

SPRIGGS:

Quick, Jims, get the shovels.

GRAMS:

DIGGING SOUNDS. (CONTINUE UNDER)

CHAIRMAN:

Yes and dig this crazy bloogey man, Max 'hot fees' Geldray.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

That, of course, was my impression of an audience applauding. Next, an impression of the Plasticine Man part two.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GREENSLADE:

The archaeologists continued digging until finally they unearthed Neddie Seagoon, alias the Plasticine Man. With tender care they lifted him out and laid him on the table.

FX:

HEAVY BODY FALLING ON BENCH. BITS AND PIECES FALLING.

CHAIRMAN:

Without any doubt, this body is that of a man of the plasticine period.

ARCHAEOLOGIST 2:

[MILLIGAN]

And beautifully preserved, considering he's 6,000 years old.

SEAGOON:

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

CHAIRMAN:

It's quite incredible. He's so well preserved he's still alive.

ARCHAEOLOGIST 2:

I say, what's this ancient weapon he's holding?

SEAGOON:

It's my saxophone, I'm... I'm a rock and roll saxophone. A real gone guy and a rock, salmon and peas hound dog, don't that rock you. I'm crazy man, crazy. I'm cool.

CHAIRMAN:

If only we understood his strange prehistoric language.

ARCHAEOLOGIST 2:

Yes. If only we did.

CYRIL:

[SELLERS]

Hey, you, no, wait. Listen, listen, listen.

SPRIGGS:

What is it, Sir Walter?

CYRIL:

I... I think we've been done, we've been done. Here, this... er... this ain't the body of a man, it's the body of an ape.

ARCHAEOLOGIST 2:

Oh! An ape?

EIDELBURGER:

He's right gentlemen, observe the monkey shaped skull and the long arms. They reach the ground.

YAKAMOTO:

Ahhh, but his legs don't. Anyway, he is wearing evening dress.

CYRIL:

So? He was buried after dinner.

SEAGOON:

Now, look here. I'm not a prehistoric man. I'm Neddie Seagoon, d'you hear? Neddie Seagoon. Seagoon. S, E, er A, er... I'm Neddie Seagoon!

CHAIRMAN:

You know, I think he's trying to tell us something.

SINGHIZ-THINGZ:

Six thousand years old, man. Oh, at his age we must stop him decomposing. It is imperative that we stop him decomposing in this condition. (EXTENDED) You understand that, Mr Lalkaka?

LALKAKA:

I was not being attendant to what you were saying.

SINGHIZ-THINGZ:

You understand?

LALKAKA:

I am listening, I am listening.

SINGHIZ-THINGZ:

You are understanding me, Mr Lalkaka.

LALKAKA:

I am understanding every....

SINGHIZ-THINGZ:

Not at all, there. I am saying on line six that he is decomposing in the european type cantonment way. You understand?

LALKAKA:

Good luck to him. Good luck to him.

SINGHIZ-THINGZ:

Alright. I stand aside for your next line, Mr...

CHAIRMAN:

Yes, I think you're absolutely right. (SNIFFS) I think he's going off already.

GRAMS:

BURST OF GAS.

SINGHIZ-THINGZ:

There he goes.

CHAIRMAN:

I have an idea, we'll preserve him in pure alcohol.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What?

CHAIRMAN:

Now hold him down.

SINGHIZ-THINGZ:

I got his [UNCLEAR].

CHAIRMAN:

Put the funnel in his mouth. Pass me that five gallon jar of alcohol.

SINGHIZ-THINGZ:

Taking precaution, now, taking precaution.

GRAMS:

LIQUID POURING.

SEAGOON:

(GULPING)

GRAMS:

LIQUID POURING EXTENDED.

SEAGOON:

(GULPING, EXTENDED)

CHAIRMAN:

There. I should think that should keep him in a lovely condition.

SEAGOON:

Hic. (DRUNK) Well, time I was going.

CHAIRMAN:

I say, stop him!

SEAGOON:

Stand back.

SPRIGGS:

Lie down, Jim. You can't...

FX:

THUD ON NUT.

SPRIGGS:

Oww, Jim!

SEAGOON:

Get out of my way!

CHAIRMAN:

Now look here, I...

FX:

THUD ON NUT.

CHAIRMAN:

Oww!

FX:

VARIOUS SIZED THUDS, BIFFS AND BONKS. (SPRIGGS AND CHAIRMAN GROANING OVER)

SEAGOON:

(SINGS) I belong to Glasgow...

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SINGHIZ-THINGZ:

Oh, man! He's escaped, man.

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT DRAMATIC LINK.

GREENSLADE:

That night the mighty presses of Fleet Street churned out special headlines.

ORCHESTRA:

SHARP DRAMATIC CHORD.

MILLIGAN:

Prehistoric monster escapes!

ORCHESTRA:

SHARP DRAMATIC CHORD.

SELLERS:

Drink-mad ape at large!

ORCHESTRA:

SHARP DRAMATIC CHORD.

MILLIGAN:

Police hunt thing from stoneage!

ORCHESTRA:

SHARP DRAMATIC CHORD.

SELLERS:

"Monster and I are just good friends" says Diana Dors.

GREENSLADE:

That night, in a slum alley off Park Lane, a... a constable patrols his feet.

GRAMS:

SLOW STEADY TREAD OF BOOTS ON PAVEMENT.

WILLIUM:

(SINGS TO THE THE TUNE OF 'MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I'M A LONDER)

Maybe it's because I'm a lunatic

That I love Dixon so...

SEAGOON:

(SNORES)

WILLIUM:

'Eello, 'ello. Who's this kippin' in the gutter, here? Wake up.

SEAGOON:

(WAKES UP NOISILY)

WILLIUM:

Can't you read that notice, mate? No kippin' this side on even dates.

SEAGOON:

Ooooooh, oooh! Oooooh, my 'ead!

WILLIUM:

Your 'ead? Your breath! You've been beltin' the booze a bit, ain't you, mate? I got a good mind to arrest you for impersonating a newt.

SEAGOON:

Constable, it wasn't my fault. Some men forced alcohol down my throat.

WILLIUM:

Cor. 'Ere, do you think they'd force some down mine? Where did this happen, then?

SEAGOON:

At the British Museum.

WILLIUM:

I didn't know they had a license, mate. I'll have to get out... 'Ere! 'Ere! 'Ere! Wait a minute. Ain't I see'd a picture of your name in the papers?

SEAGOON:

Me? No, no! It wasn't me. My grandmother keeps a duck farm in Kent, I tell you. Muriel Plinge...

WILLIUM:

I know! You're the prehistoric monster, the plastered-cine man.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no...!

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUNNING OFF INTO THE DISTANCE.

WILLIUM:

'Ere, come back, plastered-cine man, ere!

FX:

POLICE WHISTLE.

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUNNING APPROACHING FROM DISTANCE.

SEAGOON:

(OUT OF BREATH) Hello, folks! A picture of my name in the papers. I shall be recognised. I must get to a professional disguiser at once.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GRAMS:

CLOCK SPRINGS OF VARIOUS TYPES AND SIZES. PENDULUMS CLACKING TOGETHER.

CRUN:

Errrgh. Ahhhgh. Help! Min! Min!

GRAMS:

RACING CAR APPROACHING AT SPEED. STOPS...

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

RACING CAR EVEN NEARER. CAR BACKFIRES. CAR DOOR SLAMS.

MINNIE:

Oh, Henry? Yes, Henry?

CRUN:

Help, Min. Help.

MINNIE:

(OFF) Where are you, Henry?

CRUN:

I'm in the grandfather clock, Min.

MINNIE:

(ON) Oh, dear. What are you...? Oh, what are...? Oh, ohhhh. What are you doing in there, Henry?

CRUN:

Trying to...

MINNIE:

What are you doing in there?

CRUN:

Trying to get out, modern Min.

MINNIE:

Oooh.

CRUN:

I'm... get hold of my legs and pull.

MINNIE:

Well, stop dancing the modern rhumba, then, buddy.

CRUN:

I'm not dancing the rhumba, Min.

MINNIE:

What are...? Ohhhh...

CRUN:

I've got a pendulum stuck down my trousers.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, dear, dear, oh... oh, dear, dear. I'm afraid, Henry... I... Ohhhh. Don't know how to... Turn your back, Henry. Turn your back while I say this line.

CRUN:

What? What?

MINNIE:

There. I'll have to take your trousers off.

CRUN:

Ooooouurrrgh! No, not in front of a lady.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

CRUN:

You'll have to leave the room, first.

MINNIE:

Oh. Alright, Henry, alright.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

CRUN:

She's gone. *Now* you can take them off.

MINNIE:

Okay, buddy. Now...

GRAMS:

RIPPING OF CLOTH.

MINNIE:

Ohhh. Henry, you deceitful man. You wear long leather underpants. (APPLAUSE) Thank you.

CRUN:

I have to wear them, Min.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

CRUN:

You know I've got the weak knees.

MINNIE:

Ooooh, knickey, knackey, noo, they go.

CRUN:

Oooo. Aww. Get me out of this modern clock, Min.

MINNIE:

Now, hold still, ready? Hold still, now, Henry.

GRAMS:

STRAINING OF MULTIPLE SPRINGS.

MINNIE:

Oh! Oh! Phish-too. Phish-too.

CRUN:

Oh. That's better.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Excuse me. Is this Mr Crun's house?

CRUN:

It is, yes.

SEAGOON:

Good. Then I'll knock.

FX:

DOOR CLOSSES. DOOR KNOCKER.

CRUN:

Oh, I wonder who that is?

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Good evening. Mr Crun, the disguise expert?

CRUN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

I want a new face.

CRUN:

I see, I see. Where did you get the face you're wearing now?

SEAGOON:

It was a present from my parents.

CRUN:

Mm. It doesn't fit you very well, does it. Gone all baggy at the knees.

FX:

SCRATCHING ON WOOD.

MINNIE:

Henry.

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

The dog wants to come in.

CRUN:

That naughty dog. Always forgetting his keys.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

CRUN:

Alright, come in, Psycho.

SEAGOON:

Psycho?

CRUN:

Yes, he's our pet mad dog, you know. Come in, you naughty Psycho.

GREENSLADE:

Woof. Woof.

CRUN:

Where have you been, you mad dog, you?

GREENSLADE:

Out in the midday sun.

SEAGOON:

But he... ah haghauhahoughaheeha... He talks!

CRUN:

I told you he was mad.

SEAGOON:

But dogs can't talk.

CRUN:

I know, I've told him but he never listens to me. May as well talk to a brick wall, you know.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes, but what about my disguise?

CRUN:

Ah, yes. Well now glue this false moustache to your ear and swallow this blue serge beard.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS)

CRUN:

Screw this wooden leg onto your head and now step into this grandfather clock.

SEAGOON:

Right!

GRAMS:

MULTIPLE CLOCK SPRINGS.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

(MUFFLED) How do I look?

CRUN:

Exactly like a grandfather clock. Goodnight, sir. Min! Come on, we'll be late for the sinful lantern-slide.

MINNIE:

Whoopie! I'll get my warm football boots ready.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES. (PAUSE) DOOR OPENS.

GRYTPYPE:

Right, Moriarty. Put that grandfather clock on the lorry.

MORIARTY:

Right.

GRAMS:

MULTIPLE CLOCK SPRINGS.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, get the lorry on your head.

MORIARTY:

Ugh er arghh.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, let's go.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH, WHOOSH.

GREENSLADE:

While those two villains return Seagoon to the British Museum and claim the reward, here is a horsehair statue of a bus conductor listening to Ray Ellington.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

The Plasticine Man part three.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC INTRO.

GREENSLADE:

To prevent Seagoon again escaping from the British Museum he was taken to the National Gallery where he was framed and hung on the wall. And here, after dark, we discover two night watchmen on their rounds.

GRAMS:

TWO PAIRS OF BOOTS PACING STEADILY. SPEED UP. SLOW DOWN. SPEED UP. SLOW DOWN. REPEAT.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I say, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Yeah Bottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You know them greek statues of nudists what we just passed?

ECCLES:

Yer?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, what happens in the autumn when the leaves begin to fall?

ECCLES:

Well, the park keeper, um, sweeps 'em up with his broom, I suppose.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. Didn't it tickle?

ECCLES:

No, I wasn't wearing one. Ha, ho! Oh, the statue? Oh, a statue can't feel a tickle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You mean I've been wasting my time?

ECCLES:

You naughty man!

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEP RECOMMENCE.

ECCLES:

You naughty Bottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, well.

ECCLES:

I wondered why all your fingers were bandaged.

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS STOP.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh!

ECCLES:

Owwowwww.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Look at that naughty painting. "Venus Bathing."

ECCLES:

Ooh, yer.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor. "Venus Bathing."

ECCLES:

"Venus Bathing." He's a good looking feller, isn't he! Nice and strong.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You stupid nit. That's what is called a lady.

ECCLES:

Ooh. I... I... well, I don't think it's fair when they got no clothes on, how can you tell?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You're a stupid man, you!

ECCLES:

Owowwww.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You... it's quite easy. The one with girl's names are ladies.

ECCLES:

Oh! Your daddy must have a... had a talk with you, then.

BLUEBOTTLE:

He did.

ECCLES:

Ahhhh.

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS RECOMMENCE. SPEED UP, SLOW DOWN.

SEAGOON:

(WHISPERED) I say! Eccles!

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS STOP.

ECCLES:

Here Bottle, your voice has dropped!

BLUEBOTTLE:

What do you mean?

ECCLES:

Oh, it's gone back up again.

SEAGOON:

(WHISPERED) No, no, it was me.

ECCLES:

Hohohoeehoho! Awwwww! 'Ere, that... that picture spoke.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What? This one? (READS) "The Pasticine Man."

SEAGOON:

(WHISPERED) Yes. Listen, you must help me escape.

ECCLES:

Ohhoawww. (EXTENDED) That's our... that our job to stop pictures escaping.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. It is our duty for Queen and country. Springs to attention. Springe! Runs Union Jack up leg. Plays 'Last Post' on plastic cut-out bugle. (FEEBLE IMITATION OF BUGLE)

SEAGOON:

Silence, you little jam-stained soldier! Let me out and I'll give you five pounds.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No!

SEAGOON:

Ten pounds.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Never!

SEAGOON:

A quarter of jelly babies.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Tee, hee, hee! Every man has his price. I cannot resist. Mavis, Trills here I come! Takes jelly babies and pops little girl in dinner hole.

GRAMS:

POP.

SEAGOON:

Now get me out of this frame.

ECCLES:

Okay.

FX:

QUICK SAWING. PIECE OF WOOD HITS FLOOR.

SEAGOON:

Thank heavens. Now, where's the exit?

ECCLES:

It's behind that door marked 'Way Out'.

SEAGOON:

Gad! What a cunning place to hide it. Help!

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING INTO DISTANCE.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS.

SEAGOON:

Heeeeeeello, folks. Hello, folks. Once free, I... Once free, I decided to give up my dreams of fame and fortune and get an ordinary job, but the man at the labour exchange said;

FLOWERDEW:

Well, you're a cheeky one! Six thousand years old and you want a job? You get out of here, you plasticine devil or I'll set my pussy on you.

GREENSLADE:

Meow.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Walter Greenslade. Hello, folks! Hello, folks! Time to prove my real age and identity. Now who can prove...? But of course! Ha, ha, ha! Of course! Ha, ha, ha! The very man. My old commanding officer!

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME.

BLOODNOK:

Oooooohhhhh!

FX:

MASSIVE JUNK PILE COLLAPSING.

BLOODNOK:

Oohch! Oohch! Manners! Manners! Manners!

THROAT:

Did you call me, sir?

BLOODNOK:

Ah, there you are, Manners.

THROAT:

Yes, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Switch on my reading trousers and pass me that book in the plain wrapper, will you?

THROAT:

Right.

FX:

TURNING OF PAGES.

BLOODNOK:

Ah. Where did I get to? Ah, yes, yes, yes. "The first time that Lady Chatterley saw the game keeper he went in the house..." (MUMBLES)

FX:

TURNING OF PAGES.

BLOODNOK:

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. What? Forget-me-nots? It's a wonder she didn't catch her death of cold. (FURTHER MUMBLES) Oh, ho, ho, disgusting! I don't know why people like me are allowed to smuggle books like this in from Paris. I never knew, I never knew.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Major!

BLOODNOK:

Ahhhh! Wait... wait a moment.

MILLIGAN:

Phish-too. Phish-too. Phish-too.

BLOODNOK:

Wait a moment. Aren't you... aren't you Tubby Seagoon, me old batman? Who risked his life under fire to drag me to safety?

SEAGOON:

Yes!

BLOODNOK:

Well, you owe me a quid.

SEAGOON:

What for?

BLOODNOK:

You tore the back of my uniform.

SEAGOON:

Suits you. Major, everybody thinks I'm the plasticine man and I can't get a job because I'm six thousand years old.

BLOODNOK:

What! Then how did you get in the army?

SEAGOON:

I lied about my height.

BLOODNOK:

Just a moment. (ASIDE) Let me see now, six thousand... That means they owe him five thousand, nine years old age pension. Yes. Yes. (ALoud) Neddie. I tell you what, I'll change names with you.

SEAGOON:

You will? Hahahaho! Thank you.

BLOODNOK:

Ohohohoh! Just make your mark here.

SEAGOON:

Right. There!

BLOODNOK:

You filthy swine!

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

JYMPTON:

Excuse me, folks. I'm from the Ministry of Pensions.

SECOMBE:

Serves you right.

JYMPTON:

Which one of you is the plastercine mon?

BLOODNOK:

Er, I am.

JYMPTON:

Then I arrest you for not stamping your cards for five thousand years.

BLOODNOK:

Ahhhgggh!

ORCHESTRA:

Tatty chord in C

GREENSLADE:

Well, that's one way to end the story. But for listeners who don't like dull endings, here's an exciting finish.

GRAMS:

CHASE MUSIC ("RACE WITH THE DEVIL")

JYMPTON:

Have at you!

FX:

SWORDS CLASHING.

SEAGOON:

Have at.... [UNCLEAR]

OMNES:

QUASI SHAKESPEARIAN DUALING DIALOGUE.

SEAGOON:

Ahh!

GRAMS:

SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

GREENSLADE:

Well...

LITTLE JIM:

Ha.

GREENSLADE:

Well, take your pick. It's all in the mind, you know.

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 Roy Spear.

NOTES

When Willium refers to "impersonating a newt" it is a reference to the phrase "pissed as a newt" - a euphemism for being drunk.

When this episode was first broadcast the controversial book "Lady Chatterley's Lover" was banned in the UK due to its explicit content. It was not published until 1960. When Boodnok mentions "Forget-me-nots" it is a reference to a steamy scene in the book when the gamekeeper adorns parts of Lady C's anatomy with these flowers.

When Greenslade comments about having been "Out in the midday sun" it is a reference to the song "Mad Dogs and Englishmen (go out in the midday sun)".