

S8 E18 - The Curse of Frankenstein

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GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. We present 'The Curse of Frankenstein'.

SELLERS:

Blast!

FX:

FANFARE

SELLERS:

We present the play of the week, entitled: 'My Heart's In The Highlands, But My Feet Are In Bombay,' or 'I Was The Victim Of A Terrible Explosion'.

GRAMS:

SCOTTISH MUSIC; BAGPIPES, GUNSHOT, BAGPIPES DIE

GREENSLADE:

Yes, it was 18-8-twa and the laird Red Hairy Burke lay deeing on his bed, shot in the chatters.

BURKE:

[SELLERS]

Aye, aaarr nach the nelly noo. (ETC) Andy? Andrew?

ANDY:

[CHISHOLM]

Aye, my laird, aye. Take it easy, the noo.

BURKE:

Oh, dear, I've noo got long to goo, the noo.

ANDY:

Here, here, now wait. Have a wee drop of Red Agony whisky.

BURKE:

Aye, aye, aye, aye! Pour it doon my throat, lad.

GRAMS:

POURING SOUNDS, BAGPIPES EXPLODE AND DIE

BURKE:

Oh, that's better. Andy? We'll get the will out and let ma family in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

MANY, MANY FOOTSTEPS

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

BURKE:

Well, I've had a good life. Now, are ya all here, lads?

OMNES:

MANY ASSORTED 'AYES' AND 'ARRRRRS'

BURKE:

Where is wee Gillie? Gillie?

GILLIE:

[ELLINGTON]

(SCOTTISH ACCENT) Here I am, the noo, Dad.

BURKE:

Wee Gillie, the black sheep of the family! (PAUSE FOR AUDIENCE LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE) Now, my lads, as you all noo, I'm leaving the castle and one million pounds!

FX:

DOOR OPENS, RUNNING SOUND

MORIARTY:

(HAS APPROACHED, GURGLING) Ah, my little Scottish daddy, I love you, I love you (KISSING). A million pounds, och, aye, man! It's a braw bricht moonlit nicht... (SCOTTISH-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

BURKE:

What's this chattering reeky wearing the hand-painted brown paper kilt?

MORIARTY:

Ach, mon ami! I am your old son, Jack McMoriarty. Ow, Scottish-type man, ow. Needle-noddle-needle-new, needle-new, needle nodule new. Ow McOw. A million pounds, McOw.

BURKE:

Must have been that terrible weekend in Brussels, you know. Andy, read the will.

FX:

PAPER RUSTLING

OMNES:

(ANTICIPATION TYPE SOUNDS)

ANDY:

Alright, right, right, right. Let me clear... let me clear my throat first, wait a minute. Right. I, Laird Red Harry MacBurke (SPITS), being of partial sound mind, leave ma fortune to the first Scotsman to reach the South Pole and play the bagpipes there. The noo.

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, BAGPIPES

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

GRAMS:

RUSHING FEET APPROACHING, CAR BRAKES

MORIARTY:

(OUT OF BREATH) Grytpype? Grytpype? (KNOCKS, SEARCHING) Grytpype? Where are you?

FX:

DUSTBINS BEING SEARCHED

MORIARTY:

Grytpype? Grytpype? Grytpype? Grytpype? Which dustbin are you in?

GRYTPYPE:

(OFF) The one with the TV aerial on top.

MORIARTY:

Listen: The million pounds go to the first man to play the bagpipes at the South Pole!

GRYTPYPE:

Curses! Neither of us can play the confounded instrument.

MORIARTY:

Ah! But we could learn!

GRYTPYPE:

No man has ever learned to play the instrument.

MORIARTY:

I don't wish to know that but think of what we could do with all the money!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, for a start I could have you painlessly destroyed.

MORIARTY:

Owww-owwwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

And again.

MORIARTY:

Ow!

GRYTPYPE:

That's your pair of ows complete for the day.

MORIARTY:

There's nothing like a pair of ows for fun!

GRYTPYPE:

To continue. Ah... Greenslade? Would you read my part, dear boy, I'm rather tired to say it now.

GREENSLADE:

(OFF) Right. (READS) There's only one man living who has that much fat on him.

GRYTPYPE:

I said that?

GREENSLADE:

Yep. You said, 'I know the man, it's Neddie Seagoon'.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie Seagoon! I wonder what *he's* doing now?

SEAGOON:

I've been wondering when I'd get a line in this show, that's what I've been wondering! It's me, folks, Neddie! (LAUGHS)

GRAMS:

CHEERING

SEAGOON:

Well done, well done, well done, settle down, settle down, settle down.

GRYTPYPE:

Where are you at the moment, Neddie?

SEAGOON:

At Rowton House.

GRYTPYPE:

Which one are you?

SEAGOON:

Me.

GRYTPYPE:

Come, Moriarty.

FX:

WHOOSH

GRYTPYPE:

Follow that whoosh.

ORCHESTRA:

SCOTTISH MUSIC LINK

SIR BEALBUM:

[MILLIGAN]

Oh, ooh. I've been in Rowton House for 89 years. How long... how long have you been in residence in Rowton House?

SEAGOON:

I was born here, Sir Bealburn. I've never done a day's work in my life. Here's my OBE to prove it!

(LAUGHS)

SELLERS:

(NASALLY AUSTRALIAN ACCENT) Don't like what they're sayin', Pat.

VOICE:

I'm the [UNCLEAR].

SECOMBE:

What about the lads in China?

SIR BEALBUM:

Oh, oh. How proud your mother must be of your OBE.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Of course, I have a private income.

SIR BEALBUM:

(GASPS) A private income? Where from, lad?

SEAGOON:

The Labor Exchange.

SIR BEALBUM:

Ohhh...

FX:

(RAPID KNOCKING ON DOOR)

SEAGOON:

Quick! Into the bathchairs, it might be work!

SIR BEALBUM:

Oh! Quick!

FX:

CHAINS RATTLING

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) (OLD VOICE) Come in, sir.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Are you Neddie Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

(OLD) Yes, but I'm... I'm too old for work. I've always been delicate, aye, yeah. Since I fell off the top of Mt. Everest.

GRYTPYPE:

What were you doing up there?

SEAGOON:

Fishing.

GRYTPYPE:

Fishing? 29,000 feet above sea level?

SEAGOON:

Well, I... I had a long line. (LAUGHS) Do you get it? A long line? (LAUGHS, SUBDUED) Ahem.

GRYTPYPE:

Inmates, I'm here to offer one of you work.

OMNES:

(GENERALLY UNWILLING, ILL)

SECOMBE:

Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb.

GRYTPYPE:

Let me explain. We are offering a thousand pounds for a man to play the bagpipes.

GRAMS:

SILENCE, THEN MASSED SCOTTISH BAGPIPE BANDS

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, thank you, thank you. Now, who can we interview first?

MILLIGAN:

Um. Ah, wrong voice.

MORIARTY:

Ow! (LAUGHS) You may interview Jock McGeldray.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

SEAGOON:

All lies! That wasn't bagpipes, that was a nose. I'm your man, I'm fit. Feel the muscles on these teeth! I can play the pipes! Needle-noddle-needle-noddle, needle-noodle-nodle-nuuuu!

GRYTPYPE:

All right, Neddie, all right, all right. Listen carefully. These five envelopes numbered one to ten contain your instructions. Open one at a time.

FX:

ENVELOPE OPENING

SEAGOON:

I see. 'You will go to 29 New James Street'. Right. Taxi!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

WILLIUM:

Yes, mate, where to?

SEAGOON:

That's my affair. You just drive.

WILLIUM:

All right.

GRAMS:

CAR STARTING WITH TROUBLE, EVENTUALLY FAILS

WILLIUM:

That'll be four and three, mate.

SEAGOON:

What for?

WILLIUM:

A new starter.

SEAGOON:

So you want a starter, eh? Right - on your mark - get set - go!

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

GRAMS:

RUNNING,

WILLIUM:

(MAKES CAR NOISES) Mate. Oh, mate... (SPEEDS UP) Oooeerr, mate....

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) Oh, fiend, Seagoon! And, so saying, I entered 29 New James Street.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, SHOP BELL RINGS

SEAGOON:

Anybody in?

HENRY CRUN:

You are. Min? Min? It's a man chained to a bed.

SEAGOON:

Good morning.

HENRY CRUN:

Morning.

MINNIE:

Good morning.

HENRY CRUN AND MINNIE:

(A CHORUS OF 'MORNING'S)

SEAGOON:

Good morning. Thank you!

HENRY CRUN AND MINNIE:

(VARIOUS 'GOOD MORNING'S)

SEAGOON:

How very, very pleasant. Just a moment, while I open envelop No. 2.

FX:

OPENS ENVELOPE

SEAGOON:

(MAD LAUGHTER) Yes! It says I must buy a South Pole expedition.

HENRY CRUN:

What size, sir?

SEAGOON:

Well, I take a six and 7/8ths stomach.

HENRY CRUN:

Double X, Min.

MINNIE:

Double X coming up, buddy.

FX:

PARCEL BEING WRAPPED

MINNIE:

There. There you are, buddy, modern buddy.

HENRY CRUN:

Try this blizzard on for size.

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD SOUNDS

SEAGOON:

Just a minute! This blizzard's got a hole in the trousers! The wind's getting in!

HENRY CRUN:

You haven't done the zip up, sir.

FX:

ZIP

SEAGOON:

Ah, ha! Woo-hoo! Ha-ha, that's better.

MINNIE:

One trouser mending.

SEAGOON:

Next, I want a pair of arctic bagpipes.

HENRY CRUN:

Ah, yes, sir, we have the very thing.

MINNIE:

(MUMBLING) We have the pish-too!

HENRY CRUN:

Ah, the pish-too. They are filled with anti-freeze.

SEAGOON:

I knew her well. Envelope no. 3 says:

GREENSLADE:

(MUFFLED VOICE) You will form your expedition up on the Falkland Islands, 3,000 miles south of the Antarctic.

SEAGOON:

Right! Goodbye! Hup!

FX:

SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah!

GREENSLADE:

(MUFFLED) Meantime, in the Antarctic, a certain person claiming to be of Scottish blood has joined in the chase.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME IN SCOTTISH STYLE

GRAMS:

FRED THE OYSTER

BLOODNOK:

Ohh, Ohh. Ohhh. Oh, me pipes are frozen, oh! Oh, oh, oh, oh. Singhiz, Singhiz!

SINGHIZ THING:

Coming, Major, coming, sir, coming. All the girls are coming, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Get you and your baboo friend to thaw out me pipes, will you?

SINGHIZ THING:

At once. Mr Lalkaka! Where are you purporting to be, sir?

LALKAKA:

Ah, Mr. Banagee. I've been insulating my loincloth... (PAUSE FOR AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) I've been insulating my loincloth against the extreme drop in the temperature earlier, you understand.

SINGHIZ THING:

It has come upon us to remove the frost condition of Major Bloodnok, sir. Bagpipes, man.

LALKAKA:

Oh, indeed, oh, indeed, now.

SINGHIZ THING:

Indeed it is, so true.

LALKAKA:

If you will hold the instrument obliquely to the ground I will be putting the blow torch along the top, you...

GRAMS:

BLOW LAMP FLAME NOISES

SINGHIZ THING:

Oww! Mind what you are doing, man, I'm only wearing a loincloth, [UNCLEAR]!

LALKAKA:

What are... what are you saying?

SINGHIZ THING:

[UNCLEAR]. You don't want the Singhiz Thing to be burnt, do you? Please proceed with caution, now, and do not intensify the flame. Or the the bagpipe [UNCLEAR] will disintegrate, do you understand?

LALKAKA:

Yes, I understand. [UNCLEAR].

SINGHIZ THING:

Oh, [UNCLEAR]. Oh, heavens, man, I wish I was back in Baranda. Ohhh dear.

LALKAKA:

Baranda for you, man. But my heart is in Bombay and my feet are in the Highlands!

SINGHIZ THING:

You too have... you too have been the victim of a terrible explosion, then.

LALKAKA:

I am one fat Bengali baboo.

SINGHIZ THING:

In calicat long lived.

(THE FOLLOWING DONE AS A POETIC CHANT)

LALKAKA:

Missi gime three times daily.

SINGHIZ THING:

But on Sunday I get none.

LALKAKA:

What will I do for I shall die?

SINGHIZ THING:

Then my wife and children cry.

LALKAKA:

They will make a bonfire of me.

SINGHIZ THING:

They will throw me in the sea.

LALKAKA:

That will be the end of me.

SINGHIZ THING:

Hooray.

LALKAKA:

Hooray.

AUDIENCE:

(LOUD APPLAUSE)

SPRIGGS:

(UNDER APPLAUSE) I don't like what they're doing, Jim.

GRAMS:

BAGPIPES ON FIRE; EXPLODES

BLOODNOK:

(SCREAMS) Me bagpipes are on fire!

MILLIGAN:

Fire!

FX:

(FIRE ENGINES ARRIVE)

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard the call, stand aside! Hooray! Unrolls hose. Squirt, squirt, squirty, squirty! What's the matter back there? Are you pumping?

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) Yeah! I'm pumping, my man! But there's no water! Oh, somebody clapped! Oh, no! I didn't really need it, folks! Now then, I've been pumping but there's no water! There never is any water in the Sahara Desert!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, did you say the Sahara Desert?

ECCLES:

I said 'the Sahara Desert'.

BLOODNOK:

I thought it was too hot for the Antarctic. Captain Idiot!

CAPT. IDIOT:

[SECOMBE]

Yes, sir?

BLOODNOK:

You fool, you! We're 32,000 miles off course already!

CAPT. IDIOT:

Well, nobody's perfect.

BLOODNOK:

You naughty-nitty-natty-nit gentlemen, you. Your compass must have been faulty.

CAPT. IDIOT:

Faulty? I can't understand it! It was a perfectly good Christmas cracker I got it out of!

BLOODNOK:

Was there a guarantee with it?

CAPT. IDIOT:

Oh, yes, it said, em, Question: When is a door not a door? Answer: When it's ajar!

BLOODNOK:

Well, you know, a guarantee like that cannot *easily* be dismissed. True, true, true. However, I shall try. Guaranteeeeeee... Diiiiis-missed!

FX:

A FEW MARCH STEPS, INTO COLD BAGPIPE, STORM SOUNDS

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, Seagoon reached the Falklands on board an ice flow. Ice Flo? Gad, how I love that woman!

SEAGOON:

Ah, dear. I can't see a foot in this blizzard. Mr. Spriggs, hold yours up.

JIM SPRIGGS:

Hello, Jim. Hello, Jiii-iiiiim! Oh. (APPLAUSE) You don't have to do this, folks.

SEAGOON:

What's our position?

JIM SPRIGGS:

Standing up, Jim.

SEAGOON:

Where's the compass?

JIM SPRIGGS:

Oh! Jim. Oh, Jim. I haven't got one, Jim. Oh, Jim. Ohhhhh, Jiii.... (MILLIGAN CORPSES) Oh, Jim. Oh, Jiiiiiiiiim.

SEAGOON:

I'll "Oh, Jiiiiiiiiim" you with a club in a minute. Here, pull this cracker.

FX:

POP

JIM SPRIGGS:

Oh, look, a compass. And a paper hat.

SEAGOON:

Give it to me. I'm leader of the expedition. There. (LAUGHS) How do I look?

JIM SPRIGGS:

Ahhhhhh, Jim!

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) Cheeky!

JIM SPRIGGS:

He knows, you know.

(SINGS) When you go dancing

You seem so entrancing

They call you the belle of the baaaaa-aaaaaaall!

When you go dancing...

FX:

BASH

JIM SPRIGGS:

I Don't like clubbing, Jim.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) Now, let's get on with the South Pole. Let's check the compass. 91 degrees north. 87 degrees west.

JIM SPRIGGS:

Where are we?

SEAGOON:

Lost. But! I have the exact position of it!

FX:

SHIP'S HORN

CAPT. TOM:

[SELLERS]

Ahoy, there, mariners! (NAUTICAL-TYPE GIBBERISH)

FX:

SHIP'S HORN

SEAGOON:

Look! (LAUGHS) We're saved! A ship and the captain's name is Tom! (SHOUTS) Ahoy, who are you?

CAPT. TOM:

We're the Woolwich Free ferry!

SEAGOON:

You're 50,000 miles from Woolwich. Your compass must be wrong!

CAPT. TOM:

I got it out a Christmas cracker!

SEAGOON:

I must get a new compass. Could you take me back to England?

CAPT. TOM:

Have you got a ticket?

SEAGOON:

No. Who do I get it from?

CAPT. TOM:

Ticket office on Woolwich Pier.

SEAGOON:

Right! I won't be long. Hup!

FX:

SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah again!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD

GREENSLADE:

Seven years later.

CAPT. TOM:

Well, I tell you, if he ain't back in another 10 minutes I'm not waiting no longer. My dinner's getting cold.

SEAGOON:

Ahoy!

CAPT. TOM:

Ah, here he come now. Gi's a hand, my darling.

FX:

WATER AGAINST BULKHEAD

SEAGOON:

Ah! Ah! Darling, friend.

CAPT. TOM:

Did you get your... your ticket, my darlin'?

SEAGOON:

No, it was half-day early closing.

CAPT. TOM:

(HEAVING SOUND)

FX:

SPLASH

SEAGOON:

You swine, you'll pay for this!

CAPT. TOM:

How much?

SEAGOON:

Three pounds down and three shillings up!

CAPT. TOM:

Arrrr!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

(EVEN MORE MUFFLED) Hello, folks! A special announcement. Slowly, oh, so slowly, Neddie's ice flow floated nearer the South Pole.

ORCHESTRA:

SCOTTISH-TYPE LINK MUSIC

SEAGOON:

As we neared the South Pole, we ran into Bloodnok and his party.

GRAMS:

BIG CRASH

BLOODNOK:

You silly explorer, you. Didn't you see my indicator sticking out?

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry, sir, I was conducting Beethoven's 5th Symphony and I wasn't listening.

BLOODNOK:

Good luck.

SEAGOON:

I say! I say, those dark-skinned porters of yours, what... what...what race are they?

BLOODNOK:

The 3:30, you wanna place any bets, do you?

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry, all my currency is frozen.

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

But what are the short ones without beards?

BLOODNOK:

Oh, those are Eskimos.

SEAGOON:

And what are the ones *with* beards?

BLOODNOK:

Those are Eskimos who haven't shaved.

SEAGOON:

I see. But why do only half of them shave?

BLOODNOK:

So that they can tell the difference. (ASIDE) Can we have music for this bit, please?

ORCHESTRA:

VIOLIN 'HEARTS AND FLOWERS'

BLOODNOK:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Tell the difference from what?

BLOODNOK:

Between those with beards and those without.

JIM SPRIGGS:

I don't like this, Jim.

ALL THREE:

(SHUT UP, SHUT UP... ETC.)

SEAGOON:

Singing fool. To avoid all this confusion, why don't the ones without beards grow beards?

BLOODNOK:

Well, that'd be rather unfair.

SEAGOON:

Unfair? Why?

BLOODNOK:

The one without beards are women, you see. That's how they tell the difference, you understand.

SEAGOON:

This is ridiculous. I've never known of family's growing beards to differentiate between the sexes. Have you, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah. It happened in *my* family. When I was young, I couldn't tell the difference between my mother or father. So, my father made my mother grow a beard.

SEAGOON:

Ahhh. And you were able to tell the difference?

ECCLES:

Nope.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

ECCLES:

My father had a beard, too!

ALL:

(SHUT UP, SHUT UP... VARIOUS, IN AGONY, STRIKING ECCLES)

JIM SPRIGGS:

I don't like clubbing, Jim.

ORCHESTRA:

WAILING BAGPIPE LINK

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD

SEAGOON:

(AGONISED LAUGHTER) Now then, what does the *third* envelope say?

ENVELOPE:

[SELLERS]

I say, you're two miles from the Pole.

SEAGOON:

Did you hear that, Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I did, a man doing an impression of an envelope.

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

[MILLIGAN]

Major, Major, look, a polar bear is approaching!

BLOODNOK:

My goodness, yes. And he must be very old, it's... it's gone white with age!

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

No, he's wearing a wig.

BLOODNOK:

Oh. That's what it is. It's coming this way.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, I've got a gun.

BLOODNOK:

Shoot, Seagoon, shoot!

FX:

GUNSHOT

ECCLES:

Okay, I've shot Seagoon, what now?

SEAGOON:

You fool, Eccles!

ECCLES:

You fool... oh!

BLOODNOK:

You fool.

ECCLES:

Ok, I was only pretending to shoot. I wasn't really shooting, I was only... I was going... Bang! Buzarang, bang, bang, bang! Down goes the polar bear! Down goes the polar bear! Bang bang, bang, bang! Bang! Another polar bear. Bang! Bang! Got a block of ice. Bong! Bing-bong! BANG! Click! Click? I must have run out of bullets! (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Nope, nope, nope. Thank you.

JIM SPRIGGS:

I don't like this clubbing, Jim.

SEAGOON:

You idiots! While you've been playing naughty games, the bear's escaped in a taxi! We'll camp here for the night. Tomorrow, the South Pole!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK MUSIC

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD SOUNDS

ECCLES:

(EATING SOUNDS)

BLUEBOTTLE:

You asleep, Eccles?

ECCLES:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You asleep, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah! Yeah!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, you'd better lie down, then.

ECCLES:

I... I'm... I am lying down but I lie down standing up.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You're a man of the world, ain't you, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Yeh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah, Bottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You ever been to the South Pole?

ECCLES:

No. No, but I once jumped off Beachy Head.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, how nice for you, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Well, I... I didn't want to do it, Bottle, but a man paid me to commit suicide for him.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Did he die, then?

ECCLES:

No, that was the trouble, when I got back up top he was still alive.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What did he do?

ECCLES:

He asked for his money back!

BLUEBOTTLE:

And did you?

ECCLES:

Well, I had to. I went to a doctor and the doctor said I wasn't dead.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, well. Don't you worry, Eccles. Being dead isn't everything in life.

ECCLES:

(MUMBLES)

ORCHESTRA:

OMINOUS MUSIC

BLUEBOTTLE:

What's that modern-type music?

SEAGOON:

It is meant to indicate a disaster. During the night there was a crack in the ice. And the sledge with the bagpipes fell in. All this way for nothing!

BLOODNOK:

Look! The South Pole is only over there by that bus stop. Can't we *make* some bagpipes?

SEAGOON:

No, we... we haven't any plans. We need hollow pipes. Any case, we... we need to drill holes in them.

BLOODNOK:

Well, I can drill holes. Holes! Leeeeft turn!

FX:

BOOTS ON PARADE

BLOODNOK:

Quiiiiick march!

FX:

HOLES MARCHING AWAY

SEAGOON:

You fool! You've let the holes march away! All is lost!

ECCLES:

No, don't worry, Neddie. Me... me and Bottle got a set of bagpipes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, we put hot water in them and used them as hot-water bottles.

SEAGOON:

You did? (LAUGHS MANIACALLY)

ECCLES:

What's the matter with him?

BLUEBOTTLE:

[That's the pills]?

SEAGOON:

(SECOMBE CORPSES) Give them to me. I must have that thousand pounds.

BLOODNOK:

No, no, no, no, I must have it. Me, Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, my pal.

BLOODNOK:

Please. Please

SEAGOON:

I saw you first.

BLOODNOK:

Give it me, Eccles.

SEAGOON:

I knew you when you were...

BLOODNOK:

My pal, my mate.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, please!

ECCLES:

Neddy, wait a minute.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, [UNCLEAR], Eccles.

ECCLES:

What the matter? What do you want my bagpipe for? What's the matter with them?

SEAGOON:

My chum.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Be careful with them, Eccles, I know their tricks.

ECCLES:

What do they do?

BLUEBOTTLE:

One of them holds up a hoop and the other jumps through it.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok! Bloodnok, Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Er, what?

SEAGOON:

Let's be sensible. Let's be sensible. If we get these bagpipes... (LAUGHS MANIACALLY) ...we can share the phish-too money!

BLOODNOK:

Agreed!

SEAGOON:

Share the money! (LAUGHS)

BLOODNOK:

Let's overpower them.

SEAGOON:

Right! I'll take my socks off now!

GRAMS:

VARIOUS MILITARY SOUNDS; BLIZZARD; BAGPIPES

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Moriarty. One of them got to the Pole and played the bagpipes. Unfortunately, owing to the blizzard, I can't make out who it is.

GREENSLADE:

But, by next week, we hope to know. So, tune in for the results. Good night, all.

ORCHESTRA:

CLOSING TUNE

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC-recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with George Chisholm, the Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray and the orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer, Wallace Greenslade. The program produced by Charles Chilton.