

S8 E20 - Ten Snowballs That Shook The World

Transcription by Footo, small changes by Paul Webster. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

SPRIGGS:

This *is* the BBC Home Service.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentleman, "Ten Snowballs That Shook The World." This has no story and is basically a fantasia. And is a dead liberty.

SELLERS:

We take you back to the London Stock Exchange in 1882. Tin, wool and rain are falling, the market is reclining under the news.

GRAMS:

STOCK EXCHANGE AMBIENT SOUNDS

PLYNNE:

[MILLIGAN]

(CLEARS THROAT) Hello Spewells.

SPEWELLS:

[SELLERS]

Hello Plynne.

PLYNNE:

Yes.

SPEWELLS:

Oh, you know there's talk of the bank rate going up, do you?

PLYNNE:

Oh?

SPEWELLS:

Hnuh.

PLYNNE:

When'd you hear that?

SPEWELLS:

Hnn, on the gramophone this morning.

PLYNNE:

Oh.

SPEWELLS:

Hmm.

PLYNNE:

It sounds rather dangerous, I...

SPEWELLS:

Hnn?

PLYNNE:

...I think there must have been a leak.

SPEWELLS:

Why?

PLYNNE:

I saw a plumber going in.

SPEWELLS:

Oh. Yeh. Hmm.

PLYNNE:

Hnn.

SPEWELLS:

Gad.

PLYNNE:

Gad.

SPEWELLS:

Water must be flooding the market.

PLYNNE:

We'd better buy some right away, I think.

SPEWELLS:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks! Hello, folks! Hello, folks! Hello, folks! Hello, folks! Hello, folks! This is when I come in, me, Neddie!

GRAMS:

CHEERS

SEAGOON:

Stop! Stop! (GRAMS STOPS) Stop, folks. Stop, folks. Thank you, folks. At the time I was a runner on the stock exchange. I wore the silver greyhound and carried a ginger tomcat.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie. Neddie, sterling is in danger. It's dropped from F sharp to E flat. It must be saved in the key of G.

SEAGOON:

You're right, Grytpype. And so saying, I swore myself to secrecy. Damn! Blast! Dash!

GRYTPYPE:

The first thing you do, Neddie, is to warn the occupants of the Eddystone Lighthouse.

SEAGOON:

Right!

ORCHESTRA:

NAUTICAL THEME

GRAMS:

SEASIDE SOUNDS

GRAMS:

SAWING, HAMMERING, SAWING

MINNIE:

I'm... I sit and cobble at the break of day. I sit and cobble [UNCLEAR].

HENRY CRUN:

What are you doing, Min?

MINNIE:

I'm mending your socks, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Min!

MINNIE:

Hen!

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, you! Min!

MINNIE:

Hen!

HENRY CRUN:

Min, you turned the lighthouse light out last night.

MINNIE:

I know, we can't afford to keep it on all night!

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, you devil of a woman, modern Min!

MINNIE:

Oh!

HENRY CRUN:

Oh... Shh, shhhh-toooo.... Listen.

MINNIE:

Hen, I can't hear anything.

HENRY CRUN:

Neither can I. That's the third time today.

MINNIE:

Oh. Oh! Oh, there's somebody down there! We'll all be murdered in our lighthouses!

SEAGOON:

(DISTANT) Ho!

MINNIE:

Oh, go away, naughty man!

SEAGOON:

(INDISTINCT CALLING)

MINNIE:

Oh. Oh, no!

HENRY CRUN:

What? What? What?

MINNIE:

Henry! Oh!

SEAGOON:

[UNCLEAR] while you're up there!

HENRY CRUN:

What?

SEAGOON:

[UNCLEAR] while you're up there!

HENRY CRUN:

Stand on your head, put on this parachute, count ten backwards, then push the string.

SEAGOON:

What happens then?

HENRY CRUN:

We come down and let you in.

SEAGOON:

(NEAR) Well, let's pretend I'm in, alright? (LAUGHS)

CRUN & MINNIE:

(MUTTERING)

MINNIE:

Alright, then.

SEAGOON:

I'm cryptic Ned.

CRUN & MINNIE:

(MUTTERING)

SEAGOON:

I've brought this message. It's written on the soles of my feet.

HENRY CRUN:

Ah, ha ha. A footnote! Ha ha ha!

CRUN & MINNIE:

(LAUGH)

MINNIE:

This little piggy went to market. Ohhh....

HENRY CRUN:

(LAUGHS)

SEAGOON:

It contains a mimeographed copy of Beethoven's Fifth, complete with ukulele chords.

HENRY:

Have you read it?

FX:

PHONE RINGS

SEAGOON:

Hello?

THROAT:

Buy Grubbo dog food.

SEAGOON:

Right! So *that's* commercial television.

HENRY CRUN:

Min, play that message.

MINNIE:

At once!

GRAMS:

SPED UP MUSIC WITH SINGING

MINNIE:

And it's signed.... Oh.

HENRY CRUN:

That sounds serious to me.

MINNIE:

Serious music.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, sterling is dropping in the key of E flat!

MINNIE:

I'll get a floorcloth at once.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh. [UNCLEAR].

MINNIE:

Now, listen, listen boys. We mustn't... Now, must keep cool. Minnie Bannister, keep cool now. Don't get excited. Don't get excited, now. Now, listen. Let's all have some Indian... TEEEEEEAAAAA...!

FX:

TEA CUPS CLATTERING

MINNIE:

Nice tea. One or two spoons, Ned?

SEAGOON:

Two, please!

FX:

CLINK, CLINK

MINNIE:

Sorry we haven't any sugar.

FX:

SLURP

SEAGOON:

My plan to save Sterling is to raffle the equator in the key of E flat.

HENRY CRUN:

(GROANS)

MINNIE AND HENRY:

(SIMULTANEOUSLY) Pooie pooie pooie pooie!

HENRY CRUN:

It's the rainy season.

MINNIE:

Yes!

HENRY CRUN:

The equator's under water.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha! I have forestalled that. I'm wearing the plans of a soundproof oilskin!

HENRY CRUN:

A perfect disguise!

MINNIE:

Perfect, perfeeeeect, Neddy.

HENRY CRUN:

But how will we recognise you?

SEAGOON:

Here's half a moustache. If ever you meet a man with the other half, it'll be me.

HENRY CRUN:

All right, I'll be disguised as...

FX:

SAXOPHONE RIFF

HENRY CRUN:

...in C sharp.

SEAGOON:

Splendid. Now I'm off to establish raffle book patrols all along the equator.

MINNIE:

You sinful man, you!

SEAGOON:

Meantime, here is Max Geldray who will perform a certain unsavoury action.

MAX GELDRAV:

"I CAN'T GET STARTED"

GREENSLADE:

"Ten Snowballs That Shook The World". Bad news: part 2 in F sharp.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Yes, what... what is it, Grytpype? What is it?

GRYTPYPE:

Take a letter in gargling fluid.

MORIARTY:

Ahya. (SLURP)

GRYTPYPE:

To the Postmaster General. Dear General...

MORIARTY:

(GARGLING NOISES)

GRYTPYPE:

According to the shape of my knees...

MORIARTY:

(GARGLING NOISES)

GRYTPYPE:

I believe that an illegal raffle...

MORIARTY:

(GARGLING NOISES)

GRYTPYPE:

For the equator is being held...

MORIARTY:

(GARGLING NOISES, HIGHER PITCH)

GRYTPYPE:

And for certain monies I will reveal the organiser.

ECCLES:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

I say. I say.

ECCLES:

Yup.

SEAGOON:

There's a man standing on your head.

ECCLES:

He's the driver.

WILLIUM:

Yes, hurry up and get in, mate, we're leaving. Ahhaay!

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

WILLIUM:

Mates, all... Ohhhh...

ECCLES:

[UNCLEAR]. Chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff. (EATING SOUNDS) Chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff, chuff... woowooo!

GRAMS:

TRAIN ON TRACK SOUNDS

SEAGOON:

Is this anybody's seat?

WILLIUM:

Yes, it's anybody's. Jim Anybody.

SEAGOON:

Gad! You're supposed to be driving this train!

WILLIUM:

Yeah, but standing on Eccles' 'ead 'urts me kippers.

ECCLES:

Um, mind if I come in?

SEAGOON:

Idiot, you're the engine!

WILLIUM:

Aurgh.

SEAGOON:

What are you doing in the carriage?

ECCLES:

Well, I like a bit of cup of tea, my man.

SEAGOON:

Well, sit down there and don't steam on me.

ECCLES:

All right. Wait, this seat is dangerous, it's got no bottom on it!

SEAGOON:

Well sit on it and it will have!

ECCLES:

Oooowooo!

SEAGOON:

What's that for?

ECCLES:

We're coming up to a tunnel.

FX:

PHONE RINGS

SEAGOON:

Hello?

THROAT:

Eat Grubbo dog food.

SEAGOON:

Right! (SOUNDS OF EATING) Gulp. (HORN SOUNDS, CORK POPS) Ah! That's better.

BLOODNOK:

Ohohoh.

SEAGOON:

Oh, it's nice to be able to afford luxuries. What's a million pounds to me, there's a fortune at my disposal.

SPRIGGS:

(DISTANT) All tickets please!

SEAGOON:

Quick! Under the seat!

SPRIGGS:

All tickets, please. All tickets plee-eease. (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Oh. A lot of people on the train. Now, look here, sir.... (SECOMBE LAUGHS) Now... uh... Oh! Oh! What are you doing under that seat, Jim?

SEAGOON:

I... I'm... I'm just visiting a midget named George.

SPRIGGS:

Named George? I can't see him.

SEAGOON:

Er, he's moved, hahahaha. Now what time do we get to the Equator?

SPRIGGS:

Oh, about... come on, now, Jim. Where's your ticket, Jim?

SEAGOON:

Here.

SPRIGGS:

This is a raffle ticket, Jim.

SEAGOON:

That'll be half a crown.

FX:

CASH REGISTER CHIMES

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

SPRIGGS:

Here, oh, Jim, when's the draw, Jim?

SEAGOON:

Now, now is the draw. Put your ticket in this hat.

SPRIGGS:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Right. Draw!

SPRIGGS:

Oh, it's my ticket, I've won! (SING-SONG) I've wo-on, Jim! What's the prize, Jim?

SEAGOON:

The raffle ticket you found in the hat!

SPRIGGS:

Grab him! He hasn't got a ticket!

WILLIUM:

So, off he goes! Oh!

SEAGOON:

Ahhhh!

GRAMS:

SOUND OF TRAIN LEAVING

SEAGOON:

(HEAVY BREATHING) Gasping. The fiend, he threw me out!

WILLIUM:

And forgot to let go!

SEAGOON:

Well I... I didn't hurt myself. Strange. I wonder why?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You fell on me, you swine! (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Eee! Hello everybody. Look at me, flatted. I'm flat all over.

SEAGOON:

You'll be all right as long as you don't stand sideways.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well I have to go sideways 'cause of my new tune. It's from my latest record and it's called...

(ACCOMPANIED BY ORCHESTRA)

Sideways, through the sewers of the Strand

On a Sunday afternoon,

Sideways, through the sewers of the Strand

Will be our honeymoon.

Ankle deep in sludge dear,

We'll walk hand in hand.

They do say that the sewers of the Strand are the...

ECCLES:

Are the finest in the land.

BOTH:

I'm a telling ya.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Sideways, through the sewers of the Strand

Will be a paradise for two,

MINNIE:

Twoo!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Who cares if the atmosphere is blue?

Oh-ho!

There is nothing wrong

With a good old British pong!

Sideways, through the sewers of the Strand with you!

I don't mean maybe!

GRAMS:

TATTY CHORD, FOLLOWED BY LOUD APPLAUSE AND CHEERING.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hey! Ta, thank you. Next, my impression of Eccles.

ECCLES:

Hallo, Bluebottle!

ECCLES:

Thank you. Now an impression of Rita Hayworth, that famous star of stage, screen and registry office. Hey!

ECCLES:

Here! I... I'd like to marry her.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will never marry her!

ECCLES:

Oh? Why not?

BLUEBOTTLE:

She told me so.

GREENSLADE:

Silence!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ah, hey!

GREENSLADE:

Silence, while I announce part three. The scene, the heart of Port-Sahid.

ORCHESTRA:

MAJOR BLOODNOK'S THEME

BLOODNOK:

Ah, urgh.

GRAMS:

RATTLING NOISE, FOLLOWED BY FOGHORN THAT RAPIDLY INCREASES IN PITCH

BLOODNOK:

Oh, ho, ho, ho! Oh, ho! Oh, ho, ho! Oh! Oh, dear! Oh, dear, dear! It's a touch of the Bombay Belly, you know. Oh! Oh, dear. I'll never eat another Bombay Belly as long as I live. Folks.

SEAGOON:

Ahoy, in the key of E flat.

BLOODNOK:

Great splats of fowl! A man with half a moustache and a billboard advertising "Davy."

SEAGOON:

Who's the captain of this dirty old lugger?

BLOODNOK:

What? Me!

SEAGOON:

Right, take me to him.

BLOODNOK:

This is his cabin.

FX:

KNOCKING

BLOODNOK:

Oh, no answer. I'll, um, see if he's in. Oh, ho, ho, and he's out. I'll, um...

FX:

KNOCKING

BLOODNOK:

What do you want?

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

That's me.

SEAGOON:

Me? That's the name of the Captain.

BLOODNOK:

You're lucky you found me, I've only just got in, you know.

SEAGOON:

Are you a good sailor?

BLOODNOK:

No, I'm a naughty soldier. Oh, ho ho ho. You see, I've done time, I struck Johan Strauss.

SEAGOON:

Oh, you did waltz time!

ORCHESTRA:

RASPBERRY CHORD

BLOODNOK:

I don't wish to know that.

SEAGOON:

Don't forget to see "Davy", folks, it's better than this. Major, I was told you were a competent navigator.

BLOODNOK:

You filthy swine, you!

SEAGOON:

Look, I must get to the equator tonight!

BLOODNOK:

Abdul?

ABDUL:

(DISTANT) Yes, your highness.

BLOODNOK:

Tell my ATS driver she can put the car away, I shall be needing her.

FX:

PHONE RINGS

SEAGOON:

Hello?

SLYNNE:

[SELLERS]

Is that cryptic Ned?

SEAGOON:

Yes! Here's my card.

SLYNNE:

Thank you. Here's my wardrobe.

SEAGOON:

What huge drawers.

SLYNNE:

Yes, I have friends staying with me. My name's Slynne. I have to inform you that your raffling of the equator in E flat is illegal.

SEAGOON:

I'll change the key to G sharp.

SLYNNE:

(SING-SONG) G sharp, then! (NORMAL) But remember, any other key is illegal.

FX:

PHONE HANGS UP

MORIARTY:

Ah, ah, ah, ow. Did you hear that, Grytpype? He's got permission to raffle the equator!

GRYTPYPE:

Don't worry, hairy French steamer.

MORIARTY:

Owww....

GRYTPYPE:

I have two gentlemen making an imitation equator that will fool any linesman. So, over to...

MORIARTY:

Theeeeem!

GRYTPYPE:

Theeeeem!

GRAMS:

INDIAN MUSIC

FX:

SAWING AND HAMMERING SOUNDS

LALKAKA:

Steady. Steady, steady, steady, now, Mr. Banarjee. Steady, [UNCLEAR] steady.

BANERJEE

Just a moment, please.

LALKAKA:

What that that?

BANERJEE

Please now. Please holding the opposite end, then. Only then can we complete the task of completion.

LALKAKA:

Indeed, indeed, man. Indeed, your reasoning is of sound capacity to my mind, you understand.

BANERJEE

I am aware of that, Mr.... Mr. Lalkaka.

LALKAKA:

[HINDI – SOUNDS LIKE "DIGGAI, DIGGAI"]

BANERJEE

But I am... I am puzzled in the extreme about this task that we are performing.

LALKAKA:

Not only you, man. Not only you but I, too, am puzzled.

BANERJEE

I cannot understand it.

LALKAKA:

I have never before in my entire life made an imitation equator before, you understand.

BANERJEE

Ah. Indeed, but there is always a first time for everything, Mr. Lalkaka.

LALKAKA:

What are you telling me, Mr. Lal...

BANERJEE

I'm telling you that everything...

LALKAKA:

Mr. Banerjee, I am not understanding what you we are doing.

BANERJEE

But you don't...

SEAGOON:

Hands up in C sharp minor!

BANERJEE

Good heavens in Hindu!

SEAGOON:

Hand over the equator! Right, got it. Greenslade, make an announcement that will get me away.

GREENSLADE:

In a trice, Cryptic Ned trekked over land with his destination, Christies of Bond Street.

LALKAKA:

Good heavens.

GRAMS:

TRIBAL SINGING AND DRUMMING

SEAGOON:

(BREATHLESS) Keep up, men. Bloodnok, how far are we from Bond Street?

BLOODNOK:

Hundred thousand miles.

SEAGOON:

Naaa, we'll never make it by tonight. We'll camp by that telephone.

BLOODNOK:

Ohoho, really? Where's Hugh?

SEAGOON:

Hugh? Hugh who?

BLOODNOK:

Yoo hoo!

SEAGOON:

Yoo hoo, darling!

BLOODNOK:

Shall we dance, dear?

SEAGOON:

Love to dance!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh.

ORCHESTRA:

JAZZY WALTZ

GRAMS:

LOUD SPLASH

FX:

PHONE RINGS, PICKED UP

GREENSLADE:

Hello?

LITTLE JIM:

(ON PHONE) They've fallen in the wa-tah!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"BONA SERA"

GREENSLADE:

Part Four. With the Gulfstream behind them, Neddie and Co. with the imitation equator aboard, made for England on a self-drive raft.

GRAMS:

SPLASH, SEA SOUNDS

ECCLES:

(SINGING) A Life on the ocean wave. Life on the land, as well.

SEAGOON:

Mid-ocean. And still a thousand miles from London. Curse this thirty miles an hour speed limit!

ECCLES:

Pardon me but your ship is slowing.

FX:

GUNSHOT

SEAGOON:

Eccles, that's a nasty bullet hole you have in your head!

ECCLES:

Oh. Funny, it wasn't there a minute ago.

FX:

PHONE RINGS

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes?

NASALLY VOICE:

[SELLERS]

Buy Grubbo Dog Food.

BLOODNOK:

Right!

FX:

DOOR CHIME

MINNIE:

Ahhhh. Morning. Morning, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

MINNIE:

Morning!

BLOODNOK:

Madam!

MINNIE:

Mornmornmornmorning!

BLOODNOK:

I know you're the only shop on this raft, do you sell Grubbo Dog Food?

MINNIE:

Oh, why I... Ye... Oohhhh... Ohhhh...

BLOODNOK:

What's the matter, madam, you look quite well!

MINNIE:

Oh! It... it's Dennis Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Bloodnok?

MINNIE:

Yes!

BLOODNOK:

What has he done to you, that military swine? I'll... Ooh, that's me! Wait! Can it be?

MINNIE:

Oh!

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Where's me old marriage papers?

MINNIE:

What's he doing? What's he doing?

BLOODNOK:

Heavens! It's Minnie Bannister, the toast of Bombay! Well done!

MINNIE:

Ohhhh, Dennis! Oh, naughty Dennis from Poona!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh, naughty Minnie!

MINNIE:

Oh! After all these years, ohhhh... Have you changed much?

BLOODNOK:

Only me vest.

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT SAXOPHONE SOLO

BLOODNOK & MINNIE:

Ohhh!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh! Who are you, sir?

HENRY CRUN:

I'm Henry Crun, disguised as (SHORT SAXOPHONE SOLO) in C sharp.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh, Henry!

HENRY CRUN:

Now, Min, who is this man holding you in a military Sam-Browne-type embrace? I'll...

SEAGOON:

Stop! Crun, put down that sockfull of grit with which Casey was hit!

MINNIE:

Ohhh! Bloodnok... Bloodnok is a friend of my youth.

HENRY CRUN:

You never had one, you old...

SEAGOON:

Take it to court, Mr. Crun.

BLOODNOK:

I insist on diplomatic immunity.

SEAGOON:

Right, roll up your sleeve, it won't hurt.

HENRY CRUN:

I won't roll up my sleeve

ALL ARGUE

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, during this sordid scene, will you please put a blanket over your radios and lower the volume. Meantime, part four: still aboard the raft.

GRAMS:

OCEAN SOUNDS, SEAGULLS

ECCLES:

(SINGING) A Life on the ocean wave. A Life on the ocean wave. A [UNCLEAR] high seas.

SEAGOON:

Fishing?

ECCLES:

What?

SEAGOON:

Fishing?

ECCLES:

Yeah, yeah, I'm... I'm fishing.

SEAGOON:

Hey! That's a big barrel of worms just for one day's fishing.

ECCLES:

Well, I get hungry, too, you know.

SEAGOON:

Bleargh!

ECCLES:

Hey! Look at them pigeons!

SEAGOON:

Pigeons? You idiot, they're gulls!

ECCLES:

Well, boys or gulls, they're nice pigeons!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Land ahoy, captain!

SEAGOON:

Land? Let me taste it. (SOUNDS OF TASTING) It's England!

BLUEBOTTLE:

England!

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

(SINGING) Land of hope and East Finchley.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Mother of the fr...

FX:

CLONK ON HEAD

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ahey! What's the matter with you man? Hitting my nut! It's not paid for yet.

SEAGOON:

We haven't a moment to lose. According to my calculations, two and two are four!

GRAMS:

MASSED CHEERS

SEAGOON:

Thank you! Thank you! (CRIES) Thank you! (FAST) Don't forget to see "Davy", now, Bottle!

MINNIE:

"Davy", folks. "Davy"'s the film.

HENRY CRUN:

See "Davy."

SEAGOON:

Now Bottle, hold up this photograph of Christie's and we'll auction the equator.

CAST:

Rhubarb Rhubarb Rhubarb Custard Custard

AUCTIONEER:

[SELLERS]

Now, lot number one: the equator. What am I bid for this lot?

GREENSLADE:

Money.

AUCTIONEER:

Any advance on money?

GRUFF VOICE:

More money!

AUCTIONEER:

Going for more money?

MILLIGAN:

Mm, yimbomballaboo!

AUCTIONEER:

Any advance on yimbomballaboo?

SEAGOON:

Yimbomballaboo and sixpence!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MORIARTY:

Arr! Hands up all of you! Officer? That's the man, there!

OFFICER:

[SELLERS]

Pardon me, sir, are you the owner of the equator LXW 3457?

SEAGOON:

I am. (FAST) Don't forget to see "Davy," officer.

OFFICER:

Is your equator marked lot one?

SEAGOON:

Yes, that's my lot.

OFFICER:

It certainly is!

SEAGOON:

(HUSHED) Wal?

GREENSLADE:

Mm-hmm?

SEAGOON:

Do us a favour.

GREENSLADE:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

Don't tell the audience that was the end till we've had a good start.

GREENSLADE:

All right.

SEAGOON:

Come on, lads!

FX:

SOUND OF RUNNING FEET

GREENSLADE:

Having given... having given the cowards a fifty yard start, I now inform the audience that that was the end.

GRAMS:

BOOING, YELLING, STAMPEDE

GREENSLADE:

Oh, no! No! No, steady! Steady! No! No! Remember that you're in England! Yes, you're in Eng... No, fair dos! Not... Oh, no. No, no. Come on! Oh! No, I don't like it. You're not playing fair...

GRAMS:

MARCH MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

(WHILE BEING HIT WITH STICKS) That was The Goon Show, a BBC-recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet. Oh, no! Max Geldray and the orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. No-ohho! No, script... No, fair dos. Script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade and the programme (GUNSHOT) produced by Charles Chilton!

GRAMS:

MARCH MUSIC FADES OUT

NOTES

A Sam Browne is a close-fitting shoulder strap and belt to support a holster for a heavy military pistol.

"Davy" refers to the last Ealing comedy, made in 1957, where Harry Secombe had his first film role, playing Davy.