

S8 E24 - Tiddlywinks

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

There it is, alright? This is the BBC Home Service. Down with the Light Programme. It's war! W-A-R. Pronounced...

GRAMS:

RECORDING - SLIGHTLY FASTER: "WAAARRRRRRRRR! "

SECOMBE:

Mister Greenslade...

GRAMS:

BUGLE PLAYING CHARGE

GREENSLADE:

That's the call! CHAAAAAARGE!

GRAMS:

HORSES HOOVES GALLOPING OFF. DISTANT ARTILLERY.

SECOMBE:

They must be fighting over this month's O.B.E. allocations.

SELLERS:

(AUSTRALIAN ACCENT) I know, I haven't had mine yet, Pat.

SECOMBE:

Peter Sellers, forward!

SELLERS:

(OLD CAR NOISES) Brrrrrrrrrrr. Parp! Parp! Parp! Parp! Mrrrrrr. Hurry up, Jim. Hurry up. I'm on my way to buy a new motor car, Tim.

SECOMBE:

You've only just bought a new Rolls.

SELLERS:

Ah, but it's facing the wrong way, Jim, it's facing the wrong way.

FX:

PHONE FROM CRADLE.

SELLERS:

Hello, motorcar man? (HUMS) Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello, motorcar man. Can you send me a catalogue of motorcars facing the other way, please?

FX:

PHONE INTO CRADLE.

SELLERS:

Thank heavens that's done, Tim. Perhaps I can get some sleep now.

SECOMBE:

What's the matter, aren't you sleeping?

SELLERS:

No, I'm trying to give it up, Tim. You see, I keep hearing voices all the time.

ORCHESTRA:

HARP - GHOSTLY GLISSANDI

LALKAKA:

(REVERB) Oooooooooo! Mister Sellers! Mister Sellers! Wake up, there's a speck of dust under the mud guard.

SELLERS:

What! What! What! What! What! What! Tape record that. Tape record it, quick! What!

FX:

BOOTS RUNNING FRANTICALLY DOWN STAIRS.

SELLERS:

And my trousers! All hands to the pumps.

OMNES:

FRANTIC SHOUTING.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SELLERS:

Hurry up men! Get it under the, erm... under the axle, there. Come along, men.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

SELLERS:

Got it? Got it. Mister Drury, have this speck of dirt flown to Rolls Royce to be serviced.

DRURY:

[MILLIGAN]

Nein, nein, mate.

SELLERS:

Just make a tape recording of that. Hello. Hello. Have this speck of dirt flown to Rolls Royce to be serviced. Hmm, yes. I'll just play that back now.

GRAMS:

(RECORDING. SLIGHTLY FASTER PLAYBACK SPEED) "Hello. Hello. Have this speck of dirt flown to Rrrolls Rrrroyce to be serviced."

SELLERS:

Wonderful. Wonderful. Wonderful. Now I'll take a flashlight photograph of me saying it. Um. Yes, F16 will do, at six feet, yes. (TECHNICAL MUTTERINGS CONTINUE UNDER...)

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks. Hello, folks. It's sad, folks. For ten years he's been stricken with cars, cameras and a touch of the old tape-recorder. I'll have to have him cured.

GREENSLADE:

Part two. A gentleman's rest home in Sussex.

FX:

CUCKOO WHISTLE.

ECCLES:

Come on, nice doggie! Come out of that tree, doggie. Come on, doggie.

SELLERS:

(SHOUTS) Wrong again, Mad Dan!

ECCLES:

Oh?

SELLERS:

I'm not a doggie. I'm a motorcar. Mrs Plumber, I'm a motorcar, do you hear!

ECCLES:

Come out of that tree, Mrs Plumber the Motorcar.

SELLERS:

Brrrrrrrrrrp. Parp! Parp! Parp! Parp! Parp! Parp!

ECCLES:

Oooh! Here listen, I... Come 'ere. Listen! Brrrrrrrrrrr. Parp! Parp!

SELLERS:

What a thrill. You're a motorcar, too.

ECCLES:

Yeeeeeeeh! Let's go for a drive together. Oooh!

SELLERS:

First say 'ah'!

ECCLES:

Ahhhh...

GRAMS:

JET OF LIQUID. BUBBLING.

ECCLES:

(SWALLOWING) Ta.

SELLERS:

Can't go without petrol, Jim.

ECCLES:

I know.

SELLERS:

Now bend down and I'll start you up.

ECCLES:

Brrrrrrrrrrrrrr... Parp, parp, parp, parp, parp, parp... (SELF FADE)

SELLERS:

(SELF FADE) Parp! Parp! Parp! Parp! Parp! Parp! Parp! Parp! Brrrrrr... Parp! Parp! Parp! Parp! Parp!

SEAGOON:

How are they getting on, Doctor?

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) Brrrrrrrr... Parp! Parp! Parp! (ETC)

GRYTPYPE:

Not very well, I fear. By purging, I've cured his tape recorders but the cars are rather deep rooted. That is why I've called in that great military M.O., Doctor Jim "Drop-'em"...

FX:

SLIDE WHISTLE.

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty. Temporarily confined to his body.

MORIARTY:

Hello, Neddie. The only way to cure him of cars is to make him believe he is a horse.

SEAGOON:

Why?

GRYTPYPE:

Why not?

SEAGOON:

Why, why not?

GRYTPYPE:

Why not? Why why not?

SEAGOON:

Knick knock knick kno...

GRYTPYPE:

Knick knock knick knoo knickie knee knah!

SEAGOON:

Well, if you put it like that I agree. Pronounced...

GRAMS:

(SPED UP) "Agreeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!"

GRYTPYPE:

Bring him to this address.

SEAGOON:

Right. Peter! Peter! Puss, puss, puss, puss, puss, puss!

ECCLES:

Meeeow! Meeeowwwuuuu!

SEAGOON:

You're not a pussy.

ECCLES:

I... I am. I know my rights. Meeeow!

SEAGOON:

I'll soon fix you.

ECCLES:

Meeeow!

SEAGOON:

Where's the vet?

ECCLES:

What? No, no! (SUDDEN CHICKEN ATTACK) Buck, buck, buck, buck, buck, buck!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

The scene: the outpatient's department of a bombed car-park.

SELLERS:

(APPROACHING) Barp Parp! Parp! Parp! Parp!

ECCLES:

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

SEAGOON:

Alright, lads. You can pull up here.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah. Welcome. Welcome. Now Mister Sellers, just lay back on this consulting ground, would you?
How are we today?

GRAMS:

(RECORDING. SLIGHTLY FASTER) "BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR - PARP! PARP! PARP! PARP! ERP! ERP!
AHH-HAUP! BRRRR - PARP! PARP! PARP! PARP! PHWWWWI - PHWWWUUU... "

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, are we? Well, Moriarty. Roll up his sleeve.

MORIARTY:

Right.

FX:

TEARING OF CLOTH.

GRYTPYPE:

Ta. Now this may hurt just a little...

MILLIGAN:

Arrrghhhhhh!

GRAMS:

SCREAMS, DRUNKEN FOOTBALL CROWD AND PSYCHOTIC WHISTLES. ALL SPEEDED UP.

GRYTPYPE:

There, that wasn't so bad after all, was it?

SEAGOON:

Yes. But why did you do it to *me*?

GRYTPYPE:

Beaussssssse - iyye - ooooraw - iyyyi. I want you in my power. In three seconds, that injection will turn you into a chicken.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha! You don't expect me to... (SUDDEN CHICKEN ATTACK) Buck buck buck buck!

MORIARTY:

Quick! Get him onto this perch.

GRAMS:

IRON DOOR SNAPS SHUT.

SEAGOON:

Let me out!

MORIARTY:

Lay! Lay!

SEAGOON:

I'll write to the farm board about this. I'm no chicken.

GRYTPYPE:

You said it, Ned. Swallow this chromium Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRA Y

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

And that ends the Goon Show for this week.

ORCHESTRA:

'OLD COMRADES' PLAYOUT. SHORT VERSION WITH TATTY ENDING.

GREENSLADE:

Well, we appear to have finished a little early. So, here is next week's Goon Show.

SELLERS:

Next week's Goon Show will be about revenge!

ORCHESTRA:

POINTILLISTIC LINK. ENDS WITH TATTY CHORD.

GELDRA Y:

Hoi!

FLOWERDEW:

Hey! Yes, yes, every little helps. As the old lady said when she ate... (TRAILS OFF)

SELLERS:

Next week's Goon Show starts in a moor swept Manor on a windy day. The Master paces the floor.

GRAMS:

HURRIED FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING, FADING, APPROACHING AND FADING.

SEAGOON:

Curse. Curse. Curse. Curse. Curse. Curse. Cambridge should never have beaten us. Crutty!

CRUTTY:

[SELLERS]

Sir?

SEAGOON:

Any message of consolation from the Palace?

CRUTTY:

Er, no, sir, no.

SEAGOON:

He's a lot of good, innie. My life. There we were, dressed up like idiots, popping little buttons into a cup. And still no signs of a knighthood.

CRUTTY:

No, I know, sir and I've had the man on the roof all day keeping a lookout.

SEAGOON:

Put another one in the cellar in case it comes by underground. I tell you, I should have been knighted.

CRUTTY:

Well, if you had been, I think you'd have been the shortest knight of the year. Ha ha ha...

FX:

PISTOL SHOTS.

CRUTTY:

Arghhh!

FX:

BODY FALLS TO FLOOR.

SEAGOON:

Gad! He's allergic to bullets. Up you get, Crutty!

CRUTTY:

You hurt me, then.

SEAGOON:

Yes, well. This doesn't really happen till next week.

CRUTTY:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Now, place this picture of the Cambridge tiddlywinks team on the mantelpiece.

CRUTTY:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Right.

GRAMS:

THREE SHARP PISTOL SHOTS.

ECCLES:

(OFF) Oh-oww!

SEAGOON:

That'll teach 'em a lesson. Ha! Ha! Ha!

CRUTTY:

Have you finished with me now, sir? Could you help me on with this gas mask and de-contamination suit, sir?

SEAGOON:

What are you going to do?

CRUTTY:

Your laundry, sir.

SEAGOON:

It's a lie, I tell you. I'm a most hygienic fellow. I air my socks three times a day and I pay my rates, you understand.

CRUTTY:

Yes, but you're still the...

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, wrong voice, yes. You're still the, erm...

(SECOMBE CRACKS UP)

GRYTPYPE:

You're still the laughing stock of the tiddlywink world.

SEAGOON:

Who are you?

GRYTPYPE:

My card.

SEAGOON:

My fist.

FX:

THUD ON BOARD.

GRYTPYPE:

Owwwww. Pronounced...

GRAMS:

(SPED UP) "OWWWWWWWWWWWW!"

SEAGOON:

State your business.

GRYTPYPE:

Immediately. First, a mere formality. This... this is Count Jim "Groins"...

FX:

STICK IN JAM-TIN. RAPID.

MORIARTY:

Owww!

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty. Winner of the perforated vest award for the butler's revenge contest. And... and owner of a do-it-yourself marriage kit.

MORIARTY:

Hello. Hello, Neddie. Neddie, what a nice man he is, Neddie. Neddie. Hello, nice Neddie. Nice. Neddie is nice.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, we have a plan for revenging your tiddlywink defeat.

SEAGOON:

You have?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. You are going to challenge Cambridge to a leaping contest.

SEAGOON:

Leaping? I'll start at a disadvantage. I'm the lowest man on earth.

GRYTPYPE:

No comment.

MORIARTY:

Don't worry, Ned, we have here two rocket propelled boots.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. By pressing a button we can rocket you to ten thousand feet, Ned.

SEAGOON:

Gad! Then I'm bound to win.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Hahahahhaaaaa... Bound to win, ha, ha. Yakamoto!

YAKAMOTO:

(RAPID JAPANESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

SEAGOON:

Take a letter on a penguin.

YAKAMOTO:

(RAPID JAPANESE)

SEAGOON:

Men of Cambridge...

GRAMS:

PENGUIN SQUAWKING. CONTINUE UNDER.

SEAGOON:

The Royal champions challenge you... challenge you to a leaping contest. Signed, Ned. Let's hear that back.

GRAMS:

PENGUIN AND PIANO MUSIC HALL ROUTINE - (FROM 'INSURANCE, THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN', SLIGHTLY FASTER)

YAKAMOTO:

Hello.

SEAGOON:

Splendid! Now to try the rocket boots.

MORIARTY:

Right. Hold tight. Go!

SEAGOON:

Ahhh!

GRAMS:

SUDDEN BURST OF GAS.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in another part of next week's Goon Show, an illicit grouse shoot is taking place.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

GRAMS:

SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Oh, dear. (SOMETHING IS CUT HERE) Ohhhhhh. Oh! Ooooooh, dear! Here comes a huge pheasant! Me guns!

GRAMS:

GRAPE SHOT.

SEAGOON:

AHHHHHH!

BLOODNOK:

Got 'im!

SEAGOON:

Ooooooooooh!

FX:

BODY THUDS TO THE FLOOR.

ELLINGTON:

Major! Major! This is a very strange bird. It's wearing boots and they are smoking.

BLOODNOK:

I don't know how they can afford it.

SEAGOON:

Awwwww!

ELLINGTON:

He said 'awwww'.

BLOODNOK:

Alright, alright, I speak the language. Wait a moment. I recognise the shape of that voice.

FX:

OPENING OLD NEWSPAPERS.

BLOODNOK:

Where's me old newspaper cuttings? Here they are. Ah, ha! Oahhhhh! It's Private Seagoon, late of the 1st Heavy Things. Ooahhh! Ooahhh! Ooaaahhh, my dear! Just look at that terrible swelling in his wallet.

FX:

ZIPPER OPENING.

BLOODNOK:

I shall have to remove the pressure.

FX:

PAPER CURRENCY BEING COUNTED.

BLOODNOK:

Twenty four, twenty five...thirty. There. Poor, poor fellow.

SEAGOON:

(COMING AROUND) Aaahh! Oh, where am I?

BLOODNOK:

Steady, lad, steady! You need nourishment. Here's the menu. Order freely.

SEAGOON:

What do you recommend?

BLOODNOK:

Special today, just on the market, one second-hand army dinner, twelve shillings.

SEAGOON:

How old is it?

BLOODNOK:

A young forty three.

SEAGOON:

No, I'm sorry, I'm going steady with an irish stew.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh! A broth of a girl! Oh-hhhahahaha! Oh, dear, oh, dear. It was jokes like that made me the toast like Mymushlike.

SEAGOON:

What's Mymushlike?

BLOODNOK:

The back of a bus.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) I... I don't wish to know that.

BLOODNOK:

The immortal line.

SEAGOON:

Kindly leave the army.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. You look like a sporting man. How would you like to buy half-shares in my knees?

SEAGOON:

Your knees aren't worth anything.

BLOODNOK:

Not now they're not, but invest them... (SELLERS FLUFFS LINE) But invest in them while the market is cheap, lad, because tomorrow, who knows? My knees might rule the world! Can't you see the Financial Times? 'Bloodnok's knees up four points'!

ELLINGTON:

Major, look! A peasant.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh!

GRAMS:

DOUBLE BARRELLED SHOTGUN.

MORIARTY:

Aaaahhh! Awwwraghhh!

ELLINGTON:

You fool, Major! I said peasant not pheasant!

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Oh, dear, I've shot off his laundry marks!

SEAGOON:

Laundry marks? That's old Alf Marks' dad!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C. THIN CYMBAL SNAP AT END.

BLOODNOK:

Every one a genuine handwritten Monkhouse!

MORIARTY:

Now come on, Neddie. We must get back to leaping practice now.

SEAGOON:

Shhh! Listen, Moriarty!

MORIARTY:

What?

SEAGOON:

There's someone hiding inside you.

MORIARTY:

Ohhh! It must be a Cambridge spy.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Say 'ahh'.

MORIARTY:

Ahhhhhhhh!

SEAGOON:

(REVERB) Anybody down there? I'd better go down and see.

MORIARTY:

Mind how you go.

FX:

FOOTSTEPS DOWN WOODEN STAIRS.

SEAGOON:

(SINGING) Dum dum dum dum dee dee...

GRAMS:

DISTANT BUBBLING OF CAULDRON.

SEAGOON:

So that's what he had for breakfast. Hm. I'd better go further down.

WILLIUM:

It's quicker in the lift, mate.

SEAGOON:

Right.

GRAMS:

ANCIENT LIFT, DOORS CLOSE, HISS OF MACHINERY.

WILLIUM:

Going down. Fourth floor: adam's apple, tonsils, throat, and that wobbly bit at the back. What floor you want, mate?

SEAGOON:

Bottom.

WILLIUM:

Oh, bottom floor. Liver, giblets and a dirty great lump of suet pudding.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. By the way, where's the nearest exit?

WILLIUM:

There.

SEAGOON:

Ah, an ear'ole. And there's an eye looking in!

WILLIUM:

What's the matter, don't you trust us, mate?

GRAMS:

CAULDRON BUBBLES.

SEAGOON:

Gad! Soaked! Moriarty, you filthy swine, stop drinking tea up there. Now, folks! While I'm drying my teeth, here's the whole cunning of the Ellington Quartet.

ELLINGTON:

Oohhhh, I'll get him for that, cor blimey!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

LALKAKA:

I will put it... I'll be putting it here, sir. Mr Banerjee will put it here, understand.

BANERJEE:

Alright, alright. Putting it in there. You are putting it there.

LALKAKA:

You are understanding it.

BANERJEE:

Would you first... you better get permission of this gentleman.

LALKAKA:

Pardon me, sir, you are living in this house?

SELLERS:

(AS A. E. MATTHEWS) Yeees.

LALKAKA:

We are going to put a lamppost here now.

SELLERS:

I know. I'm not moving from here until you take that blasted concrete lump away!

LALKAKA:

Oh, good heavens...

GREENSLADE:

That was the nature of a bravado, sir. However, next week's Goon Show we come to is part two. Spelt T-W-O and pronounced...

GRAMS:

SPEEDED UP: "TWWWOOOOOO!"

GREENSLADE:

Unbeknown to Neddie, Bloodnok has revealed the secret of the rocket boots to the Cambridge leaping team.

FX:

TILL. COIN IN TRAY.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you, gentlemen, thank you. As an old light blue I thought it my duty to tell you all.

UNDERGRADUATE 1:

[MILLIGAN]

I say, Seagoon's an absolute bounder, sir! (OFF) On that foot... clear!

UNDERGRADUATE 2:

[SECOMBE]

He's a water[?].

UNDERGRADUATE 1:

Yours.

UNDERGRADUATE 3:

[ELLINGTON]

Yarooooooh!

UNDERGRADUATE 4:

[SELLERS]

Cavey!

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Hands up! Don't make a move, you Cambridge devils. I'll be avenged, mark ye!

BLOODNOK:

Don't be an eleven plus fool. Take your medicine like a Neolithic man, sir.

SEAGOON:

Never! I'll take to the hills of Wales. Farewell!

GRAMS:

HORSES HOOVES INTO DISTANCE.

SEAGOON:

(SINGING. OVER) "We'll keep a welcome in the hillside..."

HERN:

And so began the legend of Ned Seagoon - outlaw. For months the dreaded cry rang out...

SEAGOON:

Hands up! Your tiddlywinks or your life.

MINNIE:

Owww! Oh, dear. Oh, dear, Henry, it's a masked bandit riding a tricycle - side-saddle!

CRUN:

Ahhh.

MINNIE:

Ooowwh!

CRUN:

Get behind me, Min.

MINNIE:

Ooowwh.

CRUN:

Now, sir, one step nearer and I'll brandish this shopping list at you!

SEAGOON:

Very well, I'll have you both searched from top to bottom.

MINNIE:

Me first!

FLOWERDEW:

Oh, don't get excited dear, it's only me.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh!

FLOWERDEW:

No tiddlys on 'er, dear.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhhhh!

FLOWERDEW:

Or him.

MORIARTY:

(OFF) Ahhh, mind what you're doing there.

FLOWERDEW:

Makes you want to spit, doesn't it.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear. Thank you. Ca... ca...

CRUN:

Tell 'im, Min, tell 'im.

MINNIE:

Can... can we go free?

SEAGOON:

If you're in the woods, yes. Now then... this is the plan. Tonight we attack Trinity College Cambridge.

MINNIE:

Good night to you, sir.

SEAGOON:

Good moooooorning!

ALL:

(VARIOUSLY) Moooooorning... Moooooooorning!

SEAGOON:

Good night. Tonight... we attack Trinity College Cambridge, the heart of the tiddlywink country.

ORCHESTRA:

EPIC LINK.

GRAMS:

FADE IN BELLS OF TRINITY COLLEGE OVER.

ECCLES:

Four o'clock and all's well. Cuckoo!!

SEAGOON:

Now men, this is how we get them to come out.

UNDERGRADUATE 1:

What, sir?

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTS) FAAAAAG! FAAAAAAG!

GRAMS:

RUNNING BOOTS - VERY SMALL SIZE. START VERY FAR OFF, APPROACHING GRADUALLY, THEN SUDDENLY VERY CLOSE. ALL SPEEDED UP.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(PANTING) What is it, Jones minor?

FX:

SHARP BELT.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Heuo-heoughh! Oh, my legs.

FX:

SHARP BELT.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, my legs.

SEAGOON:

Where's the Cambridge tiddlywinks safe?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I will not tell... Oooo. Suddenly sees studio audience. Hello everybody! And if you're listening at home, hello Eileen Briggs. I told you I was on the wireless, didn't I?

SEAGOON:

What are you doing?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm talking to my bird at home.

SEAGOON:

You dirty little devil you!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Argh aoeugh!

FX:

SHARP BELT.

SEAGOON:

Take that.

FX:

SHARP BELT.

SEAGOON:

And that.

FX:

SHARP BELT.

SEAGOON:

Take this.

FX:

SHARP BELT.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I don't care...

ECCLES:

Here, here!

BLUEBOTTLE:

...if you do hit me.

ECCLES:

What... what's going on? What's going on 'ere?

SEAGOON:

Nothing.

ECCLES:

Oh, I'll clear off, then.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, come back here.

ECCLES:

What? What? What?

SEAGOON:

Swallow this bullet.

ECCLES:

Alright.

SEAGOON:

And keep this child covered.

ECCLES:

(SWALLOWS) Ok.

SEAGOON:

I'll go and destroy the Cambridge tiddlywinks.

ECCLES:

Ohhh.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH.

ECCLES:

Don't move, this blanket's loaded. (OFF) I'm gonna cover you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

'Ere, whose side you on then, Eccles?

ECCLES:

I'm on the Royal Champion's side.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh.

ECCLES:

Owhhh. 'Ere.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What?

ECCLES:

I... I went to Buckingham Palace.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor! What happened?

ECCLES:

I got thrown out.

BLUEBOTTLE:

There's still romance left in England, you know. Is that a royal lump what you've got on your nut, then?

ECCLES:

Yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor! Looks like they're the hard to get.

ECCLES:

Not if you try to break into the palace, it ain't. Hehaahaheeehough!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can I be the man that sees no-one touches it for you?

ECCLES:

'Ere, they made a record of this lump. Listen, I'll play it for you.

GRAMS:

SLAPSTICK ON SHINS.

ECCLES:

Owww!

GRAMS:

PIANO CHORD IN C.

GREENSLADE:

(DISTANT) Oi!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, what a lovely thing to pass onto your children.

ECCLES:

Yer.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, Neddie is about to destroy Cambridge secret hoard of tiddlywinks.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oohh!

FX:

EXPLOSIVE TIMER BEING ADJUSTED.

SEAGOON:

Hahahaha! Soon have that safe opened. Hehehe! Got it.

FX:

SAFE OPENS

SEAGOON:

Now... What??

SPRIGGS:

Hands up, Neddie Seagoon. Hands up Neddie Sea-goooooon!

SEAGOON:

Curse. It's the captain of the Cambridge tiddlywinks team.

SPRIGGS:

Oh, Jim! Oh, Jim! Oh, Jim! Oh, Jiiiiim! We've been waiting in this safe for you, Jim. Spelled J-I-M, pronounced...

GRAMS:

(SPEEDED UP SPRIGGS) Jeeeeeee-eeeeeeeeem!

SNAGGE:

(RECORDED) You've been a cad, Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Ah, ho ho ho! John Snagge! The umpire!

SPRIGGS:

Ohhh!

SNAGGE:

(RECORDED) Your conduct as a royal champion has been disgraceful.

SEAGOON:

(CRYING)

SNAGGE:

(RECORDED) I must ask you formally to hand back your tiddlys.

ORCHESTRA:

"HEARTS AND FLOWERS" SCRATCHY VIOLIN SOLO. UNDER.

SEAGOON:

(CRYING) The shame! Oh, folks the shame!

SNAGGE:

(RECORDED) I have here a royal proclamation that you be taken to the tower and incarcerated.

SEAGOON:

Oo, oo, oo, oh, - aah aah ahhhh! Not that. Not that!

SNAGGE:

(RECORDED) First, as a penalty, you will raise your right leg, you will face east, and you will sing the tiddlywinks national anthem.

ORCHESTRA:

INTRO

SEAGOON:

(TO THE TUNE 'MEN OF HARLECH')

All the nations are before us
With their Sputniks and Explorers.
What can confidence restore us?
Naught but tiddlywinks.

On the fields of Eton.
Common folks were beaten.
But today our patriot play
This sport which needs such grit and concentration.
Rule this game of skill and power
England knows her finest hour
And her stronghold, shield and tower
Must be tiddlywiiiiiiinks!

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT.

ECCLES:

(OVER) CUCKOO!

GREENSLADE:

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

Notes:

This episode is based on a real event when, in 1958, students at the University of Cambridge Tiddlywinks Club challenged HRH Prince Philip to a match. The Duke appointed the Goons as his Royal Champions, but they lost.