

S9 E02 - I Was Monty's Treble

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

GRAMS:

POP OF CORK, BUBBLES, WATER POURING

SPRIGGS:

(OVER) Oh. Oh, dear, the cork's come out.

GRAMS:

BUBBLES

SELLERS:

(OVER) Stop it before the BBC flows away.

SEAGOON:

(OVER BUBBLES) Don't panic ponc...

SPRIGGS:

(OVER BUBBLES) Pinic ponc.

SEAGOON:

(OVER BUBBLES) There's still three gallons of BBC left.

MILLIGAN:

(OVER-ACTING) Thank a-heaven!

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC LINK

SEAGOON:

Ha ha, ha ha ha. I ask you, folks, what other show provides such original openings? Ha ha ha. Or, if you disagree, such *unoriginal* openings. Ha ha ha. (AHEM)

SPRIGGS:

Okay, thank you, Jim. You see...

SEAGOON:

Keeping it going, you know, keeping it going. Well done, well done.

SPRIGGS:

Thank you, Jim, yes, thank you, yes. We need it, folks, tonight, it's gonna be tough. You see...

SEAGOON:

Ee!

SPRIGGS:

Ohh! Nipped in the bud! We cover ourselves both...

SEAGOON:

Ha ha ha ha. Aha ha.

SPRIGGS:

You've been looking.

SEAGOON:

Hello, hello.

SPRIGGS:

Now then, you see, folks, we cover ourselves both ways. This doesn't make much sense any more, but I'll carry on. You see... We cover ourselves both ways but the wind gets in at the side.

GRAMS:

BRIEF, LOUD HOWLING WIND

SPRIGGS:

Ohh, naughty wind! Ohh, I still carry on. Now... It's Sellers' part. See, now, folks...

SEAGOON:

He changed the script this morning, folks.

SPRIGGS:

Now, folks, a simple test of marital fidelity. Bend down, clutch the ankles and say after me. No, not that! Ohh hee!

ORCHESTRA:

(MIMIC) Ohh hee!

SPRIGGS:

Taahhrr!

ORCHESTRA:

(MIMIC) Taahhrr!

SPRIGGS:

Thingggg-ger!

ORCHESTRA:

(MIMIC) Thingggg-ger!

SPRIGGS:

Alablalalalablablum! (PAUSE) Oh, I knew they couldn't last the pace, folks!

SEAGOON:

Good man, Milligoon.

SPRIGGS:

Ta.

SEAGOON:

Now, here's a ticket to Eva Bartok.

SPRIGGS:

Oh, he ha ha ho, owwee!

SEAGOON:

Now forward, silly old Sellers. Try this Elstree film-type military hat.

SELLERS:

Is this the hat of the book?

SEAGOON:

The very one worn by John Mills and Richard Attenborough when they were ice cold in the sea of sand with the man upstairs in Alex.

SPRIGGS:

Oh, Jim, we're going to do a fillum, Jim.

SELLERS:

Yes! Lights, cameras, knees, teeth, corsets, ac-tion!

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC PIECE 'WOTCHER'

GRAMS:

CROWD SCREAMS, SHRIEKS

SEAGOON:

Hup! Hello, folks! Calling, folks, folks, folks, calling folks. We tell you the story of the best kept secret of the well-known World War Two.

SELLERS:

The story of the film of the book of the tram.

ORCHESTRA:

DRUM ROLL

MILLIGAN:

'I Was Monty's Treble'. Or...

SEAGOON:

'I Was a Teenage Werewolf's Father'. Or...

SELLERS:

'I Was Sir Winston Churchill'. Or...

MILLIGAN:

'I Cooked for Royalty' by Maurice Winnick.

ORCHESTRA:

ADVENTURE MUSIC LINK

MILLIGAN:

1939.

SEAGOON:

1940.

SELLERS:

1941.

ECCLES:

49 B.C.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

ECCLES:

Oww!

SEAGOON:

1941.

HENRY CRUN:

1941. Any advance on '41?

SEAGOON:

There was no advance in '41, the war was at a veritable stalemate.

WILLIUM:

Was it, mate?

SEAGOON:

Yes, mate. Here, swallow this statue of Eva Bartok.

WILLIUM:

Oh, yum-yum, mate, oh.

SEAGOON:

Yes, indeed, 1941. A fateful year for England and Elstree. You see, the Germans had got wind...

ECCLES:

Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

Let me finish!

ECCLES:

Oh, and ruin the gag? Aha ha ha.

SEAGOON:

Aha ha ha. Had got wind of a new General.

GRAMS:

ARTILLERY FIRE, CHICKENS CLUCKING, GUNFIRE

SELLERS:

(OVER) Hear that thrilling sound? British artillery shelling German chickens. Monty had struck.

ORCHESTRA:

IMPRESSIVE-SOUNDING FANFARE, ENDING IN OFF-KEY MESS

SEAGOON:

(AHEM)

MILLIGAN:

(GERMAN-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

SECOMBE:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Gerspontein der fueldavistische splooker. The Englanders have broken through at El Alamein. Zis could mean curtains for us. It could also mean vindows and doors.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Aye, aye. Zis, er, General Field Marshall Montgomery must be captured, kiptured, tortured and in zat order.

MILLIGAN:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Oh. You... you... have a plan?

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Ja.

MILLIGAN:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Ohh.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) I have a plan of the plin hof of the plons of the plan.

MILLIGAN:

(GERMAN ACCENT) But have you the ploons of the plins of the plons of the plons?

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Curse, I forgot those!

MILLIGAN:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Then get on with the ploons.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Klin. Prin. Montgomery is always flying backwards and forwards between England.

SECOMBE:

(GERMAN ACCENT) They have planes that fly backwards?

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Private Schnertz, I have bad news.

SECOMBE:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Private? I'm a General.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Zat is ze bad news.

SECOMBE:

(HIMSELF) That is the old joke. Ha ha ha.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) And we all saw it coming! Aha ha.

FX:

WATER POURING

MILLIGAN:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Dere, dere, dere, de liebherren. Don't cry so much, we can't swim, you know. Ho ho.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) But we are laying the eggs tonight.

MILLIGAN:

(GERMAN ACCENT) What? Without the red lions on, too.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) (OVER) Varow-rooden.

SECOMBE:

(CHICKEN NOISES)

MILLIGAN:

(CHICKEN NOISES)

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Gentlemen, this is the plan of the plin plon.

MILLIGAN:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Oh, you got the plons of the plin of the plooon.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Vrooden kaploon. Our fighter planes have been ordered to shoot down all planes carrying General Montgomery played by John Mills and Richard Attenborough.

MILLIGAN:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Oh, that... supposing that one gets through played by Anthony Steele?

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Anthony Steele is a Monty?

MILLIGAN:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Ja.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Some casting director has blundered, mein Herrs.

ECCLES:

It wasn't me, mine hairys.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) (AHEM) Er, gentlemen...

ECCLES:

Yeah...

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) This man, wearing a leather wig, is Germany's greatest fighter ace, Herr von Schlapper Eccles.

ECCLES:

Hello, fellas. Have a good war. Have a good war, fellas. Bang!

SECOMBE:

(GERMAN ACCENT) *This...* is our greatest fighter ace?

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Ja.

SECOMBE:

(GERMAN ACCENT) (DESPAIRING) It's going to be a long, hard war.

ECCLES:

Little do they know that I'm not Herr von Schlapper.

GREENSLADE:

This then was the enigma.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

GREENSLADE:

Who was Eccles?

ECCLES:

Who was Eccles?

GREENSLADE:

The play continues.

ECCLES:

Play continues.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Ta.

ECCLES:

Ta.

SEAGOON:

Knock knock in German.

SELLERS:

Come in in Chinese.

SEAGOON:

Ta in Siberian.

SELLERS:

Mishpocha in Yiddish.

SEAGOON:

Yiddishern in Etruscan.

GREENSLADE:

Such, then, was the lingual virtuosity of the enemy.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Meinen Herren, before we go any further, look at this.

FX:

RUSTLING PAPER

ECCLES:

(OVER) Ohh.

SECOMBE:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Splatsen ondispenser kerlufenhaus! Zis is a new anti-British drinking song.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Quick, we must all face England and sing it.

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO INTRO, THEN BACKING TO SONG

ALL:

(SINGING TO THE TUNE OF "STROLLIN' DOWN THE OLD KENT ROAD")

Sieg heil,
splonsun undersplon,
minger grobal aspig fiel,
underneath zera hat fiel,

boom crash
Kreud efunfdershul,
splatsun win der Old Kent Road,
cor blimey...

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Halt!

SECOMBE:

(GERMAN ACCENT) What?

MILLIGAN:

(GERMAN ACCENT) What?

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Cronsens mit der minger! Zis song is a fake! Take its beard off!

SECOMBE:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Ahh! You are right! Underneath, dis song is clean-shaven.

ECCLES:

Clean-shaven! What a perfect cue for sixteen-year-old Max Geldray of Digmotmon.

MAX GELDRAI:

Oh, I'm getting the breaks, boys.

ECCLES:

You need 'em, man.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Jawohl!

MAX GELDRAI:

'THERE WILL NEVER BE ANOTHER YOU'

GRAMS:

APPLAUSE, CROWD SCREAMS, GASPS

GREENSLADE:

(OVER) Good heavens! What ritual cavorting by the masses before the opiate spell of Madge Geldray?

MILLIGAN:

Ahh.

SELLERS:

I tell you, the harmonica is a sinful instrument. Give me Cavan O'Connor, the King of Sing.

SPRIGGS:

The King of Sing? You mean the Kong of Song, Jim.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no. He means the King Kong of Sing Song.

SPRIGGS:

Oh, no, Jim, he means the King-a-ling-long song of the hing tong long.

GREENSLADE:

Gentlemen...

SPRIGGS:

(OFF) And, um, that's dying the death so I'll pack up.

GREENSLADE:

Prepare yourselves for part two. A coward's air-raid shelter in London.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK'S THEME

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING, SHELLS WHIZZING OVERHEAD, SHELLS EXPLODING

BLOODNOK:

(OVER) Ohhh! Ohhh ohh!

GRAMS:

FRED THE OYSTER, SHELLS EXPLODING, BOOTS RUNNING

BLOODNOK:

(OVER) Ohhh! Ohh, no wonder I can't go to parties any more. Oh. Oh.

FX:

PHONE RINGS, RECEIVER PICKED UP

BLOODNOK:

Oh, yes?

MILLIGAN:

(ON PHONE) Bloodnok, this is the insurance company.

GRAMS:

BUBBLES

MILLIGAN:

(ON PHONE, OVER BUBBLES) It's no good sir, we've got to increase the premium on your underwear.

FX:

PHONE RECEIVER HUNG UP

BLOODNOK:

Oh, dear. Switch that air-raid off, will you?

GRAMS:

SWITCH CLICKED

SEAGOON:

Pity, that air-raid goes in the top ten.

BLOODNOK:

Oh. So you like music, do you? Well, well. Do you happen to know Beethoven's Fifth motor car?

SEAGOON:

How does it go?

BLOODNOK:

(CAR IMPRESSION) Brrrrrrrrrrrum pshpowww!

SEAGOON:

(OVERCOME) It's... it's quite beautiful. Much better than Schubert's horse and cart.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Didn't get much of a laugh, but never mind. Well now... British High Command have decided to create a double for Monty's body.

SEAGOON:

And who will it be?

BLOODNOK:

John Mills and Richard Attenborough.

SEAGOON:

Why them?

BLOODNOK:

It's *always* John Mills and Battenbattenbutt... (FLUFFS LINE)

BANERJEE:

Wait a minute, please. But supposing, yes yes, they're supposing, man, supposing Monty's dribble is killed and run over by an armoured German tram. Tell me about that, man.

SEAGOON:

Then we create a Monty's treble.

BLOODNOK:

And what if the treble is struck down by a plague of German knee zeppelins?

BANERJEE:

What What? What...

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen...

BANERJEE:

I...

SEAGOON:

To solve the problem...

BANERJEE:

What, what?

SEAGOON:

...we must ask the Statistician Royal exactly how many Monty's doubles we need. So, over to them.

ORCHESTRA:

DESCENDING CHORDS LINK

FX:

METAL OBJECTS DROPPED ONTO FLOOR

HENRY:

(OVER) Oh, dear, dear. I think this bed's had it, Min.

MINNIE:

Ah. You're right. Henry, it's going home.

HENRY:

Doesn't it live here anymore then, Min?

GRAMS:

SPRINGS STRAINING AND TWANGING

MINNIE:

(OVER) Now... there it goes. Oh. oh, dear.

GRAMS:

SPRINGS, THEN CLOCK CHIMING

HENRY:

Was that you, Min?

MINNIE:

No! It was the... the bed striking one.

HENRY:

Oh.

MINNIE:

Oh. Oh.

HENRY:

Ah. (SMACKING OF LIPS)

MINNIE:

How. (SMACKING OF LIPS) Oh, dear, dear, dear.

HENRY:

Oh.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear.

HENRY:

Oh, dear, dear. Ah.

MINNIE:

Good... goodnight, Henry.

HENRY:

Goodnight, Min.

MINNIE:

(MILLIGAN CAN BARELY STOP LAUGHING) There's somebody laughing outside the bedroom door.

HENRY:

It's that lodger, we must get rid of him, Min.

MINNIE:

Lodger. Did you take your male hor... Did you take your... male hormone pills?

HENRY:

Yes, Min.

MINNIE:

Ohh!

HENRY:

Yes. They give me the strength to go to sleep, Min.

MINNIE:

Yes, I know.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

HENRY:

(OVER) Ohh.

MINNIE:

(OVER KNOCKING) Ohh! (CALLS) Come... come in!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MINNIE:

Come in.

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS GALLOPING

MINNIE:

(OVER) Ohh!

SEAGOON:

(OVER GALLOPING) Over, forwards, sideways and upwards!

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS STOP

HENRY:

How dare you ride a naked horse into our bedchamber.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, this horse is a nudist.

MINNIE:

I don't care, get some clothes on him.

SEAGOON:

Never! I refuse to ride a clothes-horse! Hup!

MILLIGAN:

Hey!

OMNES:

CHEERING AND APPLAUSE

SEAGOON:

Stick it out, folks, it won't be long now.

MINNIE:

The good ones lay an egg.

SEAGOON:

Now, Mr. Crun. Have you got the statistics?

HENRY:

Very badly, sir, very...

MINNIE:

Oh, dear.

SEAGOON:

Let me see.

MINNIE:

Oh.

HENRY:

Ohh!

SEAGOON:

Aha ha ha.

MINNIE:

Don't look, Henry, don't look.

SEAGOON:

Gad, so!

MINNIE:

Ohh.

SEAGOON:

We need forty thousand Monty's doubles, eh? We'll have to form regiments. We'll start with Ray Ellington, who always precedes the brandy. Good luck, lad, good luck! Aho ho.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'SUNDAY'

GRAMS:

COWS MOOING, SHEEP BLEATING

SELLERS:

He's drawing a very strange audience these days.

GREENSLADE:

Ta. Part four. The Germans become suspicious.

ORCHESTRA:

DEUTSCHLAND UBER ALLES MUSIC LINK

MILLIGAN:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Gentlemen, this is part four and we have just become suspicious.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) I have just opened zis three-ounce tin of suspicion.

SECOMBE:

(GERMAN ACCENT) (SMACKING OF LIPS) Mm, it tastes very suspicious.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Mm. Then our suspicions are vell founded. Last night General Montgomery was seen talking to a voluptuous woman in za Edgware Road. At ze same time he was seen talking to an exotic woman in Cairo. A second later ver seen talking to a ravishing blonde in Barcelona. Gentlemen, who were these men?

ECCLES:

(LECHEROUS) Who were those women? Aha ha ha.

FX:

SLAPSTICK

ECCLES:

(OVER) Oww oww. Oww oww. Oww. Who do you think you're hitting?

SEAGOON:

You!

ECCLES:

You... you're right the first time. (ASIDE) Little do they know they weren't hitting me, folks, they weren't hitting me.

GREENSLADE:

This was the enigma.

ECCLES:

Enigma

GREENSLADE:

Who was Eccles?

ECCLES:

Who was Eccles?

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Ja, now listen. It is obvious that the enemy are using doubles. To find the original we must get the plans of an original General Fred Montgomery.

ORCHESTRA:

TROMBONE FLARE LINK

MILLIGAN:

(SINGS) I'm in love with an old trombone.

ORCHESTRA:

TROMBONE FLARE

FLOWERDEW:

Yes, it's very good but entirely out of place, dear, very good. Yes.

SEAGOON:

But now to assume my part as an MI5 officer in MI5.

SPRIGGS:

Yes, Jim, secrecy is essential. Essen-tial! We know that the Germans are sponsoring on the splo...

FX:

DOOR KNOCKER TAPS ONCE, THEN TWICE

SPRIGGS:

(OVER) Ay...

SEAGOON:

A...

SPRIGGS:

Ssh ssh.

FX:

DOOR KNOCKER TAPS TWICE

SPRIGGS:

What's that?

FX:

DOOR KNOCKER TAPS ONCE, ONCE AND THEN TWICE

SEAGOON:

Three, two, one and then two knocks? I wonder what it means.

BLUEBOTTLE:

It means I wanna come in, you twit. Ay. Message for you. I will read it. From Mrs. Gladys Wrenge, 45 Sebastopol Terrace, Scunthorpe. 'Sir, reference to room you 'ad 'ere durin' the pantomime season. Well, we know what it is, we know who done it, but for 'eavens sake tell us where it is!'

SEAGOON:

Right. Next joke, please. Now, what's in that teapot?

BLUEBOTTLE:

A... a man.

FX:

CLINK OF TEAPOT LID

BLUEBOTTLE:

'E says 'e wants to see you.

FX:

TEAPOT LID RATTLED, THEN TAKEN OFF

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Come on out.

MORIARTY:

Owww. Just a minute, I'm just paying off the taxi.

WILLIUM:

Five and six, sir.

MORIARTY:

Thank you, boy.

WILLIUM:

Good luck.

MORIARTY:

Ah. Ah. Hello, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Now, sir, will you explain why you were hiding in a teapot?

MORIARTY:

I don't like coffee.

SEAGOON:

Let's try the second version of that gag, eh?

MORIARTY:

We'd better.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Now, sir, will you explain why you were hiding in that teapot?

MORIARTY:

I had a date with a tea-bag!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTYRAH CHORD

SEAGOON:

Two... two for the price of one, folks...

MORIARTY:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

...and guaranteed free from governments.

GRYTPYPE:

Ned, let me explain this tangled pastiche. This cream-coloured wreck is none other than General de Gaulle "Stones"...

MORIARTY:

Owwwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty. Leader of the Free French Women.

SEAGOON:

Any free samples?

GRYTPYPE:

Down, boy, down! We are secret agents working under cover because of rain.

SEAGOON:

Oh. Have you any means of identification?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, I have two small warts on my belly.

SEAGOON:

I'm afraid I must ask to see them.

GRYTPYPE:

There's no need to. Here is a full-scale...

FX:

PAPER RUSTLING

GRYTPYPE:

...drawing of them, showing Bushey Park and other environs, plus the dual carriageway leading south to my knees.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Yes, these warts appear to be in order. Now then...

BLUEBOTTLE:

(DISGRUNTLED) I shouldn't 'ave come. I get nothing, cuttin' my parts down. I coulda stayd at home, I didn't want to come...

SEAGOON:

So, gentlemen...

BLUEBOTTLE:

...to this rotten show.

SEAGOON:

I want to explain what we're trying to do.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I didn't want to come 'ere at all.

SEAGOON:

Now in the fir...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Told me I gonna have a lot to say this week.

SEAGOON:

As I was saying, gentlemen...

BLUEBOTTLE:

My mum was always groanin', I never had nothin' to say.

SEAGOON:

(ANGRY AND LOUD) If you've got a grudge, out with it, man!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Alright, I have! I got nothin' to say! You get all the acting parts. I don't know why. I seen that rotten show of yours at the Palladium. No wonder Val Parnell's resigned, I tell you.

SEAGOON:

You...!

FX:

SLAPSTICK

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yahay!

OMNES:

Ay! Ay!

FX:

SLAPSTICK

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhh! you twits! Look! You torn da legs off my shirt.

SEAGOON:

Legs?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, my shirts are made from mum's old drawers.

SEAGOON:

Ssh, fool! On the BBC the word 'drawers' is verboten.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Alright den, my shirts are made from mum's old verboten.

FX:

SLAPSTICK

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhh! Ooh, my crits!

MORIARTY:

Get out o' way, there. And now... And now, Neddie, have you got the plans of the original Montgomery?

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry, they're at the secret military laundry.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh. Then have you any idea of his future movements?

SEAGOON:

Yes, we have. We have a marble statue of them. But you need written permission to see it.

FX:

SCRIBBLING ON SLATE

MORIARTY:

Ah! There, there. There's a chit.

SEAGOON:

Wait. This ink is still wet.

MORIARTY:

Yes, er er... um, it's been raining, Ha ha, ha.

GRYTPYPE:

Aha ha ha.

SEAGOON:

Aha ha ha.

MORIARTY:

Aha ha ha.

SEAGOON:

I see.

MORIARTY:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

(READING) 'Please allow one Moriarty to see statue of Montgomery's future movements', signed General Health-Isbad. Who's General Health-Isbad?

GRYTPYPE:

Mine is, it's been bad for years, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, I'm not satisfied with the standard of your jokes.

MILLIGAN:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

They have a Teutonic ring. R-I-N-G, pronounced...

GRAMS:

BIG BEN CHIME ONCE

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, Neddie. Remember our blue German blood.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) As they spoke, I noticed that both their Birmingham Iron Crosses had been made in Germany.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Hands up, Neddie! Up down, up down, up down, up! When we take prisoners we like them fit, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

So, you're German secret agents played by Lew and Leslie Grade!

GRYTPYPE:

Call it mis-casting if you wish. Moriarty...

MORIARTY:

Major.

GRYTPYPE:

Destroy that statue of Monty's future movements. The war is ours!

MORIARTY:

Ayar!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

ORCHESTRA:

DEUTSCHLAND UBER ALLES MUSIC LINK

SEAGOON:

Ha ha ha ha. Don't be disheartened, listeners. That statue of Montgomery's movements was in fact only a statue of John Mills and Richard Attenborough's future movements. We, ha... we British aren't aren't stupid, you know.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, you are, you're a lot o' twits, that's what you are. Look at my verbotens, all torn. I can't go out with birds like dis, can I?

GREENSLADE:

(AHEM) That night, one thousand guns of the Eighth Army thundered out their challenge.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Bang! Ahee hee hee.

GREENSLADE:

(AHEM) All night the battle raged. The Germans counter-attacked singing rude songs...

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) (SINGS OVER GREENSLADE) There was an old lady of Berlin...

GREENSLADE:

...and making certain unsavoury gestures.

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) There's a einer batrieden...

GREENSLADE:

(OVER) Please!

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Za batrieden.

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. At Montgomery's double's HQ...

BLUEBOTTLE:

(MIMIC) Ays at ebery's ay-queue...

GREENSLADE:

His ever-ready staff...

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OVER) Ever-ready staff...

GREENSLADE:

(FORCEFUL)... slept at the Alert.

BLUEBOTTLE:

At de alert.

OMNES:

CROWD SNORING AND WHISTLING

GRAMS:

COCK CROW

OMNES:

(PAUSE) SMACKING OF LIPS, CONTINUE SNORING, A FEW MURMURS

GRAMS:

COCK CROW

OMNES:

(PAUSE) SMACKING OF LIPS, SNORING AND WHISTLING

GRAMS:

COCK CROW COMMENCES

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

GRAMS:

REMAINDER OF ROOSTER CROW SPEEDED UP - FAST

BLOODNOK:

(OVER) Got him! I bet that's done him a power of good!

FX:

URGENT KNOCKING ON TINNY DOOR

BLOODNOK:

(PANIC) It's a lie! Miss Bartok and I are just good friends, I tell you. That's all we can be.

SEAGOON:

It's enough, isn't it? Ha ha.

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

Open up! Open up this four-ounce tin of Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Here's a tin-opener, open it yourself.

FX:

SINGLE TAP ON MUSICAL SAW FOR SPRING EFFECT

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Now, hurry! The battle started an hour ago.

BLOODNOK:

Blast! We shall miss the first part, I shall have to hurry. (FADE)

SEAGOON:

Never mind! There's a matinee on Thursday.

BLOODNOK:

(OFF) Ah.

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS GALLOPING, TOGETHER WITH BICYCLE BELL RINGING

ECCLES:

(OVER) Away ah ah oh, oh.

SEAGOON:

(OVER GALLOPING) It's a man galloping on a bicycle.

ECCLES:

(OVER GALLOPING) Oh. Whoah!

FX:

GALLOPING STOPS

ECCLES:

Out o' my way, men! I'm on an urgent secret mission.

SEAGOON:

What?

ECCLES:

I'm deserting! Aho ho. (ASIDE) It's not me deserting, folks, it's Jor Damillkom Mills and Attenborough.

SELLERS:

Who, then, was Eccles?

ECCLES:

Wamoh!

ORCHESTRA:

DRUMS, CHORD HELD, THEN SNARE DRUM BEAT HELD UNDER FOLLOWING

GREENSLADE:

(OVER SNARE DRUM) By dawn the Germans had been routed. Victory was ours and the English army went mad with joy.

ORCHESTRA:

DRUMS STOP

FX:

TEACUPS RATTLING

GRAMS:

INSTRUMENTAL 'I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN' FOR 10 SECONDS

FX:

(OVER) TEACUPS

SEAGOON:

(OVER CUPS AND MUSIC) They say it's been in all the papers, you know.

SELLERS:

(OVER CUPS AND MUSIC) We've had awfully nice weather for it.

SEAGOON:

(OVER CUPS AND MUSIC) We did, yes. We... er, another fairy cake? There's more there.

SELLERS:

(OVER CUPS AND MUSIC) Just love one.

FX:

DOORS OPEN

GRAMS:

MUSIC STOPS

BLOODNOK:

Stop this orgy, do you hear!

SEAGOON:

I say.

BLOODNOK:

I bring bad news *and* the payoff.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) The engine's running. Ha ha ha.

BLOODNOK:

That Battle of El Alamein we won was a fake. It was Alamein's double, played by Eccles.

ECCLES:

So dat's who I was. (SINGS ONE LONG HIGH NOTE - HELD FOR 11 SECONDS)
Ohhhhowwohhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

GREENSLADE:

(AFTER 8 SECONDS INTO ECCLES'S NOTE, OVER) And on that note we end this week's show,

ECCLES:

(NOTE ENDS) Aha ha ha ha.

GREENSLADE:

I believe there's quite a good bus service from here so... goodnight.

GRAMS:

SHEEP BLEATING FOR 5 SECONDS

GREENSLADE:

Among the sheep in this recorded Goon Show were Wally Stott and his Orchestra, Max Geldray, The Ray Ellington Quartet, Harry Secombe, Peter Sellers and Spike Milligan, who writes it. Those who were fleeced were Wallace Greenslade, Announcer and Producer John Browell, who... often wishes he could... (ABRUPTLY CUT OFF BY MUSIC)

ORCHESTRA:

'OLD COMRADES' - 32 SECONDS

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT