

S9 E09 - The Battle of Spion Kop

Transcribed by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. Now here is a variation on that. This is *the* BBC Light Programme.

OMNES:

MURMURS OF APPROVAL INCLUDING "VERY GOOD, THERE"

SELLERS:

The old night school's paying off there, Wal.

SECOMBE:

Yer, chat on more on it, there, Wal, lad! Give us a bit more of the old posh chat, there, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

I continue my recital of announcements. The BBC is open to the public on Thursdays and Wednesday afternoons. Or on Wednesday afternoons and Thursdays.

SPRIGGS:

Thank you, Jim. Now here, folks, is Chief Ellinga Too-Ying-Too to say 'Thursday' in Swahili.

ELLINGTON:

Mala toola yah! Yarga toola marngo? Tula mar garrrr. Ohta meichicka fagula tolum. What?

SPRIGGS:

You see how long the days are in Africa, folks. (ASIDE) She's in tonight. (NORMAL) Forward, Mr Seaside, with your New Year's resolutions.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Hello, folks! Hello, folks! it is me, folks! Folks, it is me! Next year, folks, I hope to give up 1958 - permanently!

ELDER STATESMAN:

[SELLERS]

Ungrateful beast, after 1958 all that it's done for you, you discard it like an old boot, I won't hear it.

SEAGOON:

Let me warn you, hairy sir, of the many dangers and dongers of keeping on old years after it's worn out. Mrs Greenslade's husband will now tell you why.

GREENSLADE:

It was the year 1907 and here is the orchestra to play it.

ORCHESTRA:

NEW MAD LINK ALL OVER THE SHOP. SINGING IN THE MIDDLE. FINISHES ON A CHORD

SEAGOON:

Ahhh, what a year that was. The South African war had broken out and was now in its second year.

OMNES:

SINGING 'HAPPY BIRTHDAY'

SEAGOON:

Knock, knock, knock on a door in Africa.

BLOODNOK:

Knock, knock on a door in Africa? Gad, that's the address of *my* door! Come in!

SEAGOON:

Effects door opens.

BLOODNOK:

Ahhh, effects, ahhh.

SEAGOON:

May I introduce myself?

BLOODNOK:

Of course.

SEAGOON:

(ANNOUNCING) Ladies and Gentlemen! The man in the blue corner is Neddie Seagoon. (NORMAL)
Thank you. I'm 5th Lieutenant Seagoon reporting from Sandhurst SW9.

BLOODNOK:

Well, sit down on that chair in Africa SE16.

FX:

DUCK CALL

SEAGOON:

Thank you. I was told to hand this envelope to you with a hand.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Pronounced... Ohhhhhh!

FX:

ENVELOPE OPENING

BLOODNOK:

Ah! These are your secret orders.

SEAGOON:

What do they say?

BLOODNOK:

Stand aaaaaat... Ease!

GRAMS:

REGIMENT STANDING AT EASE

SEAGOON:

(RELIEVED) Ah! Oh, that feels much better, sir!

BLOODNOK:

Yes. And it suits you, what's more.

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you!

BLOODNOK:

Now! To military matters of milt. Captain Jympton?

GRAMS:

MAD DASH OF COCONUT SHELLS HORSES HOOVES VERY BRIEF, VERY FAST. APPROACHING TO FOREGROUND

HUGH JYMPTON:

Ahhh! Ah, sorry I'm late, sir. I... was quelling a native with, ah... quells.

BLOODNOK:

You'll get the military piano and bar for this.

HUGH JYMPTON:

Ahhhh....

BLOODNOK:

Now explain the victorious positions of our defeated troops, will you.

HUGH JYMPTON:

Ah... Intelligence, ah... has established that, ah... the people attacking us, ah... are the enemy.

BLOODNOK:

So! *That* is their fiendish game, is it?

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen. Do the enemy realise that you have this information?

BLOODNOK:

No, no, we got 'em fooled, they think *they're* the enemy!

SEAGOON:

Oh. What a... (SELLERS AND SECOMBE CRACK UP) They think *we* are the enemy, yeah. (NORMAL)
What a perfect disguise!

HUGH JYMPTON:

Ha, ha, ha. Yes, you see, Lieutenant Seagoon, we have a plan of a plin of a plon of a ploof.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Of a ploof.

HUGH JYMPTON:

The South Africans are magnificent fighters and it's our intention to persuade them to come over to our side.

SEAGOON:

Then that would finish the war, sir!

HUGH JYMPTON:

Oh, no. Ha, ha, ha. Oh, dearie no!

SEAGOON:

Then how would you keep it going?

HUGH JYMPTON:

My dear sir. England is *never* short of enemies!

BLOODNOK:

Of course not, the waiting room's full of 'em. Now, Seagoon, sit down. Tell me - what's the time back in England?

SEAGOON:

Twenty to four, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, it's nice to hear the old time again. Singhiz!

SINGHIZ THING:

Yes, sir?

FX:

SLAPSTICK

SINGHIZ THING:

Ahhh!

BLOODNOK:

Get out of here now, will you! You see, Seagoon, how bad things are. That banana, for instance, it's only been eaten once and look at it!

SEAGOON:

But sir, back in England they told me all was well.

BLOODNOK:

Back in England all *is* well, it's *here* where the trouble lies.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Oh! What? What? What? What?

GRAMS:

APPROACH OF OLD CAR BACK FIRING, GRINDING OF GEAR, PEEPING ON BULB HORN, CAR EXPLODES, GUSHER OF STEAM, FALLS TO BITS, YELLS

ECCLES:

Well. I think I'll pull up here.

BLOODNOK:

I say, you with the apparent teeth.

ECCLES:

Oh, a soldier man! 'Ello, soldier! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! You're dead, soldier!

SEAGOON:

Let me talk to him. (CLEARS THROAT) I speak idiot fluently. (DOES ECCLES IMPRESSION) 'Ello, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Ohhhh, you're from the old country! 'Ello. (AD LIBS TO AUDIENCE MEMBER CLAPPING LOUDER THAN OTHERS) Somebody else from the Old Country out there. I wish they were back there! (LAUGHS)

BLOODNOK:

Neddie, er...

ECCLES:

What?

BLOODNOK:

Allow me to humour him with this mallet.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no, leave it to me. (AS ECCLES) Tell us, Mad Dan, what are you doing in Africa?

ECCLES:

What am I doin' in Africa? I translated.

SEAGOON:

(UNDER ECCLES) What are you doing in Africa?

ECCLES:

I'm here as an adviser to the British Army!

SEAGOON:

Splendid! (AS ECCLES) What are you going to advise them?

ECCLES:

Not to take me.

BLOODNOK:

I respect your cowardice, sir, it warms my heart and gives old Dennis a real smart idea. Come over here and warm yourself by this Recruiting Sergeant.

SERGEANT:

[SECOMBE]

(COCKNEY) Hello, hello, 'ello, my lad. You look a likely lad, there.

ECCLES:

'Ello, 'ello, um, my lad. (GIBBERISH)

SERGEANT:

Very good, very good, very good, there.

ECCLES:

(OFF) You're on your own.

SERGEANT:

Now 'ere, lad. 'Ow would you like to 'ave a grandstand view of the opening night of the Battle of Spion Kop, there?

BLOODNOK:

Here, just a moment, Sergeant. Spine-ra Kop! He can have *my* place, I tell you!

SERGEANT:

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho?

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Just by chance, Sergeant, I have a vacant uniform in the front rank, he'll see *everything* from there.

SERGEANT:

Now, then. You 'eard that very fair offer from the nice Major, there.

ECCLES:

He's a nice Major.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

ECCLES:

He's a nice... nice man. How much do you want for dat?

BLOODNOK:

Well it's usually it's free but, er... just this once it'll be seven shillings. So, ah, shall we say a pound?

ECCLES:

A pound?

BLOODNOK:

You said it!

ECCLES:

Oh! I've only got a five-pound note.

BLOODNOK:

Well I'll take that and you can pay me the other four later.

FX:

TILL

BLOODNOK:

Oh, the old military till.

SERGEANT:

You're a very lucky lad, there, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Yer?

SERGEANT:

I'll have a regiment call for you at six tomorrow morning. Meantime, here is the well-known 'Conks' Geldray. A sittin' target!

MAX GELDRAI:

Boy, in the war my conk holds his own.

MAX GELDRAI:

"THIS CAN'T BE LOVE"

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC 'RETURN TO THE STORY' LINK

GRAMS:

HORSE ARTILLERY TROTTING UP TILE LINE. DISTANT TRAMP OF SOLDIERS PLODDING ALONG ROUGH ROAD

GREENSLADE:

At dawn the British attack was mounted. Not very well stuffed but beautifully mounted. Then suddenly through the stilled British front line, a lone voice is heard.

MORIARTY:

(APPROACHING) Lucky charms! Get your lucky charms before the battle. Get your lucky charms, boys. (SINGS) Get your self a charm today and save yourself from harm today.

WILLIUM:

'Ere.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww!

WILLIUM:

'ere, mate, charm man. 'Ere.

MORIARTY:

What is it, merry drummer man?

WILLIUM:

Them charms. Are they any cop, mate?

MORIARTY:

Ah, they're... They're *real* cop, mate. Nelson brought one for Waterloo.

WILLIUM:

'Ere.

MORIARTY:

What? What?

WILLIUM:

'E weren't at Waterloo.

MORIARTY:

Of course not, he was in my shop buying a charm. You see how lucky they are?

WILLIUM:

'Ow much is a good one, then?

MORIARTY:

Well, tell me, what part *don't* you want to be wounded in?

WILLIUM:

I don't want any o' me parts woundin'.

MORIARTY:

I know, you want the all parts comprehensive charm!

WILLIUM:

Well, 'urry up, then. 'Ow much?

MORIARTY:

Three shillings, it's a real bargain with barg.

WILLIUM:

There, snail eater. I pins it on me chest so me chest won't get killed.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

WILLIUM:

Ohhh! Mate.

FX:

THUD OF BODY

MORIARTY:

Good shot, Grytpype!

GRYTPYPE:

Unpin the lucky charm and back on the tray with it. Off you go, Morantilly.

MORIARTY:

[UNCLEAR]. Chaaaaarms! Second hand lucky charms. (FADING) Only used once before.

GRYTPYPE:

There he goes. A true son of France and Hyde Park. Who knows what mystic thoughts are whispering in the mossy glades of his krutty shins.

SECOMBE:

I say! You mind taking your hat off, old chap? The battle's about to begin and we can't see, you know.

SELLERS:

(SHOUTS) Fire!

GRAMS:

BATTLE STARTS - FIRST THE VOLLEYS OF MUSKETRY, THEN DISTANT CANNONS. THE RETURN FIRE OF THE ENEMY IS EVEN MORE DISTANT. FADE DOWN AND UNDER. FADE IN BIG BEN CHIMING. FADE

PRIME MINISTER:

[SELLERS]

Gentlemen of the house. The Battle of Spion Kop opened last night.

OMNES:

ENTHUSIASTIC MURMURINGS INCLUDING "HEAR HEAR!" AND "LONG LIVE THE EMPIRE!"

PRIME MINISTER:

Ahhh. But I fear it got very bad notices in the Press.

MP 1:

[MILLIGAN]

You're not thinking of taking it off are you, Mr Prime Minister?

PRIME MINISTER:

Well, unless Robert Morley puts some money in I can see no other way...

MP:

[UNCLEAR]. What about Binkie and his backers? They'll... they'll lose all their money.

PRIME MINISTER:

Patience, sir, patience. We have here Lieutenant Seagoon...

MP:

Have we? Ohhh...

PRIME MINISTER:

...who will proceed to give us the reasons for the disayster.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Honourable Members. The reason for it flopping was obvious. There isn't one decent song in the whole battle.

MP 2:

[MILLIGAN]

Oh, come, I say.

MP 3:

[SELLERS]

But soldier fellow, the Battle of Spion Kop isn't a musical, you know.

SEAGOON:

And that's where we went wrong.

MP 3:

Ah.

SEAGOON:

If the *Americans* had been running it they'd have had Rex Harrison and the other wrecks.

MP 3:

But do you know any good composers of battle songs and scores?

SEAGOON:

Just by chance and careful planning, I have an Auntie in Grimsby who sits amongst the cabbages and plays an elastic water tank under supervision.

MP 3:

I didn't know there were any of her kind left, you know. Now off you go and tell your auntie the good news.

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS OVER..

SECOMBE:

(SINGS 'LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY', SPEEDING UP INTO THE DISTANCE)

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

FX:

HAMMERING OF A METAL HAMMER ON ANVIL

HENRY CRUN:

(OVER HAMMERING MUTTERS) There. Now that's got the spoons in fine-spoon fettle, Min.

FX:

QUICK TWO SPOONS TOGETHER Á LA BUSKERS

HENRY CRUN:

(SINGS) 'Na ahah, ahah, aliah, ah' Now, Min. Get inside the piano and select me a tuning A.

GRAMS:

ONE SHEEP BLEATING

HENRY CRUN:

Again, Min.

GRAMS:

ONE SHEEP BLEATING AGAIN

HENRY CRUN:

Ahhh, they don't make pianos like that any more.

MINNIE:

Isn't it time we had it shorn, Henry?

HENRY CRUN:

No, not yet, Min, the winters are not upon us, you know. Hand me my knuckle oils.

MINNIE:

(GIGGLES) Rub it well into the k-nuckles. I get it mixed with Indian brandyyyy! Rub it in!

HENRY CRUN:

Ohhh, Indian brandy, oh.

MINNIE:

[UNCLEAR] it into those knuckles.

HENRY CRUN:

Ahhhh. Ohhh.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh, dear.

FX:

AGONISING KNUCKLE CRACKING

HENRY CRUN:

No good, Min, these calminatives are no good, I tell you.

MINNIE:

They'll purge you, purge you.

HENRY CRUN:

Ohhh, I... I've got the flat-feet in the third knuckle, you know, Min. Ah, well, now to try for the Pajanynee variations for spoons arranged - Crun!

GRAMS:

DISC OF VARIATIONS

HENRY CRUN:

(PLAYS SPOONS. THEN...) Stop! Stop, stop! This spoon is out of tune, Min. Have you been eating with it, again?

MINNIE:

Nooooo!

HENRY CRUN:

Then what's that your stirring the soup with?

MINNIE:

A violin.

HENRY CRUN:

She's always got an answer, the old cow.

MINNIE:

Nowwww.....

HENRY CRUN:

Now.

MINNIE:

Now, you always say that.

HENRY CRUN:

Now to compose the last tune for the battle of Spion *Kop*!

FX:

BUSKER SPOONS IN TEMPO

MINNIE AND HENRY:

(SING 'DOLLY GREY', FADE)

GRAMS:

FADE UP BATTLE NOISES, EXPLOSIONS, ETC. LARGE EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh! Oh! Ellinga, turn the volume of that battle down, will you.

FX:

DOOR BURSTS OPEN

SEAGOON:

Major! The enemy...

BLOODNOK:

Aaaaoooohh!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

SEAGOON:

Good heavens, he's gone. Ah! Here are his boots. They're still warm! He can't be far.

BLOODNOK:

Aaah, there ain't nobody here but us chickens, I tell you.

SEAGOON:

The voice came from a cowardly red face on the top of a chicken wardrobe.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, it's you Seagoon, you... you coward.

SEAGOON:

Why have you deserted your post?

BLOODNOK:

It's got woodworm, sir.

SEAGOON:

Old jokes won't save you.

BLOODNOK:

They saved Monkhouse and Goodwin, well that's good enough for me.

SEAGOON:

Major.

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

There's still hope.

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

Look!

BLOODNOK:

Where?

SEAGOON:

Crun's vital battle songs have arrived.

BLOODNOK:

It won't be easy, sir, the enemy have just attacked in E-Flat and we had to retire to G-Minor.

SEAGOON:

Never mind, sir. These old songs are all written in six-sharps.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, the most powerful brown key of them all. Get Ellinga and his Zulu bones to dash off a chorus towards the enemy.

SEAGOON:

Fiiiiire!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"MR SUCCESS"

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GRAMS:

BUGLE CALLS AT VARYING PITCHES, RUNNING BOOTS OF TROOPS TAKING UP POSITIONS

SEAGOON:

At dawn under cover of daylight we took up our positions with our teeth blacked out.

MILLIGAN:

(WOEFUL) Every man had his ammunition pouches bulging with offensive military songs and spoons at the ready.

SEAGOON:

Right. We'll just have to sit and wait.

(LONG PAUSE – 10 SECONDS)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do you tink we're gonna win, Captain?

SEAGOON:

Never was victory more certain, little lad.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. Then why have you got that taxi waitin' for you at the end of your trench?

SEAGOON:

A-ha, ha. Oh, well. Here's a half-a-crown, little lad, I... I think we can forget all about it now.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I can't forget about it.

FX:

COLOSSAL CLOUT

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ahah! I've forgotten about it!

SEAGOON:

Now explain to me why you're lying down two inches below the level of the ground and speaking through a tombstone.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, I was doing an impression of a zebra crossing when... Squelch! A taxi ranned over me breaking both my boots above the wrist.

SEAGOON:

What agony, igony, agony, oogany, mahogany. Did it hurt you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, cos I'm makin' it all up, you see! Hee-hee!

SEAGOON:

Taxi!

GRAMS:

TAXI APPROACHES AT TERRIFIC SPEED; JELLY THUD SOUND

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aieeee! You taxied me. Look, the Christmas string's coming off my legs.

SEAGOON:

Swallow this first-aid book and custard. I'll have your legs relacquered free and exported to Poland.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You're a fair man, sir. Merryl Krilbuns.

ECCLES:

Oww, Bottle, what you doin' under that taxi?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It ran over me, Eccles.

ECCLES:

You must be rich. I can only afford to be run over by buses.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, my man, when you're in the big money, you know, you can do things like this.

ECCLES:

You see, one day I'll have enough money to be run over by a Rolls-Royce *with a chauffeur!*

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, pull me out, then.

ECCLES:

Right-oh. Hold this.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What is it?

ECCLES:

I don't know, but I got it cheap.

SEAGOON:

Let me see what you got cheap?

GRAMS:

TIGER GROWL

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! It's a genuine hand operated 1914 tiger!

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon, put that tiger back in its stripes, we don't want any scandals during ladies night, you know.

SINGHIZ:

Pardon me, sir. All the men are ready with their music.

BLOODNOK:

Good, let us have those spoons, then, lad.

ORCHESTRA:

EACH MAN ISSUED WITH TWO SPOONS. THEY MAKE NOISE LIKE BUSKERS

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh. Oh, what a terrifying sound. It's a good job nobody heard it.

SEAGOON:

Now, men. To your military Crun music. And take up your vocal positions with your voices facing outwards!

BLOODNOK:

And don't sing men until you see the whites of their song sheets. Are you ready? Bugler, sound the elephant.

GRAMS:

HIGH PITCHED TRUMPETING BY SINGLE ELEPHANT

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh!

HUGH JYMPTON:

Here they come now, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Quick! Me spoons and me music, I'll show 'em!

FX:

TWO SPOONS BUSKING IN TEMPO TO..

BLOODNOK:

(SINGING 'GOODBYE DOLLY I MUST LEAVE YOU') (SHOUTS) Come on you fools! There's more of this where this came from! (CONTINUES SINGING) 'I don't know want to go'. (SHOUTS) Sing up, lads!

OMNES:

ALL JOIN IN SINGING AND RATTLING SPOONS

GRAMS:

SHELLS START BURSTING IN THEIR MIDST. STARTING SLOWLY AND INCREASING IN INTENSITY

BLOODNOK:

(CONTINUES TO SING BUT GRADUALLY HIS MORALE IS DESTROYED, HE BREAKS OFF)

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh! Run for it, lads, run for it! These songs aren't bullet proof! Aaaaohhhh!

GRAMS:

WHOLE ARMY RUNS AWAY YELLING IN TERROR. SPEED UP AND FADE

(PAUSE)

GRAMS:

ARCTIC GALE HOWLING, OCCASIONAL WOLVES

BLOODNOK:

(OUT OF BREATH) Oh! Ohhh! That's far enough, lads. Where are we?

SEAGOON:

The South Pole, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Well, no further, we don't want to back into them. Anyway... Plant the Union Jack, will you? The national flag of the Union of Jack. I claim the South Pole in the name of Gladys Pills. Of 13 The Sebastibal Villas, Sutton.

SEAGOON:

Who is she, sir?

BLOODNOK:

I don't know but obviously we're doing her a big favour.

SEAGOON:

There's still a chance of victory. Look!

BLOODNOK:

Where?

SEAGOON:

Look what I've got in the brown paper parcel

FX:

RUSTLING OF PAPER

BLOODNOK:

Good heavens, *white* paper! What a glorious victory for England.

SEAGOON:

Look under the stamp.

BLOODNOK:

What? A fourteen-inch naval gun.

ECCLES:

And guess what's in the barrel?

BLOODNOK:

I've no idea.

SEAGOON:

Major, inside the barrel are photographs of a British military dinner.

BLOODNOK:

Really? Keep it going, lad, keep it going.

SEAGOON:

I will, indeed. I intend to fire that photograph at the enemy canteen during their lunch break. When they see the size of British military dinners, they'll desert.

BLOODNOK:

I know, half *our* men deserted when they saw the size of 'em. However it's worth a try. Take aim...
Fire!

GRAMS:

COLOSSAL EXPLOSION; FOLLOWED BY PILES OF BONES FALLING ON TO THE GROUND

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aaaiee! That's the last time I kip in a barrel, I tell you. Collapses and is left out of show from now onwards. Goodnight, everybody.

GRAMS:

CHEERS APPLAUSE

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhhh. By popular request I've come back again.

FX:

SLAPSTICK

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aie!

SEAGOON:

All we can do is to wait and see what effect that photograph of a military dinner has on the enemy.
Meantime - a sound effect.

GRAMS:

WIND UP AND WOLVES HOWLING

GREENSLADE:

Meantime in Parliament, the British Government had written off the Battle of Spion Kop as a dead loss.

ANCIENT STATESMAN:

[SECOMBE]

Gentlemen... Gentlemen, to save face, and the honour of England, we're going to bring back that old favourite... The Battle of Waterloo"

OMNES:

ANCIENT MURMURS OF APPROVAL, MILD CLAPPING, MURMURS OF "HEAR, HEAR..."

PRIME MINISTER:

Gentlemen, we shall send out immediate notification to the original cast.

ORCHESTRA:

MARSEILLAISE-TYPE LINK

MORIARTY BONAPARTE:

(SNORING)

FX:

(DOOR OPENING)

FRENCH SEAGOON:

(FRENCH ACCENT THROUGHOUT) Mon Emperor, wake-up!

MORIARTY BONAPARTE:

How... How dare you wake the Emperor Napoleon up in the middle of his retirement.

FRENCH SEAGOON:

Wonderful nouvelle wonderful news.

MORIARTY BONAPARTE:

Quelle, news, quelle, you!

FRENCH SEAGOON:

By special request we have to do an encore of the Battle of Waterloo.

MORIARTY BONAPARTE:

What? But we lost it!

FRENCH SEAGOON:

This time we've got a British backer.

MORIARTY BONAPARTE:

Ahhh! Sapristi nabolas and gabolaboo! Get my trousers oiled and unwrap a fresh Josephine! (AS THROAT) Urrrrr... (NORMAL) There's going to be fun tonight in the camp!

FX:

THWACK

MORIARTY BONAPARTE:

Owww!

GRYTPYPE:

Down, Emperor, down. Snail-eating fool. Back to your grave, you know you're not allowed out after your death.

MORIARTY BONAPARTE:

Blast those silly rules!

GRYTPYPE:

My card, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

This is a piece of string.

GRYTPYPE:

Have you no imagination, lad? I am Lord Ink.

SEAGOON:

Not Pennan?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Pennan Ink.

ORCHESTRA:

CHORD IN C

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, folks, it's getting near the end, now. All pay offs will be gratefully received.

GRYTPYPE:

One coming up, Ned. Unfortunately my client, Moriarty, is appearing in 'The Death of Napoleon' at the local knackers yard. Looks like being a very long run.

SEAGOON:

It looks like being a long run? What does?

GRYTPYPE:

Ten miles.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

GRYTPYPE:

They're off!

GRAMS:

TWO PAIRS OF RUNNING FEET

SEAGOON:

As we ran we discussed the contract for the Battle of Waterloo. Later at the Preston Barracks, Brighton, we auditioned for the part of the Duke of Wellington.

GRAMS:

FADE IN SELLERS SINGING LAST PART OF 'ANY OLD IRON', MATE

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Wait inside the piano one moment, will you? What do you think?

GRYTPYPE:

He's not the Lord Wellington type, you know.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes. Yes. (CALLS OUT) I say, we... we... we'll, we'll write and let you know.

WILLIUM:

Let me know what?

SEAGOON:

That you're no good for the part.

WILLIUM:

Right, then I won't takes another job till I 'ear that, then.

SEAGOON:

Next, please.

FX:

BOOTS APPROACHING

ECCLES:

(SINGING FROM WAY OFF) "I'll follow my secret heart till I find you..."

SEAGOON:

One moment. (ASIDE) Where's my pistol?

GRYTPYPE:

No, Neddie, no. Er, one moment.

MORIARTY BONAPARTE:

Grytpype! Listen! With Eccles playing the part of Wellington, this time the French are *bound* to win the Battle of Waterloo!

GRYTPYPE:

Right. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yer?

GRYTPYPE:

Button the hat and sword. Now, charge!

GRAMS:

GREAT GALLOPING OF HORSES INTO DISTANCE WITH SHOTS SCREAMS AND MORE SHOTS

ECCLES:

Owwwowwww!

SEAGOON:

(IN TEARS) No! We... We've lost the Battle of Waterloo!

MORIARTY:

Get your new history books. Get your new history books, here. Read how the French won Waterloo, folks. For the second time [UNCLEAR]... (FADES)

FX:

PHONE RINGS

SEAGOON:

Hello?

BLOODNOK:

(ON PHONE) Seagoon? Look here, a right twit you made of yourself firing that photo of a dinner at the enemy. Do you know what they fired back?

SEAGOON:

What?

BLOODNOK:

The photograph of an empty plate.

SEAGOON:

Aha, ha, ha. An empty plate! (CLEARS THROAT) Well. There you are, folks. The old anti-climax again! (LAUGHS)

ORCHESTRA:

'OLD COMRADES MARCH'

ORCHESTRA:

OUTRO