

S9 E11 - The Spy or Who is Pink Oboe

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

(PETER SELLERS HAD THROAT PROBLEMS AND WAS REPLACED BY THE FOUR GUEST ACTORS AT THE LAST HOUR)

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme.

TRAGIC ACTOR:

[STARK]

Pray! Say your pertuffs quietly, folks! As here is a High Fidelity recording of John Snagge.

GRAMS JOHN SNAGGE:

This is the Satyricon of Petronius service of the Ba Be Sea. We apologise for the audience who attended the Goon Show on Sunday the 28th of December. It has been discovered that these people had actually written in for tickets to see a broadcast of Swedish Drill by the Luton Girls Male choir. The actual Goon Show audience were misdirected to a gramophone recital of Jackson Pollock Paintings on clubbed leather. We apologise to all concerned. I will now kill myself.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT. GROAN. THUD OF BODY.

GREENSLADE:

(BREAKS DOWN) Oh! Oh, Master Snagge!

SEAGOON:

Don't cry, Wal. He remembered you in his will.

GREENSLADE:

How much???????

SEAGOON:

Oh, no money. He just said, "I remember Wal Greenslade".

GREENSLADE:

Charlie!

SINGHIZ:

[MILLIGAN]

Pardon me, sir! But the Goon Show has broken out.

SEAGOON:

Singhiz! We must volunteer for it at once. Forward!

SINGHIZ:

Good luck, sir!

GRAMS:

BRISK ARMY OF BOOTS MARCHING AWAY SINGING: "GIVE ME SOME MEN, SOME STOUT-HEARTED MEN". SPEEDS UP.

GREENSLADE:

I, too, will volunteer for the Goon Show by announcing this announcement. We present: The Spy.
Or...

GRAMS GREENSLADE:

(FAST) SPY ORRRRR... THE SPY ORRRRR... THE SPY ORRRRR... THE SPY ORRRRR... THE SPY ORRRRR...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in a deserted lock-keeper's lock, the remains of French Aristocracy is steaming.

GRAMS:

FADE IN BOILING POT

MORIARTY:

(SINGS) Shine through my silent thoughts again...

GRYTPYPE

[DYALL]

I say, that smells good, Moriarty. What is it?

MORIARTY:

Me! Me mind! I'm using Perfume de Sewers Battersea Devine on my knees.

GRYTPYPE:

You erotic fool!

THROAT:

Urrrrr.....

GRYTPYPE:

You know full well that knee perfumes were the cause of Louis Cans downfall.

MORIARTY:

[UNCLEAR]. Sapristi Doodle! Caramba le Ponk! You insult the knees of mon King. Mon Roi de France! I challenge you to a steaming duel! Name your weapon!

GRYTPYPE:

I name my weapon... "Basil"! Now... you name yours.

MORIARTY:

I choose that magnificent melody divine, the Miserae at ten paces!

ANNOUNCER:

[SECOMBE]

My Lords! Ladies! And gentlemen! This is a ten round...

FX:

JELLY SPLOSH

GRYTPYPE:

Right!

ANNOUNCER:

Thank you! Ahhhhh!

GRYTPYPE:

Arrrrrr! Right in the old dinner disposer!

MORIARTY:

Now then... back to the back! Ten paces. And Sing!

ORCHESTRA:

QUIET PIANO INTRO. TIMID BELL SOFTLY THROUGH OUT DUEL PUNCTUATING LINES

GRYTPYPE:

(SINGS) In yon gloomy towerr.

FX:

SMALL BELL TINGS

MORIARTY:

Miserae!

GRYTPYPE:

Where death now is gleaming

FX:

SMALL BELL TINGS

MORIARTY:

Miseræ!

GRYTPYPE:

In death we shall meet no more!

FX:

SMALL BELL TINGS

MORIARTY:

Miseræ!

GRYTPYPE:

On a cold winter's dayyyyyy.....

FX:

SMALL BELL TINGS

MORIARTY:

Miseræ! Miseræ! Miseræ! Miseræ!

GRYTPYPE:

And now, to the arrrrrrrrhhhhhhh...!

GRAMS:

DOUBLE FORTE JELLY SPLOSH

MORIARTY:

You swine! You tried to hit me with that unsigned sock full of grit. I'll not give in. Anything you can do... I can do better.

GRAMS:

THE FOLLOWING RECORDED, GETTING FASTER AND FASTER

GRYTPYPE:

No you can't.

MORIARTY:

Yes I can!

GRYTPYPE:

No you can't!

MORIARTY:

Yes I can!

GRYTPYPE:

No you can't!

MORIARTY:

Yes I can!

GRYTPYPE:

No you can't, no you can't, no you caaaaaaan't!

(PAUSE)

MORIARTY:

(SPED UP) Yes I cannnnnnnnnnnnn! ...

FX:

SLAPSTICK

MORIARTY:

(SPED UP) Owwww!!!! ...

GRAMS:

SPLASH - NORMAL SPEED

MORIARTY:

Hellllp! I can't swim in water!

SEAGOON:

Here! Grab this copy of Bulganin's confession.

MORIARTY:

Will it save me?

SEAGOON:

It saved 'im! Now slide this piece of dry land under you.

MORIARTY:

Whatever it was.

GRAMS:

SOUND OF PUSHING A GRAND PIANO ON CASTORS OVER A WOODEN FLOOR. THE CASTORS BEING A BIT SQUEAKY TO GIVE THE SOUND OF TRACTION

MORIARTY:

Ta!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Now, Ned. For saving the Steam Count, we charge a fee of three-shillings!

FX:

TILL

MILLIGAN:

(WAY OFF) Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Could you play that again?

FX:

TILL

SEAGOON:

What a lovely tune!

GRYTPYPE:

Like it? It's the National Anthem of America. All the shops are playing it. Now...

SEAGOON:

Good Heavens! Then it's time for World War One! On your marks!

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

GRAMS:

GREAT RUSH AWAY OF MANY BOOTS, WITH A MILITANT BUGLE CALL OVER THE TOP

GELDRAY:

That only leaves old Max "Conks" Geldray, boys.

MILLIGAN:

[UNCLEAR] him, boy!

MAX GELDRAV:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in Whitehall. Plee, plah, plippity-ploh, plooh! Thank you.

HUGH JYMPTON:

Excuse me, Colonel Chinstrap, but, er, Captain Seagoon's bed has just pulled up outside, sir.

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

[TRAIN]

Oh. By jove, he must be a late-riser. Just a minute.

FX:

POPPING CORK - POURING

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

I don't mind if I do. Come in, Seagoon!

FX:

RUNNING FEET

SEAGOON:

Hello, Colonel Jim, Sir.

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

How d'you do, sir. I say, sit down, my dear fellow, and let me take some of your surplus legs from under your surplus.

SEAGOON:

Aha, ha! Thank you. Mind if I play a violin?

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

As long as it's one of ours.

SEAGOON:

Care for one?

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

Well, just this once.

GRAMS:

TWO VIOLINS TUNING UP IN A VERY AMATEURISH WAY

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

By Jove, delicious. Now, Seagoon, do you know we're at war with naughty Germany?

SEAGOON:

Well, I heard shouting.

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

Lieutenant... Lieutenant Jympton? Tell him all.

JYMPTON:

We need you, sir, for counter espionage, sir.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha! I suppose it means certain death?

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

And a pension. Perfect combination!

SEAGOON:

Ha! Well, it's for the old country. Ha, ha, ha. Seagoons have never flinched from death.

ORCHESTRA:

BRING IN A MUTED TRUMPET PLAYING 'THE LAST POST' AT SUNSET EFFECT

SEAGOON:

I can see it all now. I'll fight till my ammunitions gone.

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

Well done, sir.

SEAGOON:

I'll say to the other men, "Lads, make your way back as best as you can. Me? I'll stay on, I'll... I'll fight 'em barehanded until I'm overpowered and... then I'll swallow my secret code".

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

Good for you.

SEAGOON:

They'll torture me. I won't speak. It'll mean the firing squad. Ha, ha, ha. So what? They'll say, "Any last requests?" I'll say, "Yes, damn you, I want evening dress." I'll take my time and... put it on with my full miniatures. "Blindfold?" they'll say. Ha, ha, ha. Blindfold.

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

Ho, ho, ho, ho.

SEAGOON:

The rifles will come up. The click of the cartridges rammed home.

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

Good heavens.

SEAGOON:

They're taking aim. Ha, ha, ha.

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

Ho, ho, ho, ho.

SEAGOON:

I'll be smiling that... that carefree daredevil smile. The officer will raise his sword.

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

And then?

SEAGOON:

The volley will ring out and... I'll slump smiling to the floor – dead.

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

Well, Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

(BLOODY COWARD) I don't want to gooooo!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

I say! Stop him before he gets to the bus stop.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

FX:

DOOR OPENS

OMNES:

(STRUGGLE)

SEAGOON:

(over above) Let me go! I'm a professional coward, I tell you, I... I don't want to go to war.

JYMPTON:

I... I caught him in Glasgow, sir, wearing a Jewish kilt, sir. It takes a lot of...

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

My old regiment. Look, Seagoon. There's a thousand pounds in it! If you succeed in this mission, it will shorten the war by three-feet six-inches.

SEAGOON:

So wars are being worn shorter this year?

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

Of course.

SEAGOON:

What's the job?

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

Well, a certain German spy has got the complete plans and measurements of the Union Jack. It's our job to stop him before he builds a prototype.

SEAGOON:

Will they stop at nothing! Who is this fiend incarnate?

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

Jympton. Tell him.

JYMPTON:

Have you ever heard of a German spy called (SINGS) "la da die, dum die dum, lum da die dum" (TO TUNE MARCH LOHENGRIN). Have you heard of him?

SEAGOON:

How do you spell it?

GRAMS JYMPTON:

SERIES OF STRANGE SOUNDS PLAYED AT SPEED

SEAGOON:

I think I'd recognise him if I heard him.

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

Jolly good.

SEAGOON:

Right. I'm your man.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

A month has passed and we are now lumbered with a meeting of high military Freds.

SECOMBE:

Gentlemen! Tomorrow we start our great mission to recover those plans of the Union Jack. I have chosen you all for your intelligence.

ECCLES:

(OFF) Are you sure of dat? (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Ta. Ta. Right, that's [unclear].

SECOMBE:

Ahem! There may have been some slip-ups. Tomorrow... tomorrow we leave for France. Now, this... this is the secret password: "The wind is blowing through my grandmother's knees".

ECCLES:

Ohhh.

SECOMBE:

The reply is: "Annie is waiting upstairs."

ECCLES:

Ohhhh, ho ho ho, hooooaaaaoooooh!

GRYTPYPE:

I can see we're going to have trouble with you.

ECCLES:

What? What the...?

FX:

SLAPSTICK

ECCLES:

Owww! Owwwww!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GRAMS:

LIGHT WIND AND SEMI-DISTANT SOUND OF AIRSHIP ENGINES REVVING

GREENSLADE:

Dawn at Hendon Aerodrome. A freshly wallpapered airship is...

GRAMS:

ENGINE TICKING OVER... APPROACH OF JEEP. PULLS UP WITH SQUEAL OF BRAKES.

GREENSLADE:

... being shaved for active service.

SEAGOON:

Morning, Commander.

COMMANDER NARK:

[CONNOR]

Good morning. Now, Seagoon. These are the code-names. (ASIDE) You know?

SEAGOON:

Yes?

COMMANDER NARK:

I don't feel strange in this programme at all. (LAUGHS) Here are the code-names of our agents in France, here.

SEAGOON:

Carry on, I'll remember them.

COMMANDER NARK:

Yes. There's the Black Rabbit. The Blue Pelican. (SNORES) And the Yellow Alligator.

SEAGOON:

Roger.

COMMANDER NARK:

Then there's the Octaroon Monkey. The Pink Oboe and the Purple Mosquitoe.

SEAGOON:

Yes, I think I... think I'll... remember them.

COMMANDER NARK:

Then there's the Vermillion Sock, the Vermillion Ponk, the Chocolate Speedway and the White Bint.

SEAGOON:

Look, I... I... I think I'd... I'd better write this down.

COMMANDER NARK:

No, please, don't! You'll go colour blind.

STARK:

Excuse me, sir. Um, er... Your airship is ready, sir.

SEAGOON:

Let me taste. (TASTES) Ooh, hoo, hoo! Delicious! Right! Tell Eccles to get inside, run my bath and lay out a blonde manequin.

STARK:

Hooray for war! A-ha, ha! Hooray for war! A-ha, ha!

DYALL:

I think we're going to have trouble with him, too, Sir,

SEAGOON:

Well, goodbye fellas! And Hugh?

JYMPTON:

Ah... Ye... Yes, sir?

ORCHESTRA:

SAXOPHONE "LAURA" A LA FILM BACKGROUND MUSIC

SEAGOON:

Hugh?

JYMPTON:

Yes, sir?

SEAGOON:

Say goodbye to Penelope for me.

JYMPTON:

Yes, sir. (CALLS) Goodbye, Penelope!

SEAGOON:

Not yet, you fool! When you see her, darling, when you see her, tell her... tell her...

JYMPTON:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

I can't think of anything to tell her.

JYMPTON:

Oh! Well, I... I... I'll tell her that, then, sir.

SEAGOON:

Gad, how we've loved!

JYMPTON:

Uh?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Passionate? Ha, ha!

JYMPTON:

Ahhhh!

SEAGOON:

By heavens, she's a hot little number.

JYMPTON:

Yes, so I found out after I married her, sir.

SEAGOON:

A-ha, ha, ha!

JYMPTON:

Ha, ha, ha!

SEAGOON:

Yes. Well, fair shares for all. A-ha, ha, ha! Ahem! Goodbye.

JYMPTON:

Goodbye, sir!

OMNES:

GOODBYE, SIR! GOODBYE! ETC...

JYMPTON:

Good luck on you!

GRAMS:

ROAR OF THE. GREAT AIRSHIPS ENGINES UP. GRADUALLY THEY FADE INTO DISTANCE. THEN SILENCE.

SEAGOON:

(ANGRILY) Who let go of the rope before I got in?!

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

I say, Seagoon. That boy was doing his duty! We wanted *you* to miss that airship. That's to be a decoy.

SEAGOON:

How do I get to France, then?

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

By this secret Military tricycle, sir.

SEAGOON:

Gad! The war's as good as won! So saying, I hailed a taxi and cycled to Folkestone.

COLONEL CHINSTRAP:

God for you, sir.

SEAGOON:

There, I caught a steam packet across the Channel. And as I drove my velocipede up the glang-plank, I saw another tricycle of foreign design upon my tail.

MILLIGAN:

Gerblongen, gerkeinen! Ich hatte sich un Edgware Road three and nine standing room only!
(CONTINUES WITH GERMAN-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

SEAGOON:

It's old Milligan doing his impression of a naughty German, there! (LAUGHS)

GRAMS:

BURST OF A MACHINE GUN. ZOOMING OF PLANES IN COMBAT... OCCASIONAL MACHINE GUN FIRE.

SEAGOON:

Take zat, you swein! Ah, ha, ha! Yackaboo! By turning my tricycle in a tight turn. I was on his tail and let him have a burst of steam.

GRAMS:

STEAMMMMMMM

MILLIGAN:

Ich der steamen der heiser!

GRAMS:

HOWL OF DOOMED FIGHTER PLANE... FADE

MILLIGAN:

Ach! Listen! You sweinhund!

SEAGOON:

Got him, right in his Dorniers! Ha, ha, haaa! And so, folks, I shot down my first German tricycle. Waiting to sail, Old Man River Ellington played a merry shanty. And I... I went for the BRANDYYYY!

GRAMS:

RUSHING AWAY OF DRINK CRAZED BOOTS, SCREAMS AND SHOUTS

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

Part Three, the spy. Pong, pee, taddy-tee.

ORCHESTRA:

SEA MUSIC

GRAMS:

SEAGULLS OVER MUSIC. SHIPS TELEGRAPH. SOUND OF SEA. SEAMEN YELL

SEAGOON:

Well, so far so good.

CAPTAIN GREENSLADE:

(ON TANNOY) Hello, all passengers.

ECCLES:

Listen.

CAPTAIN GREENSLADE:

This is your Captain "Merry Jim" Greenslade, speaking. Here is a warning.

ECCLES:

Oh?

CAPTAIN GREENSLADE:

This ship will be passing through fish infested waters, many of them sympathetic to the Germans. So therefore, there must be no naked lights on board.

MR O'TOOLE:

[CONNOR]

(IRISH ACCENT) Oh! Did you hear that, Mrs O'Toole? Now put some clothes on that match.

MRS O'TOOLE:

[STARK]

(IRISH ACCENT) Well, I... I can't, I... I'm looking for me Dorothy bag, darlin'.

MR O'TOOLE:

Oh, that old bag.

MRS O'TOOLE:

Well, I... I must find it, cocky.

MR O'TOOLE:

Why, what's in it, then? What's in it, eh? Eh, what's in it?

MRS O'TOOLE:

You are, Darlin'.

MR O'TOOLE:

What? Yeah, yeah, ooooooh, ohhhhh, dear. You naughty woman. You told me it was an overcoat sewn up at the bottom.

MRS O'TOOLE:

Well, you see, we couldn't afford the fare, Darlin'.

MR O'TOOLE:

You got me into a yer Dorothy bag under false pretences? You darlin', darlin'. You're de darlin'.

MRS O'TOOLE:

I'm the darlin'?

MR O'TOOLE:

You are the dirty darlin'!

MRS O'TOOLE:

I'm not a dirty darlin'!

MR O'TOOLE:

You're a dirty old darlin'!

BOTH:

ARGUE. FADE.

ORCHESTRA:

VERY CORNY BUT WELL PLAYED SHORT LINK. ALL VERY NEAT BUT MEANS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING

GRAMS:

AIRSHIP IN FLIGHT. THEN CHANGE TO AIRSHIP AS HEARD FROM INSIDE GONDOLA.

GREENSLADE:

We join the pilotless airship, the plotless story with luckless Eccles.

GRAMS:

BATH TAP RUNNING

ECCLES:

(SINGS NONSENSE)

GRAMS:

WATER STOPS

ECCLES:

Captain? The bath's ready. Captain? Captain? Ohh, funny thing, folks. I'd better go and see...

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

Ohhhh. Pardon me, Miss. Um, you seen Captain Seagoon?

ENCHANTRESS:

[CONNOR]

No, I haven't darling.

ECCLES:

(LAUGHS LECHEROUSLY) I'm not dat young! Ha, ha, ha, hoooo!

ENCHANTRESS:

Tell me... Tell me, what's your name?

ECCLES:

My name... Eccles. NO! Um... Um... Rock Hudson! That's who I am. I'm... Rock Hudson, buddy.

ENCHANTRESS:

Well... You come and sit down here, Rocky. You naughty, naughty boy.

ECCLES:

Oh, here, here, here, here, here, heeere! Oh, here, here, here, here, heeere!

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

ECCLES:

Oh... There's someone knocking at the airship door! At twenty-thousand feet!

ENCHANTRESS:

He must be very tall.

ECCLES:

Anything you say. I'm coming!

FX:

DOOR OPENS. RUSH OF WIND OUTSIDE AIRSHIP.

ECCLES:

Who's that out der in der...?

FLOWERDEW:

[STARK]

I say, I say, do help me, Eccles, I'm...

ECCLES:

Oh!

FLOWERDEW:

I'm... I'm balancing on a ladder.

ECCLES:

Oh!

FLOWERDEW:

I'm being chased by a police ladder.

ECCLES:

Come in, then! Ohhh! There!

FX:

DOOR SLAMS, WIND STOPS

FLOWERDEW:

I say, Eccles, you... you do look rather a decent type.

ECCLES:

Owhh.

FLOWERDEW:

Don't you think you, sort of, better get at the steering wheel? I mean to say, nobody's steering. I mean, isn't that silly! Ha, ha.

ECCLES:

Better watch this one.

FLOWERDEW:

I say! Oh, well, I'll take over, then. (SINGS) By Jove, fighting for Englaaaand! (NORMAL) Oh, if only my mother could see me now.

FX:

FAST PHONE RINGS UP QUICK

FLOWERDEW:

Hello? Is that you, mother?

VON LOHENGRIN:

[SECOMBE]

(GERMAN ACCENT) Is that airship RUOne-Two?

FLOWERDEW:

Yes. Are you one, too?

VON LOHENGRIN:

Tell your pilot to put his hands, legs and teeth up - or I'll fire, ger-bang!

FLOWERDEW:

Oh, do you know him, then?

GRAMS:

RUNNING ALONG. TWO PAIRS OF BOOTS. PASS INTO DISTANCE.

SEAGOON:

For an hour we ran in French, which I ran fluently. At Midnight we arrived at the old Chateau in Ville de Fon da Foon.

SPRIGGS:

Hello, Jim. Hello, Jim. "The Wind is blowing through my Grandmother's knees".

SEAGOON:

"Annie is waiting upstairs".

SPRIGGS:

Good! Good, meee-eeeen. He's one of us!

MADAM X:

Good. Thank heavens he's not one of *them*, dear.

SPRIGGS:

Silence. Silence, Madam X.

SEAGOON:

Can you tell me anything about (SINGS LOHENGRIN). 'Ere.

SPRIGGS:

I know his whereabouts.

SEAGOON:

Introduce me to them.

SPRIGGS:

Very difficult, Jim. Very difficuuuuulltttt. But go to the Lonely Crossroads at Rue de Postcard. And... (ASIDE) Thank you, [UNCLEAR]. (NORMAL) There you will stand on one leg and whistle in English!

SEAGOON:

Gad! I'll be whistling for England.

CONNOR:

(FRENCH ACCENT) Monsieur.

SEAGOON:

Er, Oui?

CONNOR:

First you must swallow zis alarm clock.

GRAMS:

MIX IN TICKING BEHIND DIALOGUE

SEAGOON:

(GULPS)

CONNOR:

Ah. When it rings, you will know where it is at ze time.

SEAGOON:

Brilliant! Farewell!

CONNOR:

(LAUGHS QUIETLY TO HIMSELF) C'est un Charlie.

MORIARTY:

Certainment!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS ("DEUTSCHLAND, DEUTSCHLAND, ÜBER ALLES")

ECCLES:

(SHOUTING) Let me go! Let me... Take your...

SECOMBE:

(GERMAN ACCENT) For the last time...

ECCLES:

Let me go-oh-oh-oh!

SECOMBE:

Tell me vere is British Agent called "Knees up Muzzer Braun" is hiding!

ECCLES:

I don't know where (SINGS) ""Knees up Mudder Brown is..." (GIBBERISH).

SECOMBE:

A likely story. Herr Davidson! Tie zese men to a barrel of explosive saxophones!

ECCLES:

Ow-owww-owwww!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS.

GRAMS:

LIGHT WIND, APPROACH OF NEDDIE RUNNING. STOPS IN FOREGROUND.

SEAGOON:

(OUT OF BREATH) Ah! Ah! These are the crossroads. Now stand on one leg... Stand on one leg and... and whistle. (WHISTLES VERY TWITTERY LOHENGRIN).

GRAMS:

JELLY SPLOSH IN FACE

SEAGOON:

(SPITS IT OUT AND SPLUTTERS) Who threw that enemy Christmas pudding?

GRYTPYPE:

Quick! Tie his teeth behind his back before he can eat it!

MORIARTY:

There!

SEAGOON:

You devils! You'll hear from my solicitor about this.

GRAMS:

LOUD TICKING

MORIARTY:

Sapristi nabolas! There's something ticking inside his stomach! (MILLIGAN ALMOST CORPSES)

GRYTPYPE:

It must be a stomach bomb! Run for it! Ahhhh!

GRAMS:

FURIOUS RUNNING AND SPED UP SCREAMING BY THYNNE & MORIARTY SUCH AS...

GRAMS MORIARTY:

[UNCLEAR], I tell you! Keep going!

GRAMS GRYTPYPE:

Don't bother with that now, just change your socks and get... keep running!

GRAMS BOTH:

THEIR VOICES GET FASTER AND FASTER AS THEY RUN OFF AND FADE. Silence.

WILLIUM:

[CONNOR]

'Ere, was that you whistling on one leg, mate?

SEAGOON:

Yes. (SLOWLY) "The wind is whistling up my grandmother's knees".

WILLIUM:

Ahhhh. She oughta wear long draws, then, mate! (LAUGHS BREATHLESSLY)

SEAGOON:

That was a secret code, ya nit. He wasn't at rehearsal, you know, and I get 'im in a hurry.[?]

WILLIUM:

I'm not wiv it yet.

SEAGOON:

(GIGGLES) I don't think we are, either.

WILLIUM:

Yeah. Oh! Important word, mate.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

WILLIUM:

"Annie is waiting upstairs".

SEAGOON:

Good. Who are you?

WILLIUM:

I'm Pink Oboe.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! Ted Ray's granddad.

WILLIUM:

And I can prove it. Now, listen. Eccles is in danger.

SEAGOON:

This is going to be a happy ending, folks!

WILLIUM:

Yes. Now get that wheel-barrer, there. (DEEP BREATH) And foller me!

GRAMS:

TRUNDLING A WHEELBARROW ALONG. ONE MAN'S BOOTS RUNNING EFFECT AS IF A MAN RUNNING AND PUSHING THE BARROW.

ORCHESTRA:

BRIEF DRAMATIC CHORDS

GRAMS:

CHAINS STRUGGLES

JAILER:

[MILLIGAN]

(OVER) In here, agent "Knees Up Mother Brown". Get in there, you...!

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTING) Let me go, you German... German devils, you!

JAILER:

Zis war is over for you!

FX:

IRON PRISON DOOR SLAMS

SEAGOON:

Swines. (SNIFF) Funny smell in here. (CALLS) Bloodnok!?

ECCLES:

It's, er, not 'im! It's me over in the corner. I'm tied to this barrel of exploding saxophones.

SEAGOON:

Let me...

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

FX:

CLOCK FALLS ON FLOOR TICKING

ECCLES:

Ohowwwohh. Neddie? Oooh, well, that's the sad story of Agent Ned, folks. All that's left...

GRAMS:

CLOCK ALARM RINGS

ECCLES:

...is this clock he swalloooowed. 'Ere! Time for beddy-byes. Where's my dolly?

ENCHANTRESS:

Here I am, darling.

ECCLES:

Ha, ha! I'm not that young, folks!

ORCHESTRA:

"OLD COMRADES MARCH" PLAYOUT