

S9 E12 - The Call of the West

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

SEAGOON:

Good! Now, Wal, here is that same announcement by a midget.

GRAMS:

SPED UP VERSION OF SECOMBE SAYING "THIS IS THE BBC HOME SERVICE"

GREENSLADE:

Who's he?!

SEAGOON:

I'm a friend of Bert F'tang.

SELLERS:

F'tang?

SEAGOON:

F'ting!

SELLERS:

Fintacoo!

SEAGOON:

F'too!

SELLERS:

F'zow!

SEAGOON:

F'ting!

GRAMS MILLIGAN:

(SPED UP) Friend of Bert F'tang!

GRAMS:

ETC F'TANGG, F'TING! F'TOO! F'TING SPED UP.

GREENSLADE:

Dear Spontellibons. You are listening to the sound track of this week's wonder ear-film, presenting: Captain Stingo, or...

HERN:

[SELLERS]

Goon Law, or anything orwlhor Hern.

ORCHESTRA:

WESTERN THEME, WITH MANY TRUMPETS, THEN TAKEN DOWN UNDER:

HERN:

See, hear and smell hairless midget Harry Seagoon as Double Captain Rapture. Hard riding, hard shooting, hard up cowboy.

SEAGOON:

Hello, you ornery critters!

HERN:

This role calls for great audience imagination. See, feel and hit Spike Milligna as the dying actor.

FX:

GUNSHOT

MILLIGAN:

Ooowww!

SECOMBE:

Yes! For the first time on your radio screen, see the hand-operated electric teeth of Peter "Voices" Sellers... as Big Black Beauty, the mad wallpaper stallion!

FX:

GALLOPING INTO DISTANCE, ACCOMPANIED BY DONKEY BRAYING (FRED THE OYSTER)

SEAGOON:

Listen to the strains of Tex McLenth and his sons of the bicycle saddle!

GRAMS:

"GIVE ME A HOME, WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM" - SOUNDS OF FALLING METAL, ACCOMPANIED BY CRIES OF "OH!" AND "OH DEAR"

GREENSLADE:

This, then, is your entertainment for this evening.

GRAMS:

BOOS, SCREAMS, CRIES, FEET RUNNING AWAY

SEAGOON:

Come back! Come back!

ORCHESTRA:

WESTERN THEME.

GRAMS:

SAILORS CRIES AND DISTANT REPLIES

GREENSLADE:

It is 1867 and dead on time. The harbour of Boston is a hive of inactivity as English immigrants bring their shattered bank accounts to the New World. Along side is the Good Ship Venus. The pling plang toof, nobitty nibbitty noo, pleta omnivorous plethora, pletty plom plom tartity to to tooee, fit plor tong tang tit putt putt... I say... I... I can't read this rubbish! I - ohhhh!

GRAMS:

SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

SEAGOON:

Yes, sonny, it's a tradition amongst drowning men. Now. Come, lets step ashore onto America, the land of plenty.

AMERICAN BUM:

[SELLERS]

Hey, bud. You got a nickel for a cup o' coffee?

SEAGOON:

You poor man, you must be starving. Here - take that.

FX:

WWWINGGG BLOT. BONK. JELLY SPOSH.

AMERICAN BUM:

Ooh, buddy, ohh.

SEAGOON:

That'll teach him not to be poor in front of me again. Now where's my slave, Uncle Tom's Cabin?

SLAVE:

[ELLINGTON]

I'm here, boss. Youse covered wagon is waiting for youse.

SEAGOON:

Good for youse. Fill the horses up with three gallons of hay. Ha, ha, ha! What a gallant figure I must have made in my tricorn hat, tricorn trousers and an unexploded first edition of the Union Jack.

GRYTPYPE:

Did you say 'covered wagon'?

SEAGOON:

Yes, and here's a photo of me saying it.

GRYTPYPE:

And here is a statue of the word 'Thank You'.

SEAGOON:

Good! I'll unveil it tomorrow.

GRYTPYPE:

Fine, fine. Are you a millionaire?

SEAGOON:

No, I'm seven'n'six short.

GRYTPYPE:

Blast! Look, sir. I, too, am heading west with this retired wooden fish crate.

MORIARTY:

OOOowwwwww. Let me out of here, Grytpype. The fumes, oh, the pong! The pong, Grytpype!

SEAGOON:

I say.

MORIARTY:

Let me out of here.

SEAGOON:

What are those yellow things champing at the knothole?

GRYTPYPE:

They are the teeth of a dear friend and confidante. The great French poet and lyric plumber, Count Jim "Flies"...

FX:

BUZZING OF FLIES

MORIARTY:

(YELPS) Oh, oh! Oi! Ohhh!

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

Why does he travel by fish crate?

GRYTPYPE:

Something to do with the devaluation of the Franc, I'm not sure. However, apart from which he is inventing something.

ORCHESTRA:

COMICAL SAXOPHONE RIFF

GRYTPYPE:

Listen, he's working on it, my dear sir. E'en now, he treads the keys of his Adolphe saxophone. Could we hire, perchance, a room on your covered wagon so that the Count may continue undisturbed by disturb?

SEAGOON:

Well... there's no bath.

GRYTPYPE:

No bath? Just what the Count likes at the end of a long day.

SEAGOON:

Right. Now, where's the rent?

GRYTPYPE:

In my trousers.

SEAGOON:

He bent down and sure enough, he had a rent in his trousers!!

ORCHESTRA:

COMICAL TRUMPET RIFF, HEY!

SEAGOON:

California! Syrup of figs! Here we come! Gid up, there.

FX:

WHIP CRACKS. HORSES TROTTING. UNDER:

MAX GELDRAV:

"SHE COMES FROM LOUISIANA..." SEGUED INTO "A NIGHTINGALE SANG IN BERKLEY SQUARE"

GREENSLADE:

That night, the wagon train rested in the plain of the plat, plong, tip, tog, clon, thun, plat, nick-nack, paddy-whack, give the dog a goon. Splish! Splish! I do... I... I... I refuse to read them, I won't read them (WALKS OFF MUTTERING)

GRAMS:

NIGHT FROGS AND CRICKETS. DISTANT HOWL (MORE LIKE THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES THAN PRAIRIE DOGS)

SEAGOON:

I say. Will all those prairie dogs never stop howling?

GRYTPYPE:

They're always howling. No trees on the prairie.

SEAGOON:

Listeners who recognise that gag please keep their trap shut. Well, I'm going to bed. Goodnight.

FX:

STRETCHING BED SPRINGS, POPPINGTWANGING OF SOME SPRINGS

SEAGOON:

Ah, 18 stone 3. Gad, I'm a heavy sleeper!

MORIARTY:

(QUIETLY) Let me ouuuut, buddyyyy.

GRYTPYPE:

Shhhhhh. Quiet in that crate.

AUDIENCE MEMBER:

(FAR OFF) I hate laughing[?].

MORIARTY:

Is... Is it night or day?

GRYTPYPE:

Fool! That sort of thing is only for the rich.

MORIARTY:

Let me out, oh, buddy.

GRYTPYPE:

I'll let you out when you've made enough saxophones to sell to the Indians.

MORIARTY:

I've made corud-serc-neef-nook-she saxophones

GRAMS:

CHAINS RATTLING, DOOR OPEN

GRYTPYPE:

Have you?

MORIARTY:

(SOBS) Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, come out. (PAUSE) Now.

MORIARTY:

Oww.

GRYTPYPE:

Which of all these fish-bones is you?

MORIARTY:

I'm the one with hairs on.

GRYTPYPE:

My goodness, the sea trip has done you a power of good. You'll soon be strong enough to lie down, Count.

GRAMS:

INDIANS WHOOPING UNDER:

SEAGOON:

What's that!? The Indians are attacking us on the new wide screen!

FX:

GUNSHOTS, CHICKEN CACKLES. SHOTS. RICOCHETS. BREAKING GLASS. WAR WHOOPS.

ECCLES:

(SINGS) Born on born on a mountain top in Tennessee. (MUMBLES)

SEAGOON:

What luck! It's Davy Eccles and his goon-shin cat!

ECCLES:

(GIBBERISH)

SEAGOON:

You do it and you can clean it up, mate!

ECCLES:

They're all with me tonight.

SEAGOON:

Now, listen.

ECCLES:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

We need help.

ECCLES:

Yeah!

SEAGOON:

Those smelly old Indians are overpowering us.

ECCLES:

Hold your nose then, buddy/ Hold your nose.

SEAGOON:

Very good, yes.

ECCLES:

Hold your nose!

SEAGOON:

Now, get through to Fort F'tang...

ECCLES:

F'tang.

SEAGOON:

...and fetch help.

ECCLES:

Ok.

SEAGOON:

Here's the fare.

ECCLES:

Ta! Giddup!

GRAMS:

BUS PULLING AWAY

SEAGOON:

Fortunately for us, folks, a bare ten miles away, the US sixth cavalry were in the area. And! A bare ten miles in America is equal to three fully-clothed miles in France! Ha Ha Ha!

GRAMS:

CHARGING CAVALRY

COLONEL:

[SELLERS]

(AMERICAN ACCENT) Whoa!

FX:

CAVALRY STOPS DEAD

COLONEL:

There's discipline for yer. (SPITS)

FX:

DANG! INTO BUCKET

COLONEL:

Lieutenant Hern-Hern?

FX:

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING CLOSER AND COME TO A STOP.

LT. HERN-HERN:

[SECOMBE]

Yessir?

COLONEL:

Where's your horse?

LT. HERN-HERN:

You only called *me*, sir.

COLONEL:

Yeah, well, that's a good answer son. You must be mighty proud of it.

LT. HERN-HERN:

It belonged to my father, Hern.

COLONEL:

It's a well-worn Hern, yes. Here's a dollar, Hern.

LT. HERN-HERN:

A dollar, Hern? What for, Hern?

COLONEL:

It's pay as you h-earn. (SPITS)

FX:

DANG!

COLONEL:

Sergeant F'doo? Where's the chuck-wagon, Hern?

SERGEANT F'DOO:

[MILLIGAN]

(GIBBERISH, SOUNDS LIKE:) I's... hine. The worst kind, sir. A most. Haff... hine.

COLONEL:

Oh. Well, if you say so. (SPITS)

FX:

JELLY SPLOSH, SPLAT!

SERGEANT F'DOO:

Oh! [UNCLEAR].

COLONEL:

I'm sorry, Sarge. Here, catch this lifebelt!

FX:

SPLASH!

SERGEANT F'DOO:

Thank you!

LT. HERN-HERN:

We'd better get going, Colonel. They say that the Knobbly Knee Indians are in the vicinity.

COLONEL:

Let's hope we don't get the wind up.

OMNES:

(SINGS) When I'm calling you ooh, ooh, ooh...

GREENSLADE:

(OFF, SINGS) And I'll answer toooooo.....

OMNES:

oo oo ooh

LT. HERN-HERN:

It's three lone Indians!

COLONEL:

Call 'em over, we could do with a loan, Hern, yeah!

LT. HERN-HERN:

Great Jumping Fanacapants! It's the Knobbly Knee Tribe in full warpaint and wallpaper.

CHIEF SITTING BULL:

[ELLINGTON]

Ugggg! How! Vuuuugg! Tiff, Nuff, Vim, Doo, Vugg.

COLONEL:

I reckon there must be an easier way to make a living, ya know! How, Hern, how.

CHIEF SITTING BULL:

Me, Chief investor in Wall Street. Chief Sitting Bull and Bear. *This* is my squaw.

GREENSLADE:

How do you do?

CHIEF SITTING BULL:

Ugggg!

COLONEL:

Yes, I thought that, too.

CHIEF SITTING BULL:

And this nit, here, is my son. Great warrior, Fred Smith, OBE.

FRED:

[GELDRAY]

Hello, boy! I had eggs for tea.

COLONEL:

Hey, he looks mighty tall in the saddle.

CHIEF SITTING BULL:

That's because he's on a horse, mate!

OMNES:

Tadaaaaa!

COLONEL:

Chief, we wanna do business. We're willing to knock all your teeth out for nothin' and give you genuine false ones in exchange for an old buffalo hide.

CHIEF SITTING BULL:

Mmmmm. Ug. All my braves have buffalo hides.

COLONEL:

Where's yours?

CHIEF SITTING BULL:

Where's my what, mate?

COLONEL:

Where's your buffalo hide?

CHIEF SITTING BULL:

He's hiding behind that tree, mate.

OMNES:

Tada!

SECOMBE:

Sounds like Monkhouse and Goodwin got here first!

CHIEF SITTING BULL:

Look! Wait a minute! Me no like what white man offer. You go, or my braves go on four-lane warpath. Now give you biff and conk! biff!

FRED:

That's my dads, boy.

COLONEL:

Watch out, Sittin' Bull, I'll get you as sure as my name's Custer. (SPITS)

FX:

DANG! OWWW

FX:

HORSE GALLOPS UP

ECCLES:

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

LT. HERN-HERN:

Holy Smoke! It's something going "here, here, here, here"!

ECCLES:

It's *me* going "here, here, here, here"!

COLONEL:

Now, steady there, son, steady. You let me get a hold of your coconut shells!

ECCLES:

I've been through *hell* to get here!

COLONEL:

There must be a cooler route, son, I reckon!

ECCLES:

The wagon-train with your wife onboard is being attacked by the Indians!

COLONEL:

My wife! Is she safe?

ECCLES:

Yeah.

COLONEL:

I never did like them Indians, you know.

LT. HERN-HERN:

Did any follow ya?

ECCLES:

Yeah. They're shootin' at me all the time. But I just stuck my tongue out at dem.

LT. HERN-HERN:

Get wounded?

ECCLES:

Yeah.

LT. HERN-HERN:

Where?

ECCLES:

In the tongue. Aha, ha!

LT. HERN-HERN:

Well, for no reason at all, forwardddd!

GRAMS:

THUNDER OF HOOVES. WESTERN TYPE MUSICAL SPED UP. FADE.

CHIEF SITTING BULL:

Ah! White man gone. And leave no tip! Come! We go on warpath! Take partners for next war dance!

GRAMS:

BEATING OF DRUMS, NOISE OF CROWD IN BAR OVER:

ORCHESTRA:

"TEA DANCE MUSIC"

GREENSLADE:

That night, the tribes of the Sioux confederacy were assembled for war. A white man and his fish crate were the centre of attraction.

GRYTPYPE:

Redmen! I come as a fellow equity member with all dues paid. In this fish crate are what Redmen need.

CHIEF:

[SECOMBE]

Red women?

GRYTPYPE:

Ha, ha, ha, ha! Later, Chief, later! But plenty of it, later. First, I knock on box, so.

FX:

KNOCKS ON CRATE

ORCHESTRA:

SAXOPHONE SNAKE CHARMING MUSIC

TRIBE:

(MASSED GASPS AND OHS)

GRYTPYPE:

Yes! We bring you saxophones!

OMNES:

(SINGS) From out of the sky, my brother and I.

CHIEF:

Ug! Me like. Me try play.

ORCHESTRA:

SAXOPHONE MUSIC, SLIGHTLY OFF

MORIARTY:

You play lovely, Chief. You play lovely.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, he plays lovely, doesn't he.

MORIARTY:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Could easily pass for music. I'd pass it.

CHIEF:

Good! Tonight, me and braves attack white men with saxophones! Mu,ha,ha,ha,ha! Minnie-ha,ha,ha,ha,ha!

GRAMS:

SAXOPHONES, DRUMS, INDIAN WHOOPS CACOPHANY. FADE UNDER:

COLONEL:

Gentlemen. Somebody's supplying the Indians with saxophones. (SPITS)

LT. HERN-HERN:

Ah think I know who it is, you know.

FX:

DANG!

COLONEL:

Bring that thing closer, will yer? You were saying, Hern?

LT. HERN-HERN:

I know who they are. Moriarty and Thynne.

COLONEL:

Where's they hiding?

LT. HERN-HERN:

America.

COLONEL:

Sergeant, make a note of that in the address, will you.

ECCLES:

How do... how do you spell it?

COLONEL:

Don't bother how to spell it, just write it down.

ECCLES:

Ookay.

FX:

SCRIBBLING

COLONEL:

Now read it back, will yer?

ECCLES:

(GIBBERISH)

COLONEL:

That sounds like the place to me, yeah. Alright, men! Search America and look under the beds!

GRAMS:

THUNDER OF CAVALRY. WESTERN TYPE MUSICAL SPEEDED UP ("TEXAS RANGER'S SONG" FROM "RIO RITA")

MORIARTY:

Grytpype, they've got wind of us! We've got to get away, I tell you!

FX:

SMACK!

MORIARTY:

ooooaaaaoaoaoaaaa!

GRYTPYPE:

Don't panic, Count. Get into this woman's disguise kit. While Ray Ellington releases his power of song on an unsuspecting world.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"YOU'D BETTER KNOW IT"

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in Dodge City, television centre of the old west, a quack hawks his wares and wears his hawks. Whichever way is the better, I wouldn't know.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

FX:

WHOOPS. BUBBLING, FIZZ-WHISTLE, EXPLOSIONS.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh! Ohh, that's done me a *power* of good, folks! And... Thank you. And there's more where that came from, folks! Citizens of Dodge City! Bloodnok's the name! Doctor Dennis Bloodnok, late of Harley Street, Twickenham. Now, then. I've cured the aristocrats of the plin and the barmers. Now let me read this testimonial, sir. "Dear Sir. Since taking your course of Thunderpills, I feel... I feel like a new man. Signed, Mrs Ivy Chandler". Now then, who will be the first to try it, I say?

OMNES:

CROWD NOISES.

BLOODNOK:

Who will be the first?

OMNES:

CROWD NOISES.

COOLIE:

[MILLIGAN]

(HINDU ACCENT) Wait. Wait. Just wait. Wait. I'll try some of that, sir, I'll try some of that.

BLOODNOK:

You'll try some?

COOLIE:

I'll try some.

BLOODNOK:

A Hindu Raja, give him a big hand!

GRAMS:

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE AND CHEERING, ABRUPT ENDING

COOLIE:

Thank you, sir. But I... I'm only a coolie.

BLOODNOK:

Coolie? Give him a small hand, will you?

GRAMS:

SPARSE APPLAUSE.

COOLIE:

Thank you.

BLOODNOK:

Now then, Mystic Son of the East. Sip this small sulphur and liquorice bomb.

FX:

LIPS SMACKING.

BLOODNOK:

Look! Oooh! Before my eyes! Before my military eyes! Oh-ho! The colour is coming back to his pallid loincloth!

GRAMS:

TRAIN NOISES, WHISTLES BLOWING, HEAVY TRAFFIC, SIRENS, EXPLOSIONS, PEOPLE YELLING AND RUNNING FEET, ALL MIXED UP.

COOLIE:

Oh, moog! Good heavens! Oh, good heavens! Where are my trousers and loin cloth gone?

BLOODNOK:

How do you feel, Prince of the East?

COOLIE:

I don't feel well. Ivy[?]. I... I... I feel very... very ill.

BLOODNOK:

Ill!?

COOLIE:

Ill.

BLOODNOK:

You ungrateful swine!

CROWD:

And you're a quack, mister, you're a quack!

COOLIE:

What?

BLOODNOK:

Steady, Yankee doodles. Or I'll have the red-coats on you! I'm a personal friend of Billy Butlin, you know!

GRAMS:

ANGRY CROWD, RUNNING FEET, ELECTRONIC GUNSHOTS, RUNNING FEET, BLOODNOK YELLING, MERGES INTO "SHE'LL BE COMING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN", ON AN OLD BAR PIANO, WESTERN STYLE, BAR CROWD NOISES

BLOODNOK:

Careful there! Ohhh! Careful there! Oh! Oh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Careful! Ohhhh! Ohhhhhh!

GRYTPYPE:

I say, barman. Drinks for my lady.

MORIARTY:

Yes. I'll have a glass of fish and chips.

GRYTPYPE:

And see you put a good head on it!

BARMAN:

[ELLINGTON]

Man, we don't keep any drink called 'Fish and Chips'.

MORIARTY:

Ahharha.

GRYTPYPE:

What! Come, Moriarty. We shall take our trade and malnutrition elsewhere.

LT. HERN-HERN:

Hold everything!

GRYTPYPE:

Right, Moriarty. You hold the piano, I'll feel the table.

LT. HERN-HERN:

I'm Lieutenant Hern-Hern of the United States Cavalry.

GRYTPYPE:

Delighted.

LT. HERN-HERN:

Reasonable charges to irregular customers. Delighted to meet you too, sir. Now we're lookin' for two men who been selling contraband saxophones to the red Indians. Thereby causing unemployment amongst white musicians.

MORIARTY:

(PANICKED CHIMP-LIKE YELPS)

FX:

THUD!

LT. HERN-HERN:

Pardon me, ma'am. Your, er... your wig's fallen off.

GRYTPYPE:

Wig? How dare you, sir! The unfortunate woman just happens to have gone bald suddenly. It's obviously a case of the new lightning French alopecia, from the song of the same name.

MORIARTY:

That's right, that's right, (SINGS) Alopecia, lightning alopecia. Alopecia, happens everyday.

GRYTPYPE:

(SINGS) First you get it on your nut.

MORIARTY:

(SINGS) First you get it on your nut!

FX:

WOODEN BONK

MORIARTY:

(SINGS) On my nut!

GRYTPYPE:

(SINGS) On his nut!

MORIARTY:

(SINGS) On my nut!

OMNES:

(SINGS) Ohhhhhhh... Alopecia, lightning alopecia. Alopecia...

LT. HERN-HERN:

Alrighty!

OMNES:

SINGING STOPS

GRYTPYPE:

Oh-ohhhhhh.

LT. HERN-HERN:

Stop that alopecia! One moment, you two, I... I seem to recognise your face, sir. Take off that false nose!

GRYTPYPE:

What!

LT. HERN-HERN:

Ha-ha. Now them false ears.

GRYTPYPE:

I protest!

LT. HERN-HERN:

Now that false suit. And that false chest.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww.

LT. HERN-HERN:

Ha, ha, ha. Just as I thought. I don't know who you are. Who are ya?

GRYTPYPE:

Lord Nelson.

LT. HERN-HERN:

He had one arm missin'.

GRYTPYPE:

I have - I used to have three.

ECCLES:

Hello, fellas! (GIBBERISH) Care to have a hand o' cards?

LT. HERN-HERN:

Poker, pontoon or rummy?

ECCLES:

Yes. And cards. Now, den.

COLONEL:

Well, alright, fellas, I pass.

LT. HERN-HERN:

I pass.

ECCLES:

Mmm, it's up to me now, folks. (QUIETLY) It's up to me now, folks. (SMACKS LIPS). I'm callin' ya, fellas!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohh, he's callin' us all fellas. I shall recipromedicate. I shall call him a fella. Hello, fella!

ECCLES:

'ere, what's that under there? Bottle! I didn't see you under that big black hat with that cotton moustache.

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's the Call of the West, partner! Chews plug of Hopalong Cassidy cardboard string tobacco. Liquorice-type. Spit, spit, spitty. Ooohhoe. Gone right down the front of my shirt.

LT. HERN-HERN:

Who are you, stranger? Speak up.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I am... I'm Marshal Matt Dillon of 23 Flub Avenue, East Finchley, North 12.

LT. HERN-HERN:

I ain't never seen you in Dodge City before. How did you get here?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I came on the 49 bus on the High Street.

LT. HERN-HERN:

There ain't no buses run out here.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, it only took me as far as the Odeon, I had to walk all the rest of the way myself.

ECCLES:

What about... what about the game?

LT. HERN-HERN:

Ok, then, you're... you're callin', Mad Dan. What kind o' hand you got?

ECCLES:

Four fingers and thumb!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I beat you, Mad Dan. I got four fingers, two thumbs and a toe!

ECCLES:

A toe? There ain't no such hand!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do you think I'm a cheat?

ECCLES:

No, I... I think you're deformed! Ho-howw!

BLUEBOTTLE:

No man can call Bluebottle deformed unless he's a specialist! Eccles, I'm runnin' you in.

ECCLES:

I've been run in, I've done ten thousand miles. (OFF) Now, *he's* been lubricated[?!]

LT. HERN-HERN:

Come on, Mad Dan. Are you going quietly or do we have to use ear-plugs?

ECCLES:

Ohhohhh. What's... what's the charge?

BLUEBOTTLE:

The murder of Julius Caesar!

ECCLES:

I wasn't *alive* when he was murdered.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I know dat. I know dat. That is why... we had to wait 'til you was born before we could arrest you!

ECCLES:

Down with Caesar!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes!

ECCLES:

You won't take me dead or alive!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, *how* are we gonna take you, den?

ECCLES:

Well, sorta in between.

LT. HERN-HERN:

He's there now. Let's get 'im!

ECCLES:

What!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Go for your guns, Mad Dan.

ECCLES:

Ugaeccle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm warning you! See the panther-like movement of my mittened hands... as they curl towards the cardboard and string triggers of my Shredded Wheat cutout pistol.

FX:

OPENING DOOR

BLUEBOTTLE'S MUM:

[SECOMBE]

There you are, you dirty little tramp!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh-ho, Mum!

BLUEBOTTLE'S MUM:

I'll give you "Oh, Mum"! Your father's been lookin' everywhere for his trilby 'at! Where's all the shoppin' I sent you for?

FX:

SLAPSTICKS. BONKS. OVER:

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, mum, you spoiled my game! Bye-bye, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Bye-bye!

GRYTPYPE:

And so perish all enemies of the Queen.

MORIARTY:

And there's more where that came from.

LT. HERN-HERN:

Now I recognise that voice by the shape of them words!

GRYTPYPE:

Run for it, Moriarty, they know us!

MORIARTY:

Agh!

FX:

WHOOSH, WHOOSH!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORD

GREENSLADE:

This then was the situation: Bloodnok pursued by the mob, Grytpype pursued by the ninth cavalry, and Bluebottle pursued by his mother. With that in mind, will listeners please take in their slack and listen to the occupants of Fort F'tang preparing for the Indian assault.

FX:

CHAINS CLANKING AS STUFFED INTO TIN CUP. OVER:

MINNIE:

Plumb it well in, Henry, plumb it well in.

HENRY:

Ah, yes. They won't quell old Hen Crun by surprise. Min? Stand against that wall for a certain test.

MINNIE:

Oh. Ok, cocky.

FX:

SHOTGUN BLAST, CLINKING OF METALLIC BITS AND PIECES DROPPING UNDER:

MINNIE:

Ohhh! Ohh, dear! Ohhhh! Ah! Ohhhhh...

CRUN:

Did that hurt, Min?

MINNIE:

Yes!

CRUN:

Good, then this is the gun for the redskin. Er, just in case, I'll get a gun ready for the blueskins and the greenskins.

MINNIE:

I hope... I hope they attack soon because the dinner's getting burnt.

CRUN:

They'll never attack a burnt dinner, Min, I tell you!

UNCLE OSCAR:

[SECOMBE]

(NEAR-DEATH GIBBERISH)

CRUN:

Uncle Oscar. What are you doing out of your grave?

MINNIE:

He must be feeling better, Henry.

UNCLE OSCAR:

(NEAR-DEATH GIBBERISH)

MINNIE:

Ooooh, oh, hoo-hoooh! Ohhh!

CRUN:

Oh, Uncle. At *your* age. You've been at the hormones again.

UNCLE OSCAR:

(NEAR-DEATH GIBBERISH)

FX:

TEETH DROPPING INTO SAUCEPAN.

UNCLE OSCAR:

(NEAR-DEATH GIBBERISH)

CRUN:

There go his teeth, Min. That means more dinner for us.

MINNIE:

Yes.

GRAMS:

DISTANT INDIAN WAR WHOOPS

MINNIE:

What's that!?

CRUN:

Ohhhh!

MINNIE:

Oooh-hooh!

CRUN:

You hear that, Min?

MINNIE:

What's this? What's that?

SECOMBE:

(OFF) Phishtoo, phishtoo!

MINNIE:

Phishtoo! What's that?

CRUN:

It's the war-whoops of the Nakatacka Indians!

MINNIE:

Oh! Are they the ones that commit atrocities?

CRUN:

Yes, Min.

MINNIE:

I'll go upstairs and get ready!

CRUN:

Stop it, Min, do you hear?

MINNIE:

What?

CRUN:

You know that's for meeeeeee, I tell you!

UNCLE OSCAR:

(NEAR-DEATH GIBBERISH)

MINNIE:

Oooh.

CRUN:

He remembers, Min. He's remembered in leather. Now, Uncle, get inside that coffin and defend it with your life! Min, get into your best red flannel draws and defend them to the end.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh...

CRUN:

I shall just announce the next part of the programme. Ladies and Gentlemen, I have pleasure in announcing a knock at the door.

FX:

DOORBELL RINGS

CRUN:

Blast! There's been a change in the programme. Who is it?

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRAMS:

SAXOPHONE PLAYING AND INDIAN WAR WHOOPS!

MINNIE:

Ooooooh!

COLONEL:

And so, folks! With rivers of blood being shed. Arson, rape, murder everywhere. We say Goodnight from Happydrome

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

COLONEL:

Ohh! They got me, folks. Another unhappy endin', especially for me. (SPITS)

FX:

DANG!

COLONEL:

Oohohoh!

ORCHESTRA:

END MUSIC

SCOTTISH WOMAN ANNOUNCER:

(PRESUMABLY FROM A RADIO BROADCAST AND NOT PART OF THE PROGRAM?) That was the Goon Show a BBC recorded program, starring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with Ray Ellington and Max Geldray. The Orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. The announcer was Wallace Greenslade. The script was by Spike Milligan and the producer was John Browell

Notes:

1) Rhyming slang for penis - hence great mirth from audience. It's also a bawdy song:

'twas on the good ship Venus,
My Lord you should have seen us.
The ship's figure-head was a girl in bed
(and something about) the captain's penis.
(there are lots of variations - go look for 'Good Ship Venus')

2) "Born on born on a mountain top in Tennessee..." is the first line to the "Davy Crockett" TV show, which is why Eccles is referred to as "Davy Eccles".