

S9 E13 - Dishonoured - Again

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. From the book "I knew Terence Nuke" by Eileen Veredsmore Lewisham, tiddely doo spot, we present the play: "I knew Terence Nuke from the book by Eileen Veredsmore Lewisham".

ORCHESTRA:

INTRO.

FX:

FOG HORNS.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Ohhhh! Ohhhh, dear. Ohhh!

SELLERS:

It can be cold in London. Damn cold. On such a night as this, eighty years ago, a ragged idiot staggered into a forty year old fog laden Limehouse area.

FX:

FOOTSTEPS UNDER...

SEAGOON:

(COUGHING AND WHEEZING) It's me, folks. Neddie Seagoon. Ah, here it is, Christmas Eve and still no offers of pantomime. And not a penny have I towards a plate of vittals for me poor half-starved 18 stone body. So I laid me poor old twenty stone head down on this eight-stone embankment bench. Aaah... This is nice and soft!

ECCLES:

That's 'cause you're lying on me.

SEAGOON:

Ah, hello, hello.

ECCLES:

Oh, hello, 'ello!

SEAGOON:

'Eello 'ello 'ello.

ECCLES:

I wouldn't mind but I got friends to see. They're travelling south.

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

Er, you two men, what you doing, there?

ECCLES:

What?

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

Come, move along, now, that bench is for royalty of no fixed abode.

SEAGOON:

Constable, have pity. T'is Christmas, the time of good will.

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

Cor, 'struth, so it is. Well, a Merry Christmas on yer, mate .

SEAGOON:

And the same to you!

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

Now move along there before I belt ya!

MORIARTY:

A moment, laaaaaw guardian. A tiff, tuff, tang!

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

The voice came from a man with a military bearing which he tossed in the air and caught. He emerged from the darkness and walked into the light.

FX:

BONG!

MORIARTY:

(YELPS IN PAIN) Now, policeman. How would you like to join the river police?

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

Oh, I'd like that, sir.

MORIARTY:

Hup.

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

Argh!

FX:

SPLASH.

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

Thank you, sir!

MORIARTY:

And a Merry Christmas to you!

SEAGOON:

The stranger now turned his glance on me. He observed my shredded paper suit, my thrice turned overcoat and my toes sticking out at the end of my feet.

MORIARTY:

Down on your luck?

SEAGOON:

Why are you interested in me?

MORIARTY:

I run a rag and bone shop.

SEAGOON:

Looking for a manager?

MORIARTY:

No I'm looking for stock. However, I have a friend of mine. A bank manager in the Bank of Twickenham. The honourable Thynne, Grytpype-Thynne. How are you at mathematics?

SEAGOON:

I speak it fluently.

MORIARTY:

Touché.

SEAGOON:

Threeché.

MORIARTY:

Very well. Take this tray and present yourself to him tomorrow.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK.

GREENSLADE:

Seagoon's wife was overjoyed at Ned's luck. He started work as a bank clerk with every prospect of becoming one.

SEAGOON:

My wages were eight shillings a week, with an allowance of three shillings for each child.

GRYTPYPE:

This brought his money up to eighty pounds a week.

SEAGOON:

That was the manager, Mr. Thynne, well-known in concentric circles.

GRYTPYPE:

Mister Seagoon, how long have you been with us?

SEAGOON:

Twenty minutes.

GRYTPYPE:

What a splendid record of devotion and honesty. Neddie - and this is where the story *really* starts - Neddie, I'm putting you in a position of thrust. You're going to be in charge of the gold vault. Here is the key.

SEAGOON:

Gold. GOLD! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! The gold! Ha, ha, ha! The lovely gold! I'll be rich! Ha, ha, ha! No more rags for me! Gold! Ha, ha, ha, ha, The goold!

GRYTPYPE:

I wonder if he's the right man for the job.

SEAGOON:

I decided to pinch the gold. Immediately, I backed a large horse-drawn motor van up to the front entrance of the bank.

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

'Ere, you can't park that there, sir.

MORIARTY:

Ah, constable. How would you like to join the river police?

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

I'd like that very much, sir.

MORIARTY:

Hup.

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

Aargh!

FX:

SPLASH.

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

Thank you very much sir.

MORIARTY:

And a Merry Christmas! Now, carry on, Neddie.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, it's a lovely day for carrying on, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Right. Next, I carefully disguised myself as a Zulu warrior of the Matabele rising. So cunning was my makeup not even my own grandmother would've recognised me.

THROAT:

Hello, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Hello, granny. In this inconspicuous disguise I took the gold from the vaults and loaded it on to the van. For three hours I toiled back and forth.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, Neddie,

SEAGOON:

Curses, I'm spotted.

GRYTPYPE:

Why are you wearing that leopard's skin?

SEAGOON:

So that's why I'm spotted.

GRYTPYPE:

Tell me, where are you taking that gold?

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) I had to think of a good excuse.

GRYTPYPE:

You're stealing it, aren't you, Neddie?

SEAGOON:

Blast! Why didn't I think of that?

GRYTPYPE:

We will have to give you a week's notice.

SEAGOON:

Why? What have I done?

GRYTPYPE:

Nothing. But we're having to cut down on staff, you see there's been a robbery. Erm, would you get that van started while I get my hat and coat.

SEAGOON:

You're coming, too?

GRYTPYPE:

There's no point in staying, there's more money in the van than there is in the bank.

SEAGOON:

Very well, we'll be partners.

GRYTPYPE:

Shake.

SEAGOON:

I'll give you my hand.

GRYTPYPE:

I gave him my foot, it was a fair swap.

SEAGOON:

Ying tong iddle i po.

GRYTPYPE:

Good. And for no reason: Max "conks" Geldray.

SEAGOON:

Huzzah!

MORIARTY:

Aargh!

MAX GELDRAY:

"IT'S ONLY MAKE BELIEVE".

GREENSLADE:

Dishonoured part two. And this is where the story *really* starts. With their new found wealth, Ned painted the town red. Then... the first blow fell.

FX:

WRESTLING WITH DOOR KNOB, DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, bad news. The bank you stole the gold from told the police.

SEAGOON:

What a rotten trick. Is nothing sacred?

GRYTPYPE:

Give yourself up, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Give myself up? No, I can't break myself of that habit. What about the gold?

GRYTPYPE:

Leave that with Moriarty. And when you come out in eighty-nine years, we will be waiting for you. Won't we, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

(MAD CHUCKLING).

SEAGOON:

No, no, no, I... I... I... I couldn't keep you waiting all that time, I mean...

GRYTPYPE:

Then you'll have to go abroad, won't he, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

(MAD CHUCKLING)

SEAGOON:

Abroad?

GRYTPYPE:

Of course.

SEAGOON:

But my wife? I... I can't leave her with thirty-eight children.

GRYTPYPE:

Isn't that enough?

SEAGOON:

Yes, I suppose a rest would do her good, yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, and it would do you good, too, you naughty boy.

ALL:

(LAUGHING TOGETHER).

MORIARTY:

As they say in Paris...

SEAGOON:

How will I, (CLEARS THROAT), how will I get the gold out of the country?

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, well you box clever, there. You leave the gold with us and when you return, we will be waiting.

SEAGOON:

I'll flee the country. We sail at dawn - tonight!

ORCHESTRA:

SEA THEME.

OMNES:

SEAMEN'S VOICES.

SEAGOON:

Within a week we were on board a private yacht, Sailing West Nor' East South. I stood on the pilchard with a spanker blowing through my hair and the salty bloater spinning before the goblets. Ha, ha. It's a man's life, I tell you, ha, ha. (GOING OFF) A man's life, I tell 'e.

FX:

WATERY SPLAT.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm so sorry, Ned. Never throw into the wind.

SEAGOON:

Ah, hello, Captain Thynne. What's our position?

GRYTPYPE:

Desperate. I mean I'll... I'll inquire. (CALLS) Navigator! Can you reconstitute our position in the Med?

ECCLES:

(NONSENSE GURGLED WORDS}

GRYTPYPE:

(CALLS) What's that object off the port beam?

ECCLES:

Yeah, what *is* that object off the port beam?

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! It's the Albert Hall!

ECCLES:

You've been to sea before.

GRYTPYPE:

But what is the Albert Hall doing off Beachy Head?

SEAGOON:

More to the point, what is this ship doing in Hyde Park?

ECCLES:

Well. The sea's calmer here.

GRYTPYPE:

You idiot.

ECCLES:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

We're four thousand miles off course.

ECCLES:

(GULUM NOISES) Well, nobody's perfect.

GRYTPYPE:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles!

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

I'm sorry, you can't park this yacht here.

MORIARTY:

Constable, how would you like to join the Kensington Round Pond police?

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

There ain't no such force.

MORIARTY:

Huppa!

FX:

SPLASH.

MORIARTY:

(CALLS) You're the first!

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

(CALLS) Thank you, sir.

MORIARTY:

(CALLS) Good on yer!

ORCHESTRA:

SEA MUSIC

OMNES:

SEAMEN'S VOICES.

GREENSLADE:

Dishonoured part 3. In the Mediterranean... And this is where the story *really* starts. In the Med, the blow fell. One morning, Neddie was called to the captain's cabin.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie. Neddie, when you came aboard I believe you deposited all the gold in the care of Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Why? Isn't it safe with him?

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, it's perfectly safe. Wherever he and his rowing boat are.

SEAGOON:

The gold I stole, stolen? The thief! Which way did he go?

GRYTPYPE:

I pointed a finger.

SEAGOON:

Aaaargh!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY, PAUSE, SPLASH.

MORIARTY:

Has he gone?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes! Now let's go down and divide the gold, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

That's a good plan. That's a good plan to me.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK WITH PEOPLE RUNNING AROUND SHOUTING (GEORGE CHISHOLM) AND SPLASHING, ENDING IN FALSETTO.

GRAMS:

SEA SOUNDS, SEA GULLS

SEAGOON:

Meantime I floundered alone in the Indian Ocean, unable to speak a word of the language. I swam on my back, side, front and knees, but I... I just couldn't get off to sleep.

CONSTABLE WILLIUM:

I must ask you to move along, sir.

SEAGOON:

Oh, it's you constable. I thought you were in the river police.

CONSTABLE:

Ehhh, that is right sir, yern.

SEAGOON:

Then, what are you doing in the ocean?

CONSTABLE:

I've been promoted, sir.

SEAGOON:

Congratulations. Could you direct me to India?

CONSTABLE:

Just follow the tram lines.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. And so saying, I struck out for the shore.

GREENSLADE:

Ten miles he swam. The last three were agony.

SEAGOON:

They were over land. Finally I fell in a heap on the ground. I've no idea who left it there.

BLOODNOK:

Ohohh!

SEAGOON:

Then I heard the approach of a high powered horseless carriage, with a long dongler attachment and a brown card with the word "F'tang" on it in Greek.

FX:

CLAXONS, SIMPLE MOTOR ENGINE SOUNDS, SMALL EXPLOSIONS OVER...

MINNIE:

Ooh! Ooh! Oh, dear! Ohhh! Ooooooh! Oh!

CRUN:

Aah.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear!

CRUN:

Hold tight, Min.

MINNIE:

Holding the tight, Min.

CRUN:

Hold tight, Min. We're doing three miles an hour, Min.

MINNIE:

Be murdered in our beds. Oh, dear.

CRUN:

Put the brake on, Min.

MINNIE:

Doesn't suit me, Henry.

CRUN:

Nah.

MINNIE:

Where is it, Hen? Were is the...

CRUN:

It's in a brown paper parcel under my seat, Min.

MINNIE:

Ooh, dear. Stand up, then, ooooh!

CRUN:

I can't stand up, motoring Min.

MINNIE:

Oow.

CRUN:

I'll lose my leather control.

MINNIE:

You mustn't [UNCLEAR].

FX:

KLAXON X 6, SLOWING DOWN ON THE LAST ONE AND ENDING IN A PLOP AND SMALL BITS FALLING TO THE GROUND.

MINNIE:

Oh!

CRUN:

Ooh, dear, Min.

MINNIE:

What? What?

CRUN:

The wick in the engine's gone out.

SEAGOON:

(YAWNING).

MINNIE:

What...? What's that?

CRUN:

What? What? (SERIES OF WHISPERED "PHISH-TOOS" OVER:)

MINNIE:

What's that down there? Oh! What's that, then, eh? What? What's that? Oh, it's a young... What? You young man? What are you doing under that car, young man?

SEAGOON:

I'm not doing anything under your car.

MINNIE:

Thank heaven for that.

CRUN:

Sir.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh....

CRUN:

I am Henry "Motoring" Crun. We are anxious to know if you need succour.

SEAGOON:

Yes, just what I need, a glass of succour.

CRUN:

(PAUSE) Why don't you answer us, sir?

MINNIE:

Hit him with... on the conk, hit him!

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

Hit him with a pling and a...

CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

Phish-too, phish-too, phish-too.

SEAGOON:

Are you both deaf? I've told you I'm weak from exhaustion! Of course, that's why they can't hear me, I'm unconscious.

MINNIE:

Well, Henry, you hear what he said, he's unconk-ious.

CRUN:

Yes, he...

MINNIE:

Uncon... con-kious.

CRUN:

Con-scious. Help me lift him up, Min, I'll take his head.

MINNIE:

Okay.

CRUN:

And you... no, no, you...

MINNIE:

Oh?

CRUN:

...go to the other side of his head.

MINNIE:

What? What? Other... other side?

CRUN:

The other side.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear.

FX:

CLOMPING FOOTSTEPS OVER:

CRUN:

That's right, Min. Have you...

MINNIE:

(OFF) Okay!

CRUN:

...got to the certain side?

MINNIE:

(FAR OFF) Yes. Lift, Henry. I'm here, steady! [I'm out], now.

CRUN:

Oh!

MINNIE:

Oh, the...

CRUN:

Ow.

GREENSLADE:

Now here is Dishonoured, part four. Tied to the back of Crun's car, Seagoon was towed back to Poona. But the rope broke and left him stranded in the Indian quarter of Bombay.

ORCHESTRA:

ORIENTAL LINK.

SEAGOON:

Yes, in the street of a thousand households... there is a place where a man can drink and forget his sorrows.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR. DOOR OPENS.

INDIAN 1:

[SELLERS]

What does the dirt-encrusted Sahib desire? All the sensuous drinks of the Orient are yours. The Palm Bidi[?], the scented Vishnu wine. The toddy juice, the aromatic kreban[?]. Which do you desire, oh, wicked one?

SEAGOON:

(VERY BRITISH) Pot of tea, please.

INDIAN 1:

Oh!

INDIAN 2:

[MILLIGAN]

Ladies! And European-type gentlemen. Taking your modern European-type partners for the English style cabaret.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

INDIAN 2:

[UNCLEAR]. Everybody back to their own beds, please. And now for the second part of the cabaret, the mysterious Burra Bibby at an extra four rupees.

INDIAN 1:

Good, good.

INDIAN 2:

Alright, thank you. Oriental Queen will do the dance of the seven Army surplus blankets.

FX:

ORIENTAL MUSIC, TALKING OVER...

SEAGOON:

Into the middle of the floor sprang a creature who sent my pulses racing. One by one the blankets fell to the floor. The lights went down. As the last blanket fell from the passionate creature, I moved to her side in the dark. (PANTING) Oh, desirable creature, what prompts you to dance in this den of vice?

ECCLES:

I gotta make a living, too, you know.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, you're not a woman!

ECCLES:

I know that. Don't tell the manager.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

ECCLES:

We're engaged! It's gonna be hell, folks!

SEAGOON:

However did you get here?

ECCLES:

Well, that fellow Moriarty and Grytpype-Thynne, they threw me into the sea.

SEAGOON:

So there is some good in them after all.

ECCLES:

(MAD BABBLING).

MANAGER:

[SELLERS]

Where are you darling, where are you?

ECCLES:

Here he comes, look out. Wahum! Keep him away. The question is: what are we gonna do now?

SEAGOON:

I'm gonna clear my name and get back my self-respect. I'll... I'll join the navy!

ORCHESTRA:

SEVERAL NAVY-TYPE MARCHES AND HORNPIPES (CARRIES ON FOR FULL 60 SECONDS) ENDING WITH A BIG, LOUD FINALE.

SEAGOON:

No. I'll join the Army. It's too damn noisy in the Navy. Come, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Alright, oh!

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME.

FX:

EXPLOSIONS, CHICKENS OVER...

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Ooooh-hoo-oh! Oh! Oh! Oh-ho! Oh! Oh, no more curried eggs for me. Ohhhh. Ohhh. So, you two naughty men want to join the Bombay Irish, do you?

SEAGOON:

Aye, jock, mon.

ECCLES:

Aye, aye, buddy.

BLOODNOK:

Well, it's a tough life, I'll tell you. Do you know what it's like to be in the thick of a bloody battle with bullets flying and sabres clashing?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

Pity, I was hoping you'd tell me what it was like. You see, I'm writing a book entitled "Bloodnok V.C." However, let us take the regimental oath. Are we ready?

ECCLES:

Ya.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Open your wallets and say after me: "Help yourself!"

SEAGOON AND ECCLES:

Help yourself.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Next, do you swear to be brave soldiers?

SEAGOON AND ECCLES:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Never turn a back on the enemy?

SEAGOON AND ECCLES:

Never.

BLOODNOK:

Always speak well of a lady?

SEAGOON AND ECCLES:

Always.

BLOODNOK:

And respect the chastity of a woman?

SEAGOON AND ECCLES:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Have we got *nothing* in common!? Still, we are in need of a couple of right steamers. You see, the Red Bladder is raising the Pathan tribes. He's got fresh consignments of automatic swords and a touch of the Rangoon crutt thrown in.

SEAGOON:

Where does he get the finance?

BLOODNOK:

Two international crooks smuggled him a shipload of gold saxophones.

SEAGOON:

Grytpype and Moriarty. So that's the game. Sir, I have score to settle. Let me go to the frontier.

BLOODNOK:

Right. Sign this.

FX:

WRITING.

SEAGOON:

Neddie... Seagoon. There. Am I a soldier now?

BLOODNOK:

I've no idea, I only collect autographs, you know. Seagoon, arm the men to the teeth.

SEAGOON:

Impossible.

BLOODNOK:

No arms?

SEAGOON:

No teeth.

BLOODNOK:

Then we can't fight.

SEAGOON:

Sir, I want a chance to prove that I'm a man.

BLOODNOK:

Report to the M.O.

SEAGOON:

I'll fight the Mad Mullah, clear my name and recover the gold... and capture Moriarty and Grytpype-Thynne into the bargain. Who will ride with me?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ensign Bluebotten will! Rayyyy! Thank you, thank you. See, my sword is in my hand.

FX:

CLANG.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh, de end's fallen off.

SEAGOON:

Little jug head bugler, blow the alarm!

BLUEBOTTLE:

That is what / say! Blow the alarm! Oh. Let's play another game, please.

SEAGOON:

This is no game, little drooping seat. Get mounted, lad.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, my captain, I'm mounted-ed and ready for the ride. I say, wait a minute. What's dis in the saddle bag?

SEAGOON:

That's dynamite, lad.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here, you're not starting that lark again, are you?

SEAGOON:

We'll soon know the valid truth. To horse!

ECCLES:

Can I come, too?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's about time you came to, aha,ha! Ha,ha! I made a little jokule.

ECCLES:

'Ere! Guess what I gettin' for my birthday.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor, what *are* you gettin', Eccles?

ECCLES:

I'm gettin' a bow-wow.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhhh. I'm not getting a bow-wow. I'm gettin' a junior smokers kit. Complete with toffee ash tray and liquorice dog-ends.

ECCLES:

I... I like liquorice. My mother says that liquorice gives you a good run for your money.

SEAGOON:

To the Khyber Pass! Forward!

FX:

BUGLES, HORSES GALLOPING OVER...

SEAGOON:

All that night I rode and through the best part of the next day.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You left the worst part to us. He, he! The joke's on me.

FX:

SLAPSTICK.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ahow! My prules are funed.

SEAGOON:

Haaaaaalt!

FX:

HORSES STOP.

SEAGOON:

And this is where the story *really* starts.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor, look, my captain, look! Points cardboard finger at thousands of savage naughty men with Indian type bare bumpy old chests.

SEAGOON:

The Red Bladder and his fifty thousand balloons.

ECCLES:

Wow.

SEAGOON:

Gad, we're outnumbered twenty to one.

ECCLES:

Twenty to one? Time for lunch!

SEAGOON:

We've only one chance. Bluebottle, ride to the crest of that crag and signal Major Bloodnok.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What is the message?

SEAGOON:

Tell him to keep two late dinners.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will *do* it, I will! Ride, Vaquero, ride. Ehee! 'Ere, wait a minute. Captain? In between me and that crag is a dirty big wide chasm. With a forty thousand foot drop to the raging torrent below.

SEAGOON:

Fear not, little shivering nut. That Arab stallion will bound that chasm like... like a wing-ed arrow

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, it will! Giddup, Dobbin !

FX:

HOOVES GALLOPING AWAY SPEEDING UP, SILENCE, SPLASHES.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eehee! You rotten swine, horse you! You did *not* jump that chasm thing. And I been hurled into the dreaded canyon. Splat, thud, zowie, blunn, thud. And several other rock-hitting nut sounds.

MORIARTY:

Welcome to the Indian River Police, little boy of mine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

My, you're the forces of evil, Morinarty man.

MORIARTY:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thinks: I know how to get rid of the dynamite. Mister Morinarty? Would you like a nice big long red cigar with a wick on the end?

FX:

FUSE IS LIGHTED OVER...

MORIARTY:

Ah, thank you, little boy.

FX:

CLANG DOOR CLOSING.

MORIARTY:

(SMACKS LIPS) Aah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Is it nice?

MORIARTY:

It's gone out.

FX:

WHOOSH.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'll light it again for you...

FX:

EXPLOSIONS.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aaargh!

GRAMS:

THIRD MAN THEME.

MILLIGAN:

Thought you'd liked to hear it again.

GREENSLADE:

Dishonoured, part the last. Neddie Seagoon gives his all in battle with the Red Bladder.

GRAMS:

INDIAN WAR WHOOPS.

BLOODNOK:

How that battle raged. I heard it all on the wireless, you know. Seagoon fought like a mad-man. How else? But alas...

FX:

BUGLE CALL OVER...

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Oh! Ohhhh.

GREENSLADE:

On that spot is now a little white stone.

CRUN:

Yes. Once a year Min lays flowers on it.

MINNIE:

(SOBBING) The stone bears a simple inscription in Hindustani.

BLOODNOK:

I haven't the heart to tell her that, roughly translated, it says: "Bombay, 49 miles". Goodnight.

MINNIE:

Aahoow!

ORCHESTRA:

OLD COMRADES MARCH OVER...

FEMALE ANNOUNCER:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme starring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with Ray Ellington and Max Geldray. The announcer was Wallace Greenslade. The music was by Wally Stott and the script was by Spike Milligan. The programme was restored by Ted Kendall and produced by John Browell.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAY OUT.

Notes:

"Take this tray" ... a weak joke based on the act of "presenting something on a tray"

Pathans are a tribe of Afghanistan/Pakistan. The most famous modern-day Pathan is probably the cricketer, Imran Khan