

S9 E14 - The Scarlet Capsule (Quatermass O.B.E.)

Transcription adjusted by Paul Webster, Peter Olausson. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

SELLERS:

Hold it up to the light, not a brain in sight.

SECOMBE:

Ah, John Friar Sellers! Taste this script.

SELLERS:

(EATING NOISES) What is it?

SECOMBE:

A freshly-cooked version of:

ORCHESTRA:

SCIENCE-FICTION-TYPE FANFARE

GRAMS:

THE THING SOUND EFFECT – A MYSTERIOUS ECHOING ELECTRONIC EFFECT

SELLERS:

Quatermass, OBE.

ORCHESTRA:

CRESCENDO, THEN DIMUENDO UNDER FIRST PART OF NEXT LINE

TIMOTHY:

(RECORDED) This is the terror-stricken service of the BBC. Today at approximately this afternoon, a discovery was made on the site of the Notting Hill Gate site of the government's new dig-up-the-roads-plan-for-congesting-traffic scheme. Workmen in the absence of a strike settled for work as an alternative. It was during this brief lull in high-powered inertia that Morris Onions, a scaffolder's knee-wrencher, stumbled across something he'd found. Ding-dong-billy-bong! I would like it known that though I read this stuff, I don't write it. Ftang!

GRAMS:

SHOVELS

THROAT:

Cor, blimey.

WILLIUM:

'Ere! 'Ere, Julian!

JULIAN:

[MILLIGAN]

(IRISH ACCENT) What's [UNCLEAR]?

WILLIUM:

'Ere, over 'ere, mate, 'ere!

JULIAN:

Coming, Basil.

WILLIUM:

Get your trousers on. 'urry, Julian. Look at this!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORD, HELD UNDER EFFECT

GRAMS:

THING SOUND EFFECT, CONTINUING UNDER NEXT DIALOGUE

JULIAN:

Oh, dear! Saints preserve us!

TAFFY:

[SECOMBE]

(WELSH ACCENT) Eh! What's all this about... hey!

JULIAN:

What's this, now?

TAFFY:

Here! That's a human skull.

WILLIUM:

Is it?

TAFFY:

Aye. Must be a woman, the mouth's open. Ha ha, ha, ha, ha!

JULIAN:

Here... We'd better call an Irish doctor.

IRISHMAN 2:

[SELLERS]

Yes, let's get one.

TAFFY:

Too late... Too late for that, it's a goner, man. She's a goner.

JULIAN:

Oh, dear!

WILLIUM:

Call the Chinese police. 'Ere, hold this whistle and play that note.

FX:

POLICE WHISTLE

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS APPROACH

JULIAN:

(OVER) Listen! He's coming. He's almost here. (AS FOOTSTEPS SLOW DOWN) He's arrived.

CONSTABLE GREENSLADE:

(PANTING AND OUT OF BREATH) You were playing my song. I'm sorry I'm late but the flinn of the flonn suclunned the nib of the ploon.

TAFFY:

A likely story. Now have a look at this, boy, here.

CONSTABLE GREENSLADE:

Gad, the head of a skull! I'd better take its fingerprints. Ladies and gentlemen, in my dual role of constable and announcer, I now assume the mantle of the latter but only for a brief announcement. Next morning, after my report as a constable, a man and a woman from the Ministry of Certain Things were flown in from Battersea by road, with a rug over their knees that travelled with them. Plung!

FX:

SHOVELS, UNDER NEXT DIALOGUE

HENRY CRUN:

Mnk... Knick ...

MINNIE BANNISTER:

Knick the knack.

CRUN:

Knick the knack...

MINNIE:

Knick.

CRUN:

Ohh!

MINNIE:

Knick knack, knick knack. (SINGS) Paddy-whack, give the dog a bone. (RHYTHM-TYPE HUMMING)

CRUN:

(HUMS ACCOMPANIMENT TO MIN'S LINE)

CRUN AND MINNIE:

(HUM FOR A WHILE, THEN STOP)

CRUN:

What are you doing, Min? Dog's had four bones already, you know. Three of them are mine, I tell you. Now, look. Another one. Oh, look!

MINNIE:

Ohhh! Lord Crun?

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

This skull! Is 5 million years old!

CRUN AND MINNIE:

(SINGS) Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you.

CRUN:

(SINGS) Happy birthday, dear Minnie, happy birthday to you.

MINNIE:

Thank you. Thank you, Hen, it's nice of you to remember my skull. Thank you.

FX:

SHOVELS, UNDER NEXT LINES

MINNIE:

Now, dig on! Dig on! The power...

CRUN:

Aha!

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

CRUN:

Min!

MINNIE:

Ohh!

FX:

SHOVELING STOPS

CRUN:

Stop wallpapering my trousers while I'm straining with the trowel.

MINNIE:

You must get a new pair, then, the paint's coming off the knees, you know.

CRUN:

[UNCLEAR].

MINNIE:

Coming off the knees!

CRUN:

Oiled springs, I would [UNCLEAR].

MINNIE:

(SENILE MUTTERINGS)

CRUN:

I can't understand it, you know. These knees were hand-painted by Annagooney.

TAFFY:

Sir, will you be long in your excavations? Only the workmen are waiting to start work on the tea break, y'see?

CRUN:

Oh...

TAFFY:

Aye, aye.

CRUN:

No, not long, no.

MINNIE:

Ohh!

TAFFY:

Right, oh.

MINNIE:

I know that.

CRUN:

This is a vital brown archaeological site, sir. It could be that on this very spot the first men existed. Can you see that this we've dug up just now? Do you recognise it?

CONSTABLE GREENSLADE:

It appears to be a piece of mud.

MINNIE:

And there's morrre where that came from!

CONSTABLE GREENSLADE:

Now look, I may be ignorant...

MINNIE:

(INTERRUPTS) I'm sure you are. You big...

CONSTABLE GREENSLADE:

Look, I will... I will turn a deaf eye to all that nonsense.

MINNIE:

You'll get a punch up the conk!

CRUN:

Too-phish!

CONSTABLE GREENSLADE:

I was saying I don't see the archaeological importance of mud.

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

CRUN:

Ah, no, no! Morning.

MINNIE:

Morning, morning.

CRUN:

Here comes Professor Ned Quatermass.

MINNIE:

Whoopee!

ORCHESTRA:

'I WANT TO BE HAPPY' MUSIC-HALL-TYPE INTRO

NED QUATERMASS:

Hello, folks, it's me, Ned Quatermass, son of the scientist and doctor of darkness! Two for the price of one! Hup! Hoy!

GRAMS:

CHEERS

NED QUATERMASS:

Stop!

GRAMS:

IMMEDIATE STOP

NED QUATERMASS:

Thank you. (LAUGHS) Now, what's all this about, eh? What? What? What?

CRUN:

Look... look at that!

MINNIE:

Ohh!

CRUN:

Something's under the ground.

FX:

PICK

NED QUATERMASS:

So it is.

FX:

TAPS WITH SMALL PICK

NED QUATERMASS:

It's hard. Here, hold my coconut tree while I have a look. This is a job for those sons of fun, the army!

ORCHESTRA:

BRASS FANFARE

NED QUATERMASS:

(AS BOXING ANNOUNCER) Ladiiiiiies... and gentlemeeeeeen. His excellencyyyy.... Rifleman Dene of the Third Collapsing Fusiliers.

OMNES:

CHEERS AND APPLAUSE.

NED QUATERMASS:

(AS BOXING ANNOUNCER) His Grovelling Excellence, Sergeant Sir Tom Flar of the Second Royal Army Games.

OMNES:

HUBBUB AND RHUBARB

NED QUATERMASS:

(AS BOXING ANNOUNCER) And now... (BRIEFLY YORKSHIRE) Give over. (AS BOXING ANNOUNCER) And now... Miss Stomach Trouble of 1958, Major Denis Bloodnok, OBE and bar.

ORCHESTRA:

MAJESTIC BRASS FANFARE, SEGUEING INTO END OF BLOODNOK THEME

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Ooeugh! Ohhh! Will I never be free of them? Oh, dear! Now, then, what's the trouble?

NED QUATERMASS:

An unexploded German bomb.

BLOODNOK:

What?? Agggh!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

BLOODNOK:

(OFF) Don't be frightened, lads. They'd soon have it safe. Sergeant Spinewait? Dig it up with dig.

FX:

SHOVELS

SERGEANT SPINEWAIT:

[SECOMBE]

Oh, I don't know, I don't know what's going on.

THROAT:

Cor blimey, I don't know what's going on 'ere.

NED QUATERMASS:

Thus, with ten men holding one million shovels, they dug away at the direction of... The Thingggg!

MILLIGAN:

Thinggg!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC LINK, UNDER SOUND EFFECT

GRAMS:

THING SOUND EFFECT, CONTINUES UNDER NEXT DIALOGUE

NED QUATERMASS:

As they dug, the thing took shape. Twenty foot long, red, as large as an engine boiler. With an entrance on the side. And a sealed compartment in the front.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear!

CRUN:

Ohhh.

MINNIE:

Dear, dear, dear.

CRUN:

I don't like the look of it.

GRAMS:

EFFECT STOPS

NED QUATERMASS:

Well, we can't change it now, it's the only one we got.

CRUN:

Yes, there is something in what you say.

NED QUATERMASS:

Yes, it can happen to the best of us.

CRUN:

Indeed it can.

NED QUATERMASS:

Yes. Well, ha ha. That seems to have explored that argument in full, doesn't it? Ha ha!

CRUN:

But *what* is this thing?

MINNIE:

(SINGS) Called loooove.....

CRUN:

(HUMS IN ACCOMPANIMENT)

MINNIE:

(SINGS) This funny thing.

CRUN:

(SINGS) This funny thing.

CRUN AND MINNIE:

(RHYTHM-TYPE HUMMING)

CRUN:

Min! Cease that power-singing and stop flashing your insteps, Min.

MINNIE:

Ohh!

NED QUATERMASS:

Well, we can't stand around here doing nothing, people will think we're workmen.

BLOODNOK:

(APPROACHES) Gladys, how's the work going on that silly, harmless old bomb, eh? Oh, you were all frightened of nothing, you know.

NED QUATERMASS:

This line the Major spoke from inside a suit of armour, inside a Cromwell tank.

BLOODNOK:

You like it? I wear it all the time during explosions, you know.

NED QUATERMASS:

It must be hell in there.

CHINESE:

[MILLIGAN]

(GENERAL CHINESE MUTTERING)

BLOODNOK:

Listen! There's a chink in my armour!

GREENSLADE:

In my capacity as announcer, I will say this: During the night, those concerned continued their digging. F'tung!

CHINESE:

[MILLIGAN]

(GENERAL CHINESE MUTTERING)

FX:

RHYTHMIC KNOCKING ON HOLLOW WOODEN BLOCKS

MINNIE:

Ohh! Oh, listen, listen. Oh, ohh! Ah, oh!

FX:

RHYTHMIC KNOCKING

MINNIE:

(RHYTHM-TYPE HUMMING IN TIME WITH KNOCKING)

CRUN:

There's no doubt about these rhythm-skulls, Min. They are 50 million years old.

MINNIE:

Nonsense. According to my quillocalnivviespoons, in my opinion these skulls are... were dropped by the Germans in 1943.

NED QUATERMASS:

Unexploded German skulls? I hadn't thought of that.

BLOODNOK:

Elephant soup with squodged spuds.

NED QUATERMASS:

I hadn't thought of that, either.

BLOODNOK:

Sabrina in the bath.

NED QUATERMASS:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! I do have *some* spare time.

FX:

SHOVELS

MINNIE:

I don't think she has. Gentlemen... Gentlemen, look! From the bones we discovered, I have reconstructed... an Irish stew.

NED QUATERMASS:

Then this is what prehistoric Irish stews look like?

MINNIE:

Yes!

BLOODNOK:

I knew it, I knew it! We are all descended from Irish Jews. Oi, vey!

GRAMS:

THING SOUND EFFECT AND WILLIUM MUTTERING

NED QUATERMASS:

Listen! Someone's screaming in agony.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) News to me!

NED QUATERMASS:

Fortunately, I speak it fluently.

SERGEANT WILLIUM FTANG:

Oooh, sir. Ohhhh, me krills are plurned!

NED QUATERMASS:

Sergeant Ftang, what's up? Your boots have gone grey with worry.

WILLIUM:

I was... I was inside the thing picking up pre-istoric fag-ends, when I spots a creature crawling up the wall. It was a weasel. When suddenly it went...

FX:

POP

NED QUATERMASS:

What a strange and horrible death.

WILLIUM:

Then I 'eards an 'issing sound. And a voice say, 'minardor'.

NED QUATERMASS:

'Minardor?' We must keep our ears, nose and throats open for anything that goes 'minardor'.

MINNIE:

Yes.

CRUN:

Be forewarned, sir. The minardor is an ancient word that can be read in the West of Minster's library, you know.

NED QUATERMASS:

Well, it so happens that I have a Westminster Library on me. And gad, look! There I am inside, examining an occult dictionary.

MINNIE:

Oh, yes.

FX:

PAGES FLIPPING

NED QUATERMASS:

Minardor... Minardor... Hmm, hmm, hmm... Min, min, min, min, min.

MINNIE:

Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes?

NED QUATERMASS:

I feel an attack of conks coming on. Quick! The brandyyyy!

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUNNING AWAY

MAX:

Oh, boy! Now you know the real power of my conk!

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, Professor Quatermass is endeavouring to open the front compartment.

NED QUATERMASS:

Now, workman. I want you to drill through this place here, do you see?

ECCLES:

Yah, yah, yah.

NED QUATERMASS:

Now, you're sure you know all about using micro radium-tipped drills for non-porous surfaces?

ECCLES:

Ya, ya, man. I've got all that.

NED QUATERMASS:

Right.

ECCLES:

OK, then. OK, men. Switch on!

GRAMS:

DENTIST'S DRILL; ELECTRIC DISCHARGE AND STATIC, CONTINUING DURING NEXT LINE

ECCLES:

(DRAWN-OUT CRIES OF PAIN AND AGONY)

NED QUATERMASS:

Are you sure you know what you're doing?

ECCLES:

Yeah. But I'm willing to take a second opinion.

NED QUATERMASS:

Look! There's a hole appearing.

ECCLES:

Oh. Let me look through, I specialise in appearing holes. Let me have a look. Ohh!

NED QUATERMASS:

What can you see?

ECCLES:

A glass eye.

NED QUATERMASS:

What's the matter, doesn't he trust you? A-ha, ha! I say! (GIGGLES) Can you smell something?

ECCLES:

(SNIFFS) Yeah, yeah.

NED QUATERMASS:

(YELLS) Major Bloodnok!

ECCLES:

No, no. This smells like Irish stew.

NED QUATERMASS:

Gad! My brain raced into various directions. The frontal lobes to Charing Cross...

ECCLES:

Ohh?

NED QUATERMASS:

...and Isle of Rhyl to the Antipodes. Listen. The smell ties up with Minnie's replica of the Irish stew. Break that door down – with this break!

ECCLES:

Leave it to me.

FX:

POUNING ON DOOR, THEN SCRATCHING ON DOOR, THEN SAWING ETC., CONTINUES FOR SOME TIME

ECCLES:

(OVER, SOUNDS OF EFFORT; AT END OF EFFECT, EXHAUSTED) I know when I'm beaten.

NED QUATERMASS:

Hold this coconut tree. Let me try.

FX:

DOORKNOB TURNED; HINGE CREAKS

NED QUATERMASS:

It was open all the time.

ECCLES:

Ohhh!

NED QUATERMASS:

Dear listeners, inside the sealed compartment were the complete skeletons of three serge suits along with the bones of a bowler hat.

CRUN:

Min, go and preserve these specimens in brown fume spirit and quilled-leather Ong.

MORIARTY:

(OFF) I say! I say! Hello, Fred? Are there people there? Grytpype, who#s that down there?

GRYTPYPE:

It's daylight, Count.

MORIARTY:

Oh, lovely, lovely. Have you any food? (APPROACHES) Have you some food down there? Any nice food? Any small chips and things?

NED QUATERMASS:

Who is that hovering on the stairs?

MORIARTY:

On the stairs.

GRYTPYPE:

That is the great international leaper and balloonist extraordinary, le Compte Viscompte de Compte Jim 'Winds'...

GRAMS:

SPEEDED-UP DESCENDING STRING GLISSANDO

MORIARTY:

(CRINGING MUTTERING)

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty, known as the Mantovani of Piccadilly. There he goes.

SEAGOON:

Gad! Time for Ray Ellington and the old brandy, there!

GRAMS:

MASSED BOOTS RUNNING IN THE GENERAL DIRECTION OF AWAY

ELLINGTON:

The introductions he gives me.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ELLINGTON:

I sing melodies deviiiiine,
Melodies from old Irelannnnnd.

NED QUATERMASS:

There he goes, the Webster Booth of Ghana!

GREENSLADE:

We are now approaching the climax of this thrilling serial in one part. Around the great scarlet capsule the entire cast are assembled. That's me in the wig.

NED QUATERMASS:

My friends, you've just one hour to find out the origin of this giant crimson-scrimson-scroo-yakabakaka-koo! After that, they're letting the press in.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, hurry up, man, I'm waiting for a headline.

NED QUATERMASS:

Gad, it's a trilby hat on legs.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Steady on, my man. I am Ace Bluebottle. Known in Fleet Street as Scoop Bluebottle, wonder boy reporter.

NED QUATERMASS:

What paper do you represent?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Brown paper. What is the weekly organ of the Finchley Beat Generation. Editors Bluebottle and Bluebottle. Headline: 'Boy Reporter Bluebottle Scoops'.

FX:

TYPEWRITER

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OVER) Headline: 'From under the nose of Lord Beavingbrook. Flashee! Giant German bomb a hoax. "I did it in my spare time," says Sydenham night watchman. Quotee. Sittin' in his watchman's hut, gray-headed, sixty-seven-year-old Tom Onions, of Puker's Lodge, Mon., said, "It all come so easy in the dark hours."'

ECCLES:

You're making it up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Silence, man!

ECCLES:

(INCOHERENT EXCLAMATION)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Bend down.

FX:

TEARING CLOTH

ECCLES:

Oww! Oww!

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's Professor Eccles!

ECCLES:

Ho, ho!

BLUEBOTTLE:

The brains behind...

ECCLES:

What? What's that?

BLUEBOTTLE:

The brains behind the Windscale Disaster.

ECCLES:

Ohh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Scoop! 'Prof Eccles give the Brown Paper Daily exclusive statement'.

ECCLES:

What? What? What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can I quote you on that, please?

ECCLES:

No. My what-what-what's are private.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, give us an exclusive statement, then, prof.

ECCLES:

OK, then. I like chips in brown gravy.

FX:

TELEPHONE RECEIVER LIFTED; PHONE BEING DIALED

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, this'll be good. Flasho! Hello? Give me the Cintin Desk.

GRAMS:

SPEEDED-UP VOICE OVER PHONE SAYS 'HELLO? CITY DESK HERE'.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Listen, it's Scoop Bottle, here. Clear the front page.

GRAMS:

SPEEDED-UP VOICE SAYS 'WHAT FOR, MY LAD?'

BLUEBOTTLE:

'Professor Eccles denies paternity case. I like chips in brown gravy', he telled a judge.

GRAMS:

SPEEDED-UP VOICE SAYS 'GREAT WORK, KID. KEEP IT UP'.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thanks, Ace. Now for the exclusive picture. Scene. Professor Quartermass pretends to sing and all the others, put your fingers in your ears. Ready? Points super junior candle flash-gun with cardboard built-in trigger release. Say 'cheese'.

GRAMS:

THING EFFECT; EXPLOSION

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OVER) Oiee! Oh, my spones! Who's been meddling with my thin equipment?

GRYTPYPE:

Gentlemen, the Count and I have the solution to the red capsule thing.

NED QUATERMASS:

How do you know?

GRYTPYPE:

We have just watched the last installment on the television.

ECCLES:

That... that reminds me, I must pay *my* last instalment on *my* television. (LAUGHS)

NED QUATERMASS:

Fell rather flat, didn't it? Try singing it.

ECCLES:

Anything to save it. Ahem. (SINGS) That reminds me. I must pay the last *installment* on my television set. Aha ha ha ha, ha ha ha... (SPOKEN) No.

NED QUATERMASS:

No. Well, try it with full orchestral accompaniment.

ORCHESTRA:

MELODRAMATIC BALLAD ACCOMPANIES NEXT LINE

ECCLES:

(SINGS) That reminds me. I must pay the last installment on my *television seeeeeeeeeet*.

GRAMS:

SPLAT

BLOODNOK:

Who threw that stuff at the Count?

NED QUATERMASS:

Gad! Look what it is!

BLOODNOK:

The phantom strikes again! Oh. It must be hell in there. And there's obviously more where that came from.

NED QUATERMASS:

Now it's coming clearer!

BLOODNOK:

Is it?

NED QUATERMASS:

Yes. Poltergeists throw stuff about!

ECCLES:

They must be in a bad way.

NED QUATERMASS:

This proves my theory. This scarlet capsule is the seat of spirit beings!

WILLIUM:

Sir, the gentlemen of the press is here. I tried to hold 'em back but they burst through by putting money in me hands.

NED QUATERMASS:

Spoken like a true commissioner!

GRAMS:

SPLAT

NED QUATERMASS:

Gads!

ECCLES:

What?

NED QUATERMASS:

He's been struck by a neolithic Irish strew. It's the spirits at work again! There's only one answer. Eccles, prepare a series of TNT charges to destroy the Thing!

ECCLES:

Leave it to me. I've got a...

GRAMS:

SPLAT

ECCLES:

(STRANGLED EXCLAMATIONS)

NED QUATERMASS:

Another one!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS, LAST HELD UNDER EFFECT

GRAMS:

THING SOUND EFFECT

GRAMS:

BIG BEN CHIMING

FX:

BELL STRUCK

GREENSLADE:

All night, preparations to explode the Thing continued. For miles around, people had to be evacuated.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR; DOOR OPENS

CYNTHIA:

[SELLERS]

(SEDUCTIVE) Yes? What is it?

NED QUATERMASS:

Oh, I... I'm terribly sorry to have knocked you up so late.

CYNTHIA:

They all say that.

NED QUATERMASS:

I'm afraid you have to be evacuated.

CYNTHIA:

(EMBARRASSED SURPRISE) Oh! Come in. I'll just pack a few things.

NED QUATERMASS:

Well, I... I... I...

GREENSLADE:

At this point the script was heavily censored. But we leave the ensuing silence for the listeners to imagine what followed. (PAUSE)

BLOODNOK:

(OFF) You filthy swines! Back to your own beds, now!

ECCLES:

Major, the dynamite's all ready in the Thing.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, well, tell everybody to take cover.

ECCLES:

(YELLS) Take cover, Major!

BLOODNOK:

Thank you for telling me, lad. Get hold of this plunger, lad.

ECCLES:

Ohh!

NED QUATERMASS:

Stop! There's a man called Moriarty tied up inside the Thing.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes, yes, I know, it's all right, Ned.

NED QUATERMASS:

All right? He'll be blown to bits!

GRYTPYPE:

Don't worry, I have the Count heavily insured against such things.

NED QUATERMASS:

No, I... I... I... I... I'm afraid I can't allow you to do such a thing.

GRYTPYPE:

Fifty pounds be enough?

NED QUATERMASS:

Right. Ahem. (YELLS) Stand by plunger! 10! 9! 8! 7! 6! 5! 4! 3! Erm...

ECCLES:

(WHISPERS) Two.

NED QUATERMASS:

2! 1! Fire!

ECCLES:

(ONE SECOND PAUSE) Ha, ha, ha. I forgot to connect it up.

NED QUATERMASS:

Well, get over and fix it, then.

ECCLES:

OK. (INCOHERENT BABBLING AS HE MOVES OFF)

NED QUATERMASS:

And nobody touch that plunger.

FX:

PHONE RECEIVER LIFTED; PHONE BEING DIALED

GRYTPYPE:

Hello? Imprudential Insurance? Can I take out another one of those, er, policy things? Eccles, yes. Mad Dan Eccles, that's right. Another fifty be enough, Ned?

NED QUATERMASS:

Uh-huh.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION AND SPEEDED-UP ECCLES CRIES OF ANGUISH

TIMOTHY:

(RECORDED) This is the flibby-dabby-dee service of the BBC. The giant capsule was today exploded and went BANG! London transport experts have, however, discovered what the Thing was. Apparently the remains of the three blue serge suits found inside inside were in fact those of three sit-down tube strikers and the capsule was a tube train that had been shunted into a siding and forgotten. The mystic word 'minardor' was in fact the word 'mind the doors'. Not a very good ending, but tidy, don't you think? Goodnight. (SPLAT) Ohh!

BLOODNOK:

And there's more where that came from, Tim!

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME

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 by Spike Milligan. The programme was restored by Ted Kendall and produced by John Browell.

ORCHESTRA:

CLOSING THEME: 'I WANT TO BE HAPPY'

NOTES:

"Annigoonie" is a reference to the famous portrait painter Pietro Annigoni (1910-1988).

The Windscale Disaster is a reference to a fire at a nuclear reactor in Windscale in 1957 that spread some radiation over the local countryside.

"Rifleman Green of the Third Collapsing Fusiliers" may be a reference to a Guardsman who fainted during the changing of the guards pageant shown on TV. This is yet to be confirmed.