

S9 E15 - The Tay Bridge Disaster

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. Tiddey pong!

SEAGOON:

And now the same thing in Aramaic. Tiddey pong!

GRAMS:

PETER AND SPIKE PING TAR NAT PLUNG TAR FERN TULE, KNIN, QUERDGE, HARAT, HUME. DURING THE RECORDING PETER & SPIKE HIT A COW BELL, TEMPLE BLOCK, BLOW A WHISTLE DUCK CALL (PLAY FAST).

GREENSLADE:

It sounds naughty.

SEAGOON:

It is.

MORIARTY:

Ahaa. And there's *more* where that came from, I tell you!

FX:

COLOSSAL SLAPSTICK

MORIARTY:

SHRIEK

GRYTPYPE:

Back, you fumed frog of a man.

SEAGOON:

Mr Greenslade, clutch the shins and announce this announcement on the wireless set.

GREENSLADE:

(MEGAPHONE) Hello England.

ECCLES:

(OFF) Hello.

GREENSLADE:

Oh, I don't know, I give up. Really, this is just *too* much!

SELLERS:

(MEGAPHONE) Snatching up his dying announcement, Ned continues, aye!

SEAGOON:

Thank you. (MEGAPHONE) Hello, folks! Leather speaking trumpet announcement in the modern wireless talking manner, folks. To celebrate the 200th anniversary of Burns, Cuts and Bruises, we go over to the krutty, crab-ridden seashore of the Scotland, folks!

ORCHESTRA:

DRONE CHORDS.

CHISHOLM PLAYS TATTY TROMBONE BAGPIPE MELODY.

CHISHOLM DECIDES TO SING A SCOTS MELODY DEVINE.

GRAMS:

JELLY SPLOSH.

CHISHOLM CONTINUES TO PLAY TROMBONE, ALMOST IMMEDIATELY.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

CHISHOLM:

Oh! (SWEARS IN FAUX SCOTTISH).

FX:

CLANG OF TROMBONE HITTING THE GROUND.

ORCHESTRA:

REVERT TO VERY FAST TATTY 'I WANT TO BE HAPPY' PLAYOFF. GREAT CYMBAL SMASH AT THE END, CYMBAL FALLS TO THE GROUND.

FX:

DROP A LOAD OF CYMBALS TO BOOST IT.

HAIRY SCOT:

[SELLERS]

Hernia, the big nertt the noon loch nern ahoyeen.

McTHROAT:

(GUTTURAL SCOTTISH THROATINGS)

SEAGOON:

Hello, hello! Ned calling on his Mac Megaphone made from red Scottish hairs, folks. These sounds were the dreaded sound of the Phantom Trombonist of the Glen.

HAIRY SCOT:

Aye, they do say it's the ghost of George Chisholm's grandfather. Killed one stormy night when the Tay Bridge died.

CHISHOLM:

Aye. That's troo! Real troo! I was killed outright. The noo!

SEAGOON:

Thank you, George Chisholm and his phoney Scots accent!

CHISHOLM:

Ach! (SCOTTISH-ISH RANTINGS)

SEAGOON:

There he goes, folks, he and speaking part fee of two guineas.

WOLFIT:

[MILLIGAN]

Ohhh! Ohhhh.... Yeee, haaa, hoooo... And now, folks! The tale. 'Twas a dark and windy night...

GRAMS:

WIND HOWLING

BLOODNOK:

(OFF) Ohhhhhhhhh!

WOLFIT:

Ohh. And as far as the eye could see, and the teeth could chew. It was 1878 and the kringe were in the klonge... (SELF FADE)

GRAMS:

WIND HOWLS. EXPLOSION (DISTANT).

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh! So soon in the programme, too. Ohhhhhh!

SEAGOON:

In the year 1878 I had a bridge building company in Sauchiehall Street. I didn't have an office but I did have a Sauchiehall Street. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ho, ha!

GRAMS:

MIX IN TERRIBLE MASS CROWDS BRAWL. SMASHING GLASS, SCREAMS, DISTANT BAGPIPE AT SPEED.

SEAGOON:

You hear that? Celtic versus the Rangers.

HAIRY SCOT:

Aye. While half Scotland crammed the football stadium, Ned dillingently went about building his business.

SEAGOON:

(SINGS) 'I belong to Glasgow' (TALKS) Ice Creams, football badges, bandages, guns, clubs. (SINGS) 'Dear old Glasgow town'.

FX:

PENNY IN A TIN CUP

SEAGOON:

Thank you, sir. A dud Burmese sixpence? Scotland for ever, sir!

ELLINGTON:

Och Aye and Oi Vay, Mon. It's a warum bracht moonlacht nacht for the Schidduch, the noo, mon.

SEAGOON:

And bless old Ghana, too!

ELLINGTON:

Folks, I don't know how I get these parts, I just don't know.

MAX:

What about me, boy? They got me down as a Chinese.

ELLINGTON:

Man, you won t get away with it.

MAX:

I know, boy, it's... it's the old conk that gives me away.

SEAGOON:

Never mind, Max, it keeps the rain of yer tie, mate.

MAX:

Yes! Yes, that conk is working for me, boy. Ploogie!

WILLIUM:

'Ere, 'old it, 'old on, 'ere. What's all this? An Englishman, Irishman and a Jew? Wot you a-doin' of, then?

SEAGOON:

We're just posing for a joke.

WILLIUM:

Can't you read that 'airy sign, mate? "No posin' for English, Irish or Jewish jokes on even dates". Lift up yer 'at!

FX:

RESOUNDING WHACK ON HEAD

SEAGOON:

(SCREAM).

WILLIUM:

Now, sign this receipt for that lump I just give yer.

GRAMS:

SHORT HOT XYLOPHONE BREAK

SEAGOON:

There.

WILLIUM:

What's this? "Maureen Shag"? Is that your name?

SEAGOON:

No, that's the name of my signature.

WILLIUM:

Oh.

GRAMS:

SMASH AND GRAB RAID IN MIDDLE DISTANCE. SHOP WINDOW SMASHES. POLICE WHISTLE TOOTING.

WILLIUM:

'Ark on it! It's the sound of a pea vibrating inside a metal cylinder, agitated by 'uman wind. Known to the ahtside world as the Rozzers Flute or the Narks Lullaby. 'Ere, them criminals don't 'arf lead us a dance, matey.

SEAGOON:

Take your partners for the smash and grab one step!

GRAMS:

OLD PRE-ELECTRIC RECORDING OF A BAND PLAYING A ONE STEP. MIX IN COPPERS CROOKS POLICE WHISTLES. OCCASIONAL WHACK ON HEAD. FADE UNDER.

SEAGOON:

Gad, what a night that was!

GRYTPYPE:

You dance divinely, little hybrid fellow.

SEAGOON:

You must be Lou Praeger.

GRYTPYPE:

Ha, ha, ha. You devil. Is that your barrel organ outside?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Drive me to the millionaire's entrance of the Unemployment Exchange.

SEAGOON:

Splendid! And it's his turn in the barrel organ.

GRAMS:

TAXI FLAG DOWN

GRYTPYPE:

Step on it!

SEAGOON:

So saying, he threw down a dog-end.

GRAMS:

MIX A BARREL ORGAN AND A CAR DRIVING AWAY TOGETHER. SPEED UP.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the Sauchiehall Labour Exchange.

ORCHESTRA:

SNORING...

McGOONIGAL:

[SELLERS]

Ohhhhh, what a glorious sight to see.
Ten Thousand unemployed Scotsmen,
All happy and free.
They lay there kipping,
Row after row.
And...

FX:

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK ON DOOR

McGOONIGAL:

Ohhh? And oh...

(ALL SNORING STOPS AS THOUGH IN PANIC)

MORIARTY:

Everybody quiet! Who is there? Who is that there? Is it work?

GRYTPYPE:

No, it's me.

MORIARTY:

Ah.

GRYTPYPE:

Thynne! Friend of the weary.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MORIARTY:

Ah.

SEAGOON:

The door was opened by a heavily strained wreck wearing the string remains of an ankle-length vest, a secondhand trilby and both feet in one sock.

MORIARTY:

And there's *more* where that came from! I'm a true son of People's Republic of France.

FX:

SLAPSTICK

MORIARTY:

(WHIMPERS IN PAIN)

GRYTPYPE:

Ned. This is the great French revolutionary shop-steward and rifle-range target, Count Jim Le 'Steamnuts'...

GRAMS:

BURST OF STEAM

MORIARTY:

(WHIMPERS IN STEAMED PAIN)

FX:

BURST OF STEAM AND CASTANETS

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty. Men of the Royal Labour Exchange, I have good news. I recently had talks with the Prime Minister and he has granted us a further extension of unemployment.

ORCHESTRA:

CHEERS & GRAMS

McGOONIGAL:

And as the Highlanders shout hooray,
Max 'Conks' Geldray was seen for to play.

SEAGOON:

Hooray! Time for the brandy!

GRAMS:

GREAT RUSHING AWAY OF BOOTS

MAX GELDRAY & ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GRAMS:

WAVES ON ROCKY COAST. SEA BIRDS CIRCLING & SQUEALING.

GREENSLADE:

From a rocky ledge on Skilla Brae I announce part two. Why I'm on a rocky ledge on Skilla Brae, I just don't know. I am but a humble announcer and these sea-birds are no respectors of persons.

GRAMS:

SNORING AND DISTANT BAGPIPES

SEAGOON:

(MOUTH NOISES) Ah. Three blissful months I spent in the Labour Exchange. And then... one day!

FX:

PHONE RINGS

MORIARTY:

(STARTLED YELPS) The phone. The phooooone. The phone's ringing. The phone.

GRYTPYPE:

You fumed frog! I thought you told me that that phone was unemployed. Ned, you take it, it might be the fiend work.

FX:

PHONE OFF HOOK

SEAGOON:

Don't you worry, chaps, they'll never know. (JEWISH ACCENT) Hello, Israeli Embassy, Golders Green, 'ere.

SPRIGGS:

(ON PHONE) Hellooooo? Hello. Is that the Scottish Labour Exchange?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Ohhhhh! I've given it away, ohhhh!

SPRIGGS:

Ohhh. Listen, Jim. Listen, Ji-iiiiimmm!

SEAGOON:

I'm listening, Ji-iiiiimmmmm!

SPRIGGS:

Rrrrrriiiight, Jiiimmmmm. (MILLIGAN ALMOST CORPSES) Is that Seagoon, the famous bridge-builder?

SEAGOON:

Yes, indeed. My fame has spread from the little basement I work in, to the old lady next door and back again.

SPRIGGS:

Okay, Jim. Come to this address at once, Jim. It means money. Moneeeeyyyy.

SEAGOON:

(MAD) Money!

GRYTPYPE:

Money!

SPRIGGS:

Money!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

GREENSLADE:

From a straight Jacket at the bottom of the Thames, I announce a meeting of the Glasgow L.C.C.

GRAMS:

FADE IN SCOTTISH REEL DANCERS WHOOPS YELLS, MUSIC ACCOMPANIMENT BY A TYPIC'AL SCOTTISH BAND. OCCASIONAL SMASHED GLASS, OCCASIONAL DRUNKEN YELL.

HAIRY SCOT:

Oh, ha-harr, ah-harr-oh. Well, that's enough, now, lads. What's the date?

MILLIGAN:

The First of Joone.

HAIRY SCOT:

Aye, well, we must now declare Hogmanay officially over.

GREENSLADE:

(VERY NOT SCOTTISH) Hoots, Mon, sir. The applicants for the new bridge is waiting, the noo, Och, Aye, Mon.

HAIRY SCOT:

Who's first?

ECCLES:

Um... Och, Aye, mon. Hoots, mon, aye. Mac Eccles.

HAIRY SCOT:

You ever built bridges before?

ECCLES:

Yep, yah, yah, yep. I built the (GIBBERISH) Bridge. I built that bridge in (GIBBERISH). And I... I, um... just finished the Forth Bridge.

HAIRY SCOT:

When did you build that?

ECCLES:

After the first three fell down. Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, hoi! (LAUGHS IN RHYTHM)

HAIRY SCOT:

Well, if it's as old as that gag, I'm not surprised. Now, let's hear the plans for the *new* bridge.

ECCLES:

Okay. I'll sing it.

GRAMS:

TWO PIANOS, BASS & DRUMS VERSION OF MUSIC WHILE YOU WORK

ECCLES:

(SINGS) My idea
Of a bridge of the river tay
Would be made of nice string and wood and string,
Wid all dem nice glue
And it would have all dem nails in it.

ORCHESTRA:

SOUND OF SCOTTISH SIMMERING RAGE: 'RRRRRRRS'.

HAIRY SCOT:

It's alright, lads. Put the claymores away. Mr Mac Eccles, that Bridge doon't sound very good to me.

ECCLES:

Well, Perhaps if I got a better singer to sing it.

HAIRY SCOT:

No, it's not your voice or your bridge, it's, er... well, it's hard to explain without a mirror, you know.

ECCLES:

What? What? You better watch out, Scottish man. Or I'll tell what happened at the ball of Killymuir.

HAIRY SCOT:

(PANIC) Don't! Stop him, lads!

ECCLES:

I saw 'em in the haystacks, yeah. I saw 'em in a ricks... Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. I couldn't hear the music.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH AND JELLY SPLOSH (THE MACREEKIE RISING JELLY SPLOSH)

HAIRY SCOT:

Got him, right in the credentials. Next?

SEAGOON:

(MEGAPHONE) Hello, hello, Scottish folks devine. I will now sing and play my own bridge devine.

(SINGS) I will build a bridge of power,

Across the River Tay

Where the dawn comes up like thunder out of China 'cross the bayyyyy.

ORCHESTRA:

MUTTERS OF SCOTTISH APPROVAL. 'ARRRRRR'.

SEAGOON:

(SINGS) On the road to old Bombay

Where the cross-eyed Haggis played

Down with the English

Long Live Bruce

Hip, hip, hip, hip, hoo-hooooooooooyyyyyyyyy.

ORCHESTRA:

WILD SCOTTISH APPROVAL. 'ARRRRR HOOTS AR THE NOO'.

GRAMS:

ROARS OF APPROVAL

HAIRY SCOT:

Seagoon, the job is yours.

MORIARTY:

Stop! Stop! Ferme yackabaka le Pune!

GRYTPYPE:

I second that. Let us have fair play. There is still one more brldge to be sung. My client, the great French financial disaster... has this to say.

MORIARTY:

(SINGS) Sur la pong
d'Avignon,
On y danse
On y danse

Sur la pong
d'Avignonnnnnnn.
Avignonnnnnnnnnnn.

HAIRY SCOT:

Aye, I must admit his bridge sounds longer.

SEAGOON:

Well, I'll... I'll sing an extra bit on mine.
(SINGS)
Another 20 feet or moooooore
Is all I aaaaaaaaaaaaaask

SEAGOON AND MORIARTY:

(BOTH START A SONG BATTLE, SINGING DIFFERENT SONGS OVER EACH OTHER).

GRAMS:

MIX TO GRAMS OF SEAGOON & MORIARTY SINGING A DUET. SOUND OF CRICKETS AND A DISTANT OWL TO INDICATE NIGHT TIME.

GRYTPYPE:

All through the steaming porridge-ridden night, the two bridge builders extolled their plans in song. My client with his powerful French bridge against the mighty of Seagoons, alas, dawn, dawn I die...
(FADE)

GRAMS:

TREE STARTS TO FALL. WITH ITS FALL MORIARTY'S VOICE RUNS DOWN AND STOPS AS THE TREE CRASHES TO THE GROUND.

MORIARTY:

Ah! Curse my weak ankles.

SEAGOON:

Hard luck, Moriarty.

GRYTPYPE:

Congratulations and hatred, Ned. All's fair in love and war. Let us supply you with the steel for the bridge.

SEAGOON:

Have you any samples?

GRAMS:

LOAD OF OLD SCRAP POURED OUT

MORIARTY:

And there's *more* where that came from, Ned.

SEAGOON:

This looks remarkably like Tower Bridge.

GRYTPYPE:

You'll get no rubbish from us, Ned. Here. Sign the exclusive contract on this bomb.

FX:

HURRIED WRITING

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

GRYTPYPE:

There! Nothing can revoke it. Moriarty, unchain a fresh Ray Ellington.

FX:

CHAINS

ELLINGTON:

Man, this is the worst contract I ever had.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

That was Ray Ellington and his appliances. The applause was recorded by professional mourners. Now, strapped to the railway lines at Paddington, I announce part two. The Bridge over the River Tay, the blasting operation.

GRAMS:

BLASTING IN ROCK FACE. EXPLOSIONS ROAR OF LOOSE SHALE ETC. AVALANCHING DOWN CUFF. CRASHING INTO THE RIVER. SOUND OF HOT IRONS DIPPED INTO COLD WATER.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh, thank heaven, that's cleared it. Now. (CALLS) Alright, lads, it's clear, you can come out.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh. Oh!

BLOODNOK:

What?

MINNIE:

Ohh!

BLOODNOK:

What's this black dress hanging in a tree? What...

MINNIE:

What? What?

BLOODNOK:

What is it, madam?

MINNIE:

Oh! Ohhh. I was collecting seagull's eggs off the cliff. There was an explosion. Henry went up in the air. And I went owwwwwww.

FX:

VERY VERY HEAVY BODY FALLS TO THE GROUND

BLOODNOK:

Oh! She's fainted. Thank heavens the ground broke her fall. Let me open her handbag and let some of that heavy naughty money out.

FX:

COINS BEING COUNTED

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh, dee-dee. I am counting it now. See how I count. Eight, nine, ten pence. Nine, ten and ten pence. Ten and ten pence. Ten and eleven pence.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh! Where am I!!!!?

BLOODNOK:

In debt, my dear.

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok, why aren't you on the job?

BLOODNOK:

This poor female egg-collector fainted from faint and had been struck down in the prime of her 89th year.

THROAT:

Ohhhh, [UNCLEAR].

MINNIE:

Wheeeere? Where's Henry?

SEAGOON:

He's been buried alive under a thousand tons of earth.

MINNIE:

Thank heaven he's safe.

BLOODNOK:

She doesn't look very well. We must get her to a graveyard as soon as possible.

GREENSLADE:

Pardon me, sir, it's part four.

BLOODNOK:

Good [UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON:

Is it? Oh, we must hurry. Over to part four and meee!

GRAMS SEAGOON:

(SPED UP) Hello, folks, it's me! Now back to him.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, me.

GRAMS SEAGOON:

(SPED UP) Thank me, you, too.

McGONIGAL:

(APPROACHING) Ooooooooooooooooooooo!

SEAGOON:

What's this approaching wearing a transparent kilt?

McGONIGAL:

This, sir, is a special kilt designed for patriotic Scottish nudists. Now, tell me. Is that the new bridge over the Tay?

SEAGOON:

Yes, made of solid leather and due to be opened by Captain Webb who will swim it.

McGONIGAL:

With red drawers of the smallest grist, no doubt.

SEAGOON:

Aye, aye, (SCOTTISH GIBBERISH).

McGONIGAL:

May I introduce myself, sir, I am William J. Macgonigal. Er, poet and tradegian and twit. Allow me to pen a verse of appreciation. Let me get the feel of my tone. Ohhhhhh...

ORCHESTRA:

Oooooooooooooooooowww.

McGONIGAL:

Ohhh, ohhh, ohhh, ohhh, ohhhhh.

ORCHESTRA:

Oooohhhh.

McGONIGAL:

Aye, they're with me tonight.

FX:

WRITING STARTS

McGONIGAL:

Oh, beautiful new bridge over the silvery Tay,
Which has caused the Maharajah of Pogistan to leave his home far away,
Incognito in his dress,
As he will pass this way on his journey to Inverness.

SEAGOON:

Oh, jolly good. Now, I'll... I'll just put the bandage round your eyes (CALLS) Take aim!

McGONIGAL:

Just one moment, sir. Underneath the bridge there will travel ships... I say, what is that cooking? (SNIFF, SNIFF) Oh! Chips.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

FX:

TUBULAR BELLS HITS THE GROUND

McGONIGAL:

Arrhhhhh!

SEAGOON:

He's dropped his Sporran.

SELLERS & MILLIGAN:

INDIAN SINGING.

SEAGOON:

Hello, hello, hello. What's this approaching? Three ghee-covered Hindus with revolving knees and a touch of the Poona Krutt.

BANERJEE:

Hello, Hello, man. I am Pandit Banerjee. And this is Doctor Fred Tookrum. And this here, wearing a pole, is Waziri Tribal Chief, [UNCLEAR].

DR TOOKRUM:

Let me do the talking, Banerjee.

BANERJEE:

This I'll do, innit[?]. I never – did you do ever talking?

Alright, then. Alright, then.

BANERJEE:

You understand?

DR TOOKRUM:

I am doing it.

BANERJEE:

You [UNCLEAR] me as a boy. [UNCLEAR]...

DR TOOKRUM:

I am... I am doing the talking.

BANERJEE:

...at the Bishop High School in Poona.

DR TOOKRUM:

That is right.

BANERJEE:

Across the [UNCLEAR].

DR TOOKRUM:

Very fine European condonement school. Understand. Hello Mister. My friend, fellow. We are here shopping for Hindu Railways Incorporated. Pandit Nehru said 'Get out there, Banerjee boy, and get the European-style bridge built'. That is what he said to me. That is right. That is what he said.

SEAGOON:

I see. Well, would you...?

DR TOOKRUM:

(SINGS A LITTLE TUNE)

SEAGOON:

Would you care to stay to dinner?

DR TOOKRUM:

Oh, my goodness, we would, yes.

SEAGOON:

Oh, blast. Well, unfortunately our dinner's at the menders.

BANERJEE:

Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear. A terrible blow, you know. Terrible blow. Never mind. I have here a red-hot ball curry and chicken vindalu!

BLOODNOK:

Curry! Never! No! No! That terrible burning the morning after. No, I... I won't have any more, I tell you.

RED BLADDER:

(GROWLS) Arrrrhhhhh-oooo-arrrr-oooowww.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhh!

RED BLADDER:

[ELLINGTON]
Arrrr, Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Oh-hoooo!

RED BLADDER:

You! So we meet again, mate!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Oh! It's the Red Bladder! My Mortal enemy from Ferozapore. Put that sword down, sir, I can explain everything.

RED BLADDER:

(GROWLS IN RAGE)

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhhhhhhh!

RED BLADDER:

(GROWLS IN RAGE) You steal three wives from my harem. In 1923. Me feel the pinch.

BLOODNOK:

Don't worry, Mullah. They're all still in working order, I assure you.

RED BLADDER:

Oh, [UNCLEAR].

BLOODNOK:

I'll go and get them from my country home. Taxi!

GRAMS:

TAXI ROARS OFF

GREENSLADE:

On the morrow, the first train was to pass over the bridge. But that night, plotters were at work.
Tittley ti toe, f'tunngg!

GRAMS:

DISTANT OWL. OCCASIONAL CRICKET CHIRP. DISTANT CHURCH BELL CHIMES.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Pssss. Psssst.

ECCLES:

What? What? What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Psssst.

ECCLES:

What that? What? What? What What's that? Who's that...? Who's that behind dat bush?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Blackhawk, demon bridge-destroyer.

ECCLES:

You got the dynamite?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I have. Dis will cost you a pretty penny.

ECCLES:

I ain't got a pretty penny.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, two ugly ones will do, then.

SEAGOON:

Oi! You two spotty 'erberts!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ahai!

ECCLES:

Ohhhh! Ohhhh! It's Ned. And 'e's got 'is hat on.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hands up, Ned-man. Dat does not fright us.

SEAGOON:

Blast! Give me that silly bit of twig.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You fool, man. This twig contains a torch battery that releases a paralysing electric shock. Screengeee!
It will go. Touch the end and see.

SEAGOON:

There! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

GRAMS:

GREAT SHORT CIRCUIT ELECTRICITY FLASHING FROM POINT-TO-POINT.

SEAGOON:

(OVER THIS, YELLS LIKE MAD) Ahhhhh! Ohhh-ahhhh! Ohhh-ahhhh! Ohhh! Turn it off! Owwww! Turn it off! Ohhh-ohhh-ohhh! Ooooh-hooo-hoo! Ahhhh! Ohhhh-ahhh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, it's a good job it wasn't switched on.

ECCLES:

He's passed out. And it suits him.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Come on, Mad Dan, while it's dark we must saw down that bridge.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

FX:

SAWING

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh! Phew! Phew! Dis girder is tough.

ELLINGTON:

Man, thats my leg.

ECCLES:

Owow.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

Who are you, den?

ELLINGTON:

I don't know but it's too dark to see.

BLUEBOTTLE:

'Ere. You ever been married to Rita Hayworth?

ELLINGTON:

Nope.

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's alright, Eccles, he's one of us.

ECCLES:

Okay.

ELLINGTON:

Me got 800 wives.

ECCLES:

You better sit down, den.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Come on, I set the dynamite to go off at dawn. He-he! I do feel mean, Eccies.

ECCLES:

Keep the engine running.

ORCHESTRA:

LINKS

GREENSLADE:

Strapped down in a trough filled with sulphuric acid, I announce part six. The denouement at dawn.

GRAMS:

VERY TATTY DISTANT BRASS BAND PLAYING APPROPRIATE BRIDGE OPENING MUSIC. TRAIN GOES PUFFING OFF. CHEERS OF CROWD. EXPLOSION OF DYNAMITE. GREAT CRASH AS BRIDGE FALLS INTO THE RIVER. HISSING OF STEAM, RUBBLE, ETC. GRADUALLY STOPS.

ECCLES:

Well. Thats dat!

ORCHESTRA:

LONG SERIES OF TA RA CHORD - WITH CYMBAL SNAP INTO: 'OLD COMRADES MARCH' PLAYOUT.