

S9 E16 - The Gold Plate Robbery

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme.

SEAGOON:

Gad, it sounds as young as ever, even more so.

SELLERS:

Jove, you're right, Nules. Say it again, wireless man.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme.

SEAGOON:

Gad, it makes you glad to be alive. Strengthens the shins and diminishes the Spon.

SELLERS:

By Jupiter, you're right, I'll warrant 'ee. Tell us. little establishment unit. Who invented the BBC Light Prog?

GREENSLADE:

Well, a Midlothian hedonist, one Mr Arthur Cack OBE, one of England's unsung heroes.

SELLERS:

Did he? Well, he won't get away with it, I'll warrant you.

GREENSLADE:

Oh.

I shall sing him. (SINGS TO THE TUNE OF SUR LE PONT)

Arthur Cack,

OBE,

On y danse

Bengal Lancer

GRAMS:

OVATION

SEAGOON:

Stop, folks!

GRAMS:

OVATION STOPS

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks, this is Neddie, folks. Tinga-ling! Ah, the telephone, folks.

FX:

PHONE TAKEN OFF HOOK

ECCLES:

(ON PHONE) Hello.

SEAGOON:

(AS ECCLES) Hello.

ECCLES:

Snap!

SEAGOON:

Splendid. Ring again tomorrow, we'll have another game.

ECCLES:

(ON PHONE) Okay. Right.

GREENSLADE:

That vacuous little cameo was in the nature of an entree to the main steaming ning-nong, plitt platt too-tangg. Ladies and Gentlemen, the Kleens of Blenchinghall, the story of an ordinary English comedy half-hour.

ORCHESTRA:

STATELY HOME THEME - HELD UNDER

SELLERS:

(AS COCKY PIPE-SMOKING ENGLISHMAN) Hello. My name is (MUMBLES). I want to tell you about the illustrious Seagoon. He was a very ordinary Welsh crofter's son who became a very ordinary Prime Minister. He joined the Coldstreams at the outbreak of the Armistice. And rose to the rank of Private. Let us go back to that ecstatic spring of June, 1887 (FADING) when all krill was nurbing in the krool.

ORCHESTRA:

FLUTE & BIRDS SONG IN SPRINGTIME THEME

GRAMS:

TWITTERING BIRDS IN A SURREY WOOD, HORSE CANTERS UP THE GRAVEL DRIVE

SEAGOON:

Tally Ho! Ho-hoi! Yoiks! Gone away, address not known! A-ha, ha, ha! Some fox, eh? Ha, ha. Now, where's that lazy old Irish groom, O'Blast?

ELLINGTON:

(POSH ENGLISH ACCENT) Here I is, your Lordship.

SEAGOON:

Oh! Ellington, how many times must I tell you not to stand in the shade, you ruin the colour-scheme.

ELLINGTON: Mm?

SEAGOON:

Now, where's me Lady Lavinia Seagoon?

ELLINGTON:

Well, she's in the great granite Baronial dining-hall, sir.

SEAGOON:

What's she doing?

ELLINGTON:

Eatin' chips.

SEAGOON:

Chips? Aha! She must be practising for dinner time. Drive me there.

GRAMS:

CAR STARTS UP - STOPS IMMEDIATELY

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Ellington. Mother? Mother? Oh, Mummy?

LADY SEAGOON:

[SELLERS]

What is it, Roger darling?

SEAGOON:

Oh, Daddy, what are you doing at home?

LADY SEAGOON:

I live here and I'm Mummy, not Daddy. Just got to know the difference some time.

SEAGOON:

Gad, this revelation makes me a man of the world! No more short trousers for *me!*

LADY SEAGOON:

Excused shorts? Oh, how proud your father would have been. Now, tell me all about the fox-hunt.

SEAGOON:

It was wonderful, Mummy. A beautiful spring morning, flowers blooming and blood everywhere. Oh, it... it's grand to be in England.

BASIL SEAGOON:

[MILLIGAN]

Hello, mother. Hello, Rodney. By Jove, I'm dashed hungry.

LADY SEAGOON:

Basil, darling, where's your chin gone?

BASIL SEAGOON:

I... I've never had one, Mummy.

LADY SEAGOON:

Poor thing. Oh, what a morning Basil, oh. The first spring oaktrees pushing their branches up through the lawn.

BASIL SEAGOON:

Grand.

SEAGOON:

Oh, not again, they did the same thing last year.

LADY SEAGOON:

I know, it's such a bore, isn't it.

SEAGOON: It is.

LADY SEAGOON:

Let us all have... tea!

BASIL SEAGOON:

Bravo!

GRAMS:

GREAT CLANGING OF CHURCH BELLS OF VARIOUS SIZES ALL CONCENTRATED

FX:

DOOR OPENS, BOOTS CLUD

THROAT:

Who rang them bells?

SEAGOON:

I did. Serve tea, Jeeves.

THROAT:

(GROWLS) I'll give you tea.

FX:

SMASHING OF A LARGE TEA SET, SPOONS AND ALL ACCOUTREMENT

LADY SEAGOON:

Ohhh, dear! Oh! Rodney, speak to him!

SEAGOON:

Hello, Jeeves, I see Barnsley took another bashing on Saturday.

FX:

GREAT SMASH ON NED'S HEAD WITH GIANT PLATE

SEAGOON:

Ow! Oooh! That does it. Jeeves, I'm giving you a week's notice.

LADY SEAGOON:

Are you mad? Servants are so hard to get.

SEAGOON:

Oh. Jeeves, I'm giving you twenty-years notice.

THROAT:

I quit, I just won the pools.

FX:

DOOR SLAMS

SEAGOON:

No tea. Very well. We'll have...

ORCHESTRA:

BRANDYYYYY!

GRAMS:

RUNNING CROWD OF BOOTS AND WHOOPS OF DELIGHT

GELDRAY:

This can only mean that Geldray is left holding the conk, boy.

MAX GELDRAY & ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GRAMS:

RETURN OF GREAT RUNNING BOOTS

GREENSLADE:

(GASPING) Just made it. Part two, a vacancy filled.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR - DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

What do you want?

GRYTPYPE:

Lord Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yes. And I have a licence to prove it.

GRYTPYPE:

My friend and I were in Edgware taking the waters of the horsetrough, when we observed this advert in the London Gazette. And I quote, 'Wanted, Butler with complete Tea-Service'.

SEAGOON:

Yes, that's mine.

GRYTPYPE:

Why is it in the obituary column?

SEAGOON:

It's thruppence... It's thruppence a line cheaper in there. Are you applying for the vacancy?

MORIARTY:

Ah, certain-ment, certain-ment, yes, we are.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Oh, yes. We want to work in the food department. Where there's food. Nice food.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

GRYTPYPE:

That's what we want.

SEAGOON:

Pardon me. You want food.

MORIARTY:

Yes, yes, yes, sir.

SEAGOON:

That... that old hat-stand appears to be animate.

MORIARTY:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

You do him a disservice, sir.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

GRYTPYPE:

That hat-stand is the bona fide remains of what was once the great Count Jim 'Strains-Supreme'...

FX:

VICIOUS OIL DRUM WITH THE WAX STRING. VICIOUS TONE TEMPLE BLOCKS. RATTLE, BRIEF,

MORIARTY:

Ahhhhhhh!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty. Last of the great butlers. He has...

MORIARTY:

I'll have my revenge.

GRYTPYPE:

(SELLERS GENUINELY SURPRISED BY THE AD-LIB) What?

MORIARTY:

I'll have my revenge.

GRYTPYPE:

He'll have his revenge. He has waited at table bus-stops and YWCA windows. Hit him with this beater.

SEAGOON:

Right.

ORCHESTRA:

GREAT CHINESE GONG IS WALLOPPED

MORIARTY:

(OVER ABOVE) Dinnerrrr! Is serrrrrrrrved! Ah.

SEAGOON:

He *sounds* like a butler. Have you any recommendations?

GRYTPYPE:

Recommendations! Come! Ha, ha, ha, ha! You are a fool. Of course we have. Count, unroll the scrolls and documents.

GRAMS:

LOAD OF METALLIC RUBBISH. A DOZEN PINGPONG BALLS BOUNCE ON THE FLOOR, HANDFULS OF MARBLES. OLD BUCKETS.

MORIARTY:

And there's *more* where that come from!

SEAGOON:

Very well, you start work at once.

MORIARTY:

Ahhh.

SEAGOON:

Lay the table for the hunt banquet. Here's the key to the gold-plate.

MORIARTY:

(HEART ATTACK) Gooooold? Ah-ah.

FX:

FALL OF BODY

SEAGOON:

Is he unconscious?

GRYTPYPE:

No, he's in a food trance. There's only one cure, Neddie, a fifteen-course dinner then a drive round the grounds in the car with the gold-plate in a sack.

SEAGOON:

What?! Give you my gold-plate? I... I... I don't know you from Adam.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, we're better dressed. However, sir, do not hesitate, you are dicing with death and our future prosperity.

GRAMS:

HEAVY FEASTING OF TWO MEN. OCCASIONAL GRUNTING OF A PIG EATING AND SNUFFLING.
MORIARTY AND GRYTPYPE CAN BE OVERHEARD TUCKING IN.

GRYTPYPE:

How's that, Moriarty, eh?

MORIARTY:

I'm feeling a little better, now, Grytpype. I'm feeling a little better, now.

GRYTPYPE:

Good, good. Another quellth of plitts?

MORIARTY:

Ahaaaaa! Lovely [UNCLEAR]...

LADY SEAGOON:

(OVER ABOVE) They've been eating for 17 hours now.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes, but they've nearly finished.

GRAMS:

PLATES BEING DROPPED INTO A SACK

LADY SEAGOON:

They're taking my gold-plate.

GRAMS:

CAR DRIVING AWAY

SEAGOON:

It's all right, it's only part of that poor man's cure, Mother. They're only going to drive round the grounds, don't worry, they'll be back in five minutes. Ha, ha, it's nothing to worry about at all...

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT CLIPPED CHORD

POLICE CONSTABLE:

[SELLERS]

And you say it's fifteen years since they stole the gold-plate?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Fifteen years and three minutes to the day.

POLICE CONSTABLE:

Well, how is it you didn't report this sooner?

SEAGOON:

I overslept.

POLICE CONSTABLE:

I see, yes. Any nut-cases in your family, sir?

SEAGOON:

No, mostly leather.

POLICE CONSTABLE:

I see, yes. Now these gold plates, are they valuable, sir?

SEAGOON:

Yes, they had food on them.

POLICE CONSTABLE:

I see. So that's sixty large gold plates and sixty small. Anything else?

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes, one coal sack.

POLICE CONSTABLE:

Is it valuable, sir?

SEAGOON:

Yes, it's got the plates inside.

FX:

PHONE RINGS. PHONE OFF HOOK.

POLICE CONSTABLE:

Bow Street Police Station, criminals done while you wait, hello? Oh, it's for you, m'lord.

SEAGOON:

Yes?

ECCLES:

(ON PHONE) Hello?

SEAGOON:

(AS ECCLES) Hello?

ECCLES:

Sna! That's two games to me.

SEAGOON:

Right! You been practisin'?

ECCLES:

Yer, dat's why I'm winnin'. Well, I better get back to my own bed.

FX:

PHONE DOWN

POLICE CONSTABLE:

Er... Excuse me, sir. While you were talking, this sludge was dredged up in the English Channel.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwwwwwwwww!

SEAGOON:

What! Search his pockets for salt water.

MORIARTY:

It's all a mistake. I'm a female channel swimmer, I tell you. Here is a record to prove it.

GRAMS:

SPLASH. SEAL BARK. BAGPIPES.

SEAGOON:

You imposter, that's a seal. But why the bagpipes?

MORIARTY:

It's the Great Seal of Scotland!

SELLERS:

Ta-daaaaa!

OMNES:

HEY! HUP! ETC.

SEAGOON:

Hello, hello, hello. They wish to know that. Now, I recognise you by the air you're breathing.

MORIARTY:

Right!

SEAGOON:

You're Count Jim Moriarty from the body of the same name. Officer, search that suit. Inside you'll find a man. Arrest him.

POLICE CONSTABLE:

Now, come on, where's them gold plates?

MORIARTY:

You can't make me talk.

FX:

SLAPSTICK

MORIARTY:

Oh! Ah! You made me talk. A-ha, ha, haa. I'll tell you. Grytpype took all the gold-plate to Algiers.

SEAGOON:

Spain!

MORIARTY:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Taxi!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

GELDRAIY:

Where you going, darling?

SEAGOON:

Follow that continent, darling.

GELDRAIY:

Okay, darling.

GRAMS:

CAR DRIVES OFF WITH CHICKENS CLUCKING

GREENSLADE:

The combined sound of an automobile and a hen was especially recorded for motoring enthusiasts who keep chickens. Now, part two. A chase across continents. The trail of the gold plates led Lord Seagoon to Marrakesh.

GRAMS:

ARAB MUSIC

FX:

CLATTER OF AN EASEL OR SIMILAR

SEAGOON:

Oh, I'm... *terribly* sorry, sir.

CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

I should think so, too.

SEAGOON:

My information led me to a coffee-house just off the main caravan route. Where outside, the sun purged the streets of shade. Inside, all was cool and jasmind.

GRAMS:

SWEETER ARAB MUSIC. SOUND OF A FOUNTAIN PLAYING.

SEAGOON:

In an Alhambrahan tessellated forecourt, a fountain played on the purple water-lilies. Couched in lattice recesses, purdered Tuareg beauties attended local sheiks. I was conducted to a low Moroccan coffee-table. My attendant wore the bleached robes of a Nomad arab. His burnoose was contained with a rope of black camel hair. At his waist, a curved Hedjaz dagger protruded from his cummerbund. He bowed low. Touched his forehead in time-honoured Islamic salute. And spoke.

WILLIUM:

The boiled fish and the rice pudding's off, mate.

SEAGOON:

I... I see. Ahem. Your... your... your accent is familiar, oh, Arab prince.

WILLIUM:

Yernnnn, I went to college in Cambridge, oh, English mate.

SEAGOON:

What were you studying?

WILLIUM:

Cockney. I got it orf pat.

SEAGOON:

Did you? Ha, ha.

WILLIUM:

'E didn't mind.

SEAGOON:

Bully for Pat. Then tell me, oh, Arab prince. Have you ever heard of a Hercules Grytpype-Thynne?

WILLIUM:

Woss it used for?

SEAGOON:

A name. A name called Hercules Grytpype-Thynne.

WILLIUM:

Bit of a mouthful, innit.

SEAGOON:

I agree, but do you know a man who is called by it?

WILLIUM:

I knows a bald-headed old woman called Rattler Blotts.

SEAGOON:

No, that... that... that doesn't sound like him. (SECOMBE GIGGLES)

MILLIGAN:

He's lost it!

LALKAKA:

Please... Please, ladies and gentlemen. The son of Rattler Blotts and his Quartet, Ray Ellington. All the way from London. You do it, boy.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

During the marde funilie of that music, Lord Seagoon greased his boots and slipped away to see the last British Ambassador in Marrakesh.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME WITH ARAB FLUTE LEAD

GRAMS:

THUNDER, LIGHTNING, RAIN ON TIN ROOF DRIPPING INTO A WATER BUTT. SKITTLES ALL BEING KNOCKED OVER BY A BALL IN AN ECHOEY BOWLING ALLEY.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh! It's a wonder what the human body can stand up to. Ohh! Thank you, thank you. Oh, well. Now for a kip on full ambassador's pay. Ohhhh, the krutt, the krutt. I wonder what old Gladwyn Jebb's doing.

RED BLADDER:

[ELLINGTON]
(RAGE) Bloodnooooook!

BLOODNOK:

(STARTLED) Ohhhhh!

FX:

BITS AND PIECES FALL ON FLOOR

BLOODNOK:

The Red Bladder! Ohhhhh!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

FX:

TIN CAN HITS FLOOR

BLOODNOK:

(MILES OFF) Go away or I'll take my wig off.

RED BLADDER:

Bloodnok! Don't be fright, mate. I come to do business. Me got money.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh, oh! You said the secret British password.

RED BLADDER:

Look. Me want guns, bullets and drip-dry shirts.

FX:

UNROLLING MAP

BLOODNOK:

Ohh. Yes, well, er... Go to this spot on the map, dig upwards for ten feet and you'll find 'em buried up a tree.

RED BLADDER:

Good. Now here's the payment, mate.

BLOODNOK:

A gold plate? Just what I've always wanted for me din-dins. Oh!

FX:

DOOR BURSTS OPEN

SEAGOON:

Which one of you two men is the British Ambassador?

BLOODNOK:

What? Does my Union Jack nightshirt mean nothing to you, sir?

SEAGOON:

What's it doing round your ankles?

BLOODNOK:

It's been lowered for the night, I tell you. It's *hell* when it's at half-mast.

SEAGOON:

Major, I'm on the trail of some stolen gold plates.

BLOODNOK:

Stolen??? What the...? Are you...

FX:

A PLATE DROPS TO THE FLOOR, ROLLS ALONG AND ROUND AND ROUND UNTIL IT STOPS

SEAGOON:

(OVER ABOVE) A gold... plate!

BLOODNOK:

Nonsense, sir, nonsense! That's my Golden Record Award for me millionth record of...

GRAMS:

PIANO PLAYING BY PETER

BLOODNOK:

(SINGS, SLIGHTLY SPED UP)

I don't know who you are, sir,
Or where you come frommmmm,
But you've done me a powwwwwer of good

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

(SLIGHTLY SPED UP) Oh! Another power!

BLOODNOK:

(SINGS, SLIGHTLY SPED UP)

I don't know who you are, sir,
Or where you come frommmmm,
But you've done me a power of goooooood.

I was standing there, sir,
Doing up me boot.
Suddenly from a back street,
I saw this hairy bruuuute.

FX:

PHONE RINGS

BLOODNOK:

(SLIGHTLY SPED UP) Hello?

ECCLES:

(SLIGHTLY SPED UP) Hello?

BLOODNOK:

(SLIGHTLY SPED UP) Snap!

ECCLES:

(SLIGHTLY SPED UP) Oh.

BLOODNOK:

(SLIGHTLY SPED UP) Thats got rid of him! Soooo...

(SINGS) I don't know who you are, sir,

Or where you come from,

But you've done me a power of good.

That's what you've done me!

You've done me a military power of (SPEEDS UP EVEN MORE) military goooooooooo-oooooooood!

Oooooooooooooorrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!

SEAGOON:

I don't believe it.

ELLINGTON:

Stop! Me know man who's got a lot of gold-plate. Mate. Captain of Foreign Legion, Fort Sidi Bel Abbe, mate.

SEAGOON:

Right. Seagoon? Yes. Follow that pointed finger, darling. Right.

GRAMS:

RUNNING BOOTS WITH QUEEN MARY'S HOOTER BOTH DEPARTING AND SPEEDING UP

GREENSLADE:

I will now announce the Fort of Sidi Bel Abbes in fluent French. (CARTOONLY THICK FRENCH ACCENT)

Ze Fort at Sidi Bel Abbes in Fluent French.

GRAMS:

MEN MARCHING. DISTANT ORDERS IN FRENCH

SEAGOON:

(FRENCH ACCENT) Mon Captain, zere is a bundle of low-grade rags to see you.

GRYTPYPE:

Lew Grade in rags? Nonsense.

SEAGOON:

He zays he knew your muzzer.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, dear.

MORIARTY:

Ahhhh! Grytpype, my son. It's your old French daddy.

GRYTPYPE:

You steamer! I told you not to hang round me during your lifetime.

MORIARTY:

What? You promised me one of the gold-plates! I demand...

FX:

SLAPSTICK

MORIARTY:

(WHIMPERS IN PAIN)

GRYTPYPE:

Sergeant? Throw this revolutionary in the Shatt-el-Arab prison.

BOTH:

GO OFF PROTESTING... TAKES A VERY LONG TIME TO GET TO THE DOOR. FINALLY IN THE EXTREME DISTANCE...

GRAMS:

DISTANT SHOTS AND SHOUTS AS ARABS ATTACK

SEAGOON:

Sacre Bleu, Mon Capitain! Ze Arabs, zey attacking us. Bang! Bang!

GRYTPYPE:

Bang, bang? So they're shooting at us in English, are they? Man the ramparts and any other parts you can get hold of.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC WAR MUSIC

GRAMS:

DISTANT SOUND OF THE BATTLE

BLUEBOTTLE:

Bang-ee, Bang-ee. Bang-ee. Encore an Arab crashes down on the rifle-butt of Beau Bluebottle

SECOMBE:

(LAUGHING) What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Garcon de Leg-ion.

ECCLES:

Bang! Bang! Bang! Click. Oh, a dud.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do you like wars, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yer, I... Vanilla-flavour wars are good.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Which side are you on, the Arabs or the Foreign Legion?

ECCLES:

I don't know, dere both shooting at me. Pourquoi... Pourquoi did you join la Legion?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, it's the same old story, mon amri.

ECCLES: Oh, qu'est-ce que c'est? Qu'est-ce que c'est?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I joined to forget a woman. Miriam Reene of 33 Croft Street, East Finchley. She turned me down for Dave Freeman.

ECCLES:

Oh, was he better looking?

BLUEBOTTLE:

He, he, he, no. She said to us at playtime, she said...

ECCLES:

(HUMS A LITTLE TUNE)

BLUEBOTTLE:

She... (SELLERS IS DISTRACTED BY MILLIGAN) Eccles, don't do dat, you'll get into trouble.

ECCLES:

Oh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You'll die.

ECCLES:

Well, I don't care.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, at playtime she said to me and Dave. She dais 'Who'll show gets me'.

ECCLES:

You won!

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I only got a bit of string. And 'e... And 'e got a fourpence and a saucer of water.

ECCLES:

Ohh. Some people are born rich.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah. Ho hum.

ECCLES:

What's the matter, what's the...? What's the matter, Bottle? What's the...? What's...?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, I'll tell you, I'll tell you.

ECCLES:

What...? What...? What...? What the...? (GIBBERISH)

BLUEBOTTLE:

I haven't had any sleep all night.

ECCLES:

Why not?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You know that film 'Room at the Top'?

ECCLES:

Yer?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, I'm in the room underneath 'em.

FX:

PHONE RINGS

ECCLES:

Ahem! (GIBBERISH) Hello? Ahem! Ahem! Comment allez vous?

SEAGOON:

(ON PHONE AS ECCLES) Hello?

ECCLES:

Heeeeello?

SEAGOON:

Snap!

ECCLES:

Oh, tres bon, tres bon.

SEAGOON:

Well. That's three games to one, right?

ECCLES:

Yup!

SEAGOON:

Come down and let me in the back door.

Righty-oh!

GRAMS:

MAD RUSH OF BOOTS DOWN WOODEN STEPS. TAKES A LONG TIME.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

(OUT OF BREATH) They played that record too fast! Ha-ho-hum!

SEAGOON:

That's it, go on, give all our secrets away.

ECCLES:

Okay. Bluebottle's shirts are made from his mum's old drawers.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up les vous.

ECCLES:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Or je will blat yous on le conk.

ECCLES:

Your comments, all dem tres...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Nooooooooooooo.....

ECCLES:

I got... I got a fear and I got...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Attention, attention.

ECCLES:

Fermez up le bouche

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aieeeeeee... La plume de ma troll.

ECCLES:

Ohhhhh! That's nice!

SEAGOON:

Little... Little string and teeth soldiers, listen. The Captain of this fort is a criminal.

ECCLES:

Ohhhh!

SEAGOON:

So what we're going to do is this... Shhh!

GRYTPYPE:

(OFF) Who's that? Is that you, darling?

SEAGOON:

(WHISPERS) Blast! It's Grytpype-Thynne.

ECCLES:

(WHISPERS) Oh, dear!

SEAGOON:

(WHISPERS) Leave this to me. I'm a brilliant impressionist. (CLEARS THROAT)

ECCLES:

(WHISPERS) You fool, you.

SEAGOON:

(CHICKEN CLUCKING).

GRYTPYPE:

A horse? There's no horses in this fort.

SEAGOON:

(CLEARS THROAT)

ECCLES:

(WHISPERS) Try somethin' else.

SEAGOON:

(DOG HOWLING).

GRYTPYPE:

There's no chickens, either.

ECCLES:

(WHISPERS) This one's a smart one. Listen, let me try, I'm good at dis.

SEAGOON:

(WHISPERS AS ECCLES) Okay.

ECCLES:

(SERIES OF MAD NOISES. PAUSE). (WHISPERS) Dat fooled him.

SEAGOON:

Are you sure?

ECCLES:

(WHISPERS) Yeah. (CALLS TO GRYPYPE) Dat fooled you, didn't it?

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

ECCLES:

Owwwww!

GRYPYPE:

So it's Lord Seagoon and Company.

SEAGOON:

Where's that gold-plate? Mother's wating to serve dinner to some guests. They've been waiting for fifteen years for dinner and the rumbling noises are dreadful.

GRYPYPE:

I've had them all melted down into gold bullets and they're in this gun!

FX:

SHOTS

SEAGOON:

Oooh!

MORIARTY:

(OFF) Yes, gottim!

SEAGOON:

Hooray!

MORIARTY:

Ha, he, hoh!

SEAGOON:

I'm going to die rich... A-ho, ho, ho!

ORCHESTRA:

TA RAAAAA CHORD

GREENSLADE:

Well, that's it, folks. As you all go to the cloaks you'll be handed back your glass-eyes, false-teeth and wooden-legs and wouldn't you! In two, lads. Off you go!

ORCHESTRA:

'OLD COMRADES MARCH' PLAYOUT