

Vintage E03 - The Missing No 10 Downing Street

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

The BBC presents Vintage Goons, another in a series of programs first broadcast to British listeners in 1954.

SEAGOON:

And now listeners, this is Neddie Seagoon speaking with the new electric microphone, folks. Hello, folks! Hello, folks! Can you hear me, folks?

OMNES:

MULTIPLE "ARRRRRRRRR"S.

SEAGOON:

Then listen to the mystery as told by "The Man in Black".

ORCHESTRA:

GONG

SELLERS:

(ALEC GUINNESS) Thank you. Actually, I'm not "The Man in Black". The truth is I am Guinness, "The Man in the White Suit". But on the way here I fell down a coalhole. This gentleman... gentleman here is my secretary.

SEAGOON:

You fell down a coalhole, too, then?

ELLINGTON:

Man, I did not.

SEAGOON:

Silence, Ellington.

ELLINGTON:

Yim bam balla boo!

SEAGOON:

I'll have the whitewash brush to you! Not in these trousers, mate. Now then, pray silence as we tell the story of "This Missing Prime Minister of 1953"!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

It was midnight on Christmas Eve 1953. Inspector Seagoon was checking with a policeman on the beat.

GRAMS:

THE GREAT CLOCK OF WESTMINSTER STRIKING THE FOUR QUARTERS - ONE SET OF FOOTSTEPS – ALL SPEEDED UP AND SLOWED DOWN.

SEAGOON:

Good evening, Constable and law guardian.

WILLIUM:

Oh, er, good evening, er, Inspector mate.

SEAGOON:

Everything all right at Number Ten? Wait! Where's your hairy helmet gone?

WILLIUM:

The Prime Minister knocked it off with a snowball.

SEAGOON:

Did he? You'll get promotion for this.

WILLIUM:

Oh, ta. Just in time for retirement.

SEAGOON:

Keep up the good work!

WILLIUM:

Yes, I will.

GREENSLADE:

That was at midnight. Then at twelve hundred hours...

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP

SPRIGGS:

(ON PHONE) Hello, Jiiim.

GRYTPYPE:

Who is that?

SPRIGGS:

This is the Bow Street police station speaking. (SINGS) Speeeek-iiiiing.

GRYTPYPE:

What a clever police station.

SPRIGGS:

You'll get a punch up the conk, Jim. (SINGS) Right up the cooonk! Yabadabool.

GRYTPYPE:

Withhold your two-octave conk punch... while I unfold a tale of a certain story.

SPRIGGS:

I'll take everything down, Jim.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't do that, you'll catch cold.

SPRIGGS:

Ohh. Ah, ha. Erm... What's your name, sir?

GRYTPYPE:

It's Mr Avery T. Deacon Harry.

SPRIGGS:

I'll just right that down. Avery T. Deacon Harry. What's the T. for?

GRYTPYPE:

Tom.

SPRIGGS:

Oh, I see. Every Tom Deacon Harry. Now, sir, what's the trouble?

GRYTPYPE:

10 Downing Street has gone, laddie.

SPRIGGS:

Owww!

GRYTPYPE:

It's not there!

SPRIGGS:

What do you mean "gone"? (SINGS) What do you mean "gonnnnne"? What do you mean "gone"?

GRYTPYPE:

I'll tell you. In between numbers 9 and 11, there is a blank space.

SPRIGGS:

(SINGS) Nothing there?

GRYTPYPE:

Nothing save a space between 9 and 11.

SPRIGGS:

Are you pulling my leg?

GRYTPYPE:

No, why?

SPRIGGS:

It's just dropped off.

GRYTPYPE:

I see. Well, don't wake it up, then.

GREENSLADE:

That was at 2am.

(SECOMBE, SELLERS AND MILLIGAN INTERRUPT WITH CLOWNING AROUND IN THE BACKGROUND)

GREENSLADE:

At 2:15 Inspector Seagoon received a report of a mysterious phone call.

GRYTPYPE:

Good.

SEAGOON:

Hmm. It says a man claims 10 Downing Street is missing. Hmmm. Eccles, we'd better drive up there.

ECCLES:

What for?

SEAGOON:

I want to look round.

ECCLES:

But you already look round. Oh, ho ho ho ho! Oh, we're having fun tonight. (SINGS) Having the fun tonight! Having the... oh!

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. Is your squad car handy?

ECCLES:

Yep, I tuned the engine myself and I can get an extra two miles an hour out of her.

SEAGOON:

How fast did she go before?

ECCLES:

She ain't ever been before.

SEAGOON:

In that case, I'll walk, it'll be quicker.

ECCLES:

All right den, you walk! I'll drive de car an' you walk! We'll see... we'll see who gets dere first. (LIP SMACKING NOISES)

SEAGOON:

OK, good bye!

FX:

DOOR SLAMS

ECCLES:

OK, my good man. Goodbye, den. Goodbye! Ow! OK, we'll... Ok. (SHOUTS) Oh, Inspector?

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Yes?

ECCLES:

When you get dere, wait for me!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

On arrival at Downing Street, Inspector Seagoon was horrified.

ECCLES:

Yeah! I got dere first! (UNDER GREENSLADE) The second time I got dere first. What?

GREENSLADE:

Number 10 Downing Street *was* missing.

ECCLES:

Ohhhhhh!

GREENSLADE:

The area was soon alive with CID men. The duty Constable was closely questioned, quostioned and quistioned.

WILLIUM:

Yes, well. Oh... oh, yer. Er... I was tied up, Inspector, and... er... then they gagged me with this: they got it from... er... 10 Downing Street.

SEAGOON:

Ah, a hand towel.

WILLIUM:

Yeah, they stuffed it in me mouf.

SEAGOON:

Oh. I see.

WILLIUM:

Well, sir, it's like this, you see. At twelve thirty, a monster lorry pull up outside. Ten men jump out and wallop me on the 'ead. I turn round to see who it was and "wallop, wallop" on my 'ead again. I stood up, you see, 'ave a quick vada, no one there and "wallop, wallop, wallop" all on my 'ead. As I took out me notebook, all official like, "wallop, wallop, wallop" on my 'ead, all walloped, all over my 'ead. An' then I...

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes. But did you notice anything about these men?

WILLIUM:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

What?

WILLIUM:

I noticed they kept walloping me on the 'ead!

SEAGOON:

And, to your knowledge, the Prime Minister was in the house?

WILLIUM:

Yeah. An' when I come three, er, too, the 'ouse was gone.

SEAGOON:

The Prime Minister gone?! He's got to be found quickly!

MILLIGAN:

(THESPIAN) Inspector! I found these lying in the road!

SEAGOON:

Ah! A pair of gloves, eh?

MILLIGAN:

Yes!

SEAGOON:

These may help us. Curse!

MILLIGAN:

What's up, sir?

SEAGOON:

They don't fit me.

MILLIGAN:

Ohhhhh!

SEAGOON:

Where's the ace cardboard detective?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you call, my Captain, I heard you calling! (SINGS) Deedle deedle der dum. Sings new signature tune. Give your command and it will be done-ed! I will not flinch from my duty! I stand ready!

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle... Bluebottle, have these gloves analysed at once.

BLUEBOTTLE:

It shall be done my Captain, with all speed! I go! Farewell!

SEAGOON:

Stout lad. Sergeant Max Geldray? See what you can make of this small, blunt instrument.

GRAMS:

MANY RUNNING FEET

SEAGOON:

Round the back for the brandy,men!

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

BLUEBOTTLE:

Right, Captain, I am returned, I'm back. Points at own face. Toot-toot-toot-toot!

SEAGOON:

Well?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, I will tell you. These gloves, what I have got, have been thoroughly analysed at a laboratory.

SEAGOON:

And?

BLUEBOTTLE:

We have ascertained the exact type what is they are.

SEAGOON:

Good. What type are they?

BLUEBOTTLE:

They're what you wear on your hands.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, I am proud here and now, to give you the rank of Constable, First Class. Just stand on this springboard...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

FX:

BOING

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eugh!

GRAMS:

SPLOSH

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you! Eugh. Farewell cruel world! Sinks slowly into underpants.

SEAGOON:

He's upset about something, Sergeant.

GREENSLADE:

Yes. Still, Inspector, while the police force have men like Bluebottle, what have they got to worry about?

SEAGOON:

Men like Eccles.

GREENSLADE:

Yes. Yes, indeed. Men like Eccles.

ECCLES:

Women like Eccles, too! Oh, ho ho.

SEAGOON:

Now, Eccles, what's the exact time?

ECCLES:

The time? It's, erm... Oh, it's getting on.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

ECCLES:

Ta.

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTS) Now, gather round everyone.

MILLIGAN:

(MAKES SILLY NOISES) I'm every... I'm everyone. I'm [UNCLEAR]...

SEAGOON:

Men! Stop the rhubarb. Men, this is the position. Someone claims that they saw a large lorry with what looked like 10 Downing Street strapped to the back!

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SHADOWING SEAGOON, ABOUT HALF A SECOND BEHIND) ...to the back.

SEAGOON:

So we intend to set up police and military roadblocks on all main roads!

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SHADOWING SEAGOON, ABOUT HALF A SECOND BEHIND) ...main roads.

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Bluebottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up, Bluebottle.

SEAGOON:

Flying squad cars will stop all... (FADES)

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GRAMS:

CAR

SEAGOON:

Slow down at this corner, Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Right-oh, Captain.

ECCLES:

(SLOW, TALKING OVER POLICE RADIO) Hello. Hello. Policeman Eccles calling Inspector Seagoon's car. Hello.

SEAGOON:

Hello Eccles, Seagoon answering, over.

ECCLES:

Inspector? I think I'm on to something. I've been tailing a car up the Great North Road for the last 30 miles and it looks very suspicious.

SEAGOON:

Overtake him at once!

ECCLES:

But he's doin' a hundred miles an hour.

SEAGOON:

Well, try and pass him.

ECCLES:

Well I'll try, but he's got the advantage over me.

SEAGOON:

Why?

ECCLES:

He's in a car, I'm walkin'.

SEAGOON:

You've got boots on?

ECCLES:

I've got boots on.

SEAGOON:

Then none of these silly excuses, get that car!

ECCLES:

OK, over and out.

SEAGOON:

Right, now. Private Bluebottle? How's the time going?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's going "tick-tock, tick-tock, tick."

SEAGOON:

Must be the same make as mine, mine goes "tick-tock", too.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Mine doesn't go "tick-tock-too", mine just goes "tick-tock, tick-tock. Tick."

GRAMS:

SMASHING GLASS, CRASHES AND THUMPS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eugh! Someone's hit me with a brick! Eughew! Face turns green, ears fall off, legs turn to jelly and go cross-eyed with agony. Faints, on soft part of ground.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, are you hurt?

ECCLES:

(SLOW, TALKING OVER POLICE RADIO) Hello? Calling Inspector Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Oh, blast! Hello, Eccles, what is it?

ECCLES:

Good news, I stopped that car!

SEAGOON:

How?

ECCLES:

I threw a brick at the driver!

SEAGOON:

You threw a brick...?!

ECCLES:

Just a minute, just a minute... Hup...! Ok. I just threw another brick at his mate.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, you idiot, you...!

FX:

WOOD BLOCK

SEAGOON:

Arrrh!

ECCLES:

Hello? Hello, Inspector Seagoon? I've got his mate as well! I... Hello? Hello? Ohhhhhh.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

NEWS REPORTER:

[SELLERS]

At five in the morning there was still no news of the missing Prime Minister or number 10 Downing Street. Finally the BBC, after high-level consultations, decided to broadcast the following bulletin to the nation.

GREENSLADE:

(ON RADIO) Owing to frost, the swimming gala at Lord's Cricket Ground has been postponed. In its place you can hear "Hamlet on Ice", it helps to keep it fresh.

BLOODNOK:

Switch that radio thing off, will you? That's better. Oh, stuck out here at five in the morning in charge of a military roadblock. What a life! Still, duty before pleasure. Now, let me see, men Yes! I'll pay pontoons only. Let's be having you, now, come along...

GRAMS:

CASH DROPPING ONTO TABLE

OMNES:

UNHAPPY MUTTERING

BLOODNOK:

Never mind, lads. Never mind. Let's have another round.

PRIVATE BOGG:

[SECOMBE]

Not for me, sir, I'm skint.

BLOODNOK:

No money?

PRIVATE BOGG:

No.

BLOODNOK:

Knurkel me gronkers! Get outside on guard, you... military fool! How dare you play cards when you should be at your post?! To your duties. Quiiiiick... march!

FX:

ONE PAIR OF FOOTSTEPS MARCHING AWAY – UNDER

BLOODNOK:

Left... Left... Left, right, left. Come along. Pick 'em up!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS STOP SUDDENLY

BLOODNOK:

Now put 'em down again.

FX:

FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE

BLOODNOK:

Left...

ELLINGTON:

(OFF - SHOUTS) Hello, therrre!

PRIVATE BOGG:

Sir!

BLOODNOK:

What?

PRIVATE BOGG:

There's somebody creeping about outside.

BLOODNOK:

What?! Quick - gimme my pistol. Sword. Hand me that rifle. Steel helmet and that hand grenade, breastplate and armoured shield. Right. Now, Private Bogg, take this stick and go and see who it is. While I have my photo taken under the bed.

PRIVATE BOGG:

Right, sir.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

PRIVATE BOGG:

Hello? (CLEARS THROAT) Hello? Anybody there? Hello? Hello-ho? Anybody out there in the dark?

BLOODNOK:

Well, Bogg? *Is* there anybody there?

PRIVATE BOGG:

No, sir, not a soul.

BLOODNOK:

Oh. Then I'll take charge of this. (SHOUTS) Come on out and fight, you out there in the dark! I say, you're sure there's nobody out there, are you?

PRIVATE BOGG:

I'm positive.

BLOODNOK:

Right. (SHOUTS) Come on, you cowards! Come and fight! Oh, ho, ho, ho! That scared him away. (SHOUTS) You've run away, haven't you?

ELLINGTON:

(OFF) Oh, no, I ain't!

BLOODNOK:

Argghh!

FX:

DOOR SLAMS BOLTS SLID ACROSS – KNOCKING ON DOOR UNDER

PRIVATE BOGG:

Major, open the door! Let me in!

BLOODNOK:

I... I can't, I'm in the bath.

PRIVATE BOGG:

Let me in!

BLOODNOK:

I'm sorry, all vacancies are filled.

PRIVATE BOGG:

You can have ten bob!

FX:

DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING – CASH REGISTER, COIN IN TRAY

PRIVATE BOGG:

Thank you, Major. I was so frightened out there.

ELLINGTON:

(VERY CLOSE) Man, so was I.

BLOODNOK:

Aeuoigh. Hands up or I shoot!

ELLINGTON:

Hey, don't point that thing at me.

BLOODNOK:

You'll feel no pain, it's not loaded. Now, who are you? What do you want?

ELLINGTON:

Me, man? Well, I just dropped off a lorry.

BLOODNOK:

You're not a spare tyre, are you?

ELLINGTON:

Oh, no, it was a lorry with a large building strapped on the back.

BLOODNOK:

What? That might be number 10 Downing Street. I must contact HQ at once! Bogg, go and try and find a telephone. And you, play Ray, [UNCLEAR]...

ELLINGTON:

Well, aaaaaaaaaa right!

BLOODNOK:

Round the back for the brandy, quick.

GRAMS:

RUNNING FEET

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

At six in the morning, Private Bogg approached a house in the shape of a plane. He had hopes of using the telephone. Inside, however, all was asleep.

FX:

CLOCK TICKING UNDER

HENRY:

(SNORING, MOUTH NOISES - SLEEPING)

FX:

ALARM CLOCK UNDER

HENRY:

(WAKES UP) What? Oh, dear, dear (SNORES) oh, dear, dear, dear, what, what, what, what, what, what, what? What!? (LIP SMACKING NOISES) Oh, drat it! The alarm clock again. Much too early, I... I'll turn it off. Where's my specker-ticals gone? I... think they were on the mantelpiece. I'll just feel along... here...

FX:

THINGS FALLING OFF MANTELPIECE – POTS, PANS ETC - UNDER

HENRY:

Oh. Oh, dear. Steady Mr Crun. Oh! Oh, dear. Dear, dear. Oh, dear, what have I done now?

MINNIE:

(OFF) Henryyyyyyy!

HENRY:

Oh. I mustn't wake Minnie up.

MINNIE:

(OFF) Henry! Henry Crun!

HENRY:

Are you awake, Min?

FX:

ALARM CLOCK STOPS, THINGS FALLING STOPS

HENRY:

Are you calling, Min?

MINNIE:

(OFF) Yes, the alarm's going.

HENRY:

It's stopped now, Min.

MINNIE:

(OFF) Turn it off, Henry.

HENRY:

I have turned it off. It's stopped, Min.

MINNIE:

(OFF) It's going "rrrrring"

HENRY:

It wasn't going "ring". It's stopped, Min, I tell you!

MINNIE:

(OFF) Rrrrring, rrrrrring.

HENRY:

I turned it off, Min. Don't tell me what...

(PAUSE)

MINNIE:

(OFF) Rrrrrring

HENRY:

It's off, Min! Have a caraway seed and shut up.

FX:

ALARM CLOCK STARTS AGAIN

HENRY:

Oh!

MINNIE:

(OFF) What did you say, Henry?

HENRY:

What? What? It's stopped now.

MINNIE:

(OFF) It's stopped now, Henry.

HENRY:

No, it's started again.

MINNIE:

(OFF) It's stopped, Henry, no need to bother.

HENRY:

It's started, I tell you.

MINNIE:

(OFF MIC - SHOUTING AT HENRY UNDER HIS LINE)

HENRY:

It's started. It's going "rrrring"

MINNIE:

(OFF MIC - SHOUTING AT HENRY UNDER HIS LINE)

HENRY:

It is, I'm telling you.

MINNIE:

(OFF MIC - SHOUTING AT HENRY UNDER HIS LINE)

HENRY:

It is going "ring", I can hear! There!

FX:

ALARM CLOCK STOPS

HENRY:

Min? Modern Min?

MINNIE:

(OFF) What is it, buddy?

HENRY:

Where are my specker-ticals?

MINNIE:

(OFF) Your specker-ticals are in your trousers, Henry.

HENRY:

Errrrm...

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

HENRY AND MINNIE:

(CRIES OF ALARM)

MINNIE:

We'll all be murdered in our beds.

HENRY:

Yes?

PRIVATE BOGG:

(MUFFLED)

MINNIE:

Oh! Quick!

HENRY:

Who's that at the door, eh?

PRIVATE BOGG:

(MUFFLED)

HENRY:

Whoever you are, speak through the letterbox.

PRIVATE BOGG:

It that better?

HENRY:

Yes, who are you, sir?

PRIVATE BOGG:

Well, I have come to ask if we can use your phone....

FX:

ALARM CLOCK STARTS RINGING

PRIVATE BOGG:

...because we've had a bit of trouble and the...

MINNIE:

(OFF) It's still going, Henry.

PRIVATE BOGG:

We've had a lot of things to do...

MINNIE:

It's ringing, Henry.

PRIVATE BOGG:

...and we'd like to use the telephone.

HENRY:

But I haven't got...

MINNIE:

(OFF) [UNCLEAR] rubbish, It's the alarm clock.

HENRY:

Please, Min, there's a man at the door.

MINNIE:

(OFF) Did you hear what I said?

FX:

ALARM CLOCK STOPS

HENRY:

Yes, I didn't hear what you said.

PRIVATE BOGG:

I said "Can we borrow your telephone?"

FX:

ALARM CLOCK STARTS RINGING

MINNIE:

(OFF) There it goes again! Why don't you stop it, Henry?

HENRY:

I can't see it, Min. I can't find where my specker-ticals are.

MINNIE:

(OFF) They're in your trousers!

HENRY:

What?

PRIVATE BOGG:

Hello? Can we borrow your telephone, please?

FX:

ALARM STOPS

HENRY:

Did you say "in my trousers", Min?

PRIVATE BOGG:

No, I said "can I borrow your telephone?"

HENRY:

(GETTING CROSS) We haven't got a telephone!

MINNIE:

(OFF) I *know* we haven't got a telephone, Henry!

PRIVATE BOGG:

But I heard it ringing.

HENRY:

That was the alarm clock ringing!

MINNIE:

(OFF) You're right, it is ringing.

HENRY:

Shut up, you rotten old fool, you!

MINNIE:

(OFF) Don't you talk to me...

HENRY:

Arghh!

PRIVATE BOGG:

Can we borrow the telephone, please?

HENRY:

(ANGRY) I tell you, this was not a telephone!

PRIVATE BOGG:

We'd like to use the phone because we've had a bit of trouble up the road...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

BLOODNOK:

Five thirty and Bogg hasn't returned yet. Still too dark to see a thing.

ECCLES:

(COMING TOWARDS MIC, SINGING) I travel the road...

BLOODNOK:

Flan me blins! Who is it? Hands up!

ECCLES:

I can't put my hands up, I'm...

BLOODNOK:

Hands up or I fire!

ECCLES:

OK

FX:

LOTS OF METAL HITTING GROUND

ECCLES:

Ow!

BLOODNOK:

Now what's happened?

ECCLES:

I was riding a bike!

BLOODNOK:

Come here! Ough! Flourish me fabula!

ECCLES:

(MAKES WHOOPING NOISE)

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Who are you, you ragged-looking goon?

ECCLES:

Aoogh argh. I'm the... I'm a policeman.

BLOODNOK:

If you're a policeman, I'm Marilyn Munroe!

ECCLES:

Wow!

BLOODNOK:

Put me down at once!

ECCLES:

Wait a minute, turn round! You're not Marilyn Munroe!

BLOODNOK:

I told you I wasn't. What a bitter disappointment to us both. Hold out your wrists.

FX:

CHAINS

BLOODNOK:

Now your ankles.

FX:

CHAINS

BLOODNOK:

Your neck.

FX:

CHAINS

BLOODNOK:

And now into this iron cell.

FX:

CELL DOOR SLAMS

ECCLES:

Um, am I a prisoner?

BLOODNOK:

Prisoner? What an imagination you have!

ECCLES:

Well, I thought you were Marilyn Munroe, you can't have a better imagination than that, can you?

BLOODNOK:

No.

ECCLES:

Anyhow, why did you put all these chains on me?

BLOODNOK:

Well, they suit you.

ECCLES:

Oh!

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

BLOODNOK:

I surrender!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Eccles!

ECCLES:

Inspector!

BLOODNOK:

Bloodnok!

SEAGOON:

Eccles, what are you doing in that cell?

ECCLES:

I'm not doing anything in it.

SEAGOON:

Thank heaven for that! Bloodnok, bad news!

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

10 Downing Street and the PM are in France!

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

Last reported travelling towards Paris, Follow me!

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

NEWS REPORTER:

[SELLERS]

By seven on Christmas morning Paris was in France, so was Seagoon. French police, ever willing, supplied flying squad transport.

FX:

HORSE SLOWLY PLODDING ALONG ROAD - UNDER

ECCLES:

I'm not driving too fast for you fellows, am I?

SEAGOON:

I can't understand it. The French police have been most uncooperative. So very secretive, it's, it's...

ECCLES:

Yeah, well... well, these French are always tryin' to hide something.

BLOODNOK:

Not at the Folles Bergere, they're not! Oh!

SEAGOON:

Please, Major, this is not the time to think of women!

BLOODNOK:

What? Well, tell me when it is, will you? I'll be there.

SEAGOON:

Look! The trail leads into that French bois.

BLOODNOK:

He's right. Stop the cart, Eccles.

ECCLES:

OK. Whoah, boy.

FX:

HORSE CONTINUES PLODDING

ECCLES:

Whoah.

FX:

HORSE CONTINUES PLODDING

ECCLES:

Whoah, back boy, whoah.

FX:

HORSE CONTINUES PLODDING

ECCLES:

Good horse, whoah, stop. Whoah.

FX:

HORSE CONTINUES PLODDING

ECCLES:

Whoah, back boy, stop. Whoah. Nice horse, whoah. Whoah, horse. Whoooah, horse. Stop, horse. Stop, horse. Ulumalumalum.

FX:

HORSE CONTINUES PLODDING

BLOODNOK:

What a...

ECCLES:

Stop!

BLOODNOK:

What a big, lumbering idiot he is.

ECCLES:

Don't speak to dat horse like that.

BLOODNOK:

I was speaking to you, you fool! Stop the animal!

SEAGOON:

You fools, that horse is a foreigner. Try shouting stop in French.

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah. Stop in French! Stop in French!

SEAGOON:

It's no good, we'll have to jump off.

ECCLES:

But I haven't got a parachute.

BLOODNOK:

Here, swallow mine.

ECCLES:

(SWALLOWS AND SMACKS LIPS) It wasn't cooked!

BLOODNOK:

Never mind.

SEAGOON:

Jump, lads!

ECCLES, SEAGOON AND BLOODNOK:

Arrrrrrrrgh!

FX:

THREE BODIES LANDING

SEAGOON:

You hurt yourself, Eccles?

ECCLES:

No. Shall I jump again?

SEAGOON:

Save it for the Eiffel Tower.

BLOODNOK:

Here, Seagoon. Through my telescope I can see 10 Downing Street in the woods.

SEAGOON:

Let me observe. Gad, it looks real close through this telescope!

BLOODNOK:

It's... it's miles away, really.

ECCLES:

Well, if it's nearer wid the telescope, lets crawl through the telescope.

SEAGOON:

Brilliant, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Yer!

FX:

THREE POPS

SEAGOON:

Right, are we all through?

GREENSLADE:

As far as being comics, yes.

ECCLES:

What?

SEAGOON:

(RASPBERRY) Silence, Greenslade, keep your place! Hide your haddock and cod! Hup!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY TA RA

SEAGOON:

Thank yew.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF MIC) Every one a gem.

GREENSLADE:

During that brief chord, our heroes arrived at the door of missing number 10 Downing Street.

FX:

LONG FANCY KNOCKING ON DOOR - DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

My name's Seagoon.

GRYTPYPE:

You must be a drummer.

SEAGOON:

I'm an Inspector.

GRYTPYPE:

Of course, the drains. This way.

SEAGOON:

A police Inspector, sir! I only inspect police. Now tell us, is this place 10 Downing Street?

GRYTPYPE:

Who wants to know?

SEAGOON:

A police Inspector by the name of Seagoon.

BLOODNOK:

Answer, man, answer. Remember, this sword is loaded and so am I.

GRYTPYPE:

If you must know, the Prime Minister and the entire British Cabinet are in the next room debating certain affairs that they didn't wish the British people to hear.

SEAGOON:

So that's why they brought 10 Downing Street to France!!!

ORCHESTRA:

TA RA

GREENSLADE:

And there we conclude our story. There'll be a silver collection for the actors.

SEAGOON:

Stop! Wal, dear, big, fat Wal. You... you can't leave the British Government in a wood in France!

GREENSLADE:

Can't I?

GRYTPYPE:

You think of a better place to leave them, can you?

SEAGOON AND GRYTPYPE:

(LAUGH - GETTING MORE AND MORE MANIC)

GRAMS:

"LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY" GRADUALLY SPEEDED UP

ORCHESTRA:

"OLD COMRADES MARCH"

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show. A BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray and the orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. The script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, program produced by Roy Speirs.