

S5 E11 - The Spanish Suitcase

Transcribed by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, dear!

GREENSLADE:

Never-the-less, this *is* the BBC Home Service, my alma mater!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Olé!

SEAGOON:

That olé of olés could only herald the coming of the highly esteemed... Goon Show!

GRAMS:

PANIC STRICKEN AUDIENCE RUNNING OUT, DOOR SLAMS

SEAGOON:

Who unlocked the doors? Mr. Greenslade, emergency music!

GRAMS:

'THE ARCHERS' THEME TUNE AND ANIMAL NOISES

SEAGOON:

Stop! (MUSIC STOPS) Ha, ha! I knew that would get 'em back in. Heads above the trough! (WEST COUNTRY ACCENT) Now then, Dan Greenslade, me dear. Tell 'em as 'ow we're going to be doing that there Goon Show. I'll be off to mend my tractor. Arrrrrrh.

GREENSLADE:

(WEST COUNTRY ACCENT) Aaalright-oh, me old dear, Ned Archer. I reckon as all we'll be having a ripe harvest of compost for 'em, tonight! Aarrrrrh!

SEAGOON:

Aaaaaarh!

OMNES:

VARIOUS "AARRRRRH"S!

REGAL WOMAN:

[SELLERS]

Hello, you two. Still arguing about the old cow?

OMNES:

Aaaaaaaarh!

REGAL WOMAN:

Where's Daddy?

YOKEL:

[GREENSLADE?]

(WEST COUNTRY ACCENT) Well, 'e were asking if them beams up in the barn was strong.

SEAGOON:

Arh, he asked I that, he did, he asked I that. And then 'e went up there with a coil of rope and a noose round his neck.

REGAL WOMAN:

No, no, he... Oh, look!

GRAMS:

'THE ARCHERS' END THEME TUNE

SELLERS:

Easy money!

SEAGOON:

Right. Now, Greenslade, off with your dung smock and into a serious vein.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, sir. Ladies and Gentlemen, it is...

SEAGOON:

Mr. Greenslade, how many words have you said up to now?

GREENSLADE:

Ooh, about two dozen?

SEAGOON:

Mm-hmm. Well, carry on for a bit.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and Gentlemen, tonight...

SEAGOON:

Stop! That's your lot. Ladies and Gentlepongs, tonight's drama takes place in Spain, the famous Spanish land.

ORCHESTRA:

GRAND OPENING

SPANIARD:

[SELLERS]

Is the summer of 1902. There, in Madrid, a young semi-human English lord is on vacation.

GRAMS:

SPANISH CROWD SCENE AND GUITAR MUSIC QUIETLY BEHIND SPEECH

SEAGOON:

Ah, yes. How I love the music of the banjo! As I sat there, I was spellbound by the Spanish dancer. The flash of her dazzling teeth as she whirled and gyrated to the throbbing beat of the Flamingo. Unable to contain myself, I sprang into the middle of the floor, tore off my clothes and did... (GRAMS STOP) The Palais Glide!

MILLIGAN:

Not a pretty sight!

GREENSLADE:

My name is Wallace Greenslade. I was in Spain at the time and the next morning I saw Ned Seagoon, exhausted by his night of sensuous Morris dancing, sitting on his big white-washed hacienda.

MILLIGAN:

Still not a pretty sight!

SEAGOON:

I sat there sipping a glass of coal and scrumming a chopper when a brown hand fell on my shoulder.

MORIARTY:

Ah, pardon me, but did a brown hand just fall on your shoulder?

SEAGOON:

Is it yours?

MORIARTY:

Yes, thank you.

SEAGOON:

Olé!

MORIARTY:

Olé!

SEAGOON:

Olé!

MORIARTY:

Olé!

SEAGOON:

Olé!

MORIARTY:

Olé! (GARBLED FRENCH)

SEAGOON:

I gave him a guarded... oui!

MORIARTY:

So, the señor is a foreigner!

SEAGOON:

I beg your pardon!? I'm British!

MORIARTY:

I know, but this is Madrid.

SEAGOON:

Ha ha ha! A natural mistake.

MORIARTY:

Mm?

SEAGOON:

There are so many foreigners here you took mistook me for one.

MORIARTY:

Olé!

SEAGOON:

Olé!

MORIARTY:

Olé! My name is Count Moriarty, Inspector of the Carabinieri. Spanish police, you understand?

SEAGOON:

I understand.

MORIARTY:

Yes. I am looking for clues in the recent jewel robbery at the Castillo del Berkoff, señor.

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes. Quite a bit of jewellery lost, I believe.

MORIARTY:

Yes. I might say whoever planned the robbery must have been a man of the highest intelligence with the courage of a lion.

SEAGOON:

So you suspect me?

MORIARTY:

No.

SEAGOON:

Olé!

MORIARTY:

Olé!

SEAGOON:

Olé!

MORIARTY:

Olé! A Britisher has already been incasseroled in the Madrid jail and sentenced to 94 years, señor.

SEAGOON:

So he was found guilty, eh?

MORIARTY:

I don't know, they haven't tried him yet.

SEAGOON:

Do you think they suspect him?

MORIARTY:

That's difficult to say.

SEAGOON:

"Do you think they suspect him?" Hm, it is a bit difficult to say, yes.

MORIARTY:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

You try it.

MORIARTY:

Yes. Do-you-think-they-sus-pect-him?

SEAGOON:

Of course they suspect him!

MORIARTY:

What?

SEAGOON:

Why, he's even been sentenced to 94 years in jail!

MORIARTY:

Caramba! How did you hear this?

SEAGOON:

Two little things called... ear holes.

MORIARTY:

You... you cunning English, you have everything. Why, that's what I came here to tell you!

SEAGOON:

Tell me what?

MORIARTY:

To tell you that this Britisher has been sentenced to 94 years in jail.

SEAGOON:

Do you think they suspect him?

MORIARTY:

That's difficult to say.

SELLERS:

Perhaps there is something to say for 'The Archers' after all.

MORIARTY:

Ah!

SPANIARD:

Olé!

SEAGOON:

Olé!

MORIARTY:

The important thing, señor, is that we have not yet recovered the jewels. Somewhere, there is a little Spanish suitcase.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, good morning.

SEAGOON:

I turned to meet this accomplished linguist. He was a thin man aglow with lurgi. He wore a white linen suit so cunningly tailored that it left his hands and face naked.

GRYTPYPE:

Olé!

SEAGOON:

Olé!

MORIARTY:

Olé!

SEAGOON:

Olé!

MORIARTY:

Olé!

SEAGOON:

I motioned him to sit down, but he refused.

GRYTPYPE:

Naturally, I was in the middle of the road. Olé!

SEAGOON:

Olé!

MORIARTY:

Olé!

GRYTPYPE:

May I introduce myself. I am the Honourable Grytpype-Thynne, British Ambassador in Siberia.

SEAGOON:

There is no embassy in Siberia.

GRYTPYPE:

I know, it's all so terribly frustrating.

SEAGOON:

Well, what are you doing over here?

GRYTPYPE:

It's my day off.

SEAGOON:

Olé!

GRYTPYPE:

Olé! Now what I... by Jove, señor Moriarty!

MORIARTY:

What is it?

GRYTPYPE:

Look, it's extraordinary!

MORIARTY:

Caramba! The resemblance is amazing.

SEAGOON:

They were both looking closely at my face. But I didn't mind, I like giving pleasure to people.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF, QUIET AND FAST) I don't wish to know that.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, señor Seagoon, are you by any chance related to the famous English bullfighter, Major El Bloodnok?

SEAGOON:

Yes, we are both British.

GRYTPYPE:

Mmm, identical! Look, here is a photograph of Major Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

Hmm, well I don't look anything like him.

GRYTPYPE:

That is the amazing part - he doesn't look anything like you either, so you're identically different.

SEAGOON:

Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po.

OMNES:

Good!

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, Neddie, lad. You will be the saviour of British prestige.

MORIARTY:

Of course, but allow me to explain to him the honour that is about to befall him.

GRYTPYPE:

Nakos Nakos.

MORIARTY:

Yakos Nakos, yes.

SEAGOON:

Yakka Baku!

MORIARTY:

Thank you. Now, please, tomorrow señor Seagoon at the Arena Del Torros, El Bloodnok should have fought the great Andalusian bull. Unfortunately he erm, he er, can not appear. But oh! Ah, but fortunately, you shall take his place!

SEAGOON:

Oh, no, no. The... the crowd will recognise that I'm not El Bloodnok.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, but the bull won't.

SEAGOON:

I'll tell him! No, no, no! No, I can't. Where is El Bloodnok, anyway?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, unfortunately, he is in jail for 94 yea - er - 48 hours, you understand. A minor offence, nothing at all.

SEAGOON:

But Count Moriarty, you're inspector of Spanish police. Surely you can get him released for the fight?

MORIARTY:

Ah, yes. *You* know I'm a police inspector, but the police don't.

SEAGOON:

I see. I see. Secret service, eh?

MORIARTY:

Of course.

SEAGOON:

But... but... but surely, they'll know you at the jail.

MORIARTY:

Only too well, that is why I must keep... clear.

GRYTPYPE:

Wait, Mor-I-Arty.

MORIARTY:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

All the police know is that there's a Britisher serving a 2 day sentence.

MORIARTY:

Yes, brilliant!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, of course!

MORIARTY:

Yes! If we can get a Britisher who looked like El Bloodnok, he could take his place in the jail while El Bloodnok fought the bull!

SEAGOON:

El Bloodnok must fight the bull.

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid! Now Seagoon, just try on this moustache for size...

SEAGOON:

But I can't take his place in jail. I mean, after all, I...

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, now look Seagoon, it's only two days and think of British prestige.

SEAGOON:

Very well. For the honour of our island heritage.

GRYTPYPE:

You silly, twisted boy you!

SEAGOON:

Olé!

GRYTPYPE:

Olé!

SEAGOON:

Olé!

GRYTPYPE:

Max Geldray, take us to the Madrid jail.

MAX GELDRAY:

'I'M FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES'

GREENSLADE:

While Max Geldray was playing, Ned Seagoon, brilliantly disguised as Major Bloodnok, took his place in jail.

ECCLES:

Ooh.

GREENSLADE:

It was a masterpiece of escapology.

GRYTPYPE:

We would like to show you how it was done but... well... we may want to use the method again.

MILLIGAN:

In any case, it wasn't a pretty sight.

FX:

KEYS BEING JANGLED AND A HEAVY DOOR BEING OPENED

JAILER:

[ELLINGTON]

Well, there's your supper.

FX:

CUTLERY BEING PLACED ON THE FLOOR

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha, yum-yum! Din-din! Thank you. You play the game by me, jailer, and I'll reward you when I'm released.

JAILER:

Man, I'll be dead when you come out!

SEAGOON:

You're not ill, are you?

JAILER:

Oh, no, no, no. No. But... erm... I'm 25 now and I won't live forever.

SEAGOON:

Ah, but I'm only here for 2 days.

JAILER:

Oh, that's rich! Ha ha ha! You do the biggest jewel robbery in years and you say that... 2 days? Ah, ha, ha, ha, haaaaa... (OFF) That's funny.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS)

FX:

KEYS JANGLED AND HEAVY PRISON DOOR CLOSED

MILLIGAN:

It's tricky for Seagoon, isn't it?

ORCHESTRA:

SPANISH LINK MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

Listeners, as you all know so well, where the Calle de Carla meets the Prada in the Plaza de Madrid, stands the Hotel... Fred. I was staying there as a guest of señor Henry Crun, the manager.

HENRY CRUN:

Let me see, how many rooms have we got booked, now? Number 1: señor and señora Smith; number 2: señor and señora Smith; 3, 4, 5, 6, 7: señor and señora Smith; 9, 10, 11: all Smith! Hm, just like our lovely little hotel at Brighton!

FX:

HOTEL BELL RINGING

MORIARTY:

Attention please, service señor.

HENRY CRUN:

What? What? What? What? What?

MORIARTY:

Buenos dias, Buenos dias. My name is Count Moriarty.

HENRY CRUN:

Olé!

MORIARTY:

Olé!

HENRY CRUN:

Olé!

MORIARTY:

Well done.

HENRY CRUN:

I'll get a room ready for you.

MORIARTY:

I don't want a room.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, well, you can't stay here, then, if...

MORIARTY:

Mr. Old Man, I am a great amigo of Major El Bloodnokoo.

HENRY CRUN:

Ah, noko niko niku.

MORIARTY:

Well said!

HENRY CRUN:

He's gone, you know?

MORIARTY:

Who?

HENRY CRUN:

Bloodnokoo. Which reminds me - Minnie!

MINNIE:

Si, Henry?

HENRY CRUN:

What's that, Minnie?

MINNIE:

I said, 'si, Henry'.

HENRY CRUN:

I'll get my glasses, Minnie.

MINNIE:

Yinte Chianti, buddy. Yakkakaku. In Spain, we say, 'si, si'!

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, yes, yes, yes, si, si, si. Minnie?

MINNIE:

What?

HENRY CRUN:

Changé el cabanyero parlos de habituelle 23.

MINNIE:

What's that, Henry?

HENRY CRUN:

Mnk mnk... Changé el cabanyero parlos de habituelle 23! Now, Minnie, did you hear what I said to you?

MINNIE:

Si, you said changé el cabanyero parlos de habituelle 23.

HENRY CRUN:

Si, si. Well, why don't you do it?

MINNIE:

What does it mean, Henry?

HENRY CRUN:

It means change the sheets in 23!

MINNIE:

In Spain, we say, 'si, si'.

HENRY CRUN:

Stop that modern foreign madrigal and change the sheets!

MINNIE:

Ying Bong Iddle I!

MORIARTY:

Please, please.

HENRY CRUN:

What? What? What?

MORIARTY:

Sapristi-nyockos.

HENRY CRUN:

Nockos.

MORIARTY:

I'm here about... Please, a moment please, Major El Bloodnok.

HENRY CRUN:

Ah, yes, Major Bloodnok. He's in jail, you know?

MORIARTY:

Yes, yes, he asked me to collect his suitcase. A black Spanish suitcase.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, yes, yes. I sent it down to the jail.

MORIARTY:

(ASIDE) Caramba nyockos! This old fool has given this case to Seagoon. (ALoud) Old Man, did you deliver this case personally?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, I gave it to Major Bloodnok, but he kept saying he was Ned Seagoon.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi-Caramba!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH!

GREENSLADE:

I watched the hurrying figure of Moriarty with my binoculars as he sped towards the Congress De Los Dipotalos. There, he was met by a man heavily disguised as Ned Seagoon.

MILLIGAN:

Not a pretty sight!

BLOODNOK:

Ah, Moriarty! Now, where's the suitcase?

MORIARTY:

It's in jail.

BLOODNOK:

But it's innocent!

MORIARTY:

Never the less, it is there.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh!

MORIARTY:

Now, this is the only way we can get out: *you* must go *in*!

BLOODNOK:

Me? But why don't *you* go in?

MORIARTY:

Impossible, they would recognise at once that I wasn't you!

BLOODNOK:

But I'm disguised as Seagoon!

MORIARTY:

Exactly! They'll have nothing against you! You can go to jail in the knowledge that you're perfectly innocent.

BLOODNOK:

Very well, for the sake of my old Spanish suitcase.

MORIARTY:

I'll make arrangements in Spanish with the jailer. Ellington!

JAILER:

Yes?

MORIARTY:

Look the other way, nyuckos!

JAILER:

Right!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'BIM BAM BABY'

GREENSLADE:

Let us now re-cap.

SEAGOON:

I'm innocent, I tell you!

GREENSLADE:

Originally, Major Bloodnok was in jail for 94 years suspected of the jewel robbery.

SEAGOON:

I'm innocent.

GREENSLADE:

Innocent young Neddie Seagoon, heavily disguised as Major Bloodnok, was inveigled into taking Major Bloodnok's place.

SEAGOON:

I really am innocent, I tell you, I really am!

GREENSLADE:

In the meantime, Major Bloodnok, heavily disguised as Ned Seagoon, was once again at large trying to collect the much sought after Spanish suitcase.

SEAGOON:

And I'm completely innocent!

GREENSLADE:

Seagoon, realising he's been duped, removed his disguise and revealed himself as Ned Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

I *am* Ned Seagoon, I'm innocent!

GREENSLADE:

To his horror, the Spanish police then believed that *he* had committed the robbery, heavily disguised as Major Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

It's not true, it's a lie, I'm innocent! I tell you I really am!

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, Mr. Crun sent the Spanish suitcase to Ned Seagoon in jail...

SEAGOON:

Lying there, innocent!

GREENSLADE:

...believing him to be Major Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

I've been tricked! I'm an innocent pawn... prawn... pawn! I demand justice! I'm innocent!

GREENSLADE:

Now, Major Bloodnok is being smuggled back into jail in order to retrieve the Spanish suitcase. And may I take this opportunity of reminding listeners to post early for Christmas.

FX:

KEYS JANGLING AND HEAVY PRISON DOOR OPENED

JAILER:

Come on, in you get! Get in there, you'll be company for the other two.

FX:

JANGLING KEYS AND HEAVY PRISON DOOR SHUT

BLOODNOK:

Ah, it's good to be home! Any mail?

SEAGOON:

Thank heavens! It's good to be able to talk to a human being, again!

BLOODNOK:

But he said there were two of you in here.

ECCLES:

Um de dum de dum de dum de dum...

BLOODNOK:

I understand what you mean.

ECCLES:

So do I.

BLOODNOK:

Let me introduce myself, I am Major El Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

What? You're the cause of my being in here! Help! Help!

BLOODNOK:

No, no, no, don't take on so, don't take on.

SEAGOON:

(WEAKLY) Help.

BLOODNOK:

I've come back to help you, haven't I?

SEAGOON:

I wish it wasn't so dark in here, I'd like you to see the scorn and disbelief in my face.

BLOODNOK:

Neddie, lad, I have a plan to get us out.

SEAGOON:

What?

BLOODNOK:

(WHISPERING) Yes, give me your ear. Now, listen... (WHISPERS INCOHERENTLY, THEN SPEAKS IN NORMAL VOICE) Have you got that?

ECCLES:

Yup! Ya want me to tell Neddie?

BLOODNOK:

Curse! The wrong idiot!

SEAGOON:

What's all this about?

BLOODNOK:

You may as well tell him now.

ECCLES:

Well, Neddie, when the warden comes in...

BLOODNOK:

Whisper, you fool!

ECCLES:

(SHOUTING) Whisper you fool! (QUIET) Oh, yeah, it's a secret. It's a secret! Yeah. Commences to whisper... (WHISPERS INCOHERENTLY WITH SOUND EFFECTS, THEN SPEAKS) You got that?

JAILER:

I certainly have!

ECCLES:

Ooooooh! The jailor! I didn't see you in the dark.

JAILER:

That's hardly surprising!

BLOODNOK:

You nincompoop, Eccles, take that and that and that...

FX:

(PUNCHING SOUND)

ECCLES:

Oooh!

SEAGOON:

Stop, Major, it hurts me the way you're hitting him.

BLOODNOK:

Why?

SEAGOON:

You're hitting him with me!

BLOODNOK:

Oh! But he's foiled the escape plan! We shall have to try again, later.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Good. Now, to help us escape, all we need is a little leather box, preferably a little Spanish suitcase.

SEAGOON:

Oh, I haven't got one.

BLOODNOK:

No case? Come now, dear lad, no Spanish suitcase? Mr. Greenslade the porter delivered it from the Hotel Fred only this morning.

SEAGOON:

Oh, that? It wasn't mine so I sent it back.

BLOODNOK:

Knuckle me sombrero and Spanish me knuckles! Sent it... Moriarty! He knew it was being sent back to the Hotel Fred, that's why he wanted to get me in here. That's what it's all about!

SEAGOON:

What are we going to do?

ECCLES:

94 years.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

I was sitting outside the Hotel Fred reading the Radio Times when I saw Count Moriarty and señor Grytpype Thynne approaching.

GRYTPYPE:

You're sure the suitcase was returned to the Hotel Fred?

MORIARTY:

Why, yes, the jailer told me.

GRYTPYPE:

Good man. Oh, porter?

GREENSLADE:

Yes, sir?

GRYTPYPE:

Where is the old man who owns the hotel?

GREENSLADE:

Oh, señor Crun! Oh, such a clever man. Do you know he hasn't paid a peseta in tax since 1894? He's brilliant with figures.

MORIARTY:

Si, si, but where is he now?

GREENSLADE:

He's in jail.

MORIARTY:

Jail?

GREENSLADE:

They took him this afternoon.

MORIARTY:

Did he take anything with him?

GREENSLADE:

Well, not really. Only... um... an old Spanish suitcase.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

FX:

JANGLING KEYS AND HEAVY PRISON DOOR OPENED

SEAGOON:

I'm innocent, I tell you, I'm completely innocent!

JAILER:

Yes, yes, yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

Well.

JAILER:

Now move over, there's two more to join you - in you get!

MORIARTY:

Gracias, gracias.

GRYTPYPE:

After you, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Thank you.

FX:

JANGLING KEYS AND HEAVY PRISON DOOR SHUT

BLOODNOK:

Griddle me grodkins, that sounds like that double-crossing no-good naughty man... Count Moriarty!

MORIARTY:

Calm yourself, Blidnook!

BLOODNOK:

What in...?

MORIARTY:

How many people are there in here?

BLOODNOK:

There's Seagoon, me, Mr. Crun...

ECCLES:

Me? I'm a member here!

SEAGOON:

What's all this about? I'm innocent, I tell you!

MORIARTY:

Never... It's quiet, I know! Never mind, now. Mr. Crun, have you a suitcase?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, here it is.

MORIARTY:

At last! Give it to me.

BLOODNOK:

Take your foreign hands off it, I believe it's mine.

MORIARTY:

Yes, but the jewels inside they belong to all of us; we've all taken risks.

BLOODNOK:

Jewels? My dear chap, all that's in my suitcase is a change of underwear.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, I think they're trying to bluff us Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

Why don't you open the suitcase and find out?

MORIARTY:

Because it's innocent.

GRYTPYPE:

There it is.

MORIARTY:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

Open the case now.

MORIARTY:

Open it!

FX:

CASE OPENED

MORIARTY:

Are the... are the jewels inside?

BLOODNOK:

Feel for yourself, all Dennis's unmentionables, that's all. Here, feel the cardboard in the front of my dress shirt, there's nothing at all.

MORIARTY:

Then who's got the jewels? I'll find out - take that!

FX:

METAL TRAY HIT HARD ON HEAD

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aaaaaaay!

MORIARTY:

Who are you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Enter Spanish Bluebottle. With a Spanish audience.

SEAGOON:

Little knobbly Spanish actor, what are you doing here?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm here to brighten up the script and to fight the dreaded Spanish-type bull. I'm not afraid of those needle-pointed horns. Thinks: yes I am! Moves left, strums Spittoon and does Caspitor dance.

SEAGOON:

Little careless rapturer, what do you know of the bull-fighter's art?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have seen the picture 'Blood and Sand' and I learnt one thing from that.

SEAGOON:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ali Can knew what he was doing.

SEAGOON:

But what about the bullfight?

BLUEBOTTLE:

If the bull charges to my right, I run towards the matador. If the bull charges to the left, I run towards the picador.

SEAGOON:

And if it rushed straight at you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Then I run for the back-a-door, ah ha!

MORIARTY:

Listen, little wreck, do you know anything about the jewels?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hee hee hee! They have... they have been stolen. But I have not got them all, so shall we play another game? I don't like standing in the dark, you know, I don't like the dark standing. Feels out for my Captain.

ECCLES:

Ooooh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hee hee hee! Is that my friend? I knew you would be in here.

ECCLES:

Yeah, I knew I'd be in here, too.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I ran all the way to come here.

ECCLES:

Did you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Oooh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shall we go and play in the car park?

ECCLES:

In the car park? In the car park?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, let's do that. And then we can take all the car numbers down.

ECCLES:

And the tyres.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Yeah, I know...

BLUEBOTTLE:

I got 302 cars in me...

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry, little pimply toreador!

ECCLES:

He's innocent!

SEAGOON:

But you'll have to stay here.

BLUEBOTTLE:

My little captain has spokend. He's joking.

MORIARTY:

This is no joke, Bluebottules.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Bottins.

MORIARTY:

We have not got the jewels and we are all encasseroled here... forever!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Tee hee! I don't like this game! Where are we?

JAILER:

You're in jail, man. And the only person who ever got out of this jail was me.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Go away, you naughty man with the big keys! We can go now home, can't we, captain? Can we go home, cap-i-tain? Eccles, Eccles, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Ya, ya, ya, ya, yaaa?

BLUEBOTTLE:

We can go home if we want to, can't we, Eccles? Major Bloodnok? Dear little lovely Major Bloodnok? Why don't we all go to the pictures, I don't like it here...

SEAGOON:

I'll tell you why, little stringy stand-in. This is no play, this is the strongest jail in the world. There is no... way out!

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten Spanish onions, you! You have trap-ped me into coming here. And I thought it was just a play we was acting. Now I can't go home!

MORIARTY:

Shut up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

No.

MORIARTY:

Shut up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will not shut up!

MORIARTY:

Shut up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will shout for my father who's in the fire brigade. And he'll come and rescue little Blunebotten.

MORIARTY:

Shut up, little Blunebo...

FX:

FRYING PAN HIT ON HEAD

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ayyyyyy!

MORIARTY:

Take that.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I've been Spanish nuttet! Falls writhing to the ground holding dirty big lump on crust - doot-doot-doot-doot!

SEAGOON:

What are we to do? Heeeeelp!

ECCLES:

No ee-oh-ee-oh, no! That won't do any good, you know? You've got to use your brains! Brains!

SEAGOON:

We can't all stay in here for the rest of our lives!

ECCLES:

No, no, we must get out.

SEAGOON:

Yes, but how?

ECCLES:

I'll show you. Heeeeelp!

HENRY CRUN:

But if we're going to be here for the rest of our lives, we might as well make ourselves comfortable.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

A couple of weeks and you'll be out.

MORIARTY:

Caramba! I wonder who could have stolen the jewels? Who? Who?

FX:

LONE VIOLIN PLAYING 'HEARTS AND FLOWERS' OVER...

SEAGOON:

93 years went by.

ECCLES:

Do you think they've forgotten us?

SEAGOON:

And by now, we had almost given up hope. Our only recreation was to climb on each other's shoulders and look through a tiny crack in Eccles' head. We could... we could see the harbour and occasionally a beautiful yacht which belonged to one of the newly rich families in Spain - El Greenslade.

GRYTPYPE:

Rather a funny name for a yacht. It was called the Spanish Suitcase!

ORCHESTRA:

CLOSING THEME TUNE

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Eric Sykes and Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

'CRAZY RHYTHM' OUTRO