

S5 E26 - The End (Confessions of a Secret Senna-Pod Drinker)

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

FX:

CHAINS CLANKING.

SEAGOON:

(STRUGGLING) Now, if I can just get my left leg under my arm and lower the old tenor's friend, here...

SELLERS:

This is the BBC Home Service.

ORCHESTRA:

CHORD IN C. END WITH CYMBAL SNAP.

GREENSLADE:

The soloist in that number was Frieda Minge, bird strangler.

SEAGOON:

Well said, Wallace Greenslade, Home Service announcer, shoes mended while you wait and all packed for ITA.

GREENSLADE:

Ah! Philbert the Quondle.

SEAGOON:

Yukkaboo!

GREENSLADE:

Is this true about you going to Hollywood, darling?

SEAGOON:

Yes, darling.

GREENSLADE:

(AIR-KISSING) Mmmmmmn!

SEAGOON:

I'm going to make a series of short cowboy films.

GREENSLADE:

And what part will you be playing?

SEAGOON:

The short cowboy. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! I don't know where I get 'em from! Aha, ha! Ahhhh!

GRAMS:

INCOMING SHELL. EXPLOSION. SPEEDED UP RECORDING OF PIT ORCHESTRA PLAYING A COLONIAL MARCH. SPLASH IN WATER. BAND STOPS.

MILLIGAN:

I don't like it. I don't like it at all.

SEAGOON:

Nevertheless, it's time for the last highly esteemed Goon Show!

GRAMS:

WAILING. WHISTLING. DISTANT SCREAMS. BROKEN GLASS.

GREENSLADE:

Thank you! Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, thank you! The Goons conclude their season with a dramatic drama. So stand by to hear the story of a man with a foul habit. We give you:

SELLERS:

(DRAMATIC) Confessions of a Secret Senna-Pod Drinker.

ORCHESTRA:

Dramatic Theme.

SEAGOON:

My name is Ned Seagoon.

GRAMS:

RASPBERRY (FRED THE OYSTER)

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Sir Ian. Hobson, my melody.

ORCHESTRA:

"HOME SWEET HOME" ON AMATEUR SOLO FIDDLE. CONTINUES UNDER...

SEAGOON:

I had a tough life. Never had a father. Mother got me on the National Health. She had an obliging doctor, you know. Hum hum hum. As a child, I was very delicate. One blow from a steamroller would upset me for days. In the year skrimson skramson and two, I fell a victim to drinking senna-pod tea. In a basement of a club at East Acton, I obtained my supplies of the dreaded pods. In one corner, a coloured band played foul, erotic music.

GRAMS:

CLASSIC PALM COURT TRIO PLAYING "BLUE HEAVEN." CONTINUE UNDER...

SEAGOON:

What a den of sin. This particular night I was to get my supply from an unknown stranger.

MORIARTY:

Ah, ha. That was me, Count 'Fred' Moriarty. International senna-pod ace and head of the secret senna-pod ring. Seagoon was to recognise me by a red carnation pinned to the tail of mine shirt.

SEAGOON:

So that I would not be recognised I took off my boots. Waitress? Oh, Miss?

THROAT:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Has an unknown stranger been looking for me?

THROAT:

No.

SEAGOON:

Thanks.

THROAT:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Curse, the man was late.

MORIARTY:

At that very moment I arrived in the room.

FX:

SEQUENCE OF ATTENTION GETTING EFFECTS. FOOTBALL CLACKER; PISTOL SHOTS, BELLS, ETC.

SEAGOON:

Oo-ooh! Here! Hey! Over here, mate! (FOOTBALL RATTLE) Aye, aye! Alright! Over here! I'm the little fat one in the glasses! (FOUR PISTOL SHOTS) Aye, aye! Oo-ooh! (RINGS SCHOOL BELL) I'm here, look! The fat puddin' with the glasses, that's me!

MORIARTY:

He tried to attract my attention.

SEAGOON:

Have you got the pods?

MORIARTY:

Yes, but they're clearing up nicely, thanks.

SEAGOON:

The Senna-pods!

MORIARTY:

Yes. I have two ounces in handy three ton packets.

SEAGOON:

Give me them.

MORIARTY:

Wait. Wait, wait, wait, wait! First... the money.

SEAGOON:

Here, eightpence in one pound notes.

FX:

TILL KER-CHING

MORIARTY:

Zanks.

SEAGOON:

Zonks! With a trembling hand I broke open the precious packet of senna-pod tea. Ahhhhgggghh.

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGS. HAND SET LIFTS.

SEAGOON:

Hello?

GREENSLADE:

(AT END OF LINE) Pardon me. The Confessions of a Secret Senna-Pod Drinker, part two. In which the basement is raided by the police.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

FX:

HANDSET DOWN.

SEAGOON:

I'm going to fly. The police are going to raid.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi! We must be in part two!

SEAGOON:

Yes.

FX:

POLICE WHISTLES. OVER...

OMNES:

SHOUTING.

FLOWERDEW:

Right! Right! Quiet everybody, this is a police raid.

SEAGOON:

In came a hundred police cunningly dressed in the uniform of plain-clothes men.

INSPECTOR SELLERS:

Nobody move. Manageress?

MANAGERESS:

[MILLIGAN]

Yes?

INSPECTOR SELLERS:

A hundred beans on toast.

SEAGOON:

Trapped! I immediately threw the senna-pod away. Then I ran. I didn't stop running till I was a mile away. (PANTING) Pogson, my music!

ORCHESTRA:

SOLO AMATEUR FIDDLE PLAYS "HOME SWEET HOME"

SEAGOON:

Play it in a different key. To hell with the expense!

ORCHESTRA:

"HOME SWEET HOME" ON AMATEUR SOLO FIDDLE SHIFTS DOWN A KEY. CONTINUES UNDER...

SEAGOON:

My trouble was now how to get a fresh supply of the deadly senna-pod leaves. I'd go mad without it. Wait! Of course! I'd get it on the National Health. Ahahaha! That's it! Good old Labour! I made my way to Harley Street and... and burst into a doctor's surgery.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Doctor! I need a...

GRYTPYPE:

How dare you burst in my surgery! Get a floor cloth and clean it up.

SEAGOON:

Help me. Help me. I'll make a clean breast of it. I'm an addict. I take three cups of senna-pod tea a day.

GRYTPYPE:

Senna-pods, eh?

SEAGOON:

Yes. And I'm on the run.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm not surprised. Lay down on the operating table.

FX:

GETTING ON OPERATING TABLE.

SEAGOON:

What are you going to do?

GRYTPYPE:

I don't know, I'll think of something. Er... say 'ah'.

SEAGOON:

Ahhhhrrgggh...

GRYTPYPE:

Swallow that.

SEAGOON:

(SWALLOWING) What was it?

GRYTPYPE:

Cigarette ash. Can't drop it on the carpet, you know. Now I must cut a square twelve by twelve out of your shirt, so.

SEAGOON:

Why?

GRYTPYPE:

I'm short of handkerchiefs.

SEAGOON:

(DESPERATE) Doctor, look. Get me the stuff. I must have it. Look! Look! I've got money. Twenty pounds in one pound notes. I'll do anything, anything...

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes, yes, yes. First, an examination.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Do you mind... er... Yes, these notes appear to be genuine.

FX:

TILL KER-CHING

SEAGOON:

Can you get me the stuff?

GRYTPYPE:

No, laddie. You've got to give it up.

SEAGOON:

What! You can't cut off my senna-pods like that.

GRYTPYPE:

Get up on the table again.

FX:

GETTING ON OPERATING TABLE.

SEAGOON:

You're going to operate?

GRYTPYPE:

No, I want to sweep up. I must get away for my first aid class. We're learning to read thermometers, tonight.

SEAGOON:

Look, but I need...

GRYTPYPE:

Shh, Neddie, Neddie. You need rest, convalescence. Therefore I'm sending you to the Seaview Rest Home, Greenacres.

SEAGOON:

Where's that?

GRYTPYPE:

Paddington. Max Geldray? Take him there.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GRAMS:

HORSE CANTERING. APPROACHES AND PULLS UP.

GREENSLADE:

Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Mr. Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yes?

GREENSLADE:

The Confessions of a Secret Senna-pod Drinker, part three.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GREENSLADE:

Gidd-up, there, gidd-up, go on, gid-up!

GRAMS:

HORSES HOOVES GALLOPING OFF INTO DISTANCE. SPEED UP.

SEAGOON:

As I made my way to the rest home for incurable Senna-pod drinkers, the craving came on me.
(PANTING, WITHDRAWAL SOUNDS) I slipped into a phone box and started to brew a pot of senna.
(MANIACAL LAUGH) He he he he he he he!

FX:

PHONE RINGS.

SEAGOON:

Hello?

MRS. DIRT:

Hello? Is that you, Nugent?

SEAGOON:

No, this is, er...

MRS. DIRT:

This is Sabrina, here. How's the new house coming along?

SEAGOON:

House? I'm in a phone box.

MRS. DIRT:

Oh, it'll only be temporary, though, won't it.

SEAGOON:

I'm afraid you've got the wrong...

MRS. DIRT:

I rang up to ask if Alice has had her operation yet?

SEAGOON:

I don't know anybody called Alice.

MRS. DIRT:

Yes, you do. She went away to have something done.

SEAGOON:

Alice? I knew a Muriel Blun that went away.

MRS. DIRT:

Muriel Blun? I've never heard of her.

SEAGOON:

Never heard of her?

MRS. DIRT:

No. There's no Muriel Blun here. You must have the wrong number.

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry.

MRS. DIRT:

I should think so, getting me out of bed like that. Goodbye!!

FX:

PHONE DOWN.

SEAGOON:

Curse. I'm always getting wrong numbers.

FX:

PHONE RINGS. HAND PIECE PICKS UP.

SEAGOON:

Hello?

FRED NURK:

Hello? Arnold?

SEAGOON:

I'm not Arnold.

FRED NURK:

Oh. Well, will you tell him Alice has had her operation?

SEAGOON:

Ying-tong-iddle-I-po!

FRED NURK:

Ta!

FX:

PHONE RINGS OFF.

SEAGOON:

Now to drink me senna-pod tea. He he he he he he!

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

WILLIUM:

'Ello, 'ello. What are you doing in this phone box, matey?

SEAGOON:

Oh! Ha ha! Hello, Constabule. I... er... I was just making a portable Zulu rest camp.

WILLIUM:

Not allowed. What's your name, mate?

SEAGOON:

Neddie Sea... ahem... Arnold. Arnold Groins.

WILLIUM:

Arnold Groins? Arnold Groins!

SEAGOON:

Yes.

WILLIUM:

Yes. 'Ere, has your Alice had her operation, yet?

SEAGOON:

Yes. It was triplets.

WILLIUM:

Triplets? I bet that shook her. She thought it was water on the knee.

SEAGOON:

How very merry for her.

WILLIUM:

Now then. I've gotta ask you a few questions. Er... where do you live?

SEAGOON:

Over there! As he turned his head I sprang out of the phone into a Green Line coach. At St.Albans I caught the 5.19 train to Edinburgh, then by plane to Manchester, on to the night sleeper for Crewe, there I disguised myself, caught a private hire car to Denham, ran three miles across ploughed fields until I finally reached my destination. (PUFFS)

WILLIUM:

Just one more question, mate.

SEAGOON:

What?

WILLIUM:

Are you a murderer?

SEAGOON:

Murderer? Let me have a look in my diary. Hmm it's... No. No, I'm not.

WILLIUM:

Oh. That's a pity, innit. You see, I gets promotion if I catches murderers. You can't get 'em you know. Goodbye, mate.

SEAGOON:

Goodbye, Constable. Ha ha! Phew. That was a close shave. If I'd have been a murderer he'd have had me.

WILLIUM:

Yes, I would've, I tell you, I...

SEAGOON:

I say, look here!

WILLIUM:

What?

SEAGOON:

Will you kindly not interrupt my act while I'm trying to entertain these nice ladies and gentlemen here. Stand aside while I knock on the door of the rest home for senna-pod addicts.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR.

MINNIE:

(OFF) Ahhhhh! We'll all be murdered in our beds.

SEAGOON:

Open up.

MINNIE:

(OFF) Did you live in Whitechapel in 1886?

SEAGOON:

No!

MINNIE:

You can't be too careful. They haven't caught that 'Jack the Ripper' yet, buddy.

SEAGOON:

Rubbish. He hasn't been heard of for sixty-seven years.

MINNIE:

Ahhhhh! Yuckabakoo. He's just waiting for the hue and cry to die down, and then...

SEAGOON:

And then what?

MINNIE:

We'll all be murdered in our beds!

FX:

REPEATED HAMMERING ON DOOR.

SEAGOON:

Open this door or I'll break my arm down.

FX:

MULTIPLE LOCKS, CHAINS, BOLTS BEING UNFASTENED. MINNIE CONTINUES MUMBLING OVER...

MINNIE:

Come in. Wipe your feet, buddy. Wipe your boots as well, will you?

SEAGOON:

I want to see Mr. Crun.

MINNIE:

Ahhhh-um. Henry!

CRUN:

(OFF) What, Minnie?

MINNIE:

Henry. There's a... You're always upstairs when I want you, buddy.

CRUN:

(OFF) Don't you tell me where I am.

MINNIE:

What?

FX:

APPROACHING BOOTS DOWN A STAIRCASE.

BANNISTER & CRUN:

(ARGUMENT EXTENDED)

SEAGOON:

Excuse me! Excuse me!!

MINNIE:

This is not an 'excuse me'.

CRUN:

Next dance!

ORCHESTRA:

PARADIDDLE ON DRUM KIT WITH CYMBAL CUT-OFF.

SEAGOON:

I want to be shown to my room. I must have peace and quiet.

CRUN:

Of course. Of course. I understand, yes.

MINNIE:

You must have peace and...

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

CRUN:

In here.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

CRUN:

I'll just open the window.

FX:

WINDOW SLIDES UP.

GRAMS:

MULTIPLE STEAM ENGINE HOOTERS IN VARIOUS KEYS. NOISES OF SHUNTING. CONTINUES UNDER...

CRUN:

There. Your room overlooks the station.

SEAGOON:

Does it? Let me see. By heavens, so it does.

MINNIE:

Would you like the wireless on Buddy?

GRAMS:

GRADUALLY SWELL SHUNTING NOISE.

SEAGOON:

For heavens sake, shut the window!!

FX:

WINDOW PULLED DOWN.

GRAMS:

SUDDEN STOP.

SEAGOON:

I was sent here for my peace of mind.

CRUN:

Were you? Well, it hasn't arrived, yet. D'you know why?

SEAGOON:

No.

CRUN:

You can't get the wood you know. You can't...

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhh! Come in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GREENSLADE:

Mr. Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GREENSLADE:

The Confessions of a Secret Senna-Pod Drinker part four in which Neddie is given treatment.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

FX:

DOOR SLAMS.

SEAGOON:

That evening, as Wallace Greenslade has just forecast, I started my rest cure.

CRUN:

Um, um. Now, Neddie, this is where we give you complete silence.

SEAGOON:

Oh. That's what my Doctor prescribed.

CRUN:

Oh. Is it National Health silence?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

CRUN:

Oh, dear. The National Health silence is a bit noisy, you know. Why don't you have a private patient's silence?

SEAGOON:

What does that sound like?

CRUN:

It sounds like this...

(PAUSE, 5 SECONDS)

SEAGOON:

Jolly good.

CRUN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

I'll have some of that. Well, what size silences have you got?

CRUN:

Well, we've got the luxury one that goes from here...

(COMPLETE SILENCE. 3 SECONDS)

CRUN:

...to there.

SEAGOON:

That's about the size I want.

CRUN:

Oh, good.

SEAGOON:

Good.

CRUN:

Minnie? Wrap up a full length silence, please.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, in case you too are interested in purchasing a quantity of silence, here are a few samples. First this...

(COMPLETE SILENCE, 5 SECONDS)

GREENSLADE:

And this is for Ladies...

(COMPLETE SILENCE, 2 SECONDS)

GREENSLADE:

Or perhaps *this* is more in your line...

(COMPLETE SILENCE, 6 SECONDS)

MILLIGAN:

I don't like it. I don't like it at all.

CRUN:

There, Mr. Seagoon. We've put all your silence in this tin trunk. Get in and try it.

FX:

BODY GETTING INTO TIN TRUNK.

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you very much.

FX:

METAL LID CLOSING.

SEAGOON:

I sat back in the darkness of the trunk to enjoy the silence. I sat there a while when suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder.

ECCLES:

Hello.

SEAGOON:

Eccles! What are you doing here?

ECCLES:

I'm waiting for the big picture to start.

SEAGOON:

Picture? You long idiot, this isn't a cinema! This is a...

FLOWERDEW:

Chocolates, cigarettes, ices. Appliances.

ECCLES:

Shh! This is the trailer.

GRAMS:

MOVIE TRAILER MUSIC

TRAILER VOICE:

[SELLERS]

From the studio that gave you "Unmarried Uncles", we give you now Fred Wrecked, Son Of Oedipus. See Andrew Stuart as the voluptuous Bombay Baby. See John Snagg in The Great Water Rates Trial. And see Mario Lanzer with the great singing voice of Ray Ellington.

ELLINGTON:

Ladies and Gentlemen, take your partners for a waltz.

ORCHESTRA:

TANGO INTRODUCTION

ELLINGTON:

What? You're trying to tell me this is a waltz? I'm sure there must be... Listen fellas, I'm not that mad. This can't be a waltz.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Of course it's a waltz. Don't you know a waltz? You know, One, two, three, one, two, three... (SINGS, PROGRESSIVELY HIGHER AND HIGHER) "When you are in love, it's the loveliest night of the year!"

ELLINGTON:

You silly twisted boy you! Goodbye! Well, how's about taking your partners for a tango?

ORCHESTRA:

Dar dar dar, da da, da da... (FADES)

ELLINGTON:

Yes. The fellas think I'm stark raving mad you know. They don't think I know the difference between a waltz and a tango.

OMNES:

(OFF) Well, do yuh!?

ELLINGTON:

No.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'I CAN'T TELL A WALTZ FROM A TANGO'

ECCLES:

Shh. Here comes the big picture.

GRAMS:

EPIC THEME.

SELLERS:

(RECORDING) "For the first time on any screen we present 'Confessions of a Secret Senna-Pod Drinker' part five."

GRAMS:

AFRICAN DRUMS, NATIVE SINGING IN DISTANCE. CONTINUE UNDER.

ECCLES:

Hey, look. Ain't this an exciting picture?

SEAGOON:

Gad! That trunk looks exactly like the one we're in. And they're setting fire to it.

ECCLES:

Yeah. Hey, is it... um... is it my imagination or is it getting hot in here?

SEAGOON:

Excuse me.

FX:

SOUND OF METAL TRUNK BEING OPENED.

SEAGOON:

I jumped out of the trunk and to my horror discovered it was surrounded by African natives! So I jumped back in again.

FX:

SOUND OF METAL TRUNK BEING OPENED.

ECCLES:

Oh! Here! You know what happened while you were gone?

SEAGOON:

What?

ECCLES:

A little feller jumped out of that trunk and jumped back in again! Hohohohoho! Good picture!

SEAGOON:

I don't believe it.

ECCLES:

Hey, look! Here, look! There's a big native there, he's opening the trunk.

FX:

LID BEING OPENED

ECCLES:

And - oh! - he's pulled the little fellow out again. Mr. Seagoon? Ooooooooo...

GRAMS:

NATIVE DRUMMING CRESCENDOS.

ELLINGTON:

Hey! You next, cor blimey. Come out or me nut you.

SEAGOON:

Do as he says, Eccles. Those are clubs he's holding!

ECCLES:

Clubs? I beat him. I've got three spades and a diamond.

FX:

QUICK PUNCH.

ECCLES:

Here, anyone can win like that.

ELLINGTON:

Come. Me take you see my chief.

SEAGOON:

Who's your chief?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I am! I am the dreaded chief. Enter Bluebottle from across the sea. Puts on cardboard witchdoctor's set, straps on feather-lined loincloth. Tee hee hee! It tickles! Tee hee hee!

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle! You?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Silence, you little white pudding. I'm no longer called Blunebottle. Do you know what I am called now?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm now Kalamala Kalamagu Kingpins, the maker of the rain. I'll show you. Moves left, picks up watering can, sprinkles floor.

OMNES:

(NATIVE) Ooooh. Ooooh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you, my tribe. Thank you. Thank you, my tribe. It was nothing. Nothing. There'll be another matinee at two-fifteen.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, how did you become their chief?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It was agony. They was going to dead me, you know? Suddenly I took my teeth out and I showed them round.

SEAGOON:

But you haven't got false teeth.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I know, it was agony.

SEAGOON:

What's going to happen to me?

ELLINGTON:

Me no like-um you, cor blimey, white man. Bring stick that go bang! Kill 'em...

SEAGOON:

This is not stick that goes bang. This is umbrella. No go bang. Look, look, I point at my head to prove...

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

SEAGOON:

Call a doctor!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh! Oh! I came as soon as I got your letter.

SEAGOON:

Help me, doctor. I'm in a senna-pod delirium. I imagine I'm in Africa surrounded by natives.

BLOODNOK:

Nonsense, utter nonsense. I'll cure you, lad. I'll soon cure you. Now just lay down out there in the tropical sun. Now put these bits of bread on your chest. Right?

FX:

WHISTLE

BLOODNOK:

Curse. Where are those blasted vultures? They're never here when you want them.

SEAGOON:

Vultures? Where?

GRAMS:

HORSES HOOVES

BLOODNOK:

Ah. Here they are. Right, now get dismounted, lads and start hovering around. The bread's on top and the meat's underneath and a merry Christmas!

SEAGOON:

Vultures? On horse back? Merry Christmas? Yes, now I knew what....

ORCHESTRA:

"HOME SWEET HOME" ON AMATEUR SOLO FIDDLE.

SEAGOON:

Not now, Podson! Now I knew that... that I really was in the last stages of a senna-pod delirium. Bluebottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes my captain? Thinks: I'm not really here. I'm just a figgement of his tortured imagination.

SEAGOON:

Thinks: Is this true?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thinks: He is thinking it is true.

SEAGOON:

Thinks: I wonder if he thinks that I thinks that thinks that it thinks that it is true I thinks?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thinks: Marilyn Monroe. Eeheheheehe! That's a nice thinks. I'll think of that again. Thinks again. Can see Marilyn in flimsy negligee. She's going into the shower bath! Tee hee hee! Thinks: My school days are over. Oh! She's closed the door. Knocks.

FX:

KNOCKING.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Marilyn, may I come inge?

ECCLES:

(OFF) No, you can't. Oh, ho, ho! Oh, it's good to be alive in here!

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, Eccles. You have entered my thinks. Thinks: End of 'thinks' routine. Prepares for big funny joke. Look! I put my head in the mangle. Olé! Not a sausage. Exits left with flat head and loose teeth in handkerchief.

GRAMS:

HARRY LIME THEME. GRADUALLY SPEEDED UP TO INFINITY.

MILLIGAN:

I don't like it. I don't like it at all.

SEAGOON:

Neither do I. I can't stand it. I'm going mad!

BLOODNOK:

There, there, lad. You're only imagining all this.

SEAGOON:

Yes?

BLOODNOK:

Now then, where's your old wallet, eh?

SEAGOON:

In my boot. But... why are you taking it?

BLOODNOK:

I'm not taking it, laddie.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

BLOODNOK:

Taking your wallet? Why, you're only imagining I'm taking it. Now let me see...

FX:

NOTES RUSTLING.

BLOODNOK:

One, two, three... five... ten... eleven... twenty-three... You're only imagining this, remember.

SEAGOON:

Of course.

BLOODNOK:

Twenty four... twenty five... twenty eight pounds. Any more of this imaginary money?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

Thanks. Imaginary taxi!

GRAMS:

CAR APPROACHES.

BLOODNOK:

To the best imaginary hotel.

GRAMS:

CAR SPEEDS OFF.

SEAGOON:

(FRANTIC) Hey! Don't imaginary leave me. You can't leave me alone in this pitiless imaginary desert. Imaginary HELP!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH.

WILLIUM:

Hello, mate. Have you done a murder yet?

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Very recently.

FX:

TRUNK LID OPENING.

CRUN:

Now what's all the noise in the trunk, Mr. Seagoon?

CRUN:

You've had a full hour's silence in there, buddy.

SEAGOON:

The rest home! I'm back! It was all a dream.

CRUN:

Drink this.

CRUN:

Yes.

FX:

CHINA CUP AND SAUCER RATTLING.

SEAGOON:

Mm. (SWALLOWS) Yeuch! (SPITS) What was it?

CRUN:

Senna-pod tea.

SEAGOON:

But I didn't like it. I'm cured! Right, everyone out of that trunk for the finale. Come on! Out you go!

OMNES:

MUMBLING

BLOODNOK:

Right. All hold hands! Chickadee snitch! All together!

ORCHESTRA:

'RIDING ALONG ON THE CREST OF A WAVE'

CAST:

(SINGS) We're riding along on the crest of a wave,
And the sun is in the sky!
All our eyes on the distant horizon,
Look out for passers-by.

SELLERS:

We'll do the hailing,
When all the ships around are sailing.

ALL:

We're riding along on the crest of a wave,
And the world is ours.

MILLIGAN:

We're riding along on the crest of a wave,
And the sun is in the sky!

SELLERS:

Chickadee snitch, son.

MILLIGAN:

All our eyes on the distant horizon,
Look out for passers by.

SEAGOON:

We'll do the hailing,
When all the ships around are sailing.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh! We're riding along on the crest of a wave,
(WITH MIN) And the world is ours.

ORCHESTRA:

GOON SHOW THEME.

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded program 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:

THEME UP AND OUT.