

S7 E09 - The Mystery of the Fake Neddie Seagoon

Transcribed by erklenerkle. Corrections by various people, minor tweaks by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. Something follows almost immediately.

GRAMS:

SERIES OF SOUNDS INDICATING A METAL MACHINE SLOWLY FALLING TO PIECES BIT BY BIT AT IRRITATING INTERVALS. ALL ENDS WITH DUCK CALL.

SEAGOON:

Ah, they don't make things like that any more.

GREENSLADE:

What was it, Mr. Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Me.

GREENSLADE:

You mean that at one time they were mass-producing Neddie Seagoons?

SEAGOON:

Only a limited number for connoisseurs, you understand.

GREENSLADE:

Mm-hmm.

SEAGOON:

You see, at that time there were only a limited number of connoisseurs.

GREENSLADE:

Are you implying that there are other Ned Seagoons in existence?

SEAGOON:

Yes. But there's only one signed original.

GREENSLADE:

Ah? And who owns that?

SEAGOON:

My wife.

GRAMS:

FAST CHATTERING OF A WOMAN'S VOICE AT VERY HIGH SPEED. ACTUALLY, BLOODNOK'S LINE FROM 'MARY CELESTE (SOLVED): "ALL LIES, DO YOU HEAR ME? LIES! I WAS IN BANGALORE AT THE TIME. I DENY EVERY WORD! ")

SEAGOON:

Coming, dear! I'm the master really, you know.

GREENSLADE:

(CYNICALLY) Yes, I'm sure you are, dear.

SEAGOON:

Oh! Stop taking the mickey! *I'm* the funny man, I get the laughs in this show. Watch.

GRAMS:

ROARS OF LAUGHTER

GREENSLADE:

Mr. Seagoon! Pull your trousers up at once. This is not I.T.V. television! This is not I.T.V. television! Now, if you'll just shave your head and...

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What?

GREENSLADE:

...put on this bald ginger wig, you'll be ready for your part in - 'The Great Art Mystery'.

ECCLES:

(IN BACKGROUND) Ooooooh!

GREENSLADE:

'The Case of the Fake Neddie Seagoon'.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MYSTERIOUS CHORDS

GRAMS:

SINISTER HIGH-PITCHED LAUGHTER

GRYTPYPE:

I'll never forget the day I met Neddie. The golden morning sunlight was bathing the Devon hills as he made his way through a reeking slum alley off Lyle Street.

SEAGOON:

(SINGING TO HIMSELF) By the dustbins of Rome where I met her... by the dustbins...

FX:

DUSTBIN LID BEING LIFTED

MILLIGAN:

(ALLEY CAT NOISES).

SEAGOON:

Ahhh, it's an impression of a cat done by Spike Milligan. (GIGGLES-DRAWS APPLAUSE)

MILLIGAN:

Thank you, further cat noises will follow, thank you.

SEAGOON:

Does Percy Edwards know about this? Here! Pussy! A fishbone for you... and a fishbone for me...
(GULPS)

GRAMS:

RAPID AND ROUGH KNOCKING SOUNDS.

GREENSLADE:

(OVER) Listeners - the sound you are hearing is the fishbone actually passing down Mr. Seagoon's gullet on its way South. Only with the modern miracle of wireless is this possible. We now return you to the speaking end of Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

(BURP) Oh! That's better. Aahh, now, then. Let's see what delicate morsel is in here.

FX:

DUSTBIN LID OFF

SEAGOON:

Pooh!

MORIARTY:

Aaaeerghh... Go away - this rubbish is reserved for members of Rowton House.

SEAGOON:

What are you... what are you doing in this dustbin?

GRYTPYPE:

We're waiting for the next delivery.

SEAGOON:

I have the fishing rights for all these bins, I tell you. Out you get.

MORIARTY:

Aaaaaeegh! Sapristi nabbollers! Take that! This!

FX:

WHACK. SMASH! TEETH FALLING INTO CAN

SEAGOON:

Ow, my teeth! Oh-ho, har-har, my teeth! You devil of the dustbins.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie! How dare you strike Moriarty in his army boot with the full force of your teeth!

ECCLES:

What's going on here?

GRYTPYPE:

Nothing.

ECCLES:

Oh, I'd better go, then.

GREENSLADE:

The part of the mysterious stranger was played by Eccles. The rest of him was played by Rawicz and Landauer.

SEAGOON:

(GOING OFF) All of ye, clear off from these dustbins. Go on. Shoo! Get out of it!

GRYTPYPE:

(ON, QUIETLY) Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

I've just recognised him.

MORIARTY:

You have?

GRYTPYPE:

He's a Neddie Seagoon!

MORIARTY:

Ooooh! Type-Oh.

GRYTPYPE:

If he's an original Neddie Seagoon,

MORIARTY:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

(WHISPERING) He's worth a fortune.

MORIARTY:

(WHISPERING) Speak to him! Speak to him at once!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes. (ALOUD) Er... Neddie?

SEAGOON:

(APPROACHING, TOOTHLESS) What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What?

MORIARTY:

(SMACKING LIPS)

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, we... we owe you an apology.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

I should cocoa. A-ham-ha.

GRYTPYPE:

Allow me to reset your teeth free of charge.

ORCHESTRA:

QUICK HOT BREAK ON XYLOPHONE - ENDING WITH GLISS (ANDO). UPWARDS

SEAGOON:

Ta.

MORIARTY:

Thank you. Neddie... Neddie, let us escort you into your rightful dustbin, Lad.

FX:

CLANG OF DUSTBIN LID BANGED DOWN

GRYTPYPE:

Got him!

SEAGOON:

(MUFFLED) Let me out! Let me out! You devils!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty...

MORIARTY:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Let's go and get the car from somebody's garage... and take him to an art expert for cleansing and restoring.

MORIARTY:

(GOING) Ooeewww! Money! We'll make money out of him! The grisbee, ohhh!

GRAMS:

TWO WHOOSHES OFF

SEAGOON:

(ECHOEY) Curse! Trapped inside a dark, donk dustbin. But wait... (SLOWLY) there's somebody in the dustbin with me! (IN A WHISPER) He's coming over. I'll... I'll pretend I haven't seen him.

GRAMS:

RAPID, ECHOED FOOTSTEPS APPROACH FROM FAR DISTANCE AND EVENTUALLY STOP

ECCLES:

(SMACKS LIPS) He-llo. (DRAWS APPLAUSE) Ta, ta,ta.

SEAGOON:

It's the famous Eccles.

ECCLES:

It's the famous Eccles.

SEAGOON:

How did you get in this dustbin?

ECCLES:

I've got influence. I know the man at the door.

SEAGOON:

Then... then you can help me get out of here.

ECCLES:

Get out of here? Who wants to get out of a place like this? This is livin'! I've never had it so good!
Have a... have a fishbone. Have a fishbone, Neddie!

SEAGOON:

I've just had one, I don't feel so well. Listen! Listen!

ECCLES:

What? What? What?

SEAGOON:

Look! Dear listeners.

ECCLES:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

Through the bead curtains of the dustbin I saw a large dustcart draw up outside.

ECCLES:

Oh, ho!

SEAGOON:

To the sound of silent bugles, two dustmen slid to the ground and rowed themselves towards us.

ECCLES:

Yer! That's the W.V.S. Dustbin Collection Society.

SEAGOON:

Really? What's it for?

ECCLES:

They make parcels of rubbish up for the poor peoples of Acton.

SEAGOON:

What for?

ECCLES:

What for?! There's people in Acton who can't afford rubbish of their own.

SEAGOON:

Even as the famous Eccles spoke...

ECCLES:

As I spoke.

SEAGOON:

As he spoke.

ECCLES:

As I spoke.

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know this.

ECCLES:

I don't think.

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles!!

SEAGOON:

Our...

ECCLES:

Shut up! Shut... I shut up.

SEAGOON:

Our bin... you're done, 'ave you?

ECCLES:

I've done.

SEAGOON:

Our bin was hoisted aboard the ghostly dustcart and driven away to the sound of Max Geldray.

ECCLES:

Oh, I like that man.

MAX GELDRAY & ORCHESTRA:

'BOO-DAH'

MAX:

(OFF) (FADING YELL)

GRAMS:

HEAVY SPLASH

GREENSLADE:

That was Max Geldray playing an entrechat on an unloaded seagull. Next week, 'Fifty Years of Song' arranged for wardrobe and Ernest Longstaffe. Book your teeth early. And now we return you to a certain type of entertainment.

ORCHESTRA:

LAST EIGHT BARS 'LIMEHOUSE BLUES' PLAYED IN FAST 2/4 TIME

CRUN:

(SLOWLY) Ooohh...aaaoooghh...oooaaaagghh...aaaaooooooooaahh.

MINNIE:

Ohhh, dear. Oh, dear, dear, dear, oh, dear. Where are you, Henry?

CRUN:

(SPEAKS IN SYNC WITH PLONKING ON PIANO STRINGS) I'm trapped behind the rosewood piano, Min.

MINNIE:

Oh... Oh, dear, dear! Which rosewood piano are you behind, Henry?

CRUN:

Which? (PIANO PLONKING IN SYNC WITH VOICE) How many rosewood pianos have we got, Min?

MINNIE:

I'll count them, Henry. (STARTS COUNTING) One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Forty, forty-five, forty-six. Five... Fifty-six, fifty-seven. Oh, dear. (MUMBLES) Sixty-eight, Henry.

CRUN:

(PIANO PLONKS) That's the one. I'm behind one of that one, Min.

MINNIE:

Oohh... Keep still, Henry. I'll get it off your...

FX:

LONG SERIES OF LUSTY OOWWS -OOOHS- LAUGHS- PIANO PLONKS - BOOMING VIBRATIONS - THUDS. ETC.

MINNIE:

Oh! Oh! Oh! There you are, Henry, you can come out now. Ououoh! Ouuuuoooooooouughh!

CRUN:

(PIANO PLONKS) What's the matter, Min?

MINNIE:

You're... you're not behind this piano, Henry.

CRUN:

(VOICE AND PIANO PLONKS GETTING WILDLY DESPERATE) Oh, dear. You'd better find me soon, Min, you... you'd better find me soooooon...

FX:

ENERGETIC KNOCK ON DOOR

MINNIE:

Oooohhh...

CRUN:

I'll get it, Bebe.

MINNIE:

Okay, Ben. I wonder how many people will recognise that impression of modern-type radio show.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

CRUN:

What is it, gentlemen?

SPRIGGS:

I'm sorry to interrupt you in the middle of the day like this, sir, but I... I have a load of rubbish for you outside.

CRUN:

It's a music publisher, Min.

SPRIGGS:

You don't understand, sir and Maurice Burman. What I mean is... we have a dustbin of selected rubbish especially for you.

CRUN:

You mean it's free?

SPRIGGS:

Yep, not a penny piece to pay!

CRUN:

Oooohhyooooo! Min! Min!

MINNIE:

There, steady, Hen. I hope you've got your binder on.

CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

Ah, did he say rubbish?

CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

Oh, at last we can look our neighbours in the face. We've got our own rubbish!

CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

Ooohh, hallelujah.

CRUN:

Would you just leave it in the hall here, Mr. Man?

MINNIE:

Yes, yes, and... er... you must excuse the mess, sir, but we've got us in.

SPRIGGS:

(STRAINING) Ah, there, madam. And there's plenty more rubbish where that came from. England's getting back on its feet, I tell you. Good-day to you, sir.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

CRUN:

Ohh, look, Min, look.

MINNIE:

Treasure!

CRUN:

Our own rubbish at last!

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh! Henry?

CRUN:

Yes?

MINNIE:

Where shall we put it?

CRUN:

On the mantelpiece.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhh!

CRUN:

Where people can see it, Min.

MINNIE:

Oh, lovely!

SEAGOON:

(VERY MUFFLED GABBLE)

MINNIE:

Henry! The rubbish bin spoke, Henry! Ooohh.

CRUN:

It's not dead yet, Min. It's still ponging.

MINNIE:

Ohhh! Ping!!

CRUN:

Pong!!

MINNIE:

Ping!!

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Tang!

MINNIE:

Ping!!

CRUN:

Come out from inside, you coward. Come out and fight... Minnie Bannister!

FX:

LID OF DUSTBIN OFF

SEAGOON:

Please! Please help me.

ECCLES:

Please help him.

SEAGOON:

I've been kidnapped!

ECCLES:

He's been kidnapped!

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles!

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles!

CRUN:

Don't you try and lie your way out of this. You're our rubbish!

FX:

DOOR BURSTS OPEN

MINNIE:

You're our rubbish!

MORIARTY:

Aaaahhooooo... Nobody move! We've got him, Grytpype.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Neddie. Don't try anything funny, *we* want the laughs here. Now get inside that piano.

SEAGOON:

But I'm not musical.

GRYTPYPE:

I know, I bought your records.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What?

MORIARTY:

Sapristi! Stop joking! Get inside that rosewood piano.

SEAGOON:

No, it might be infectious.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't you worry, I shall drive.

SEAGOON:

I was forced at postul punt into the back of the piano and driven away at breakneck speed – by a driver with a broken neck.

GRAMS:

CAR STARTING UP VERY FAST - WITH OVERLAY OF PIANO-PLAYING AT HIGH SPEED. FADE UNDER:

MORIARTY:

Ho, ho, ho. Faster, Grytpype, faster. Can't this piano go any faster?

GRYTPYPE:

No, I'm out of practice. I haven't played for years.

GRAMS:

DISTANT POLICE GONGING APPROACHING

SEAGOON:

I'm saved! We're being gonged by a police piano!

GRAMS:

PIANO/CAR PULLS UP SUDDENLY - GONGING STOPS MUSIC SAXOPHONE - 'POLICEMAN'S HOLIDAY'

MORIARTY:

Sapristi! Here comes a police saxophonist.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty. Keep Seagoon covered with this copy of Chopin's Nocturnes.

SEAGOON:

You devil, you know I don't know it.

MORIARTY:

Oh, don't worry, you...

BASS:

[SECOMBE]

(APPROACHING) 'Allo, 'allo, what's goin' on 'ere? Do you know you're breakin' the law?

GRYTPYPE:

What's the charge?

BASS:

Playing the piano on the wrong side of the street, fine £5.

GRYTPYPE:

Well naturally, it's a French piano.

BASS:

Then the fine will be five hundred francs.

FX:

TILL

BASS:

Murky.

MORIARTY:

Murky to you!

BASS:

And here's an aerial photograph of a receipt.

ORCHESTRA:

TAA RAAA THIN CHORD CYMBAL

SELLERS:

I say, monsieur!

GREENSLADE:

Part three, in which Neddie is taken to an art expert to discover whether or not he is an original Seagoon. Over, then, to the expert.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Aaaaoh... oooooohhh! Oooooohhhh, that's better, ohhh! Never again, never again. Now, Abdul?

ABDUL:

Yes, European Major-type, sir?

BLOODNOK:

Now, here are those export masterpieces for the Americans.

ABDUL:

Hooray.

BLOODNOK:

Just check this list, will you?

ABDUL:

All right, all right.

BLOODNOK:

Original Portrait of Miss Marilyn Monroe by Michaelangelo.

ABDUL:

Ha, ha, ha! Correct, sir.

BLOODNOK:

President Eisenhower by Gainsborough.

ABDUL:

Good luck, sir. And Gainsborough by President Eisenhower.

BLOODNOK:

Excellent. Good, good, good.

ABDUL:

Good, good to you, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Vincent van Gogh by Kirk Douglas, R.A. Say, what's he doing in the Artillery?

ABDUL:

Making a film, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhhhhh!

GRAMS:

WHISTLE - TRIANGLE - FLUTE - STRAIN - TILL- POP- DUCK CALL-BURP. ALL DONE AT AN EVEN TEMPO

BLOODNOK:

Answer the door, Abdul.

ABDUL:

Right, sir.

FX:

KNOCK KNOCK

ABDUL:

Coming, sir, coming.

FX:

DOOR OPENS. KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR.

ABDUL:

Coming, sir, coming.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

ABDUL:

Coming, coming, sir.

FX:

KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR.

ABDUL:

Coming, sir.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

ABDUL:

Coming, sir, don't worry.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

BLOODNOK:

Let me open the doors, Abdul.

FX:

KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR. DOOR OPENS.

ABDUL:

I'm coming, sir.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

ABDUL:

European-type coming, all the same, sir, don't worry.

FX:

KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR.

ABDUL:

I'm coming, sir.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

ABDUL:

Coming, sir. Coming, sir.

FX:

DOOR CLOSSES. KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR.

ABDUL:

Do not get excited, now, sir, I'm coming, all the same.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES. KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR.

ABDUL:

Aye, there's nothing Bombay can do [UNCLEAR]. Coming, sir.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

ABDUL:

Coming, now.

FX:

DOOR CLOSSES.

ABDUL:

Thank you very much.

FX:

KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR.

ABDUL:

Oh, [UNCLEAR], you got [UNCLEAR], don't worry, don't worry.

FX:

KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR.

ABDUL:

Good luck with the [UNCLEAR], sir. Thank you very much, coming, sir.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

ABDUL:

Coming, sir.

FX:

KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR.

ABDUL:

Coming, sir! Don't worry, don't worry.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES. KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR.

ABDUL:

[UNCLEAR].

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES. KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR.

ABDUL:

In the name of [UNCLEAR], coming, sir.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES. KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR.

ABDUL:

Don't worry, sir, now then...

FX:

KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR.

ABDUL:

Coming, sir, coming, coming.

FX:

KNOCKING ON THE NEXT DOOR.

ABDUL:

Don't worry, sir.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

ABDUL:

Yes, sir?

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. Nervous of burglars?

MORIARTY:

Bloodnok, we want to see if this is an original Seagoon or not.

SEAGOON:

What! You're going to examine me?

BLOODNOK:

Only down wind. Now, as with all oil paintings like this...

SEAGOON:

What? I'm no oil painting.

BLOODNOK:

I'll say you're not. We must first remove the layers of centuries of dirt and grime.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What?

BLOODNOK:

Silung, painting.

GRYTPYPE:

Silung! Silung, you... you... you...

SEAGOON:

I tell you there's no need for this. I *am* the original Neddie Seagoon.

MORIARTY:

Proof!

SEAGOON:

I've got the signature on my bottom left-hand corner.

BLOODNOK:

Whose?

SEAGOON:

My father's.

BLOODNOK:

Let me see.

FX:

RIP OF CLOTH

SEAGOON:

Oooops.

BLOODNOK:

(READS) Fred Seagoon... Yes, the signature's genuine. But wait! Your bottom left-hand-corner looks to me like a forgery.

SEAGOON:

But it can't be. I use my bottom left-hand corner every day.

BLOODNOK:

We shall soon see. Quick! Get him in this bath of turpentine.

GRAMS:

SPLASH

SEAGOON:

Oooooooooeeough! (BUBBLING-GURGLING)

BLOODNOK:

Oh, yorrr...

MORIARTY:

Here, take him downwwwn.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, oh, yes!

MORIARTY:

Put him under again!

BLOODNOK:

Ahhh!

MORIARTY:

Press him under the duck!

BLOODNOK:

Now, while he's soaking, let us listen to this oil painting of Ray Ellington.

MORIARTY:

I don't wish to know that.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME'

GRAMS:

HAMMER CHIPPING ON A STONE

GREENSLADE:

The sound you are hearing, folks, is Major Bloodnok chipping away the outer layer of the Neddie Seagoon in question.

SEAGOON:

Ooops! Mind what you're doing down there, Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

Silung. Gentlemen and Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Owww.

BLOODNOK:

After extensive tests, I have removed Seagoon's outer layer...

MORIARTY:

How painful!

BLOODNOK:

...and guess what I found underneath?

MORIARTY:

What!?

BLOODNOK:

A portrait of a man in his underwear.

MORIARTY:

No!

SEAGOON:

It's a lie!

BLOODNOK:

Gentlemen, this Neddie Seagoon, is a forgery!

MORIARTY:

Owwwww.....

SEAGOON:

Me? A forgery? This is a trick! A plot! A plit! Er... a trock... a plick... a trot... I'm Seddie Neagoon! I...!
I'll say that again. It's a kick... a plock... I'm Geggie Sea...!

GREENSLADE:

Excuse me, may I help?

SEAGOON:

Ah! A trained talker. Proceed.

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. (LOUD AND CLEAR) It's a trick - a plot - I'm Neddie Seagoon.

FX:

CLANG OF DUSTBIN LID DOWN

GRYTPYPE:

Got him.

GREENSLADE:

Ahhh!

MORIARTY:

Well done, Grytpype. So... Wallace the Greenslade is the original Neddie the Seagoon, overpainted with a portrait of a BBC announcer.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, it'll... it'll take years to remove all those layers of Greenslading.

MORIARTY:

Oooohhhh...

SEAGOON:

I tell you, I am the original Neddie Seagoon.

BLOODNOK:

Nonsense! You're only a head and shoulders.

SEAGOON:

I'm a full-length portrait.

BLOODNOK:

No man your size could be a full-length...

SEAGOON:

I was 6 ft 3 when I was young, but I was struck by a lift.

MORIARTY:

Wait a minute! That may have gone well at the Palladium but listen to me... (DRAWS APPLAUSE).
Explain to me, Neddie, If you are an original Neddie Seagoon, why are you such a funny shape?

SEAGOON:

(PAUSES) I was done by Picasso.

MORIARTY:

Oooohhh...

GRYTPYPE:

Bloodnok, we're taking Greenslade to the only man who can tell us whether he's an original Greenslade or a fake Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Who's that?

GRYTPYPE:

John Snagge.

ORCHESTRA:

THIN CHORD - CHOKED CYMBAL

GRYTPYPE:

(BREATHLESS) We're back.

SEAGOON:

Well?

MORIARTY:

The Greenslade was a fake. After we removed the layers of green slade... look what we found underneath!

FX:

DUSTBIN LID UP

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hello, captain.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens, a genuine Blue Bottle by El Greco!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, Jim El Greco of Finchley. I'm going to be hung in the National Gallery.

SEAGOON:

Splendid, I must get tickets. So, *you* were the person behind Greenslade!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I was the brains. I was just using his large-type front and posh-type talking act to work my way to a position of importance in the BBC.

SEAGOON:

Silly lad! There are no positions of importance in the BBC.

MORIARTY:

I agree. Now, Sapristi! The question is – where... oooooohhhhh... where is the Original Neddie Seagoon?

BLUEBOTTLE:

My auntie's got an original Neddie Seagoon.

MORIARTY:

Oooowwww!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

MORIARTY:

I've gotta go Ooowww. Listen! Little friend of man. Little nice... little nice cardboard mate.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oyeeee!

MORIARTY:

If I give you this quarter of dolly mixtures, would you show me this original?

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SPELLBOUND) Cor! Dolly mixtures! Thinks: with that quarter of dolly mixture, I can show him the original thing.

MORIARTY:

Ooohhh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Follow me!

ORCHESTRA:

TA RAAAA THIN CHORD. CYMBAL CRASH

BLUEBOTTLE:

Part two.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR. DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Good evening, madam. Erm... we understand you have an original.

MINNIE:

Ooaa, mn, oh, dear, mn, mn. Oh, come in, will you, I...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, hello Auntie. Hello, Auntie Min.

MINNIE:

It's young Bottle! Why aren't you at school, Bottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's broken up for winter. They're using it as firewood.

MINNIE:

Oh, I love those old Etonian customs.

GRYTPYPE:

(RESTRAINED IMPATIENCE) Yes, yes, yes, madam.

MINNIE:

I've [UNCLEAR] them a million times.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Could we inspect the... er... original?

MINNIE:

I don't know where, Henry... he's behind a rosewood piano, you know. He's been there 18 years, I... he must need a shave, now.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Never mind, Auntie. I know where it is, it's in this dustbin.

FX:

DUSTBIN LID OFF

ECCLES:

Hallo!

GRYTPYPE:

This idiot isn't an original Seagoon.

ECCLES:

This idiot is the famous Eccles.

BLOODNOK:

Wait a moment. I recognise that thin veneer.

ECCLES:

Well!

BLOODNOK:

Quick! Get behind this X-ray screen.

ECCLES:

Right!

FX:

CONTINUOUS ELECTRIC BUZZER SOUND

ECCLES:

Oooh ooohhh!

BLOODNOK:

Just as I thought.

ECCLES:

What?

BLOODNOK:

He's had a plate of porridge for breakfast.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) Feed line. (ALoud) How do you know?

BLOODNOK:

I can see the plate. Quick! Quick!

ECCLES:

Not a good...

BLOODNOK:

Chuck him in this bath of turpentine.

GRAMS:

SPLASH

ECCLES:

(GURGGLING NOISES IN WATER)

MORIARTY:

Get him in. Get him in. Get him in.

BLOODNOK:

So...

ECCLES:

Oh! Here! Here! Help!

GRAMS:

SPLASH. THEN PRE-RECORDING:

GRAMS:

(HARRY) OOOOH... Help! Help!

BLOODNOK:

What?! Oh! What the...?

SEAGOON:

Help!

BLOODNOK:

Look! Just as I thought! The Eccles has washed away revealing an original Neddie Seagoon by Elder the Breughel.

SEAGOON:

Rubbish! That man is not an original Seagoon!

SEAGOON 2:

(SEAGOON 2 - ECHOEY) I'll have you know I am!'

SEAGOON 1:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What?

SEAGOON 2:

(SEAGOON 2 - ECHOEY) Please don't do that full-face.

SEAGOON 1:

I... I... I... I... I can prove that I'm the original Seagoon. Listen: (SINGS BRIEF FAST SCALE)

SEAGOON 2:

(SEAGOON 2 - ECHOEY) (SINGS MUCH BETTER AND HIGHER) (SLIGHTLY SPED UP) Let that be a lesson to you, you impostor!

(BOTH SEAGOONS START ARGUING WILDLY, SPED UP)

SEAGOON 1:

Look, I'm not an imposter! I'm not an imposter!

SEAGOON 2:

[UNCLEAR] that face telling me you're not an imposter.

SEAGOON 1:

(SOUNDS LIKE) I've got to get an eye on it. I say!

SEAGOON 2:

[UNCLEAR] here! Wellll, my fellow with the face that ladies [UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON 1:

I...

SEAGOON 2:

Follow the man [UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON 1:

I can't hear him, what are you saying? Eh?

SEAGOON 2:

I don't wish to know this. Take that stomach off. I know you, you were struck by a lift when you were 12.

ECCLES:

What?

SEAGOON 2:

Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop!

ECCLES:

Don't let him get away with it.

SEAGOON 2:

Who was that lady I saw you with last night?

SEAGOON 1:

That was no lady, that was my wife.

SEAGOON 2:

I don't wish to know that. I say, [UNCLEAR] in this theatre. Take that stomach off, now.

SEAGOON 1:

Get 'aht of it!

SEAGOON 2:

(SINGS)

BLOODNOK:

Stop! Stop! Stop! Look, stop! No, stop! Stop! Please, please, stop!

SEAGOON 2:

Little short, fat fellow with the glasses, 'e's been doing 'is nut.

BLOODNOK:

Stop, please. Just a moment, stand side by side. Now, listeners - dear listeners, take a good look - and decide which one you think is the... is the genuine Neddie Seagoon. The end follows almost immediately. Good-night. (MUTTERING, GOING OFF) I don't know how we get away with it...

ORCHESTRA:

'LUCKY STRIKE'

GREENSLADE:

(OVER MUSIC) That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray and the orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stephens. ANNOUNCER: Wallace Greenslade. The programme was produced by Pat Dixon.

ORCHESTRA:

SIG. TUNE UP TO END.

MAX & QUARTET:

'STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY'