

## S7 E14 - Emperor of the Universe

Transcribed by the GPS. Minor tweaks by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

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**GREENSLADE:**

This is the BBC.

**FX:**

GONG

**SEAGOON:**

And beautifully preserved, too.

**GREENSLADE:**

Yes, that's because we always keep it under glass.

**SEAGOON:**

I see. Mr. Greenslade, I've just noticed. Do you always do your announcing without any clothes on?

**GREENSLADE:**

No, but this is a special occasion. Presenting...

**FX:**

GONG

**GREENSLADE:**

Emperor of the Universe.

**SEAGOON:**

I say... that sounds sinister.

**GREENSLADE:**

Yes. Now, put on this black trilby with a zip front, release these racing vultures and prepare yourself to take part in Bulldog Seagoon's first case, entitled...

**FX:**

GONG

**ORCHESTRA:**

'FOGGY LONDON' THEME

**GRAMS:**

FOGHORNS, DOCK SOUNDS, TROTting HORSE APPROACHING ON COBBLESTONES

**MILLIGAN:**

(OVER HORSE, CLUCKING LIKE A CHICKEN)

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS

**SEAGOON:**

Gad, Algy, it's a dark, dank October evening in London.

**ALGY:**

[MILLIGAN]

Yes, Bulldog.

**SEAGOON:**

Yuckoo.

**ALGY:**

And a thick fog is swirling against the window panes of your apartment overlooking the River Thames in London. Lighting-up time, six-forty-flum.

**SEAGOON:**

High tide, pleet twill.

**ALGY:**

(GIBBERISH).

**SEAGOON:**

Yes, Algernon. And here on the walls of my study at eleventeen Sussex Gardens...

**ALGY:**

Yes.

**SEAGOON:**

Are the fruits of eighty years globe-trotting and rug-making.

**ALGY:**

Yes, indeed, Bulldog. And standing there, in your Norfolk jacket and drawers, you must be terribly, terribly proud of your collection of weapons.

**SEAGOON:**

Jove, indeed, Algernon.

**FX:**

MATCH BEING STRUCK

**SEAGOON:**

As I draw casually on my pipe... (BRIEFLY DRAWS ON PIPE)... letting a luxuriant whisp of smoke escape from the bowl...

**ALGY:**

Really.

**SEAGOON:**

I insert a fresh whisp and say, 'Yes, there you see the Ghurka kukri'.

**ALGY:**

Kukri.

**SEAGOON:**

It's a cook'ry book! This is the Zulu assegai.

**ALGY:**

An' assegai who done it.

**SEAGOON:**

Up to... I don't wish to know that, Algernoon. Up here on the floor of the Prussian Sabre and there... there, Algernoon...

**ALGY:**

(ASIDE) Here, he clenched his lips and the knuckles show white to the ears on his skin.

**SEAGOON:**

Yes, Algernoon, there we have surely the most dreaded weapon of all, the British rolled newspaper.

**ALGY:**

Yes, indeed, sir. An awesome sight, Bulldog.

**SEAGOON:**

True, Algy, true. These lumps on my head could tell a tale.

**ALGY:**

Then why don't they?

**SEAGOON:**

I've sworn them to silence.

**ALGY:**

A well-chosen spoken word.

**SEAGOON:**

Needle nardle noo.

**ALGY:**

More... more devilish brandy, sir?

**SEAGOON:**

Just a chota pint.

**ALGY:**

Right. Milk and sugar?

**SEAGOON:**

Please. One sugar and two milks. I'm on the water-wagon, you know.

**ALGY:**

I wondered why you looked so tall.

**SEAGOON:**

Ye-es. I'm driving. I say.

**ALGY:**

Yes?

**SEAGOON:**

I say, Algernoon, ha ha... I... I say, have you... have you seen this rather interesting item in The Times? 'Government officials are concerned by the alarming decrease in the number of Englishmen per capita'.

**ALGY:**

Good heavens, Bulldog! This is right up your street!

**SEAGOON:**

Yes, that's why I live here.

**ALGY:**

Really?

**SEAGOON:**

Aha, ha, ha. Ha, ha, well... yes. Well, I... I... you know, I wouldn't be surprised at all if even as I speak I received a phone call from the Guv...

**FX:**

PHONE RINGS, RECEIVER PICKED UP

**SEAGOON:**

(YORKSHIRE ACCENT) Just a moment, I've not done yet!

**FX:**

RECEIVER HUNG UP

**SEAGOON:**

(QUICKLY) From the Government.

**FX:**

PHONE RINGS, RECEIVER PICKED UP

**SEAGOON:**

There they are now.

**FX:**

PHONE CLICKS

**SEAGOON:**

Hello? This is Spon 3829.

**GERALDO:**

[SELLERS]

(ON PHONE) Is that Mingely 0607?

**SEAGOON:**

No, This is, er... (PAUSE)

**GERALDO:**

(ON PHONE) What is the number?

**SEAGOON:**

I've just read it. This is 'Nurglar, oh, oh, oh, oh'.

**GERALDO:**

(ON PHONE) Have you hurt yourself?

**SEAGOON:**

Only in the past. Mm.

**GERALDO:**

(ON PHONE) And the best time to do it, too. I'm speaking for the Foreign Secretary. He's having his teeth repaired.

**SEAGOON:**

Really? He should have had them lagged, this weather. (AHEM)

**GERALDO:**

(ON PHONE) Listen, Bulldog, it's regarding the missing Englishmen. Can you come over here right away?

**SEAGOON:**

Certainly.

**FX:**

PHONE RECEIVER HUNG UP, PHONE RINGS, RECEIVER PICKED UP

**SEAGOON:**

Hello?

**GERALDO:**

(ON PHONE) Goodbye.

**FX:**

PHONE RECEIVER HUNG UP

**SEAGOON:**

Algy, tell the chauffeur to drive my boots around.

**ALGY:**

Wouldn't plimsolls be faster, sir?

**SEAGOON:**

Of course. Hurry!

**ALGY:**

Right.

**ORCHESTRA:**

'DICK BARTON HURRY' LINK

**FX:**

THREE SLOW KNOCKS ON DOOR

**SEAGOON:**

On the Foreign Office door. Just thought I'd let you know where I was, folks. Aha ha ha.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS

**SEAGOON:**

As I entered the Foreign Secretary's office, I became aware of a distinguished white face peering down from the top of an airing cupboard.

**GRYTPYPE:**

(OFF) Morning! Sit down.

**SEAGOON:**

Sit down! Ah,ha, ha, ha, hay, ah, oh, ho-hooo. The plot thickens.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Yes. Bulldog, have a bus ticket.

**SEAGOON:**

Well, just a tuppenny one.

**FX:**

TICKET BEING PUNCHED

**SEAGOON:**

(SNIFF) Mm. Mmm. (SMACKING OF LIPS) Delicious.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Yes, they're hand-punched, do you know.

**SEAGOON:**

I might have guessed. My father smoked fourpennies, they go further.

**MORIARTY:**

Owwwowwowww.

**SEAGOON:**

(MIMIC) Owww.

**MORIARTY:**

Quelle brilliant grasp of la panan. Oowwww.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Keep quiet in there, Moriarty.

**MORIARTY:**

Oww.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Now, Bulldog, you've heard about this mysterious disappearance of Englishmen. In one year, twenty-five million have vanished.

**SEAGOON:**

England is short of Englishmen?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Desperately.

**SEAGOON:**

Are Welshmen short, too?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Just look at you!

**SEAGOON:**

Duck's disease, the curse of the Seagoons!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Yes, it must be hell down there!

**SEAGOON:**

It is!

**GRYTPYPE:**

There, there, there, have...

**SEAGOON:**

(OVERCOME) Ahhhhhh!

**GRYTPYPE:**

... another bus ticket, please.

**SEAGOON:**

No, no, no, you have one of mine.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Oh, thank you. If you don't mind, I'll clip it later.



**SEAGOON:**

Of course. Now, this shortage of Englishmen, is it having repercussions?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Is it?

**SEAGOON:**

Yes.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Do you know what gilt-edged Englishmen are fetching on the Stock Exchange? Fifty pounds apiece.

**SEAGOON:**

Who's paying fifty pounds apiece for Englishmen?

**GRYTPYPE:**

English women. Depending on the piece they're after, of course.

**SEAGOON:**

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

**MILLIGAN:**

(CHICKEN CLUCKING)

**SEAGOON:**

What? (CHICKEN CLUCKING)

**GRYTPYPE:**

Please don't do that with your head on. Spoils the view.

**SEAGOON:**

How can I help England in its darkest hour?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Turn on your radio and I'll tell you.

**GRAMS:**

RADIO SWITCHED ON, OSCILLATIONS

**GRYTPYPE:**

(OVER, DISTORT AS ON RADIO) Now, Bulldog, solve this mystery and we'll pay you a fee of two long green things with nails in the end.

**SEAGOON:**

At last! A fortune in long green things with nails in the end! I'll commence investigooshuns immonilenity. Goodbye!

**GRAMS:**

WHOOSH

**GRYTPYPE:**

Alright Moriarty, he's gone. You can come out of that fountain pen now.

**MORIARTY:**

(LONG GROAN)

**FX:**

POP

**MORIARTY:**

Ah! Right. Grytpype, I nearly drowned in there!

**GRYTPYPE:**

I'm sorry, Moriarty, I refilled the pen without thinking. Take a message.

**MORIARTY:**

Right.

**FX:**

TYPING

**GRYTPYPE:**

No no, don't use the typewriter, you might be overheard.

**MORIARTY:**

Right. I'll use a saw. Then no-one will saw it except me.

**GRYTPYPE:**

It's bad English but a good excuse.

**MORIARTY:**

Thank you.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Now, saw out this address and don't fret. It's um...

**MILLIGAN:**

(OFF) Triumph of writing, folks.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Quelle sparkling dialogue, Moriarty. Address it to Mr., er...

**FX:**

GONG

**GRYTPYPE:**

... Emperor of the Universe.

**FX:**

SAWING WOOD

**GRYTPYPE:**

(OVER) Disappearing Englishmen causing Government to be suspicious.

**MORIARTY:**

(OVER SAWING) Not too fast, not too fast.

**GRYTPYPE:**

(OVER SAWING) Have succeeded in putting a right Charlie on the job. Assure you he is too stupid to discover anything. Signed, Grypype-Thynne, acting Foreign Secretary.

**MORIARTY:**

How do you spell that?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Er... give me that saw.

**FX:**

SAWING

**GRYTPYPE:**

(OVER) G-R-Y-T-P-Y-P-E T-H-Y-N-N-E. P.S. Find enclosed one Max Geldray.

**MORIARTY:**

Ah, yes, get on...

**MUSIC:**

MAX GELDRAY PLAYS 'EXACTLY LIKE YOU'

**SEAGOON:**

Silence, please!

**GELDRAI:**

Hi!

**SEAGOON:**

(FIGHT ANNOUNCER) Ladiiiies...

**MINNIE:**

Ohh!

**SEAGOON:**

(FIGHT ANNOUNCER) ...and gentlemeeeen. (NORMAL) I have just been told of an incident which may give us an important clue to the missing Englishmen. Odium?

**ODIUM:**

[MILLIGAN]

Yah. (GIBBERISH)

**SEAGOON:**

Start up the car.

**ODIUM:**

(GIBBERISH) (IMPRESSION OF CAR STARTING UP, CHANGING GEARS, MOTORING ALONG. FADES INTO DISTANCE)

**SEAGOON:**

I don't know where he gets the petrol from. After him!

**GRAMS:**

MANY BOOTS RUNNING AWAY... FADES

**MILLIGAN:**

(PAUSE, THEN IMPRESSION OF CAR APPROACHING, SCREECH OF BRAKES, STOPS)

**SEAGOON:**

Ah. This looks like the place in the script.

**FX:**

KNOCKING ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS

**HENRY:**

Ah, come in Mr. Seagoon.

**MINNIE:**

Come in, Seagoon.

**SEAGOON:**

Now, what's gone wrong?

**HENRY:**

It's our Irish cook, Ray Ellington.

**ELLINGTON:**

(APPROACHING, MUTTERS CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

**SEAGOON:**

Little shirts of linen! He's turned into a Chinese! When did this happen?

**ELLINGTON:**

(CHINESE) After breakfast.

**SEAGOON:**

What did you eat?

**ELLINGTON:**

(CHINESE) Imported Chinese egg.

**SEAGOON:**

Which way did it go?

**ELLINGTON:**

(CHINESE) Downwards.

**SEAGOON:**

Quick! After it!

**MILLIGAN:**

(IMPRESSION OF SPEEDING CAR)

**HENRY:**

(OVER) Stop, there's no need to...

**MILLIGAN:**

(IMPRESSION CAR SCREECHES TO A STOP)

**HENRY:**

... no need to, I've got a duplicate Chinese egg here under this piano leg.

**SEAGOON:**

Professer Jympton, put that egg under the eggsray.

**JYMPTON:**

[SELLERS]

Right, sir, I'll just take its hat off first. Now.

**FX:**

CLICK, BUZZING

**JYMPTON:**

(OVER BUZZING) Jove, look what's inside the egg! A white and a yolk! But observe, sir, what's in the centre.

**SEAGOON:**

(LONG GROAN) It looks like a...

**JYMPTON:**

False pigtail.

**SEAGOON:**

You... you mean, if... if... if... if... (SNEEZES) achoo! If an Englishman were unwittingly to swallow that pigtail, he'd... turn into a Chinese?

**JYMPTON:**

Indubitably, sir.

**SEAGOON:**

Don't mess about, yes or no?

**JYMPTON:**

Yes.

**SEAGOON:**

What's this stamped on the shell? 'Chinese Egg Refinery, Proprietors...

**FX:**

GONG

**SEAGOON:**

... and Sons! Mm, we've no time to waste. Take the next tram out to China!

**MILLIGAN:**

(CHINESE) Al-light then.

**GRAMS:**

TRAM BELL, TRAM MOVES OFF, GAINS SPEED, FADES...

**ORCHESTRA:**

BRIEF SEA-TRAVEL LINK

**GRAMS:**

WAVES AGAINST SIDE OF BOAT

**SEAGOON:**

(OVER) Do the old chat, Wal.

**GREENSLADE:**

We present...

**FX:**

GONG

**GREENSLADE:**

... Part Two. If listeners who can afford it will hire launches, they will be able to draw alongside the police tram as it sails slowly through the China Sea to Peking. I will leave the BBC microphone on board the tram...

**MILLIGAN:**

(OFF) Well done, yes.

**GREENSLADE:**

... so that you may hear those little witticisms that sailors are wont to utter.

**GRAMS:**

WAVES, THEN FADE UNDER...

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

(OVER) You ever been in a tram at sea before, Eccles?

**ECCLES:**

Um... no. No, but... No, but I... I've bee... I've been on a trolley-bus up the Edgware Road.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Oh, dat is a naughty road.

**ECCLES:**

Yeah. And it was nearly mmmmidnight.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Cor!

**ECCLES:**

An... and... and do you know, da bus conductor... was a woman!

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

(ECSTATIC) Ayiohhh! My knees are goin' up and down! Wippy woppy wippy! Ahheehee! What did you say to her, Eccles?

**ECCLES:**

I... I... I... I said, um...

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Yes?

**ECCLES:**

Oh, no, you're too young, you're too young!

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

No, no, come on, Eccles, I'm older since you said dat.

**ECCLES:**

Oh, alright, den. Yeah, but don't... don't tell anybody dis, will you.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

No.

**ECCLES:**

I wa... I... I went up to her and I said, 'A two-and-a-half to Kilburn, please'.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

(DEFLATED) I do not t'ink much o' dat, Eccles.

**ECCLES:**

Ah, but it was da way I said it! I said it like dis...

**ORCHESTRA:**

HARP FLOURISH

**ECCLES:**

(DREAMY) 'Ello, Miss. Two and a half... to Kilburn.



**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Ohh. You've lived a life of sin, you have. Oh, you... oh.

**ECCLES:**

Oh. 'Ere, you... you... you ever been on a bus with a woman conductor?

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Yes...

**ECCLES:**

Oh.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

... I have.

**ECCLES:**

Ohh. Wippy.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Wippy, woppy, woopee!

**ECCLES:**

My knees are goin' now.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Here...

**ECCLES:**

Did you talk to her?

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

No, I did not, because I was in a brown paper parcel under da stairs.

**ECCLES:**

Oh? Why?

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

My Scottish uncle was takin' me for a bus ride.

**ECCLES:**

Ohh.

**SEAGOON:**

Alright, you two, that's your spot over. Settle down. Now, we're coming into Shanghai harbour.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Oh, I'll put my hat on den.

**ECCLES:**

I... I put mine on.

**SEAGOON:**

Stop the tram, drop anchor and change the seats round facing the other way. All ashore! And keep your eyes open for a man called...

**FX:**

GONG

**ORCHESTRA:**

SHORT CHINESE VERSION OF 'LIMEHOUSE BLUES'

**SEAGOON:**

It'll never get on the hit parade.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

No ad-libbing there, captain.

**SEAGOON:**

Needle, nardle noo.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

I thought dat someone else was goin' to say a line, den.

**SEAGOON:**

Silung, gerblunden. Or I'll cancel your subscription to 'The Sunbathing Weekly'.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Oh, what pain! Just when I'd entered the 'Beautiful Britain' snapshot contest.

**SEAGOON:**

Now, I wonder where...

**FX:**

GONG

**SEAGOON:**

... and his Chinese Eggery are?

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

I have got a Boy Scout street map o' Shanghai in da linin' o' my toggle.

**ECCLES:**

Ohh!

**SEAGOON:**

Let's see.

**FX:**

PAPER UNFOLDING

**SEAGOON:**

Ohh, yes. Now, we're in this street here.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

(INDIGNANT) We know dat!

**SEAGOON:**

No, if we go up this street here and ahh...there's the Egg Refinery there.

**ECCLES:**

Right, I'll knock.

**FX:**

KNOCKING ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS

**MILLIGAN:**

(CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH) We are... yes... yes, please?

**SEAGOON:**

Are you Mr...

**FX:**

GONG

**MILLIGAN:**

No, I am not Mr...

**FX:**

GONG

**MILLIGAN:**

I am...

**FX:**

HIGHER-PITCHED GONG

**MILLIGAN:**

... son of...

**FX:**

PREVIOUS, ORDINARY GONG

**SEAGOON:**

Oh.

**MILLIGAN:**

Ah.

**SEAGOON:**

Well... well, we've got a complaint about your father's eggs.

**MILLIGAN:**

(CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

**SEAGOON:**

You see this Chinaman here?

**MILLIGAN:**

Mm.

**SEAGOON:**

He's really Ray Ellington.

**MILLIGAN:**

No Chinaman can have name like Ray Ellington. I do not believe.

**SEAGOON:**

Ellington, prove it... while we nip round the back for a chota pint of brandy.

**ELLINGTON:**

(CHINESE) All-light, cor blimey.

**MILLIGAN:**

(CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

**ELLINGTON:**

SINGS 'BOOM'

**SEAGOON:**

There you are, living proof that he's Chinese.

**MILLIGAN:**

(CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH) Yes, indeed, he lar... he are Chinese. And now, please to follow me, please.

**GRAMS:**

A FEW PAIRS OF FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT FOR 29 SECONDS

**MILLIGAN:**

(CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH FOR FIRST FEW SECONDS OVER FOOTSTEPS)

**SEAGOON:**

(AFTER FOOTSTEPS STOP, PAUSE) We can't stand here all day listenin' to a record of footsteps.

**MILLIGAN:**

Please, please, sir, that record... are number one on Chinese hit parade.

**SEAGOON:**

Really?

**MILLIGAN:**

Yeah.

**SEAGOON:**

How does it go?

**MILLIGAN:**

(SINGS CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH FOR 10 SECONDS, THEN SINGS) 'I Got My Love to Keep Me Warm'.

**SEAGOON:**

You want to get it orchestrated.

**MILLIGAN:**

I tell you, you come in here, blad egg department in here, please.

**SEAGOON:**

(MIMIC) L'en lopen lup la dloor.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS

**MILLIGAN:**

(CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

**ORCHESTRA:**

CHINESE-STYLED BLOODNOK THEME WITH CHINESE ENDING

**BLOODNOK:**

Ohhhohhhohho. Ahohhhohh. Oh, that's better, but these fiendish Chinese eggs... some of them are bad, I'll be bound.

**SEAGOON:**

Major Bloodnok!

**BLOODNOK:**

What? Me, Major Bloodnok? It's a mistake, I'm Lie Ying.

**SEAGOON:**

Of course you're lying, you're Major Bloodnok.

**BLOODNOK:**

What?

**SEAGOON:**

I recognise that army-surplus pigtail.

**BLOODNOK:**

Ohhhohhhohh!

**SEAGOON:**

So this is where they insert pigtails into the eggs, eh?

**BLOODNOK:**

It's hell, I tell you, Neddie, it's hell.

**SEAGOON:**

D'you realise that Englishmen are eating these eggs and turning into Chinese? Whatever made you do this dastardly job?

**BLOODNOK:**

Pain and agony, Neddie. Do you know what they did to me, an Englishman?

**SEAGOON:**

What?

**BLOODNOK:**

The Chinese water torture.

**SEAGOON:**

What's that?

**BLOODNOK:**

They gave me a bath!

**SEAGOON:**

Oh! Gad, it must have been hell in there!

**BLOODNOK:**

It was. But I resisted, Neddie, I resisted. They had to cut my socks away before they got me in.

**SEAGOON:**

Here, rub this good old British dirt round your neck - you'll feel better.

**FX:**

SCRAPING

**BLOODNOK:**

(OVER) Ohho, thank you. That's lovely, ohhh. Ohhhohhhohh.

**SEAGOON:**

Now, what's inside that door?

**BLOODNOK:**

Wood.

**SEAGOON:**

And behind it?

**BLOODNOK:**

A room.

**SEAGOON:**

Gad! Let's go in.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS

**ORCHESTRA & OMNES:**

CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH FROM CROWD

**SEAGOON:**

(OVER) Dear listeners...

**ORCHESTRA & OMNES:**

CHATTER STOPS

**SEAGOON:**

Dear listeners... Deeeear listeners... I walked into a badly-lit room. And there before us were twenty-five million Chinese in bowler hats, carrying rolled umbrellas and copies of The Times.

**BLOODNOK:**

Yes. Those are your missing Englishmen, Neddie.

**SEAGOON:**

Gad, this must be the work of...

**FX:**

GONG

**SEAGOON:**

... and his son...

**FX:**

SMALLER, HIGHER-SOUNDING GONG. DOOR CLOSES

**BLOODNOK:**

Ohhhohhh! We're locked in.

**ORCHESTRA:**

TERROR CHORDS

**GRAMS:**

WATER TRICKLING

**BLOODNOK:**

(OVER) Ohhh, no! They're flooding the room as well, Neddie.

**SEAGOON:**

And with water.



**BLOODNOK:**

Yes.

**SEAGOON:**

(CALLS) Eccles! Bluebottle!

**ECCLES:**

Yep.

**SEAGOON:**

Swim...

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Right.

**SEAGOON:**

...for the ceiling!

**ECCLES:**

OK, yeah.

**SEAGOON:**

(EFFORT) Oo!

**GRAMS:**

MOVEMENT IN WATER, HELD UNDER FOLLOWING...

**ECCLES:**

(EFFORT) Here!

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

(EFFORT) Ah.

**SEAGOON:**

(EFFORT) Ah. Rhubarb. Struggling, rhubarb.

**ECCLES:**

(EFFORT) Ooh! Ahh! (MUMBLES)

**SEAGOON:**

(EFFORT) Ooh! Ooh! Ah!

**ECCLES:**

(EFFORT) Yeah.

**BLOODNOK:**

It's no good, look here, it... it's almost up to the roof.

**SEAGOON:**

Men, there's only one thing for it.

**ECCLES:**

What?

**SEAGOON:**

We've got to drink this water... or drown.

**ECCLES:**

OK.

**SEAGOON:**

Here we go.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Alright den.

**OMNES:**

(SLURPING)

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Sip! Sip!

**OMNES:**

(SLURPING)

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Oh.

**ECCLES:**

Mm.

**SEAGOON:**

Bmmm.

**BLOODNOK:**

Oh, oh. Weak. Oh.

**SEAGOON:**

Ooh. Stretch it, lads. Ooh!

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Ah.

**ECCLES:**

Oh, I... can't take much more, I tell you.

**SEAGOON:**

Hm.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Si... si... si... sip!

**BLOODNOK:**

Oh.

**GRAMS:**

WATER LAPPING

**BLOODNOK:**

(OVER) We've drunk about eight gallons and the water's still rising.

**SEAGOON:**

One of us must be leaking.

**ECCLES:**

It... it's me, I got a hole in my sock.

**SEAGOON:**

Oh.

**BLOODNOK:**

Look! There's a hole in the ceiling.

**ECCLES:**

That's not mine!

**SEAGOON:**

Splendid. Let's turn the room upside down and empty it.

**ECCLES:**

Oh, good idea!

**OMNES:**

(EFFORT)

**GRAMS:**

GURGLING, AS WATER DRAINS

**ECCLES:**

Ohh.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Wicky wicky wicky!

**SEAGOON:**

Ahhah.

**GRAMS:**

WATER STOPS

**SEAGOON:**

Saved by a hole in the ceiling.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS

**SEAGOON:**

(VOICE LOWERED) Sshh! Look who's come in! It's Grytpype and Moriarty.

**BLOODNOK:**

Where?

**SEAGOON:**

Up there, on the floor.

**GRYTPYPE:**

(OFF) What are you doing up there on the ceiling?

**SEAGOON:**

I've got news for you, Mr. Thynne. This room's upside down.

**MORIARTY:**

(OFF) Sapristi!

**GRYTPYPE:**

(OFF) What?

**MORIARTY:**

(OFF) You mean we're...

**GRYTPYPE & MORIARTY:**

(COMING ON-MIC) Ahhhhhh!

**FX:**

TWO BODIES FALLING TO THE FLOOR

**MORIARTY:**

Oww!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Ohh!

**MORIARTY:**

Oh, my splon!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Ohh. Curse this law of gravity! Who passed it?

**SEAGOON:**

Sir Isaac Newton.

**GRYTPYPE:**

I'll get him for this! I'll have you know, Neddie, that I am...

**FX:**

GONG

**SEAGOON:**

How do you spell it?

**GRYTPYPE:**

You spell it...

**ORCHESTRA:**

SEQUENCE ON DRUMS, TEMPLE BLOCKS AND BELLS, ENDING WITH COD DUCK CALL

**GRYTPYPE:**

But it's pronounced...

**FX:**

GONG

**SEAGOON:**

Ah! So you were...

**FX:**

GONG

**SEAGOON:**

... all the time.

**BLOODNOK:**

Quick, Neddie, tie him to the chandelier while I keep him covered with these measurements of Sabrina.

**ECCLES:**

Sabrina!

**BLOODNOK:**

Yes.

**SEAGOON:**

Yes. And take them to the police!

**ORCHESTRA:**

TATTYRAH CHORD, CYMBAL SNAP

**SEAGOON:**

Thank you. That's all, thank you for that all, thank you...

**GREENSLADE:**

Oh. Oh.

**SELLERS:**

Alright.

**GREENSLADE:**

Just a...

**SEAGOON:**

Get your trousers on... (MUMBLES)

**GREENSLADE:**

Mr. Secombe...

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

What about da money?

**GREENSLADE:**

Mr. Secombe...

**ECCLES:**

OK, let... let's hear 'im, let's... let's hear 'im, 'e...

**SEAGOON:**

Alright, alright.

**ECCLES:**

... didn't have much of a part, he didn't...

**SEAGOON:**

Come on, Wal, let's have it then.

**GREENSLADE:**

Mr. Secombe, you haven't told us what became of...

**FX:**

GONG

**SEAGOON:**

Ah, simple. I Successfully changed all the Chinese back into Englishmen by giving them injections of Brown Windsor Soup and inhalations of soot, smoke and beans on toast.

**ECCLES:**

But what happened to...

**FX:**

GONG

**SEAGOON:**

We... him?

**ECCLES:**

Yeah.

**SEAGOON:**

Oh, he's working for me at the moment. Come up to our house for dinner any day and you'll hear this sound.

**FX:**

TAPPING ON GONG

**SELLERS:**

(OVER) Dinner is served.

**ORCHESTRA:**

SIGNATURE TUNE, 'LUCKY STRIKE'

**GREENSLADE:**

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 program produced by Pat Dixon.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

(JOINS WAL IN READING THE CREDITS FROM 'QUARTET' ONWARDS)

**BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:**

(SING ALONG AFTER THE ANNOUNCEMENT, TO 'LUCK STRIKE', AS FOLLOWS: 'DUP A DUPPA DAI' ETC. AD LIB)

**ORCHESTRA & MAX GELDRAI:**

PLAYOUT