

## S8 E04 - The Great Regent's Park Swim

Transcribed by John Mathews. Final corrections by Helen.

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**SEAGOON:**

But it's sloping to the right, Wal.

**GREENSLADE:**

Would you mind standing in the centre, then, please?

**SEAGOON:**

So I caused it.

**GREENSLADE:**

Ladies and gentlemen, the all-leather Goon Show presents "The Great Regent's Park Swim".

**ORCHESTRA:**

CHORDS

**FX:**

CAR HORNS, LOW FLYING AEROPLANES

**GREENSLADE:**

England, 1830. On the throne sat George the Fourth. On a chair sat Tom Smith. And, lying in a gutter outside, Neddie Seagoon.

**SEAGOON:**

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What?  
Whaaaat? Where's my leather speaking trumpet? Hello, folks! Hello, folks! Calling, folks! I'm not  
lying in the gutter, I'm standing in it. It just *looks* as though I'm lying.

**GREENSLADE:**

Yes, you look like a liar.

**SEAGOON:**

What? What? What? What? What? What? Just for that, I shall do an impersonation of a car  
approaching.

**FX:**

SOUND OF CAR APPROACHING AND SCREECHING TO A HALT

**SEAGOON:**

Even as I spoke, a door drew up.

**FX:**

CAR DOOR OPENS

**YAKAMOTO:**

[MILLIGAN]

Ahhh! (CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH) Are you Neddie Sleagoon?

**SEAGOON:**

Yes, I'm Leddie Sleagoon.

**YAKAMOTO:**

Ahaya! Will you please-ah accept invitation from great German scientist, Justin Eidelburger?

**SEAGOON:**

Justin Eidelburger? I've met him in the labour exchange.

**YAKAMOTO:**

He has interesting proposition to put to [UNCLEAR].

**SEAGOON:**

I'll come along... just to find out what you're saying!

**YAKAMOTO:**

Ah, please, Neddie, please jump into this river and I will drive you there.

**FX:**

SPLASH AND CAR DRIVES OFF

**GREENSLADE:**

The sound of a river being driven away by a Chinese is vouched for by the Encyclopedia Britolica.  
Scene two: a piece of string on the floor of the Eidelburger laboratory.

**FX:**

BUBBLING SOUNDS, CLINKING OF TEST-TUBES ETC - CONTINUES UNDER

**EIDELBURGER & YAKAMOTO:**

(TAKING IT IN TURNS TO SAY...) Ha ha ha ho ho ha ha... (PROLONGED):

**EIDELBURGER:**

Yakamoto.

**YAKAMOTO:**

Yakaho?

**EIDELBURGER:**

This test tube, I have succeeded in creating life from inanimate matter.

**YAKAMOTO:**

Ohhhh, boy!

**EIDELBURGER:**

I will just add a dash of thin people's herbs. Two spoonfuls of instant licorice. And a soupcon of Alistair's horse oils.

**FX:**

PHSSSH

**EIDELBURGER:**

That's given it something to think about!

**YAKAMOTO:**

Oh, boy, look! It-ah turning into-ah thick, black gooey paste.

**EIDELBURGER:**

If this were television you wouldn't have had to say that line. Now, pour out the gooey paste into this blue serge cruet.

**FX:**

SOUNDS OF THICK LUMPY LIQUID BEING POURED

**YAKAMOTO:**

Ha.

**EIDELBURGER:**

Put this stethoscope on it and listen.

**ECCLES:**

(SINGS) With a smile on my face, for the whole human race, it's almost like being insane. I love a...

**EIDELBURGER:**

Curse it! We have invented Eccles!

**YAKAMOTO:**

Aaagh!

**ECCLES:**

Oooh, ta.

**EIDELBURGER:**

Run for it!

**YAKAMOTO:**

Ah, so!

**FX:**

RUNNING FEET. SOUND OF DOOR OPENING

**ECCLES:**

Ah! Okay, yeah.

**CRUN:**

Ah, yum, oiey.

**ECCLES:**

Oh, thank you. Oh, hello, Mr... Ah! 'Ello, Mr Crun.

**CRUN:**

Hello, modern Eccles. You're looking well, modern Meccles.

**ECCLES:**

Ya. I just been invented. Yeah. Ho, ho! (SINGS NONSENSE)

**CRUN:**

Ahhh, steady, Eccles.

**ECCLES:**

What?

**CRUN:**

Steady, modern Eccles.

**ECCLES:**

What?

**CRUN:**

Modern Eccles.

**ECCLES:**

(SINGS) I don't care if I do die. I don't care if I do .. (MORE RUBBISH).

**CRUN:**

Don't doing that, Eccles. Now, just step inside this tiger.

**ECCLES:**

Okay.

**GRAMS:**

TIGER GROWL

**ECCLES:**

(GULPS, ECHO EFFECT) Oooh. It's dark in this tiger. Wonder where the light switch is?

**CRUN:**

Modern Eccles, poor ignorant fellow that he is, doesn't know that this is only 1830 and the electric lighting inside tigers has not been invented yet.

**ECCLES:**

(ECHO EFFECT) Hello? A-ha, ho-ho. Anybody else in the tiger?

**SEAGOON:**

(ECHO EFFECT) Yes!

**ECCLES:**

(ECHO EFFECT) Oh!

**SEAGOON:**

(ECHO EFFECT) Pardon me, my good man.

**ECCLES:**

(ECHO EFFECT) Yeah?

**SEAGOON:**

(ECHO EFFECT) Could you tell me the way out of this tiger?

**ECCLES:**

(ECHO EFFECT) Take the lift to the third floor, past the BBC censor's office.

**SEAGOON:**

(ECHO EFFECT) Thank you.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENING

**CRUN:**

Aaagh, it's Seagoon out of tiger, by jove.

**SEAGOON:**

By...

**CRUN:**

Welcome to the Eidelburger Foundation laboratory. We want you to take part in a vital useless Government-type experiment.

**SEAGOON:**

I'll do anything for my useless country.

**CRUN:**

Right. Spike Milligan?

**MILLIGAN:**

Yes, Teddy?

**CRUN:**

Have you finished playing the part of Yakamoto?

**MILLIGAN:**

Yes, boy.

**CRUN:**

Then take the part of modern Min.

**MINNIE:**

Okay, buddy.

**CRUN:**

Ah, modern Min.

**MINNIE:**

(LAUGHS)

**CRUN:**

Give Mister Seagoon the tube of green liquid to swallow.

**MINNIE:**

Come on, hot Henry.

**SEAGOON:**

(SWALLOWS) Aaagh! What was it?

**CRUN:**

Ah, if only we knew.

**MINNIE:**

Ohhhh.

**SEAGOON:**

What! It might be poison. I demand to see my landlord!

**CRUN:**

Now, Mister Seacroon, so that we can observe the effect of the green liquid...

**MINNIE:**

Ohhhhhh...

**CRUN:**

...kindly stand in this bucket of boiled dungarees.

**MINNIE:**

Dungarees!

**SEAGOON:**

Anything for England!

**CRUN:**

Min, get ready to take all this down.

**MINNIE:**

Alright.

**SEAGOON:**

(SOUNDS LIKE) I hope the dawn...

**FX:**

BANG, BANG

**CRUN:**

Eleven o'clock, both ears exploded.

**FX:**

SPROING, SPROING

**CRUN:**

Eleven-one, braces burst at the knees.

**MINNIE:**

I won't look.

**SEAGOON:**

You fiend! I can't live with my trousers round my ankles.

**CRUN:**

Why not?

**SEAGOON:**

My legs might fall down. Oh, the embarrassment of this is beyond..

**FX:**

SOUND OF SOMETHING FALLING INTO BUCKET

**CRUN:**

Eleven-three, choppers fell out.

**SEAGOON:**

I'll never play the Palladium again.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

(IN DEEP BACKGROUND, BARELY AUDIBLE) Don't say that, Captain. (SOUNDS LIKE) Top of my head.

**MINNIE:**

Never mind, here's Max Gilthorpe to play it for you.

**SEAGOON:**

Round the back for the old brandy, lads!

**FX:**

SOUND OF ALL RUNNING OFF STAGE

**GELDRAY AND ORCHESTRA**

**GREENSLADE:**

That was Max Geldray, the well-known carpenter and joiner. By the way, listeners are not obliged to laugh at that as it was a personal matter twixt Geldray and the cast. Part three. All day long, Mister Crun experimented to discover what effect his green liquid had had on Neddie.

**FX:**

GUNSHOT



**SEAGOON:**

(IN PAIN) You'll pay for this! Ahhhhh!

**CRUN:**

Well, it... it hasn't made him bullet-proof, Min.

**MINNIE:**

What a pity!

**SEAGOON:**

Where's my speaking trumpet? Hello, folks! Calling folks. Send for the police, folks. I'll never last the show out like this, folks. Help!

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS

**EIDELBURGER:**

Ah, here, Crun. We will take over from you.

**YAKAMOTO:**

Yes. Leave Seagoon to us.

**FX:**

SCRATCHY WRITING, UNDER:

**CRUN:**

Oh, right. I, Henry Crun, leave Seagoon to Yakamoto and Eidel. Thank you.

**EIDELBURGER:**

Right, grab Seagoon and into the tank with him.

**SEAGOON:**

Aaagh!

**FX:**

SPLASH, PADDLING NOISES

**YAKAMOTO:**

Oh, boy! Oh! Look, Neddie Seagoon are not ah-sinking.

**EIDELBURGER:**

So, that's what ze green liquid was. Yakamoto, we have invented swimming.

**ORCHESTRA:**

CHORDS

**SEAGOON:**

Hup! Swimming? Snatching up the bottle of green liquid, I set off to achieve my lifelong ambition. Namely, running along with a bottle of green liquid.

**FX:**

SOUND OF FEET RUNNING, SPEEDING UP

**GREENSLADE:**

Er, Mister Seagoon, If I were you, I'd, um... I'd patent that idea.

**SEAGOON:**

You're right. So when the idea catches on, I can charge people royalties every time they run along with a bottle of green liquid.

**FX:**

SOUND OF HORSES' HOOVES

**SEAGOON:**

(SOUNDS LIKE) I'm done! What a bit of luck! Here comes a horse-drawn Patent Office.

**SPRIGGS:**

Ohhhh! Ohhhhh, Jim. (SINGS) Oh, Jiiim. (NORMAL) Hello, sir. Step into the waiting room, Jim.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

**SEAGOON:**

Gad! There in the corner of a foreign field, surrounded by flies was...

**ORCHESTRA:**

BLOODNOK THEME

**BLOODNOK:**

Oh, oh, oh! (INTERSPERSED WITH RABBLE SOUNDS).

**FX:**

BUZZING FLIES

**BLOODNOK:**

Oh! Oh, dear, oh, dear. Curse these flies! Dear, dear, dear. How *can* these naturalist magazines publish pictures like these? I... Look at this photo, here. 'A happy group climbing trees'. I don't know how they don't get scratched. Well... I shall be glad when my ten-year subscription runs out, I tell you. I must remember to have these copies bound in brown leather and labelled "A History of the English-speaking people".

**SEAGOON:**

(YAWNING SOUND) Pardon me.

**BLOODNOK:**

Gad, a man wearing clothes!

**SEAGOON:**

Yes, I'm the only fully-clothed naturalist in the world.

**BLOODNOK:**

It must be hell in there!

**SEAGOON:**

May I sit down?

**BLOODNOK:**

Yes, but keep downwind, I've got a touch of the old Bombay duck, you know.

**SEAGOON:**

How terribly painful for the animal.

**BLOODNOK:**

What is your name?

**SEAGOON:**

Neddie Seagoon.

**BLOODNOK:**

Neddie Seagoon? I... I... I didn't recognise you.

**SEAGOON:**

Why not?

**BLOODNOK:**

I've never seen you before.

**SEAGOON:**

Ah, so that's why. Well, if you must know, I'm Miriam Potts' nephew.

**BLOODNOK:**

Miriam Potts. Ohhhh! Ohhh, ho-hooo! The darling of Darjeeling. Oh, how we used to dance together!

**ORCHESTRA:**

PIANO CHORDS

**BLOODNOK:**

(SINGS) We waltzed the whole night through.

The curry and rice waltz with you.

It's really hot stuff.

It's better than the old duff.

And the English, Irish stew.

It's the ideal waltz for two.

Sailing along in the blue.

I say, 'Let's dance forever,

And don't answer "never"'.  
(APPLAUSE)

**FX:**

PHONE RINGS

**BLOODNOK:**

Hello. Thank you.

**FX:**

HANGS UP

**SEAGOON:**

Who was that?

**BLOODNOK:**

A recording company.

**SEAGOON:**

Really?

**BLOODNOK:**

Yes, they wanted to know the time. I'm going to write and tell them, you know.

**SEAGOON:**

But by the time they get it it'll be too late.

**BLOODNOK:**

I shall give them *tomorrow's* time.

**SEAGOON:**

I see. Well. What is that long parcel you've got in your long brown bathing suit?

**BLOODNOK:**

Ah, it's something that I have invented.

**SEAGOON:**

What?

**BLOODNOK:**

Regent's Park Canal.

**SEAGOON:**

What a stroke of luck! With that canal and this bottle of green liquid, I can swim across it without using a bridge.

**BLOODNOK:**

Impossible! How?

**SEAGOON:**

With swimming.

**BLOODNOK:**

But what *is* swimming?

**SEAGOON:**

Swimming enables a man to perform aquatic perambulations in water.

**BLOODNOK:**

Not in my canal, you don't.

**SEAGOON:**

Now... Look, Bloodnok, you've got this idea all wrong. Any revenues from it, I'll split in two and keep both.

**BLOODNOK:**

Well, one doesn't get an offer like that every day! Very well, at dawn tonight, you start training for the Great Regent's Park Swim.

**ORCHESTRA:**

DRAMATIC CHORDS

**GRYTPYPE:**

Did you hear that, Moriarty?

**MORIARTY:**

Yes, it went "bop, bop, bop, bop, baaa" (AS CHORDS HAD DONE)

**GRYTPYPE:**

No, before that. Wait, I'll play it back.

**MORIARTY:**

Right!

**GRAMS:**

Speeded up recording of the last few lines – but not word-for-word.

**GRAMS SEAGOON:**

Look, Bloodnok, any revenues from it, I'll split in two and keep both.

**GRAMS BLOODNOK:**

Gad! One doesn't get an offer like that every day! Very well, at dawn tonight, you start training for the Great Regent's Park Swim.

**GRAMS ORCHESTRA:**

AMATEURISH PLONKING OF PIANO KEYS, NOTHING LIKE THAT DRAMATIC CHORDS.

**MORIARTY:**

Ahhh! The wonders of the modern leather gramophone!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Moriarty, we've got to stop Seagoon swimming.

**MORIARTY:**

Sapristi bazollikers! Aaagh. (AS MILLIGAN) What? I couldn't have written that! What? Sapristi... (AS MORIARTY) Sapristi bazolliker-dozer. Explain!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Well, I've just invented the word "Help" for people who are drowning.

**MORIARTY:**

Owww.

**GRYTPYPE:**

If Seagoon markets swimming, my word "Help" is worthless.

**MORIARTY:**

I tell you, Neddie will not swim the Regent's Park Canal. Let this sinister music be a warning to him.

**ORCHESTRA:**

SINISTER CHORDS

**SEAGOON:**

Did you hear that, Bloodnok?

**BLOODNOK:**

Yes, it went "Bom, bom, ba-la-looo".

**SEAGOON:**

Hello, folks. Calling folks. I'm about to start training for my perilous swim across Regent's Canal.  
Hup...

**FX:**

SPLASH

**BLOODNOK:**

And, so saying, he dove into a field containing Rage Ellington. Go on, Rage, play those early naughty Goon Show melodies.

**RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:**

"SWALLOW-TAIL COAT"/"I'M A'GOING COURTING"

**GREENSLADE:**

The Great Regent's Park Swim, part two. In preparation... ohhh!

**FX:**

SPLASH

**SEAGOON:**

That got rid of him, folks! Hmm. Now, in preparation for the swim, I swam the English Channel, the Irish Channel, the Scottish Channel, the Jewish Channel, the Kensington Round Pond and the Kennington Square Pond. Finally, as my "piece-de-resistance", I swam Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. But, one evening, as the good things of day began to droop and drowse, night's black agents to their preys did rouse.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Did you hear that, Moriarty?

**MORIARTY:**

Yes, it was MacBeth.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Ignorant swine, it was Shakespeare!

**MORIARTY:**

Owwwww.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Stop owwing, you fool! You'll have us both out of this tree.

**MORIARTY:**

But they can't turn us out of this tree, we've paid the rent in advance.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Well, stop waving that crow in my face.

**MORIARTY:**

That's not a... He's our landlord.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Oh. It wasn't... it wasn't worth him blacking up for the part, was it? Now, try and locate Neddie.  
Erm... Moriarty, hand me my telescope.

**MORIARTY:**

There.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Thank you. Now the salt.

**MORIARTY:**

Yeah.

**FX:**

CRUNCHING SOUND

**GRYTPYPE:**

(SWALLOWS) Ah, *now* I can see him. Dashed strange, he's going into the zoo, through the tiger's entrance. Moriarty, put on this, er... put on this tiger skin.

**MORIARTY:**

Right.



**ORCHESTRA:**

CHORDS

**WILLIUM:**

Now, Mister Seacroon, you want a vacant cage with a tiger bowl?

**SEAGOON:**

That is correct, mister zoo-keeper.

**WILLIUM:**

Ohhh.

**SEAGOON:**

And if anyone wants me, I'll be wearing this tiger disguise. You see, I don't want to take any chances before the big swim.

**WILLIUM:**

Yeah, well, er, we ain't got an empty cage but you can share this one with our Bengal tiger. He won't hurt yer so long as you keeps yer mouth a-shut, there.

**SEAGOON:**

Fair enough. Call me at six.

**WILLIUM:**

Right.

**FX:**

DOOR SHUTS

**SEAGOON:**

(SLIGHTLY MUFFLED) Hello, folks. Hello, folks. I'm speaking to you now from inside the tiger skin. From now on, I shall only speak in thinks bubbles so that the Bengal tiger will not attack me.

**ECCLES:**

(SLIGHTLY MUFFLED) Hullo? Hullo? Dat you, Neddie?

**SEAGOON:**

(SLIGHTLY MUFFLED) Thinks: yes, it's me, Eccles.

**ECCLES:**

(SLIGHTLY MUFFLED) Then why don't you answer me?

**SEAGOON:**

(SLIGHTLY MUFFLED) Thinks: because I only talk in thinks bubbles.

**ECCLES:**

(SLIGHTLY MUFFLED) Oh. Well, how can I see thinks bubbles when I'm inside this Bengal tiger?

**SEAGOON:**

(SLIGHTLY MUFFLED) Thinks: well, open the window.

**FX:**

SOUND OF WINDOW OPENING

**ECCLES:**

Ohhhh, now I can see them.

**SEAGOON:**

Thinks: thanks. Well... Now you've opened the window, why don't you get out?

**ECCLES:**

What? The moment I climb out of this tiger, he'd attack me. I know when I'm well off!

**SEAGOON:**

When?

**ECCLES:**

When I got money.

**SEAGOON:**

Ohhh!

**ECCLES:**

Ha, ha!

**ORCHESTRA:**

'TA-DAAAA' END-OF-GAG CHORDS AND CYMBAL SNAP

**SEAGOON:**

Ha!

**ECCLES:**

Nothing, again. I'm not coming next week.

**GREENSLADE:**

Meanwhile, at the main entrance we find a man leading a rather mangey, moth-eaten tiger.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Keep up the growling, Moriarty.

**MORIARTY:**

Owwwww....! Owowowowow!

**GATEKEEPER:**

[SECOMBE]

(YORKSHIRE ACCENT) I'm sorry, lads, we're closed.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Look here, my good man, it is imperative that I house my tiger here tonight. You see, It's his evening off and I want him to spend it among friends.

**GATEKEEPER:**

Well, we'll squeeze him into this tiger's cage, here.

**GRYTPYPE:**

In you go, Moriarty.

**MORIARTY:**

Right.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Keep growing.

**FX:**

METAL DOOR CLOSES, CLANK OF LOCK

**MORIARTY:**

Owww. Now to destroy Seagoon and that silly tiger skin.

**GRAMS:**

TIGER GROWING

**MORIARTY:**

Ah, it's no good you growling like that at me. I know you're a phony, Seagoon. Ah, ho, ho, hooooo!

**GRAMS:**

GROWLING SOUNDS

**MORIARTY:**

I got you in my power, I tell you. Ah, you can do very good imitation of a tiger and the growling but I know the truth. There's only me and you in this tiger cage. An imitation tiger, I tell you. Aha. I tell you, I'm... I'm... I...

**GREENSLADE:**

Ladies and gentlemen, listners are warned that the sound of this scene is un-suitable for children.

**MORIARTY:**

What? Aaagh! Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why is it unsuitable...?

**GREENSLADE:**

Because that animal you are attacking is not Neddie but a genuine Bengal tiger.

**MORIARTY:**

Aaagh! (ETC)

**GRYTPYPE:**

Steady, Moriarty.

**MORIARTY:**

(MORE SOUNDS OF AGONY)

**GRYTPYPE:**

Steady, Moriarty, you know that I charge a thousand pounds for using my invention, namely, the word "Help".

**MORIARTY:**

(SOUNDS OF AGONY, INTERSPERSED WITH GROWLS)

**SEAGOON:**

What a bit of luck, folks. Whilst the Begal tiger was fighting Moriarty, I nipped out of the cage and made my way to the banks of the Regent's Park Canal where I am now standing.

**BLOODNOK:**

Ah, Neddie, what a heroic sight you are in your wicker-work bathing costume and leather life belt. Now, Neddie, are you ready to dive in?

**SPRIGGS:**

Just a moment, Jiiim. Just a minuuuuute. (UNDECYPHERABLE SINGING)

**SEAGOON:**

It's singing Jim Spriggs! Yodelling piano player by appointment to the Coal Board.

**SPRIGGS:**

Silence, Jim! You can't swim. (SINGS) You can't swiii-iiiiim. You can't swim in that canal todayyyyy!

**SEAGOON:**

(SINGS) Whaa-aaat? Wh-aaaaaat?

**BLOODNOK:**

Let *me* say that, will you?. (SINGS) What?

**SPRIGGS:**

Yes. You cannot swim today because I've invented this sign saying "No swimming on Mondays".

**SEAGOON:**

Curses, foiled by Monday!

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

No, no, I shall save you, Captain! (APPLAUSE) Enter Bluebottle, with washboard and Mum's new skiffle-type drawers.

**SEAGOON:**

Blim, blam, blom! It's the well-known Finchley lad, heavily protected against the wind with newspaper stuffed in the cracks of his spectacles.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Yes, I have come to save you from Monday. Neddie, my Captain, my lovely little Captain. Raises in ecstasy onto tips of toes, bringing little knots into play on back of legs. Knots, knots, knots! In this, er, this Presley position, I will now skiffule. Sings. You're nothing but a hound dog. Woof! Woof! You're nothing but a hound dog. Woof! Woof! You're nothing but a...

**FX:**

(WHOOSH, SPLAT)

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Ahh-hey! Who threw that mangle in my ear hole?

**SEAGOON:**

It was me, it belonged to my mother. Now, explain. How could you save me from not swimming on a Monday?

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Monday has gone.

**SEAGOON:**

Why? How?

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

I've just invented Tuesday.

**SPRIGGS:**

What?! Let me see that, Jim.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

There it is.

**SPRIGGS:**

Wait a minute, Jim. This is a square. Tuesday is oblong.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

I haven't finished it yet.

**FX:**

(GRINDING SOUND)

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

There you are, a perfectly safe Tuesday.

**SEAGOON:**

Hoorah! Saved by a little lad of tender years and tough boots.

**BLOODNOK:**

Right, Neddie. Now, drink your green liquid and swim.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Hands up, all of you! Bloodnok, drop that Regent's Park Canal.

**FX:**

IRON BAR DROPS

**GRYTPYPE:**

And I warn you, nobody shout "Help". That is a word I've just invented and will cost anybody five hundred pounds to use. Now, give me that green liquid. Right, Neddie, into the canal.

**SEAGOON:**

Ah! But I can't swim without the green liquid. I... Ahhhh!

**FX:**

SPLASH

**SEAGOON:**

You swine, you pushed me in! Help!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Out you come, Ned. To using the word "Help", five hundred pounds

**FX:**

CASH REGISTER

**GRYTPYPE:**

Thank you.

**SEAGOON:**

Wait! Wait! But I...

**FX:**

SPLASH

**SEAGOON:**

Help!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Out you come, Neddie. To using the word "Help", *another* five hundred Pounds.

**FX:**

CASH REGISTER

**GRYTPYPE:**

I thank you.

**SEAGOON:**

But look here, I...

**FX:**

SPLASH FLOUNDERING

**SEAGOON:**

You swine! You pushed me in. Help!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Out you come, Neddie. To using the word "Help", another five hundred pounds

**FX:**

CASH REGISTER

**GRYTPYPE:**

Thank you.

**SEAGOON:**

Wait! But I...

**FX:**

SPLASH

**SEAGOON:**

Help!

(REPEATED SEVERAL TIMES, GETTING FASTER)

**SEAGOON:**

Hello, folks. Thank heavens that's only a recording, otherwise I might have drowned. I... urk!

**FX:**

SPLASH.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Now... Good heavens, what has happened to him?

**LITTLE JIM:**

He's fallen in the wa-tah!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Well said, Little Jim! Saved by a catchphrase!

**LITTLE JIM:**

Ta.

**ORCHESTRA:**

MARCHING MUSIC

**GREENSLADE:**

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded program 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 Charles Chilton.

**ORCHESTRA:**

MUSIC PLAYOUT