

S8 E09 - The Policy

Transcribed by The Goon Show Preservation Society. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Oh.

GREENSLADE:

We present the all-leather Goon Show. Now, tonight, we are...

SEAGOON:

Ha,ha, hark at old Wal, 'ere. Hark at all the ol' posh chat there, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

Mr. Seagoon, my accent is...

SEAGOON:

It's all put on, you know. (MOKINGLY POSH) And here... here is the weather forecast. Aha ha ha ha!
(NORMAL) Good old Wal. You got...

GREENSLADE:

Mr. Seagoon...

SEAGOON:

... a bad cold tonight as well, 'aven't you, Wal?

GREENSLADE:

It is the solemn duty of a BBC announcer to talk posh.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

GREENSLADE:

Now...

SEAGOON:

Ooh, err oohh errr.

GREENSLADE:

If you'll kindly put on these...

SEAGOON:

Ohhh!

GREENSLADE:

...fudge boots and stand in that flooded phone box, I shall proceed. Ladies and gentlemen, presenting 'The Policy'.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTYRAH CHORD, CYMBAL SNAP

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Hello, folks.

GREENSLADE:

Part one, the scene, a huge corporation rubbish dump just outside Slagley-on-Ouse.

GRAMS:

FLIES LOUDLY BUZZING, 10 SECONDS, THEN UNDER

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER) Drat those flies, Moriarty. I can't think what attracts them.

MORIARTY:

It... (SMACKS LIPS)

GRAMS:

FLIES BUZZING FADES

MORIARTY:

It's all this rotten rubbish.

GRYTPYPE:

Nonsense, it's you, you steaming ruin, you.

MORIARTY:

Owww.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't shake your 'owww's at me, or I'll confiscate your teeth.

MORIARTY:

Ohh, no, no, Grytpype. (SMACKS LIPS) Please, not that. (SMACKS LIPS)

GRYTPYPE:

Give me back that kipper bone.

MORIARTY:

Owww! (GUMMY) Give me back my teeth, it's nearly dinner time.

GRYTPYPE:

So it is. Well, come along, get the knives and forks out.

MORIARTY:

(NORMAL) No, it's no... no Grytpype! No, it's no good! I can't eat any more knives and forks. I must have food, we've got the money. Food. F-L-U-leeoo-D food. (HUSKY) Oh! I have got to have food, folks. (AS THROAT) I've got to have food.

GRYTPYPE:

Stop doing that disgusting thing and pay attention to me, will you. I have an idea. All we need is one simple-minded idiot.

SEAGOON:

(OFF, SINGS) La-la-la, me-me-me-me, doh, ray, meeeeee.

GRYTPYPE:

That's him.

MORIARTY:

Who?

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Me?

MORIARTY:

Oh, him.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Moriarty, follow me.

SEAGOON:

(SINGS) La, la la, la dee, la dee la hoh. (NORMAL) I'm in fine voice today, lads. (AHEM) (SINGS) Ma nun mme lassá, Nun darne stu turmiento... Torna a Surriento: famme campá!...

GRYTPYPE:

Bravo, bravo, (CLAPPING) bravo.

MORIARTY:

(OFF) How did *he* do a Royal Command? I can't understand it!

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, what a magnificent voice.

SEAGOON:

Oh, come now, you don't really mean that.

GRYTPYPE:

My dear, sir, without doubt... you have done for the art of singing what Columbus did for the steam engine.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) The voice came from the west end of a long black cigarette holder.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. And the long black neck protruding from that compost heap belongs to none other than the dear Count Jim 'Drains'...

MORIARTY:

Owwwwww.

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

I don't know why I come here.

GRYTPYPE:

Undefeated world steaming champion.

MORIARTY:

Pssssshhhht.

SEAGOON:

Charmed.

MORIARTY:

Sponned.

GRYTPYPE:

No, no, no, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Oh?

GRYTPYPE:

The Count... the dear Count here, is really a wealthy music lover, aren't you, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

What? What? Oh, yes, yes. Aho, money? I'm filthy with it.

GRYTPYPE:

And without it. Neddie, as a tribute to your great mouth-type singing, the Count would like to give you, free of charge, a valuable ten thousand pound life insurance policy.

SEAGOON:

I say, that's dashed nice of you.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes. Just step into this impression of a car, will you?

MORIARTY:

(BLOWS THROUGH LIPS IMITATING CAR ENGINE)

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Right.

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER) Moriarty, drive on.

MORIARTY:

(BLOWS FASTER AS CAR ACCELERATING, FADES)

GRAMS:

MANY FEET RUNNING AWAY

ORCHESTRA:

DESCENDING CHORDS

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Good morning. Is this the Spon Life Insurance Company?

SPRIGGS:

Yes, Jim. Yes, Jiiii-iiim!

GRYTPYPE:

We should like to take out an insurance policy for this gentleman.

SPRIGGS:

I'm sorry, Jim, we only insure people who are still alive.

GRYTPYPE:

No, no, no, I don't mean my friend Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Owww.

GRYTPYPE:

I mean this circular gentleman.

SPRIGGS:

Oh, yes. We'll have to ha-ave the usual medical examination.

GRYTPYPE:

Come along, Neddie, (FADES) come along.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Hang on a second.

SPRIGGS:

Ah. Ah, come in, Come iii-iiin! Come in, Jim. Now strip to the waist, please. Not too low, please. Now then, pass me that hammer. Thank you. Now...

FX:

TEMPLE BLOCKS, DIFFERENT PITCHES, 7 TAPS

SPRIGGS:

Yes, yes, his back seems fine.

FX:

SCATTERED NOTES ON VIBRAPHONE - POP

SPRIGGS:

Ribs all right.

FX:

BASS DRUM BANG

SPRIGGS:

And stomach OK. Now then, open your... open your mou-outh!

SEAGOON:

Ahh!

SPRIGGS:

Wider.

SEAGOON:

Ahhhh!

SPRIGGS:

There, swallow that.

SEAGOON:

(GULP) (DISTASTE) Er-ugh! What was it?

SPRIGGS:

Cigarette ash. I didn't want to drop it on the carpet. Well, Mr. Seejune, you seem to be a hundred percent fat. Here is your policy. Policyyyy-yyy! Payable to you or your rightful heirs.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, er, that reminds me. Neddie, er, could I have your autograph, please?

SEAGOON:

Why, certainly.

FX:

PEN SCRATCHING

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Er... wait a minute. What... what was that I just signed?

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, it's only an old bit of paper, you know. Bit of scrap paper.

SEAGOON:

Then why did it say 'Will' on the top?

GRYTPYPE:

Because that's its name. Will Paper. Aha ha.

SEAGOON:

Oh, I see. Well done. Well, gentlemen, thank you for this valuable gift. Oh, by the way, when do I get the ten thousand pounds?

SPRIGGS:

The moment you're deceased.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

GRYTPYPE:

And to assist you in your task, Neddie, here is a handbook entitled 'One Hundred Easy Ways To Get Deceased'.

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you very much. Well, goodbye.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, CLOSES

SEAGOON:

Where's... where's my speaking trumpet? (AHM) (MEGAPHONE) Testing, folks, testing. Hello, folks. Calling folks. I'll be rich, folks. All I have to do is get deceased and then I need never work again. Ha ha, ha ho! (SINGS, GOING OFF) 'Singing a merry song, I'm going my way, going my way, ohhh. (FADES)

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Oww.

GRYTPYPE:

Now all we have to do is wait. And here to while away the time is a clockwork oil-painting of Max Geldray blowing his old Dutch ploogie.

MORIARTY:

Oh, the plooge.

MAX GELDRAI:

'BUTTON UP YOUR OVERCOAT'

GREENSLADE:

The Policy, part two. As befitted the proud owner of ten thousand pounds in life insurance, Seagoon took a luxury flat in Cringers Buildings, Hoxton and engaged a personal manservant.

SEAGOON:

Now, my man, is my jacket on straight?

WILLIUM:

Yes, sir, and I must say a strait-jacket suits you a treat.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Now, Willium, one of your duties will be to help me to get deceased.

WILLIUM:

Eh?

SEAGOON:

Pass me the handbook. Let me see now. 'How To Get Deceased. Method One'. Here. You read out the instructions.

WILLIUM:

Oh, oh, right... right, mate, right. Ah. 'Take nice strong bit o' rope, stand on chair and tie end o' rope to beam what's in ceiling'.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Right. (EFFORT) I done that.

WILLIUM:

Right. 'Tie uvver end o' rope arahnd neck'.

SEAGOON:

(OFF, STRANGULATED) Yep. Now what?

WILLIUM:

'Now kick chair away from under yer'.

SEAGOON:

(OFF, STRANGULATED) Right.

GRAMS:

CHAIR FALLING OVER, STRAIN OF BEAM GIVING WAY, PIECES OF CEILING PLASTER FALLING, BEAM CRASHES TO FLOOR, DEBRIS FALLING

SEAGOON:

Jerry-building.

MORIARTY:

Owww! Oww, Grytpype, we've been foiled.

SEAGOON:

I'll have to try method number two. Now, er...

MORIARTY:

What is it?

GRYTPYPE:

'Sleeping in the open on Salisbury Plain during a snow storm'.

ORCHESTRA:

DESCENDING CHORDS

GRAMS:

HOWLING WIND

MILLIGAN:

(OFF, OVER, HOWLING LIKE A WOLF) Ahowww! (CONTINUES)

SEAGOON:

(OVER, MEGAPHONE) Hello, folks. Calling folks. This is Neddie, speaking from the middle of Salisbury Plain, folks. Well, it's snowing heavily and it's just starting to get dark, so I've undressed and put on my long flannel nightshirt. Don't want to catch cold, you know. Incidentally, as the ground is covered in snow, folks, I'm going to sleep standing up. Well, goodnight, folks, goodnight. (COUGHS, SMACKING OF LIPS, GRUNT, YAWNS, SNORES)

GREENSLADE:

(OVER) Meanwhile, not far away, two boy soldiers stumble through the wintry darkness.

GRAMS:

HOWLING WIND, FADES

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OVER) You stupid nit, Eccles. I told you we shoulda turned left at Stonehenge. Now we shall be freez-ed to death.

FX:

RAPID TAPPING ON TEMPLE BLOCK

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OVER, SHOCK) Wahayyy!

FX:

TAPPING STOPS

BLUEBOTTLE:

What is that?

ECCLES:

My knees!

GRAMS:

HOWLING WIND, FADES

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OVER) Ohho. Ay. Ohho. I wish I'd never joined a Highland Regiment. Harm can come to a young lad wearin' a kilt on a night like this.

GREENSLADE:

Soon, they approached the spot where Seagoon is fast asleep, standing rigidly to attention in his long white nightshirt.

ECCLES:

(SURPRISE) Ohh! Look, Bottle. Ah, it's a short fat tent.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, it is a tent.

ECCLES:

Here, let's get inside out o' the cold.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. You hold the flap up and I'll crawl underneath.

ECCLES:

OK. You first.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Okay, then.

ECCLES:

Now me.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

ECCLES:

(EFFORT) Ah. Oh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ah!

ECCLES:

That's better. (CLAP HANDS TO BODY AS THOUGH TO WARM UP) Oh, yeah. Much warmer an'... nice and cosy in here.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. I'm much warmer now, Eccles. You feel my cheek.

ECCLES:

Bit dark 'ere. (PAUSE - 2 SECONDS) Oh, yeah. So you are, you're... you're warm.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You haven't touched me yet!

ECCLES:

Ohhh. Well, I touched somebody.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Wait a minute, I'll strike a match.

ECCLES:

Right.

FX:

MATCH STRUCK

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SURPRISE) Ahhahooie!! Eccles!

ECCLES:

Ohhowww!

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's a nudist with no head! Pardon me, sir! Mister! I say, Mister!

ECCLES:

What's wrong?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I can't get any answer.

ECCLES:

Perhaps there's nobody in. Here, let me try.

FX:

THREE KNOCKS (METAL DOORKNOCKER)

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Ahh. What? What? What? Who is that? Come out from under my nightshirt. Come out!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhhooo hoo. Ayy. Ahoo.

ECCLES:

Look, Bottle, it... i... i... it ain't a tent.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No. It's only a man *disguised* as a tent.

SEAGOON:

Silence, little kilted boy! Or I'll have at you with this feather duster.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Now, I say. Hands up, I say. Raises boy soldier's rifle and cocks piece of elastic. Quick march. A-left, right, left...

SEAGOON:

Now look here, you can't do this to me, I...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Left, right, left.

SEAGOON:

You can't...

ECCLES:

Right and...

SEAGOON:

Where are you taking me?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Left...

ECCLES:

Eyes left...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Left...

ECCLES:

Left and right.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Left, right, left... (FADES)

ECCLES:

(OFF) Left, right...

GREENSLADE:

While at the military camp nearby, the commanding officer is busy with his official correspondence.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK'S THEME

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhohhoohho! Ohhoho!

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhoho! Don't come in. Don't let... Er, Singhiz, cover up that picture of a naked telephone and hide that naughty French mustard, will you? Right, come in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

(OFF) OK, in you go.

SEAGOON:

(off, approaching) You can't do this to me.

BLOODNOK:

Hello, what's this?

ECCLES:

I... I don't know. Me and Bottle found it on the Salisbury Plain.

SEAGOON:

I tell you I'm innocent! My grandmother owns a duck farm in Kent, you know.

ECCLES:

An... any eggs?

SEAGOON:

Well...

BLOODNOK:

Wait a minute! Aren't you Myrtle Prong's daughter?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

I knew it! I never forget a nightshirt.

SEAGOON:

Now listen to me, Major...

BLOODNOK:

Oh, lovely Myrtle Prong. The flower of the NAAFI. Oh, those Bombay nights. That night I took her out to dinner. What a meal that was! Curried soup, curried prawns, curried beef, curried ice-cream and then gorgonzola and curried pickles. And, after dinner...

ORCHESTRA:

2 BARS INTRODUCTION, THEN ACCOMPANIMENT 'THE INDIGESTION WALTZ'

BLOODNOK:

(OVER, SINGS)

I danced the whole night through,
The Indigestion Waltz with you.
We gave a kick-up,
With each naughty hiccough,
And up in the air we flew.

You wore a pale pink rose,
And I wore a big red nose.
With every sharp turn,
I got such heartburn,
The Indigestion Waltz, dear, with you, with you,
The Indigestion Waltz with you.

(SPEAKS) Oh. I thank you. Send only two-and-sixpence for a copy of this record. Well, Seagoon, I don't know what we're gonna do with you. Um, Eccles, were you about to make a suggestion?

ECCLES:

Me?

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Um... no.

BLOODNOK:

Then why are you standing there looking so suggestive?

ECCLES:

I... I... I'm not.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhoho! Ohhhohoho!

ECCLES:

You naughty man, you.

BLOODNOK:

Chicketty-snitch, you naughty lad. Stop wasting my time and get out!

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

ECCLES:

Ahhhhho!

BLOODNOK:

And send in Bandmaster Ray Ellington and his Barrack Squares.

ECCLES:

OK.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'YOU'D BETTER KNOW IT'

GREENSLADE:

The Policy, part three. We now return you to Major Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

What were you doing on Salisbury Plain in a snow-storm?

SEAGOON:

I was trying to get deceased.

BLOODNOK:

What? Surely there must be easier ways of killing yourself.

SEAGOON:

Killing myself?

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Killing myself... dead?

BLOODNOK:

Well, that's the usual way, isn't it?

SEAGOON:

Dead! So that's what 'deceased' means. Oh, those villains. Hrrors of horrors, helppp!

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon, come down off that elephant stand, will you. Now explain to me, please.

SEAGOON:

Major. Two crooks have insured my life for ten thousand pounds. Now they're trying to kill me so that they get the money.

BLOODNOK:

I see, I see. Yes, mm. Excuse me a moment, will you? (SINGS SOFTLY) 'I danced the whole night through...'

FX:

DOOR OPENS, CLOSES

BLOODNOK:

'The Indigestion Waltz with you... '

FX:

PHONE TAKEN OFF HOOK

BLOODNOK:

(SPOKEN) Er, get me the Spon Insurance Company, er, would you? Um. (SINGS SOFTLY) 'I wan a ee'.
(SPOKEN) Hello? Ah. Mm, yes. I want to take out a ten thousand pounds life insurance on a Mr. Neddie Seagoon. Mm. Er, thank you, yes. (SINGS SOFTLY) 'Mm da da dee, ah'.

FX:

PHONE HUNG UP, DOOR OPENS

BLOODNOK:

Now, Neddie...

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

BLOODNOK:

Ahh, little Neddie, how about a nice drink?

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you.

BLOODNOK:

I'll mix you one of my special cocktails. Let me see now, one part arsenic...

FX:

CLINK OF BOTTLE AND GLASS

BLOODNOK:

One part cyanide.

FX:

POURING LIQUIDS, OCCASIONAL CLINKS

BLOODNOK:

Sulphuric acid. Two parts plin. One part disinfectant and a dash of weed-killer.

FX:

POURING STOPS

BLOODNOK:

There, lad!

FX:

GLASS PLACED ON TABLE

BLOODNOK:

You try that. I think you'll find that... ohh... Neddie? Where...? He's gone!

SEAGOON:

Little does he realise, folks, that by placing my ear against the side of my head, I heard what he was saying. And I'm, even now, even now, driving a fast pair of legs towards London!

BLOODNOK:

Neddie! Come back! You haven't had your nice drink. Neddie! (FADES)

FX:

DOOR CLOSES, KNOCKING ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

Excuse me, Major Blo... Oh. Ohh, 'e's, er... er, not 'ere, Bottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, look, Eccles, he's left his drink on the table.

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah! Oh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here, Eccles, have you ever tasted any halcoholic liquor?

ECCLES:

No, 'ave you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No.

ECCLES:

Well, go on, then. Drink... drink this... yeah, go, drink... drink dat den... drink dat.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No. I'm frightened. You drink it, den you can tell me what it is like.

ECCLES:

OK. OK. Cheers. (SIPS, SMACKING OF LIPS, GULP, SMACKING OF LIPS)

GRAMS:

BUBBLES, DEEP NOISY GURGLING, WHOOSH, EXPLOSION, CAR APPROACHES, SCREECH OF BRAKES, CAR CRASHES, JET PLANE ROARS OVERHEAD, SMASHING OF GLASS, LARGE EXPLOSION, FALLING DEBRIS

ECCLES:

Mm, not bad, not bad at all.

ORCHESTRA:

DESCENDING CHORDS

ECCLES:

(OVER, SINGS) 'Ahm oum ah owwww'.

GREENSLADE:

And now, let us join London by night and a bedraggled figure lurching along the rain-swept streets.

GRAMS:

HEAVY RAIN

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Yes, it's me, folks. A fugitive from Grytpype and Moriarty with... with nowhere to... But what's this? This thing of grace and fragile beauty?

FLOWERDEW:

It's the Albert Memorial.

SEAGOON:

The perfect hiding place! Hurriedly I painted a leather door on the side of the Albert Memorial and hung up a sign saying 'Rooms to let, apply caretaker'.

FX:

THREE RAPS ON METAL DOOR-KNOCKER

HENRY:

Ahh, yes?

SEAGOON:

I'm looking for a room.

HENRY:

Ah, yes, come in, sir.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

HENRY:

This way. But mind the elephant stand, sir.

MINNIE:

(OFF) Oh, yim. (APPROACHES, SINGING) Yim bum diddle da doy dum diddle doh. Dip a dee pum ba bim ya pa pa po ee dee dum, dee dee diddle dee, pee...

HENRY:

Min, Min!

MINNIE:

Ohoh! (SINGS) Cha pcha cha cha...

HENRY:

Min!

MINNIE:

(SINGS) Yup puppa poh.

HENRY:

Get... get back in your modern room at once, Min.

MINNIE:

(SINGS) Yah got to rock and rock around the clock, rock and rolling all the time, gotta rock and roll...

HENRY:

(OVER) You wicked woman, you.

MINNIE:

(SINGS)... You rock, rock... (CONTINUES)

HENRY:

(OVER) You've been at the sennapod wine again! You... Have you no shame? Walking about in those high-heeled football boots! You're driving me maaaad!

MINNIE:

(SINGS) Papum. Yuppa puppa poh.

SEAGOON:

About the room, sir.

HENRY:

What? Yes, sir, yes. Ah, yes.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

HENRY:

Oh. This is it, sir. Nine pounds a week. No visitors, no music, no dancing, no cooking, no hot water and no breathing after eleven. And if you want anything all you have to do is to go and get it, sir.

SEAGOON:

Gad, a typical English boarding house. Splendid.

HENRY:

Good night, sir.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

Aha, ha, ha, ha. Where's my speaking trumpet? Oh.

MINNIE:

Here it... here it is, I...

SEAGOON:

Thank you, cheeky. (AHM) (THROUGH MEGAPHONE) Thank heaven, folks, safe at last. Now nobody has the faintest idea where I am.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SELLERS:

Er, Mr. Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yes?

SELLERS:

Parcel for you.

SEAGOON:

Oh, ta.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

A parcel?

FX:

UNWRAPPING PAPER PARCEL

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Wonder what it... why, it... it's a gramophone record. I'll just play it on the gas-ring.

GRAMS:

(PRE-RECORDED GRYPYPE AND MORIARTY WITH SLIGHT ECHO)

GRAMS GRYPYPE:

'There he is, Moriarty. Now count three and fire!'

GRAMS MORIARTY:

'Sapristi, yes. One, two three'.

GRAMS:

RECORD CLICKS AS THOUGH CRACKED. (CLICK)

GRAMS MORIARTY:

'Two, three', (CLICK) 'Two, three', (CLICK) 'Two, three', (CLICK) 'Two, three'. (CLICK)

GRAMS GRYTPYPE:

'What's the matter?'

GRAMS MORIARTY:

'The needle's stuck' (CLICK) 'stuck'.

GRAMS GRYTPYPE:

'Give me that gun'. (PISTOL SHOT, CLICK) 'Give me that gun'. (PISTOL SHOT, CLICK) 'Give me that gun'. (PISTOL SHOT, CLICK) 'Give me that gun'. (PISTOL SHOT, CLICK) 'Give me that gun' (PISTOL SHOT, CLICK)

SEAGOON:

Ahhhh! Hellpp!

FX:

DOOR OPENS, CLOSES

SEAGOON:

(OUT OF BREATH) Ah. Ah. I just got out in time.

BLOODNOK:

(OFF) There he is! British Army, take aim, fire!

GRAMS:

MACHINE-GUN FIRE, BARRAGE

SEAGOON:

(OVER) No, no, no! Hellppp!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS MORIARTY:

(SLIGHT ECHO) 'Aho, he's back, Grytpype. Fire!' (PISTOL SHOT)

GRAMS SEAGOON:

'Owww!'

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRAMS BLOODNOK:

'He's out again! Fire!!' (MACHINE-GUN FIRE)

GRAMS SEAGOON:

(OVER) 'Owwww!'

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS MORIARTY:

'He's back, Grytpype. Fire!!' (PISTOL SHOT).

GRAMS SEAGOON:

'Owwww!' DOOR OPENS

GRAMS BLOODNOK:

'He's out again! Fire!!' (MACHINE-GUN FIRE)

GRAMS SEAGOON:

'Owwww!'

SEQUENCE REPEATS, VERY FAST, UNDER...

GREENSLADE:

And there we leave Neddie at present, trapped between the British Army and a loaded record. And frankly, I don't think much of his chances of ever getting to the tiddleywinks match.

SEAGOON:

It's a lie, I'll be there, Phil, I'll be there with my... my lads here, we'll be doing fine...

BLOODNOK:

Aye ahoho.

SEAGOON:

... won't we? Ohoho. (FADES)

GREENSLADE:

Ah, yes.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

GREENSLADE:

Which reminds me.

FX:

PHONE OFF HOOK

GREENSLADE:

Hello? Spon Insurance Company? Thank you. I'd like to take out a ten thousand pound life insurance policy on Neddie Seagoon. (PAUSE, ASIDE) Yes, it's all in the mind, you know.

ORCHESTRA:

'DING DONG THE WITCH IS DEAD'

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 Larry Stephens. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The program produced by Roy Speer.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT.