

S8 E10 - King Solomon's Mines

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC home service. A cosy little organization that gives aged gentlemen like myself safe refuge from the sinful world of work.

GRAMS:

(GRADUALLY SPEEDING UP) HURRAY! HIP HIP, HURRAY! HIP HIP, HURRAY!

GREENSLADE:

Right! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Yes. I have here in my hand, ladies and gentlemen, a chit...

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) What?

SECOMBE:

(OFF) Say that again.

GREENSLADE:

...granting me a permission to sing... and the chit is signed by John Snagge.

SECOMBE:

Do you have to bow your head when you mention that name?

GREENSLADE:

No, but it helps.

SECOMBE:

Well, get on with the old singing bit, there, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

Well, I should like to sing the ballad... (INTERRUPTIONS FROM SECOMBE AND MILLIGAN) I would like to sing...

MILLIGAN:

...the old chat, there.

SECOMBE:

Give the old singing, there, Wal. [UNCLEAR]? What about the old singing, there, Wal?

GREENSLADE:

Well, I should like to sing the ballad, 'Sea Fever' by John Masefield.

OCHESTRA:

PIANO ARPEGGIO

GREENSLADE:

(SINGS) 'I must go down to the sea again...' Oh!

GRAMS:

SPLASH

SECOMBE:

That got rid of him!

GREENSLADE:

(OFF) Help! I can't swim in water.

SECOMBE:

Right! Grab this imitation hand. Hup!

GRAMS:

SPLASHING.

GREENSLADE:

Oh! Oh, Mr Seagoon, that... that river was full of naughty water.

SEAGOON:

What? It must have sprung a leak! Hup!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD

SEAGOON:

Well done! Well done! Well done! Well done!

SELLERS:

Rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr. (BLOWS INTO MIC)

SEAGOON:

Yes. Folks, that was Peter Sellers doing an impression of the next car he intends to buy. He'll never last out. Now Wal, wring out that wet stomach and read the writing on the seat of these underpants.

GREENSLADE:

We present the new all-leather goon show.

GRAMS:

MASSED CHEERING.

SEAGOON:

Stop!

GRAMS:

IMMEDIATELY STOP.

SEAGOON:

Start!

GRAMS:

MASSED CHEERING.

SEAGOON:

Stop!

GRAMS:

IMMEDIATELY STOP.

SEAGOON:

We've got them eating out of our hands tonight!

GREENSLADE:

Ha ha ha! My dear Harry, the audiences we get eat out of their hands every night.

SEAGOON:

How dare you insult the paid claque!

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, this week's masterpiece comes from the pen of Spike Milligan. Incidentally, Mr Milligan is on view in his pen every Sunday morning. From it he has just written Rider Haggard's immortal story, "King Solomon's Mines" for the third time.

SELLERS:

(U.S. FILM ANNOUNCER) Here it is then, Carl Filmend Mould!

ORCHESTRA:

AFRICAN EPIC INTRODUCTION.

HORN:

[SELLERS]

My name is Horn. Trader Horn. Born in Houndsditch. How do you like a name like that, eh? Horn-Trader-Horn-born-in-Houndsditch. My father must have been mad.

ECCLES:

Hello, son!

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

ECCLES:

Owww!

HORN:

I spent my life in Africa hunting the cord of the rare female stripped pyjamas which are dying out rapidly. So let us go back to the beginning of our story. And so saying I sank back in my spon chair, filled my pipe with brown 'agony' shag and the following story I told.

GRAMS:

RECORDING; (SELLERS) I FIRST SAW LORD SEAGOON IN 1908. (SPEEDING UP) IT WAS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE AT THE CASINO TABLES OF MONTE CARLO AT HALIBUT...

GRAMS:

ROULETTE WHEEL. BALL DROPPING, SPINNING AROUND WHEEL. BELL. DISTANT FRENCH CRIES.

GREENSLADE:

Numero cinque rouge.

SEAGOON:

Cinque rouge! Curse, folks. I had my money on number five red. I'd better get change.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) They've gotta learn quick [UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON:

Par... So have I, folks! Pardonezz moy. Er, avez-vous le change pour mon ten bob note pour le francs?

GREENSLADE:

Er, it will be easier for me if you speak english.

SEAGOON:

I don't speak that very well, either.

GREENSLADE:

Ah, ha! An english punditeur.

SEAGOON:

Have a care, frog eater, or I'll dig up Napoleon and clout his nut.

GREENSLADE:

I apologise... I apologise for your disgusting behaviour.

SEAGOON:

Merci.

GREENSLADE:

Place your bets, please.

HORN:

A thousand francs on red ten.

ELLINGTON:

Two thousand francs on eleven.

ECCLES:

Tuppence on number three.

GREENSLADE:

Monsieur! Monsieur!

ECCLES:

What? What?

GREENSLADE:

[UNCLEAR]. We never take english money.

ECCLES:

Oooh, good. Then I can't lose. I'll leave it out.

SEAGOON:

Have you tried the other tables?

ECCLES:

Yep. And all the chairs. Have a nut?

FX:

SLAPPING SOUNDS ON BARE SKIN. (MIX IN WOODBLOCK FOR EFFECT)

OMNES:

Hoi, hup. (EXTENDED)

ECCLES:

Oww! Oww! Not below the belt, now.

GREENSLADE:

Now, any final bets?

SEAGOON:

Ten francs on number one hundred.

HORN:

There's no such number on the wheel.

SEAGOON:

I'll take a chance. My second name is 'mad-man!'

ECCLES:

That's my first name.

FX:

SLAPPING ON BARE SKIN. (WOODBLOCK AGAIN)

OMNES:

(FIGHTING SOUNDS)

ECCLES:

Ohhhh! Awwww!

HORN:

As the night wore on, I found myself at a table with Lord Seagoon opposite.

FX:

CARD SHUFFLE.

SEAGOON:

It was poker. Poker with a vengeance. The table was surrounded by excited spectators. The bids were a million francs a time. I had raised them two million. I felt confident. I had the best poker hand I'd ever had.

HORN:

It all depended on one player to call. Finally he did.

ECCLES:

SNAP!

SEAGOON:

Snap? You ragged idiot, we're playing poker!

ECCLES:

Ooooo. Well, I'm winning, ain't I?

HORN:

Yes, you are, blast you!

SEAGOON:

This man's impossible. I refuse to play at this table.

ECCLES:

Me, too. Where shall we go, fellas?

FX:

SLAPPING ON BARE SKIN. MIX IN WOODBLOCK.

OMNES:

FIGHTING SOUNDS.

GREENSLADE:

Monsieur Eccles. Monsieur Eccles, the managing director of the casino insists that you leave. Salut.

ECCLES:

Oh. The managing director throwing me out, what an honour that is.

SEAGOON:

The ambulance is outside.

ECCLES:

Ambulance? I'm not sick.

SEAGOON:

You will be, it's going to run over you.

ECCLES:

What! Let me go! Let me go!

FX:

STICKS ON HARD SURFACE.

OMNES:

FIGHTING SOUNDS.

ECCLES:

Owww! Owww! Owww! Oooh! That's enough!

SEAGOON:

Thank heavens he's gone. He's won two million francs and I'm... (GULP) skint! Where's my speaking trumpet? (THROUGH TRUMPET) Hello, folks! Calling folks!

ORCHESTRA:

SOLO VIOLIN. (DODGY VERSION OF 'HEARTS AND FLOWERS'.)

SEAGOON:

(THROUGH TRUMPET) I'm destitute, folks! No money, folks. Ruined, folks. Farewell, folks, and farewell, cruel world, folks.

HORN:

Seagoon was ruined. He took the only way out.

SEAGOON:

(THROUGH TRUMPET) The tradesmen's entrance, folks. (NORMAL) I'll have a tune on Max Geldray's secret laundry list. Where's that corkscrew? BRANDY!!!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ORCHESTRA:

AFRICAN EPIC THEME. CRESCENDO AND FADE UNDER.

GREENSLADE:

During that number a plot started to emerge. Lord Seagoon, impoverished, set out for Africa to seek his fortune. He was bound for the upper Congo.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME.

GRAMS:

FLIES.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh! Ohh! Ohh! Oh, dear. Silly place to have a pimple. Not a decent angle-mirror in the place. Come along, you flies. Out you go, lads, out you go.

FX:

DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

BLOODNOK:

Good, good. Now I shall have a spoonful of the old curry powder. Puts power in your knees, you know. (SWALLOWS)

FX:

FAST TWO-TONED WOODBLOC.

GRAMS:

SHIP'S SIREN.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!

GRAMS:

SHIP'S SIREN.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh! It's a river steamer. And what a steamer! Singhiz! Singhiz Thing!

SINGHIZ-THING:

What is it, Major? What is perplexing you?

BLOODNOK:

A river boat has arrived.

SINGHIZ-THING:

Oh, my!

BLOODNOK:

I must look my best. Lay out a fresh sock, will you? I'm not putting it on, just lay it out for show. Gad, I haven't seen anyone from England for ten years.

SINGHIZ-THING:

Well, it's very difficult to see them such a long way away, [UNCLEAR].

BLOODNOK:

Silence, Singhiz, or I'll squirt curry powder up your loin-cloth.

FX:

DOOR KNOCKER.

BLOODNOK:

Come in. Come in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

MINNIE:

Good morning, sir. I... I'm just off the river steamer from England.

BLOODNOK:

Gad, how strange. A white man.

MINNIE:

Eh? My name is *Miss* Minnie Bannister.

BLOODNOK:

Even stranger, a white man called Miss Minnie Bannister. What's happening back in England?

MINNIE:

They're doing the bling blim buddle dee etc:

MINNIE:

It's all the rage, you know.

BLOODNOK:

What?

MINNIE:

What? Nothing's happening back in England.

BLOODNOK:

Well, there's progress for you. Come in, dear sir.

MINNIE:

Sir? I... I'm... I'm... ohhhh.... I'm a woman.

BLOODNOK:

Woman? Woman. That name strikes a chord, you know. Where's me old medical charts, now?

MINNIE:

What's he doing? What's he... What's he doing?

BLOODNOK:

Let's see. Woman. Woman. W, a, m, a... Ah, here we are, yes, woman. Woman is a... Ooooh! And, ah, ohhh, ah ahhhhhgggrrhhh!

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhh!

FX:

DOOR KNOCKER.

BLOODNOK:

It's those flies back again. I'm spitting tonight. Coming, lads!

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Good morning.

BLOODNOK:

You're not one of my flies.

SEAGOON:

I'm not one of anyone's flies.

BLOODNOK:

So, an unemployed fly. Buzz off, sir, or I'll escort you...

SEAGOON:

Wait, Major.

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

I need work. That's why I left England. I've just stepped off the boat.

BLOODNOK:

That's *two* of you off the riverboat. It was much bigger than I thought, you know. Well, I was under the impression that it was a single seater ocean liner.

SEAGOON:

It was, but it had a large boot.

BLOODNOK:

So it walked here! You see, our ships don't need Suez, I've always said that. Well you just happen to be lucky. Allow me to change me voice and introduce myself as Harry Trader Horn.

HORN:

How-do-you-do? A rich client of mine... (RUBBISH)

SEAGOON:

(ON SPEAKING TRUMPET) Hello, folks. Calling folks. Calling folks. He told me a strange tale, folks. A rich client was sending an expedition into the interior, folks, and he wanted me to go along as an assistant hunter.

HORN:

I want you to go along as an assistant hunter.

SEAGOON:

Yes, I've just told them that, you know.

HORN:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

(ON SPEAKING TRUMPET) He said thank you, folks.

HORN:

Yes, I told the, folks.

SEAGOON:

(ON SPEAKING TRUMPET) Yes, he said he told you, folks. Has he, folks?

GRAMS:

RECORDING OF MASSED CHEERING SPEEDED UP. "YI HA!" MIX IN GIANT SPLASH.

SEAGOON:

(ON SPEAKING TRUMPET) Thank you, folks. On with the story, folks. King Solomon's Mines part three, folks.

ORCHESTRA:

QUICK DRAMATIC AFRICAN LINK.

GRAMS:

DISTANT NATIVE CHATTER.

HORN:

Mr. Spriggs, have you checked the safari supplies?

SPRIGGS:

Yes, Jim. (SINGS) Yes, Ji-immmmm!

HORN:

(SINGS) Right, Ji-immmmm!

SPRIGGS:

Ohhhh! Jim, [UNCLEAR].

MORIARTY:

Ahhhhh! Ah, Mister Trader Horn, mon... mon ami. All ready to start the trek, eh? Ha ha ha. Ha ha ha.
Ha ha ha.

SPRIGGS:

Shut him up, Jim.

MORIARTY:

Ha ha ha. (EXTENDED ARGUMENT BETWEEN SPRIGGS AND MORIARTY)

HORN:

Are you, er... Are you quite sure you know where the King Solomon's Mines are?

MORIARTY:

Yes. In Africa.

HORN:

Africa ia a very big place.

MORIARTY:

Pardon?

HORN:

Africa is a very big place.

MORIARTY:

Then don't stand so close to me.

HORN:

There's nothing to fear.

MORIARTY:

What?

HORN:

I'm down wind.

MORIARTY:

Did you get that non-trade union assistant?

HORN:

I did. Allow me to introduce, under this steaming electric wig, Lord Seagoon.

MORIARTY:

You!

SEAGOON:

You!

HORN:

Me!

SEAGOON:

Don't change the subject.

HORN:

What?

SEAGOON:

This man's a notorious international confidence trickster by appointment to the government.

MORIARTY:

Awwwwwwwwww! Ahawwwwwww! How dare you insult a french Count like that without payment of leather guineas.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, Moriarty, now. Put down those replicas of clenched fists. Neddie need have no fear. We are but the minions of a rich man who is financing this trip. Moriarty, time for your Oww.

MORIARTY:

Oww.

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid. It's the only cure for la grippe, you know.

SEAGOON:

Ahhh! Where is this rich man, then? Speak up or I'll swallow this stuffed seagull.

GRYTPYPE:

He's nailed up in this wooden crate here.

FX:

TAPPING ON WOODEN PLANK.

GRYTPYPE:

Are you alright, sir?

ECCLES:

(OFF) Yep. Fine, fine. I'm finished with the bottle.

SEAGOON:

That's the famous Eccles!

GRYTPYPE:

You recognised him by his crate?

SEAGOON:

You devils. You mean you've had him nailed up in that crate for the whole voyage?

GRYTPYPE:

Of course not. Of course not. Half the time he was sealed in the barrel.

ECCLES:

My turn.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Sealed in the barrel? How did he breathe?

MORIARTY:

He breathed through his nose. Hup, hup, hoihi!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C

MORIARTY:

You got to keep 'em laughing, folks. We are after King Solomon's Mines.

SEAGOON:

(ON SPEAKING TRUMPET) Hello, folks. Did you hear that, folks? We are hunting for King Solomon's Mines, folks. Forward into Africa, Wal.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC SAFARI LINK.

GRAMS:

SOUND OF CANOE PADDLING. DISTANT NATIVE SINGING WITH TOM TOM ACCOMPANIMENT.
CONTINUE UNDER.

GREENSLADE:

For three days the expedition travelled upstream by river. For days they never saw an Albert Memorial. This was Africa at its most primitive. Some of the men got restless.

CYRIL:

'Ere, how long we gonna be on this, er, river... river, like, then?

SEAGOON:

Two more days, Cyril, and then a month's march inland.

CYRIL:

One month? I gotta be away from home for a month?

SEAGOON:

You're not worried are you?

CYRIL:

'Course I'm worried. My baby sitter charges two bob an hour.

SEAGOON:

Well, couldn't your wife have done it?

CYRIL:

No. She charges three bob an hour.

SEAGOON:

Well, it's worth it.

CYRIL:

Worth it? We haven't even got a baby! Now listen, I'm not stopping in Africa. I got... I got three windows to dress. You gotta get me off this boat! I love Anne and June, I tell you...

SEAGOON:

Right. Hup...!

GRAMS:

SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

SEAGOON:

Hup...

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Swallow me thuns...

SEAGOON:

Next. Hup!

GRAMS:

SPLASH

BLOODNOK:

Seagon, swallow me thuns, I saw you throw Little Jim into the water.

SEAGOON:

Yes, I thought the change would do him good, you know.

BLOODNOK:

I warn you Seagoon. If Little Jim is not back for next week's catchphrase, I shall say it myself. Allow me to try. (AHM) He's fallen in the wa-tah. Un un nn nng... No, It's no good, I... I can't do it. I...

CYRIL:

(OFF) Help! Help! I'm drowning in non-kosher water. Help!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, look! A crocodile making straight for Cyril.

GRAMS:

PISTOL SHOT.

BLOODNOK:

Got him. Now to get the crocodile.

GRAMS:

PISTOL SHOT.

SEAGOON:

You got him, too! It looks like a very old crocodile.

MORIARTY:

Yes. He won the 'old crocks' race to Brighton last year.

ORCHESTRA:

Tatty chord.

MORIARTY:

(OFF) You got to keep 'em laughing, folks!

BLOODNOK:

I'll have a pair of real shoes out of him. Wait a moment. It's floating downstream towards Spriggs' boat.

SPRIGGS:

Yes? Yes, Ji-immmmm! Yes, Ji-immmmm!

BLOODNOK:

Got any rope?

SPRIGGS:

Yes, Jim.

BLOODNOK:

Then lasso that crocodile and give him a tow.

SPRIGGS:

Why should I? He's had two of mine already.

BLOODNOK:

No good. The pace is much too much. Ellington, play a cool tune on your foon. Brandy!

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUNNING AWAY.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC AFRICAN EPIC LINK.

GREENSLADE:

The river journey complete, the great safari formed up for the great trek inland and the headsman's name was 'Ginger'.

BLOODNOK:

I say, are you Ginger?

ELLINGTON:

Yes. Me Ginger.

BLOODNOK:

Jolly good. I say, I must have my eyes tested, you know, I...

ELLINGTON:

Ombah yalla! Tallaboot kalla im mahgoo ah il bashel katool!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh.

SEAGOON:

Have you tried wearing... Have you tried wearing them back to front?

BLOODNOK:

Neddie, careful, he's the head man. He says the expedition is ready to start inland.

SEAGOON:

It's going to be a long march.

BLOODNOK:

Nonsense. It can't last more than thirty one days, I have a friend with a calender, you know.

MORIARTY:

Arrrrgggh! Now listen, you two, arrrggh, owww ow ow. Ow. Ow. Grytpype tells me from here to our destination is four hundred miles.

BLOODNOK:

How far's that?

MORIARTY:

Well, that's a secret. Go on, folks, lap it up. Now then, this journey needs stamina.

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon...

SEAGOON:

[UNCLEAR] stamina.

MORIARTY:

Where's stamina? I'll spell it, (GIBBERISH). Seagoon, how much ground could you cover in a day?

SEAGOON:

I can cover ten square yards standing still.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm glad to hear that, Neddie. Now come, Moriarty. Horn-Trader-Horn-Born-In-Houndsditch is waiting to carry us in his portable tree. (GOING OFF) We must get there...

SEAGOON:

I don't trust Grytpype and Moriarty.

BLOODNOK:

And I don't trust Moriarty and Grytpype.

SEAGOON:

Well, keep an eye on my two first then we'll settle yours.

BLOODNOK:

Right.

ELLINGTON:

Oom balla!

SEAGOON:

(RASPBERRY)

ELLINGTON:

Don't laugh, little one. Oom balla! We go!

SEAGOON:

Right. Help me get this crate on my head. (STRAINING) Huh. Ahhhrgg ahhhrrrrgg. (PUFFS) You alright in there, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah. Fine, fine. Umm, ah, oh, tell me, is it, er, day or night?

SEAGOON:

What's that up in the sky?

BLOODNOK:

The sun.

SEAGOON:

It's day, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Ta. Oh, this is the life. Nailed up in a crate being carried through Africa. Oh, a slice of privilege [UNCLEAR] I like. Oh, never had it so good, I tell you. This is living!

SEAGOON:

Don't get excited, Eccles, this crate leaks.

HORN:

Right. Forward... into the interior!

SEAGOON:

We might meet the decorators. Hello, folks, did you get that, folks? Interior... interior decoator! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha. Ah, hum. Sorry, folks. FORWARD!

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUNNING OFF AT SPEED.

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT DRAMATIC LINK.

GRAMS:

SOUNDS OF PARTY CUTTING ITS WAY THROUGH JUNGLE.

SEAGOON:

Ah! Oh, we made slow progress. The jungle was very dense.

BLOODNOK:

So were we.

SEAGOON:

By April the twenty second we'd only reached February the first.

SPRIGGS:

Hello, Jim. Hello, Jim. Where are we heading for? Where are we heaaaaa-ding... where are we he...
(SINGS) Where are we heading foood-ooooor? Where are we heading for, Ji-im?

SEAGOON:

Well done, chords. (BURP) Pardon.

GRYTPYPE:

I'll tell you, gentlemen. With the financial help of Mister Eccles and Moriarty's overdraft we are seeking the King Solomon's Mines.

SPRIGGS:

Solomon's Mines? Are they rich?

GRYTPYPE:

With a name like Solomon? Do me a favour.

SPRIGGS:

Ah, but... but the King Solomon's Mines is only a legend.

GRYTPYPE:

We know it's only a legend, we're determined to find it. Moriarty, you've got the map. Show them, Moriarty. Moriarty? Where is that schnorrer? Moriarty? (GOING OFF) Moriarty? Moriarty? (SHOUTS) Count Moriarty, where are you?!

SEAGOON:

It sounds as if he's gone.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh? And what sound does a person make when he's gone?

SEAGOON:

This.

(SILENCE)

GRYTPYPE:

That's it. That's the sound he's making. So, the steaming eater of escargots and snails has done the dirty on my dirty. I'll get him. Give me those dentist's pliers and that rusty razorblade.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

SEAGOON:

He's gone and made the same sound. Where's my leather speaking trumpet? (THROUGH SPEAKING TRUMPET) Hello, folks! Here we are all left in the jungle, folks, with no one who will help, folks.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will help you, my good man. Enter a fresh lunatic.

SEAGOON:

Just what England needs. Wait here while we go and trap Moriarty with this picture of forty one, twenty eight, thirty nine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhh.

SEAGOON:

Right. Follow me, men!

GRAMS:

RECORDING: BOOTS RUNNING AT SPEED.

SEAGOON:

(SINGING OVER, GRADUALLY SPEEDING UP)

Give me some men who are stout hearted men,
Who will fight for the right to be free.

Give me some men who are stout hearted men,
Who will fight for the right to be free.

Shoulder to shoulder,

And us getting bolder,

Fight for the right to be free.

Give me some men who are stout hearted men,
Who will fight for the right to be freeeee.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, they've gone and lefted me. Oh, well. Like all good boy scouts I will play with my elastic. Stretch, streeeetch!

FX:

WHACK ON BARE SKIN.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aieeee! My nut.

ECCLES:

(OFF) Keep... keep quiet out there. There's people in this crate trying to get some sleep.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Is that you in there, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah, dat's me-in-dere-Eccles.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Is it dark in that crate, Eccles?

ECCLES:

I'll strike a match and see. Oh, no. It was a moment ago, though.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. Good, 'cause I want to take a photo of you for the 'beautiful body' contest in the Finchley nature mag.

ECCLES:

Ah, ho! Ah, ah ah ho! I'll take my clothes off.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ok. Ready?

ECCLES:

Yeh, ready. Oh, these splinters!

BLUEBOTTLE:

You... you smiling, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yep.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Dere. I tooked it, Eccles. Which way was you facing?

FX:

KNOCKING ON WOOD.

ECCLES:

I was on... facing this side.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, you had your back to me. That's ruined the photo, now.

MORIARTY:

(APPROACHING) Let me go!

SEAGOON:

Come on you devils. We've got 'em. Hello, folks! Hello, folks! It was all a hairy plot, folks. Moriarty ran away and Grytpype had arranged to make it look like he knew nothing about it, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. Sort it out for yourselves, folks.

GRYTPYPE:

If it weren't for those speeded up recordings of running you'd never have caught us, I tell you.

SEAGOON:

Now release Eccles.

GRAMS:

CROWBAR UNDER NAILED DOWN SLAT. CRATE OPENING SOUNDS. (CONTINUE UNDER)

SEAGOON:

Hurry up, we're getting near the end of the show.

BLOODNOK:

Out you come, Eccles. Eccles! What are you doing in the nude?

ECCLES:

I was... I was posing for the nature... nature photograph.

BLOODNOK:

You're the wrong shape, lad. You need advice.

SEAGOON:

Ah, you fiends. Into the crate with you.

GRAMS:

QUICK HAMMERING ON WOOD.

SEAGOON:

There! And in there you stay. Bloodnok? Throw 'em on the boat.

GRAMS:

LARGE SPLASH.

BLOODNOK:

Missed! Curse! Worse still, if Little Jim had have been here he could have said...

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

BLOODNOK:

He could have said.

SEAGOON:

Now, my dear friend, the rich Eccles, my pal, my dear old rich mate, where's that silly old two million francs, eh?

ECCLES:

It was all in that crate.

SEAGOON:

Curse! An unhappy ending, folks.

BLOODNOK:

Not for me it isn't. Ohh!

GRAMS:

SPLASH

GREENSLADE:

It's all in the mind, you know.

FX:

SOUNDS OF SLAPPING ON BARE SKIN. MIX IN WOODBLOCK.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT

NOTES

When Eccles declares "My turn" in the barrel, it is a reference to the phrase "It's your turn in the barrel". This is the punchline to a dirty joke in which sailors relieve their "frustrations" using a barrel with a hole in it.