

S8 E19 - The White Neddie Trade

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

SPRIGGS:

I don't like it at all, Jeem.

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. Are you bored during these long winter evenings? Then get yourself a Wallace Greenslade do-it-yourself kit and make your own Wallace Greenslade.

SEAGOON:

What? (GIGGLES) Who on earth wants a Greenslade?

GREENSLADE:

Everybody! Who else could announce the title of this show?

SEAGOON:

I could! Ladies and gentlemen, we present...

FX:

BANG

SEAGOON:

Aaah! (THUD)

GREENSLADE:

Well fired, John Snagge! And now, through the marvel of electricity, steam, cardboard, elastic and two ordinary matches, we present... the Goon Show.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY FANFARE

MILLIGAN:

Hup! And tonight, folks, the White Neddie Trade.

ORCHESTRA:

MYSTERIOUS CHORDS

SELLERS:

The story of fearless Neddie Seagoon. The man who smiled in the face of danger and laughed in the face of death.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS - LAUGHTER TRAILS OFF - PAUSE) Heeeeeelp!

ORCHESTRA:

SLOW BIG BAND VERSION OF 'MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I'M A LONDONER'

MILLIGAN:

(FRENCH ACCENT) Paris. The year: nineteen hundred and [FRENCH-SOUNDING GIBBERISH]. We espy a ragged figure, clutching about him a threadbare boulevard. (SINGS GARBLED FRENCHISH LYRICS OVER...)

ORCHESTRA:

FRENCH-TYPE TURN OF THE CENTURY MUSIC

SEAGOON:

Ohoh, folks! It was me, folks! Neddie Seagoon, folks! All that winter I'd been in Paris, starving, folks. No money. No work. No means of support except for my small National Health braces. Oooohohoh!

FRED:

[SELLERS]

Ah, monsieur, pardon me. I'm just overhearing your words, what you say, then.

SEAGOON:

From his broken English I knew he was a broken Englishman. Oui, monsieur?

FRED:

You would like some work, you know?

SEAGOON:

No thanks, I'm trying to give it up. You see, I... I can't afford it.

FRED:

Ah, but monsieur, zis job is free, you know. You work for nothing.

SEAGOON:

Oh, that's different!

FRED:

Ah, yes. You see, I am ze proprietor, ze manager, ze chief cashier, you knowwww? Aaaand the headwaiter of the restaurant Fred.

SEAGOON:

Who's Fred?

FRED:

I am.

SEAGOON:

Gad!

FRED:

Yes, Fred Gad. I am looking for a temporary worker, you know?

SEAGOON:

What does he look like?

FRED:

You!

SEAGOON:

You mean I have a double?

FRED:

Yes, and from here it looks as if they're both wearing the same suit.

FX:

SLAPSTICK

OMNES:

Ow! Oh, ho! Ow! Take that! (ETC)

JEEM:

He doesn't like clubbing, Jim.

ORCHESTRA:

FRENCH MUSIC AGAIN

MILLIGAN:

(FRENCHISH SINGING AGAIN, HIGHER AND ENDING WITH A STRANGLED "AWK!")

GREENSLADE:

Zat night, Seagoon began work at ze restaurant Fred. And this is Wallace Vertslade saying it.

FX:

SMASHING PLATES

SEAGOON:

Oops!

GREENSLADE:

You clumsy fool! Those sound effects cost money! Take this tray of muck francaise out to table number one on the terrace.

SEAGOON:

As I walked along, a nearby manhole cover sprang to life.

FX:

CLANG

MORIARTY:

Owww!

SEAGOON:

And a bent pin speared my kipper!

MORIARTY:

I've got it, Grytpype! La food! La manger! La grub. Look! A kipper!

GRYTPYPE:

A kipper? No wonder it's asleep. Hold it down while I strap this Sam Browne onto it.

MORIARTY:

Right! Ah! It's a military kipper!

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, yes!

SEAGOON:

Take your teeth out of my arm, sir!

FX:

WIND-UP CHATTERING TEETH TOY

SEAGOON:

Ahahaha! Thank you. The first occupant of the coal cellar was a tall man wearing a monocle, a pair of knees and a small brown loaf.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. And the wig resting on this ebony wig-stand belongs to none other than Count Jim Shag...

MORIARTY:

Owwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty. Strolling knee-clapper.

MORIARTY:

(PARADIDDLE NOISE)

GRYTPYPE:

(STRUGGLING) And inventor of the round hole.

MORIARTY:

USUAL MORIARTY "ARRR" NOISES

GRYTPYPE:

Yes and that's his 'owwww' to prove it. Put it away, Moriarty, before it gets damaged. Now, what are you doing in Paris?

SEAGOON:

Starving.

GRYTPYPE:

Unpatriotic devil. Why don't you starve in England?

SEAGOON:

I prefer French cooking!

MORIARTY:

Ah, you are a... you are a conny-sewer! Hup!

ORCHESTRA:

QUAVERY TA-DAAAA FANFARE, RIM SHOT

SEAGOON:

Hey! Je suis... Je suis...

OMNES AND SEAGOON:

Je, suis have no bananas! We have no -- (GIGGLING, GARBLED)

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that. Ladies and gentleman, I am a theatrical.

GRYTPYPE:

Of course, of course, I've seen your photo on a poster. Weren't you in something called 'Wanted' or something like that?

SEAGOON:

What? No, no, no, it can't have been me, I was in prison at the time.

MORIARTY:

Ah, little Neddie, we are highly steaming theatrical agents!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, lad, what do you do?

SEAGOON:

I'm a piano dancer but I have no piano.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, show us *without* a piano.

SEAGOON:

But of course. Right! One, two, go!

(SILENCE, ABOUT TEN SECONDS)

SEAGOON:

Hup!

MORIARTY AND GRYTPYPE:

Ah, bravo! (APPLAUSE)

MORIARTY:

Quelle marvellous.

GRYTPYPE:

How would you like a booking at a South American night club?

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes, sir, please, please, oh, thank you, sir, thank you, thank... (DOGGY GRATITUDE NOISES)

GRYTPYPE:

Stop licking my boots, I'm not wearing any. What they like in South America are Scottish acts.

MORIARTY:

Scottish? (SCOTTISH GARBLE)

FX:

CLATTERING SMALL THINGS

GRYTPYPE:

Pick your teeth up, Moriarty. Neddie, slip into this coconut kilt, you can change behind that screen there.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Riiiiight...

GRYTPYPE:

Quick, Moriarty, get the bagpipes.

MORIARTY:

Ah, here you are.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, stuff the bag with these illicit senna pods.

MORIARTY:

Ohhhh! You mean these senna pods are for smuggling, ho ho!

SEAGOON:

(Returning) There. How do I look in a kilt?

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid, splendid. Shouldn't you have taken your trousers off? What clan are you?

SEAGOON:

The Destine. Get it? Clan Destine? (LAUGHS)

FX:

SLAPSTICKS

SEAGOON:

Ow! ooh! Ow ow ow ooh!

SPRIGGS:

He really doesn't like that clubbing, Jim. He doesn't like that clubbing, Jim. He doesn't like that clubbing, Jim.

GRYTPYPE:

(GIGGLES) Ahowowhow! Yes, shut up Moriarty. You rotting heap. Neddie, here... (CRACKS UP) Here is a photograph of a script writer waiting for a musical spot to help him out of shtup. And here is Max Geldray to do it!

MAX GELDRA:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

The White Neddie Trade, part two.

ORCHESTRA:

MORE MYSTERIOUS MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

In the South American republic of Cascara Segrada, all is gaiety at the exotic club Enrico.

FX:

AMBIENT CLUB SOUNDS, PLOPPING NOISES, WATER DRIPPING, GLASSES CLINKING

SPRIGGS:

Senors and senoras! Senors and (SINGS) Senoooooras! Silence, please. Silence, please. Silence for the cabarette. Tonight, folks, tonight we present the singing of our manager. (SINGS) Our Managerrrrrrr! Enrico Crun and the glamorous La Minnie Bannister.

FX:

UNENTHUSIASTIC RANDOM CLAPPING

CRUN AND MINNIE:

RANDOM VOCAL RHYTHM NOISES

MINNIE:

(SINGING) Oh, I'm going out with a mountain
But it's not in love with me
I'm going out with a mountain
and I'm only four foot three

I saw it this morning
And I saw it in tonight
I see it every morning
And it appears to be all right

I'm going to stop going out with a mountain
I'm going out with a him instead.
Hoy!

HENRY:

Ole!

MINNIE:

Ole!

ORCHESTRA:

TA-DAAAA FANFARE

MINNIE:

Thank you! Thank you!

SELLERS:

(WACKY LATIN VOICE) Excuse me Mister Crun, this... er, this gentleman to see you. Uh-huh!

SEAGOON:

Good evening! I've been sent from Paris for the cabaret.

HENRY:

Oh, then you must be the nude.

MINNIE:

Ooohhhhh!

SEAGOON:

Nude?

MINNIE:

(OVER SEAGOON'S NEXT LINE) Can you move out of the way?

SEAGOON:

But I'm wearing clothes!

HENRY:

Ohhh, well, that's a new twist.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no, I'm a piano dancer.

MINNIE:

Oh, it's... who is this buddy, buddy? Buddy?

HENRY:

It's a nude who dances on a piano, Min.

MINNIE:

Ooohhhhh!

SEAGOON:

With clothes on! With clothes on, Miss Bannister.

MINNIE:

Ah, the... the... Oh, the *piano* has clothes on.

HENRY:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no, / have the clothes on.

MINNIE:

Oh.

HENRY:

Then the piano is nude?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

HENRY:

The police will never allow it.

MINNIE:

Never.

HENRY:

Here's a nude piano, show us what you can do, owww...

SEAGOON:

Right! One, two... up!

ORCHESTRA:

RANDOM KEYS STRUCK ON PIANO, ALL OVER THE KEYBOARD IN CRAZY COMBINATIONS

SEAGOON:

H'ray!

HENRY:

Well, what do you think, Min, did it send you?

MINNIE:

It sent the audience, they've all gone.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What's wrong?

MINNIE:

What? What? What? (CLUCKS ON BEHIND THE FOLLOWING)

HENRY:

Well, you see, these South Americans, you know, they all a bit.. they like the [UNCLEAR]. You've got to have a... You got to have a naughty gimmick, you know. Couldn't you dance in your long underwear or something?

MINNIE:

Yeeesss, with black stockings and frilly garters on the piano legs.

HENRY:

Shut up, you wicked woman, you!

MINNIE:

What? What?

HENRY:

It's all you think about, pianos!

BOTH:

(USUAL HENRY AND MIN NATTERING)

SEAGOON:

Are you suggesting...

MINNIE:

(OFF) Pooooowwww!

SEAGOON:

You ARE suggesting.

HENRY:

She's jumped out of the window.

SEAGOON:

Are you suggesting I expose my intimate garments to the foul gaze of hot-blooded Latins?

BOTH (SINGING, SORT OF):

We mustn't waste any time.

We mustn't waste any naughty time.

(ETC.)

MINNIE:

Come on, we must hurry, Henry.

HENRY:

Well, come on, Min.

MINNIE:

(OFF) We've filled in the time like the producer asked.

SEAGOON:

They've gone back to the Darby and Joan club.

MINNIE:

[UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON:

(GIGGLING) Oh, folks! Hello, folks. Calling all, folks! Little do they suspect that I am an agent for Interpol, on the track of a secret senna pod smuggling ring!

ORCHESTRA:

LINK MUSIC

SEAGOON:

With their own orchestra. What is so important about those bagpipes? I must find out. One, two, hup!

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO AS BEFORE, FADING OFF

SELLERS:

(NASALLY AUSTRALIAN ACCENT) Yes, I don't like that sound at all, I don't like it at all.

MILLIGAN:

(SAME NASALLY AUSTRALIAN ACCENT) Sounds fair, Jim.

SELLERS:

Yes, I don't think we can work that in the show.

MILLIGAN:

Oh, no, I can't see us...

SELLERS:

That was the sound of Seagoon piano dancing a piano to the docks, which of course is impossible, as you know. I don't like that part at all.

MILLIGAN:

I...

SEAGOON:

On arrival there, folks, I climbed over the barbed wire.

FX:

RRRIPPPPP

SEAGOON:

(SCREAM) And began to search the quarantine kennels.

GRAMS:

CAT MEOWING

SEAGOON:

Down, boy, down. Down, bubba. Down, boy, down, down.

GRAMS:

WOOFING DOG

SEAGOON:

Shhh! Nice pussy. Curses, where are those bagpipes? I felt in the next tunnel.

ECCLES:

Gowk! Oh, here! You naughty man, you! (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Thank you! Thank you! Thank you, dog lovers! Thank you.

SEAGOON:

I should have said 'kennel', shouldn't I? Never mind. What are you doing in this kennel?

ECCLES:

What am I doing in this tunnel?

SEAGOON:

What are you doing in this kennel? (SECOMBE LAUGHS)

ECCLES:

I'm putting on my bow tie. Bow-wow tie. Dog, get it? Bow-wow tie, bow-wow tie.

SEAGOON:

What for?

ECCLES:

I'm going dancing tonight.

SEAGOON:

You mean you live here? In quarantine?

ECCLES:

Sure! Regular meals, draw every morning, this is living! This is the living, folks! Have a bone, have a bone! Have another bone!

SEAGOON:

No thanks, I prefer my own.

ECCLES:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Wait! What's this in the corner?

ECCLES:

Shh! Don't wake him up!

SEAGOON:

Why not?

ECCLES:

He's asleep.

SEAGOON:

Here, let's have a look. These are the bagpipes!

ECCLES:

Ohhooohhhhhh! I thought it was a spider in a tartan sweater!

WILLIUM:

(OFF) 'Ere! 'Ere, 'ere, 'ere. 'Ere.

ECCLES:

Shh! This is the caretaker!

WILLIUM:

You know I don't allow the cats and dogs to talk after the lights aht. 'Ello, 'elloooooowwwww, matie.

ECCLES:

(HUSHED) Tell him... tell him, 'woof woof'.

SEAGOON:

Woof, woof.

WILLIUM:

A fat mangy old stray's got in. Cor', my matiiaa. I'll have to have you dinstrolled.

SEAGOON:

Wait! I'm not a dog, I'm a man!

WILLIUM:

You can't save your hide with last minute impressions.

SEAGOON:

Let me go! Help, Eccles! Eccles, fight! Use your fists.

ECCLES:

Okay! Take that!

FX:

SMACK

ECCLES:

And that!

FX:

SMACK

SEAGOON:

Not me, you fool, him!

ECCLES:

Ooohh!

SEAGOON:

Right! Run for it!

FX:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

WILLIUM:

(GOING OFF) Stop, you doggies! Come back 'ere, doggies!

ORCHESTRA:

BRIDGE

GREENSLADE:

And so, Seagoon and Eccles escaped into the jungle of the interior. And here we find, perched on the bank of the Amazon River, a military gold miner.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

FX:

EXPLOSIONS, PASSING WIND NOISES (FRED THE OYSTER)

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Ohhhh! Oh! Oh, it goes right through you, you know! Oh! Oh, dear. Ohhhh! Oh, dear. I tell you, I... Oh, dear, I... I'll... never be the same, you know. Now look, you baboos.

LALKAKA:

What? What? What? What?

BLOODNOK:

Baboos, where are you?

LALKAKA:

Here I am, sir.

BANERJEE:

Here, here, here, here.

BLOODNOK:

Prepare me a hot chipati. And I shall wear it tonight.

LALKAKA:

Mister Banajee?

BANERJEE:

What... what are you wanting, Mister... Mister Lalkaka? What are you wanting? What are you doing? What [UNCLEAR]? What [UNCLEAR]?

LALKAKA:

Mister Bannerjee, listen, please.

BANERJEE:

I am... I am listening to you.

LALKAKA:

I know, I know [UNCLEAR]. Listen, now. Major Bloodnok is wanting a curry with a chipati.

BLOODNOK:

Come along. Hurry up, there, you [UNCLEAR]!

LALKAKA:

Alright, sir.

BANERJEE:

Alright, yes, we're coming.

LALKAKA:

We got to get... get the curry powder, you see.

BANERJEE:

We are getting the curry powder, boy.

LALKAKA:

You are understanding that.

BANERJEE:

Careful, 'cos he is... we're not getting [UNCLEAR] hitting our heads, man. We really... we hitting our heads

LALKAKA:

Don't... don't hit head, please.

BANERJEE:

Hit...

LALKAKA:

Hit anything else...

BANERJEE:

[UNCLEAR] don't hit head. Don't hit the head. Digging the [UNCLEAR]...

LALKAKA:

Hitting the rice.

BANERJEE:

They are getting the...

LALKAKA:

Mixing it well, now.

BANERJEE:

Mixing it well, man. Getting it...

LALKAKA:

Like that.

BANERJEE:

Well, that was beautiful.

LALKAKA:

Alright, [UNCLEAR]. Putting in the oven. We're getting... steady into the oven. Steady, now.

BANERJEE:

Straight in... straight in... straight into the oven.

LALKAKA:

I'm lighting...

BANERJEE:

Don't let it hurt your brown fingers. Don't let them...

LALKAKA:

Oh, but this... Be careful, now, be careful. It's striking the match, now.

BLOODNOK:

(VARIOUS BLUSTERS AND 'OH'S)

LALKAKA:

Oh, dear, I...

BANERJEE:

I know.

LALKAKA:

Striking the match on the gas oven, now. (MAKES MATCH-STRIKING NOISES)

FX:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

I'm not going to eat that!

L & B:

Oh, dear! (RAPID EXCHANGES IN HINDI)

BANERJEE:

Well done, Sandy, you get none.

LALKAKA:

What will I do for I shall die?

BANERJEE:

Then your wife and children cry.

LALKAKA:

They'll make a bonfire for me.

BANERJEE:

Throw your ashes in the Ganghees.

LALKAKA:

That will be the end of me.

BANERJEE:

Oh, dear. Goodbye...

BLOODNOK:

Gad! Look who's here! It's Ray Ellington to play an Eastern melody. Ohhh....!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

That was the Ray Ellington Quartet. I suppose the BBC know what they're doing. And now, the White Neddie Trade, part three.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

SEAGOON:

For days we struggled on through the jungle. Suddenly, we came upon a military figure wearing a well-starched pair of Union jocks.

BLOODNOK:

How dare you! I was just tying my shoelace! Tickety-snitch!

SEAGOON:

What for?

BLOODNOK:

It's going dancing tonight.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

BLOODNOK:

Wait a minute! Oh, ha-haaa! Aren't you young Neddie Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yes!

BLOODNOK:

You remember meeee. We served together during the war.

SEAGOON:

Gad, so we did. The British restaurant!

BLOODNOK:

Of course! I was on the afters but I deserted.

SEAGOON:

We mustn't argue over trifles!

SELLERS:

Hello boys and girls!

SECOMBE:

Custard's Last Stand.

SEAGOON:

Listen...

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

What are you doing here?

BLOODNOK:

I'm digging for earth.

SEAGOON:

Any luck?

BLOODNOK:

No, just gold, gold, gold.

SEAGOON:

Hard clinker.

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

Major! There's a message has just come through for you on the gramophone.

BLOODNOK:

Then play it on this needle nardle noo.

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

Right, sir. I'll play...[UNCLEAR].

GRAMS MILLIGAN:

(GABBLING HIGH AND LOW, SPED UP AND SLOWED DOWN TO MAKE A SCREECHING GARGLE)

BLOODNOK:

You filthy swine! It's backwards!

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

I put it on the right way, sir.

Ohhh!

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

I put it on the right way, there.

GRAMS MORIARTY:

"Hello, Bloodnok. Keep your eyes open for Ned-eye Seagoon. He has a set of bagpipes stuffed with illicit senna pods. Repeat: illicit senna pods. End of Moriarty record."

BLOODNOK:

What? Right, Neddie. Hands up, legs down and drop that kilt.

SEAGOON:

What? In front of all these trees?

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) They're men.

BLOODNOK:

I warn you, this blowpipe is loaded with a poisoned boxing glove.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, blow down the other end!

ECCLES:

Okay!

FX:

POOF

BLOODNOK:

Oooh, phish-too! Oh, you... you unhygienic fool, you!

FX:

RUNNING FEET INTO THE DISTANCE

BLOODNOK:

Come back here! Come back!

ORCHESTRA:

LINK

SEAGOON:

OooOOOOO, folks. Slowly we pushed on to the jungle, little realising that ten miles to the north, two men were in hot pursuit.

GRAMS:

JUNGLE NOISES

MORIARTY:

Owww! I must get this hot pursuit off! Grytpype, look! A fresh steaming footprint!

GRYTPYPE:

Where?

MORIARTY:

Right behind me!

GRYTPYPE:

Shut up, you shattered wreck.

MORIARTY:

(GABBLES OVER...)

GRYTPYPE:

One finger, one thumb, keep moooving.

One finger, one thumb, keep moooving.

SEAGOON:

And ten miles to our south...

GRAMS:

WHACKING AND JUNGLE NOISES

MINNIE:

What?

HENRY:

Oh, we mustn't...

MINNIE:

Mustn't waste time, Henry.

HENRY:

No, let's get on, Min.

MINNIE:

Give me the axe, Henry. I'll soon cut through this undergrowth. One, two, threeeee... Wheee!

GRAMS:

BOINGGGGGG

HENRY:

Careful, you've cut through my braces.

MINNIE:

Wheeee!

HENRY:

Put that camera awayyyyyy, you...!

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, in a jungle clearing, we find an intrepid British explorer.

GRAMS:

JUNGLE NOISES

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeeehheee! Mum! Scoutmaster! Heeeeelp! I'm lost! Eeeheeeue! Takes out boy scout book. Reads. 'A boy scout keeps his spirits up by whistling a merry tune'. (WHISTLES WEAKLY) Ehheey! I don't like this game. Thinks: If I give the cry of the night owl, perhaps the patrol leader will hear me. Can you hear me, chief? Gives cry: hoot, hoot, hoot! Hoottity-hootie! Hootie-hoot-hoot-hoot!

GRAMS:

TIGER ROAR

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thinks: that is not my patrol leader. It is a tiger. Thinks: what is a tiger doing in East Finchley?

GRAMS:

RUSTLING OF LEAVES AND HACKING OF UNDERGROWTH

BLUEBOTTLE:

(ALARMED) What is that approaching? Halt, I say! Stop!

SEAGOON:

Quiet, little spotted brownie.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Careful, you swine, you. I will not (GIBBERISH)! Throws large stone. Forgets to let go, hits head on tree.

GRAMS:

THUD

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aheeheuehe!

SEAGOON:

Shh! Look, here. We must get back to England!

ECCLES:

We got to get back to England! Yeah!

SEAGOON:

We'll have to ask... we'll have to... (CLEARS THROAT) We'll 'ave to ask someone the way!

ECCLES:

Ha, ho, ho, ho, hooo! Here comes a big, fat native! Coming!

SEAGOON:

Leave it to me! You there: whichum way to bigum water, chop-chop? Cross water, white fatherland.
Queen Victoria, hooray!

SELLERS:

(CAMP) You are an old-fashioned thing, aren't you? Straight through the trees, there, dear.

SEAGOON:

Thank you!

SELLERS:

You're welcome, cheeky.

SEAGOON:

Come on, men! Forward!

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

(SINGING) Sons of toil and danger.

GRAMS:

SPLASH

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

Will you serve a stranger?

GRAMS:

SPLASH.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ah, to hell with [UNCLEAR].

GRAMS:

SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

They've fallen in the wa-tah.

SEAGOON:

Yes, but we were soon picked up by a passing horse-drawn zeppelin. As we're short of time, the last scene will take place here.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

HENRY:

Hands up, modern Neddie. I'm a secret agent of Interpol!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

LALKAKA:

Hands up, modern Neddie. I'm a secret agent from Interpol!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BLOODNOK:

Hands up, modern Neddie. I'm a secret agent from Interpol!

ECCLES:

Hands up, Neddie, I'm a secret agent from Interpol!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hands up, Neddie, I'm a secret agent from Interpol!

MINNIE:

Hands up, Neddie, I'm a secret agent from Interpol!

BLOODNOK:

Hands up, Neddie!

SEAGOON:

Hands up, all of you, because, I am a se... Hey. Who *is* the man behind the illicit senna pod trade?

GREENSLADE:

A very good question. Frankly, I think he's... all in the mind, you know.

ORCHESTRA:

UP AND OUT WITH "DING DONG, THE WITCH IS DEAD"

NOTES

A Sam Browne was a leather belt and shoulder strap used to support a holster for a heavy pistol or sword.

A Darby and Joan club is a club for OAPs of loving, old-fashioned, virtuous couples.