

S8 E23 - The Spon Plague

Original transcription by Unknown, updated Paul Webster. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. It... might not sound much but... it's... it's *home* to me.

(SINGS) We've been together nah fer forty years

And it ain't been a day...

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

SEAGOON:

Got him, folks! It was the kindest way out. We had the vet's permission. Now, folks, by permission of one of the Lord Chamberlain's secretaries, we present...

ORCHESTRA:

TIMPANI ROLL

THROAT:

'The Great Spon Plague'.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

MACSQUIRTER:

[SELLERS]

(SCOTTISH ACCENT) My name is Doctor Hairy MacSquiter, Squirter MacSquiter of the Clan MacThud and Jim Thudder of Leeds. Our history goes back over half a decade. I have got nothing to do with tonight's show, so I'll bid ye all a gudnight.

ORCHESTRA:

CHORD IN C. TATTY À LA PIT ORCHESTRA

GREENSLADE:

The scene opens in a granny-hurling factory in Tooting.

FX:

STONE CHISEL SCULPTING ON GRANITE. THEN HAMMERING IRON FROM THE FORGE

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER FX) Ah, my masterpiece! Don't move, Moriarty, keep that pose. Ah, how Michaelangelo would have envied me.

MORIARTY:

What are you making?

GRYTPYPE:

A pill, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi? You mean you made me pose in the nude to model for a pill?

GRYTPYPE:

I wasn't using *all* of you, just...

MORIARTY:

What?!

GRYTPYPE:

...a *certain* area, you know. Ummm... round off the pill with sandpaper.

FX:

SHARP RUBBING WITH SANDPAPER OVER ABOVE SPEECH

GRYTPYPE:

There, swallow that.

MORIARTY:

(GULPS) Ah, what delicious sandpaper! Banana, the flavour of the month, folks. Oww, owww, owww! More, folks!

GRYTPYPE:

Pay attention. I have invented this pill to make us rich.

MORIARTY:

You mustn't be too ambitious, Grytpype. We've already own three pieces of brown paper and a conker.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't let that dazzle you. We must go on! Remember, 'There comes a tide in the time of every man's affairs'. You know who said that, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

You did, I just heard you. Ah, oh, yah! Yes I do... Aaah! Shakespeare.

GRYTPYPE:

Ignorant swine! It was Henry the Fifth, a great writer. You know the... you know the old Apollo Theatre?

MORIARTY:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, he wrote that.

MORIARTY:

What a beautiful tune.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, I must get into this mass of chains.

FX:

CHAINS

GRYTPYPE:

Now stand on your head in this bucket of lukewarm boiling water would you.

MORIARTY:

Ow...

FX:

HEAD IN BUCKET OF WATER

GRYTPYPE:

Now, I pour this bottle of rancid yak butter over your knees.

MORIARTY:

Ohhh-ee-ho!

GRYTPYPE:

Next, hold this copy of the Feathered World under your nose. And fit this cricket ball under your chin.

MORIARTY:

Ohhhhh!

GRYTPYPE:

There. Next, I haul you up to the ceiling.

FX:

QUICK WINCHING

MORIARTY:

(OFF) What are you going to do now, Grytpype?

GRYTPYPE:

(CALLING UP) Just talk to you. Can you hear me talking?

MORIARTY:

(OFF) Only in words.

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid. Splendid, my little thing-leddle hi ming tummm... (SELLERS FLUFFS LINE)

MORIARTY:

(OFF) Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

I shall use just words, then.

MORIARTY:

(OFF) Words! It's a miracle, I tell you.

GRYTPYPE:

You thin-legged steamer, you. This pill is the only known and unknown cure for the Spon Plague.

MORIARTY:

(OFF) Spon? Spon, is it catching?

GRYTPYPE:

I don't know, no one's ever had it.

MORIARTY:

(OFF) You... you mean that (EXTENDED RANDOM NONSENSE WORDS).

GRYTPYPE:

(EXCITED) You have it in a nutshell.

MORIARTY:

(OFF) But how do you know people are going to start catching the Spon Plague, Grytpype?

GRYTPYPE:

Ha-ha-ho! Just leave that to me. I have certain arglers on the Splott mickledoooooodle and the (FLUFFS LINE AGAIN).

GREENSLADE:

And on that beautifully enunciated rubbish we move to...

SEAGOON:

Me, folks, Neddie!

GRAMS:

OVATION

SEAGOON:

Thank you! Thank you! You get all free draws for Christmas. Now for a quick bath.

GRAMS:

SPLASH

SEAGOON:

Ahhhh, lovely! Now then, where's that instruction manual? Ah, here it is. 'Bath Night for Beginners'. Ha! (YAWNS AND SMACKS LIPS) Ah, now. 'Take the soap in the right hand and apply to all parts.' I see, yes, right. (FADE)

ANNOUNCER:

[SELLERS]

This was the great National Health Surgeon, Ned Seagoon, who has just invented dirty necks.

SEAGOON:

(SINGS AS IF IN BATH THEN STOPS) Oh. Flutt?

FLUTT:

[MILLIGAN]

(VERY OLD) Yes, sir?

SEAGOON:

Ah, Jimmmm, stand in the sink and take a letter.

FLUTT:

Yes, sir.

SEAGOON:

Now, first, what have I got in my diary this week?

FLUTT:

Er, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

SEAGOON:

Cancel them, I can't see them till Sunday.

FLUTT:

Very well.

SEAGOON:

Well, I... I'd better be getting down to the surgery.

GRAMS:

GETTING OUT OF BATH

SEAGOON:

There we are.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

GRAMS:

WOMEN SCREAMING

FX:

DOOR OPENS IN A HURRY

SEAGOON:

A-ha-ha. I forgot my clothes!

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT LINK, VERY WEIRD NOTES ALL OVER THE PLACE. UNFINISHED CADENCES, MELODY PASSES FROM INSTRUMENT TO INSTRUMENT WITH A KEY CHANGE AT THE SAME TIME

GREENSLADE:

The scene: Dr Seagoon's National Health waiting-room.

GRAMS:

AGONISED GROANS, SCREAMS. PEOPLE FALLING TO THE FLOOR. OCCASIONAL SNORING

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Ah, good morning, patients. Sorry to be so late, but I had to stop for a three month's holiday in Paris.
(LAUGHS)

NURSE:

[MILLIGAN]

Shall I send the first patient in?

SEAGOON:

Yes, darling. Remember, the rich ones first, National Healths last.

NURSE:

Right you are. You first. Drop 'em!

WILLIUM:

Ta, nurse.

SEAGOON:

Now what's the trouble with you?

WILLIUM:

I got the Shoo-Shoo.

GRAMS:

CROWS

WILLIUM:

I got a touch of the birds, mate. Get away, you... Shoo, birdy.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) We'll set you grey in no time. (NORMAL) Well, I see. Getting the bird is a common complaint.

WILLIUM:

Yes, I saw you last week at Coventry, mate. 'Ere, you do all right for fruit, doncha.

SEAGOON:

It's all... It's all lies, folks, lies. I'm a great success, I tell you. I was paid off last week.

WILLIUM:

Well, how can I cure these naughty birdies, mate?

SEAGOON:

Well, we'll soon have you well, matey. Just wear these bird-cages hanging on your legs and take this bird-lime three times a second.

WILLIUM:

Oh, lovely.

SEAGOON:

Who's next?

NURSE:

The Ray Ellington Quartet.

SEAGOON:

What's wrong with them?

NURSE:

Cop This!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

What a terrible illness that must be. And now I have pleasure in announcing a knock at the door.

FX:

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK

SEAGOON:

I have pleasure in saying, 'Come in'!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, dear Doctor Ned. I bring you a man stricken with a dread disease.

MORIARTY:

(FEEBLY) Owwww...

GRYTPYPE:

He is Count Jim 'Kidney Wiper'...

FX:

SWANEE WHISTLE

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwwww! Save me, Doctor!

SEAGOON:

Right, just lie on this back, here. Right. I'll just run the stethoscope over his pockets. Gad! This man is suffering from poverty. Take this bottle of pound notes and inject them into his wallet three times a day.

MORIARTY:

Ohhhh! The lovely medicine! Oh-ho-ho!

GRYTPYPE:

Dear, dear, surgeon. You have overlooked one terrifying aspect of the dear Count's condition. This man has the Spon Plague.

SEAGOON:

I've never heard of it.

GRYTPYPE:

That is because the Count is the first man to have caught it.

SEAGOON:

Are you sure?

GRYTPYPE:

He has all the symptoms. Namely, bare knees.

SEAGOON:

Is it catching?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Stand back, please. Oh, I'm too late! Yes, you've already caught it.

SEAGOON:

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

GRYTPYPE:

You have got the bare knees.

SEAGOON:

No I haven't.

GRYTPYPE:

Roll your trousers up.

FX:

WOODEN VENETIAN BLIND PULLED UP

GRYTPYPE:

There - bare knees.

SEAGOON:

Ahhhhhhh! I've got the Spon!

GRAMS:

ABSOLUTE RUNNING AT HIGH SPEED IN ALL DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVES SCREAMING 'HELPPPP'. ALL DONE AT TOP SPEED. REPEAT TOP SPEED AND ON GRAMS - THAT IS, RECORDED RECORDS, PRE-RECORDED

GREENSLADE:

Even as Seagoon is stricken with the Spon, the British Medical Council were quick to seek a cure.

GRAMS:

DUCK QUACKING

COUNCILLOR 1:

[MILLIGAN]

Aaah. And... and so, gentlemen.

OMNES:

COUGHING AND HACKING FOLLOWED BY SNORING OVER...

COUNCILLOR 1:

I... I must conclude by drawing your attention...

COUNCILLOR 2:

[SELLERS]

What? What? Speak up, speak up. What?

COUNCILLOR 1:

Quiet, please. (SNORING STOPS) I must draw your attention to the fact that the use of leeches is not only useless but harmful.

OMNES:

Paaah, ha, rubbish –

COUNCILLOR 2:

[Secombe]

The man's unbalanced.

COUNCILLOR 3:

Gentlemen! Gentlemen!

COUNCILLOR 1:

Lose my stethoscope licence, eh?

COUNCILLOR 3:

I maintain that I have used leeches for years and not one of them has ever been ill.

COUNCILLOR 2:

Bravo, there's proof for you, indeed!

COUNCILLOR 3:

Yes. I might add that neither have I received any complaints from the patients' next of kin.

GRAMS:

OLD MEN'S APPLAUSE

COUNCILLOR 3:

Thank you.

FX:

DOOR BURSTS OPEN

SEAGOON:

Stop! Stip! Stup! Stap! Stop! Gentlemen, grave news! A new malignant plague is upon us.

POSH COUNCILLOR:

[SELLERS]

Good. Business is looking up.

SEAGOON:

Who's business is looking up?

POSH COUNCILLOR:

Bird-watchers. Ha-ho! Jolly good.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) I don't wish know your... (NORMAL) It's the plague, I tell you, the plague! The fearful and fearsome plague!

TERRIBLY BRITISH COUNCILLOR:

Oh, splendid, we haven't had a good plague for years.

POSH COUNCILLOR:

Yes, one does get out of touch.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, please! Every patient that I examined this morning, at a nominal fee of twenty guineas, has the Spon Plague.

TERRIBLY BRITISH COUNCILLOR:

I say!

SEAGOON:

Even I have it at a nominal fee of two and six. The symptoms are bare knees. Roll your trouser legs up.

GRAMS:

SEVERAL WOODEN VENETIAN BLINDS BEING PULLED UP SHARPLY WITH A CLATTER

COUNCILLOR 3:

Oh, dear! We've got it!

SEAGOON:

We've all got it. There's only one cure. Try and run away from your knees!

GRAMS:

GREAT PROTESTING QUACKING BY DRAKES AND DUCKS. BOOTS RUNNING INTO DISTANCE

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

The Spon Plague spread like wild-fire. Everywhere were going down with it. Several people went up with it. And one gentleman was known to have gone sideways with it. The country was in a turmoil as one Minister remarked...

CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

They've never had it so good.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in a new satellite town slum.

GRAMS:

RAIN POURING DOWN ONTO FLOOR, MUSICAL SOUND OF RAIN, DROPS PLOPPING INTO SMALL POOLS OF WATER

CRUN:

Ohhhh, dear, dear. Oh, dear, oh, dear. Oh, dear, dear, dear. Min? Min? Modern Min? Min-modern-Mii-iin?

MINNIE:

Oh. Ohhh. What is it, cocky?

CRUN:

What have you put on the roof?

MINNIE:

Can you say that line again because I can't answer the next one and...

CRUN:

Oh... Where...? Oh, yes.

Yeahhh...

(SELLERS LAUGHS)

MINNIE:

What is it, cocky?

CRUN:

Where have you put the roof?

MINNIE:

I sent it to the menders, it was leaking, cocky.

CRUN:

Oh, dear, modern Min. It's freezing cold in here, Min.

MINNIE:

Aye, well... well... Just sit nearer to Africa, it's warmer there, you know.

CRUN:

Yes, there's nothing like Africa to keep you nice and warm, [UNCLEAR].

MINNIE:

Nothing like an Africa, buddy, I tell you.

CRUN:

Noooo...

GREENSLADE:

Yes, folks. Do away with dirty coal. Keep yourselves warm with Africa. Africa is now on sale to anyone who wants to make it a second India.

CRUN:

Do you hear that, Min? Do you hear that, Min?

MINNIE:

They'll knock Africa down and build flats there, cocky, you mark what I say.

CRUN:

Yes, yes. I wish Disraeli was back, Min.

MINNIE:

He will be, Henry. He's just gone down to the shops.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

MINNIE:

Ah, that's him. I wonder if he brought the salva with him. Come in, come in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MINNIE, CRUN, SEAGOON:

Morning... morning... (REPEATED. AUDIENCE JOINS IN)

MINNIE:

Wait a minute, it's evening.

CRUN:

Oh!

MINNIE, CRUN, SEAGOON:

Evening... evening... (REPEATED)

MINNIE:

Oh, dear.

CRUN:

Come in, Doctor Ned.

MINNIE:

Come in, [UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON:

How's the Spon Plague?

CRUN:

Oh, Doctor, is there no cure?

SEAGOON:

None.

MINNIE:

None!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

News, Neddle. I have found the cure. This bottle of pills. Ten shillings, please.

FX:

TILL

GRYTPYPE:

Ta, Ned and a sailor's farewell.

GRAMS:

QUEEN MARY'S HOOTER SPEEDS UP INTO DISTANCE

SEAGOON:

And so saying, he went through the door and disappeared into the night.

GRYTPYPE:

Did I? Well, I might have been told a bit sooner than this.

SEAGOON:

Yes. And so saying, he went through...

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes, they know that, yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

Yes, alright, then. And so saying, I read the instructions on the pills. Take three paces south, stretch our the right arm, roll down the trouser legs.

FX:

WOODEN VENETIAN BLINDS ROLLING DOWN

SEAGOON:

Eureka! Huzza, folks! My bare knees have gone! Taxi!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

WILLIUM:

Yes, mate?

SEAGOON:

The Ministry of Health and Dirt, please.

WILLIUM:

Right.

GRAMS:

BLOODNOK THEME. BUBBLING CAULDRON. EXPLOSIONS.

BLOODNOK:

Oh-ohhh-ho-hooo-oh! There *must* be a cure for this, I tell you. I... I daren't go in the street. I mean, I... I...

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh-hohhh! Oh, a taxi.

SEAGOON:

Yes, it's the new type.

BLOODNOK:

Come in.

SEAGOON:

I am in.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, he am in. Oh-ho-ho-ho!

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, I'm here on business.

BLOODNOK:

It's the quickest way. I always travel on business. Sit down.

FX:

DUCK CALL

BLOODNOK:

A-ha-ho! Every chair a whoopee cushion. (LAUGHS) Here's my brochure. And an interesting health picture of Sabrina.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. And here is a photograph of her clothes.

BLOODNOK:

Good heavens! Who is that man inside them?

ECCLES:

It's me.

BLOODNOK:

Get out, you fool.

ECCLES:

I'm no fool! Ha-ha-ohhh!

BLOODNOK:

Careful, madam.

ECCLES:

Ohhhh....

BLOODNOK:

Now, Neddie, darling. Ooh, dear! You know, that's quite upset me.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, here's a statue waiting to be unveiled.

FX:

HEAVY TEARING

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh! It's a statue of you saying...

GRAMS:

SEAGOON (PRE-RECORDED) SAYING 'I'VE DISCOVERED A CURE FOR SPON PLAGUE'

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. And here is a wood carving of me saying...

GRAMS:

BUBBLING CAULDRON. EXPLOSION.

BLOODNOK:

There must be a cure for it, I tell you.

SEAGOON:

Yes. And that cure is these anti-Spon pills.

BLOODNOK:

Splendid. Now, sir, you will find my static water tank in the attic.

SEAGOON:

I'm not interested in your water tank.

BLOODNOK:

So, *that's* your attitude. Well, sir, I am not interested in *your* water tank.

SEAGOON:

What? You're insulting the plumbing I love. Just that... take that!

MAX GELDRAI:

(VERY LOUD) Ploogieeeee!

BLOODNOK:

It's Max Geldray, run for it!

SEAGOON:

Run for it!

GRAMS:

THUNDERING FEET INTO THE DISTANCE WITH SMALL EXPLOSIONS AND SCREAMS BY BLOODNOK

MAX & ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

Max Geldray is now appearing at the St James's Theatre, London. Mr Geldray will shortly be demolished to make way for offices. I have great pleasure now in announcing the chord of C.

ORCHESTRA:

CHORD IN C, NICE AND BIG

GRAMS:

GREAT SHOVELLING OF MONEY. COINS EVERYWHERE, ROLLING ALONG THE GROUND

GRYTPYPE:

Hear that sound, folks? Money. M-O-N-E-Y, pronounced...

GRAMS:

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE (PRE-RECORDED), SLIGHTLY FASTER, SAYING 'MONEYYYYY'

MORIARTY:

Ahhh! Grytpype? Grytpype? The anti-Spon pills are selling like wild-fire. Aha, that's nice, isn't it, Grytpype. That's an...

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR.

MORIARTY:

Ohhhh!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Yes?

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in a Government Laboratory.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

MORIARTY:

Ta.

GRAMS:

FADE IN BUBBLING CAULDRON

MORIARTY:

Listen Grytpype.

GRYTPYPE:

What?

MORIARTY:

I can hear the best brains that low wages can buy.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Don't you take no notice of dem, Eccles.

ECCLES:

I won't take any notice of dem, Eccles.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Now, my good man, to our work. Remember, we're boy scientists working for our country.

ECCLES:

Dab, dab, dob, dob.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Picks up Union Jack, cleans boots.

ECCLES:

Here, Bottle, I got a rise yesterday.

BLUEBOTTLE:

How much?

ECCLES:

Three inches.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. What did you getted dat for, brainy man?

ECCLES:

I... I'll tell yer, come 'ere, come 'ere. I... er... I wrote a tune.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. Well, would you play it for me, den?

ECCLES:

OK.

GRAMS:

HAMMERING OF NAILS IN WOOD

ECCLES:

Hoi!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I wish I was musical.

ECCLES:

Come on, den. Come on, folks. Lets all join in the chorus, folks.

GRAMS:

GREAT MASS OF HAMMERING NAILS IN WOOD AT DIFFERENT TEMPOS

GREENSLADE:

(OVER) What a grand sight to see the studio audience hammering nails into each other.

FX:

SPOT EFFECT CARRIES ON HAMMERING WITH THE ABOVE

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hooray for tunes! Now to the anti-Spon experiment. Roll up your trousers for the injection.

FX:

WOODEN BLIND ROLLED UP

ECCLES:

There.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here, you're cured, you ain't got bare knees.

ECCLES:

No, I always wear long underpants.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Den we got the answer to Spon!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

SEAGOON:

Yes, folks, the Ministry of Health acted immediately. Within thirty years everyone had been immunised with long woollen underpants.

MORIARTY:

Oh, Grytpype, we're ruined. R-U-I-N-E-D, pronounced...

GRAMS:

MORIARTY (PRE-RECORDED) SAYING 'RUINEDDDDDDDDD'

GRYTPYPE:

(FURIOUS) Foiled by long woollen things! But I'll get even, mark ye. (CACKLES LIKE A PIRATE) Taxi!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

SPRIGGS:

Oh! Where to, Jim? Where to Jiiii-iiim? Thank you, Jim fans. Thank you, Jim fans. You all get a free taxi.

GRYTPYPE:

Drive me up the wall.

SPRIGGS:

Right! (INDIAN WHOOPING)

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. How much?

SPRIGGS:

That's four and six. Pronounced...

GRAMS:

SPRIGGS (PRE-RECORDED) SAYING 'TEN BOOOO-OOOOOB'

GRYTPYPE:

Right, take it out of this.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

SPRIGGS:

Thank you, Jim. But I don't like shooting, Jim. Jim.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, where's Neddie?

MORIARTY:

He's in... in the Scotland.

GRYTPYPE:

What?! Right, let's go and see him!

MORIARTY:

Right!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH. BAGPIPES IN DISTANCE

MORIARTY:

Ah!

SEAGOON:

Oh, hello, hello! How nice to see you, lads.

GRYTPYPE:

Bad news, Neddie, bad news. Roll up your kilt.

FX:

WHISTLE UP

MORIARTY:

Oww-owww.

GRYTPYPE:

Not too high, Neddie, not too high. Gaddim, Martier, gaddim! Daddy, he's got it, Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

Got what? What...? What...? What have I got? What have I got? What have I got, then?

GRYTPYPE:

You've got the Quodge!

SEAGOON:

The Quodge?

GRYTPYPE:

I [UNCLEAR] Quodge!

SEAGOON:

What's the symptoms?

GRYTPYPE:

It's bare knees covered with long underpants.

SEAGOON:

I've got 'em! I've got 'em! I've got the Quodge! Heeeeeeeelp!

GRAMS:

RUNNING BOOTS

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

MILLIGAN:

SCOTTISH-SOUNDING GIBBERISH

SELLERS:

(SCOTTISH ACCENT) The Quodge spread through Scotland like wild-fire. The hospitals were full of Quodge victims. It was a terrible sight ter see those knees covered with long underpants. So that the disease didna spread, a great wall was built by the English ter keep the Quodge north of the border. Contractor, Jim Hadrian.

GRAMS:

WIND HOWLING ON MOOR. DISTANT BAGPIPES. HORSE APPROACHES

SENTRY:

[CHISHOLM]

Halt! Who goes there, the noo?

LALKAKA:

Please do not shoot, we are two Indian gentlemen Western-style. We are here to investigate the Quodge on behalf of the Indian Government, I'm telling you.

SENTRY:

Advance and be recognised.

BANERJEE:

Don't start... Wwhat are you talking...? I do not see the point, sir. You have never seen us before. Therefore it is in the extreme of possibilities that you will not recognise us now. Is that right so? Is that the [UNCLEAR]?

LALKAKA:

Absolutely.

BANERJEE:

Absolutely right.

LALKAKA:

I must concur with Mr Banerjee, here. I can recognise him and he in turn can recognise me, you understand that.

BANERJEE:

That is right. There is much truth in what you are saying, Mr Lalkaka.

LALKAKA:

Indeed, yes, man. Inded, yes, I'm telling you. Absolutely. Every morning I'm telling you. Every morning.

BANERJEE:

Every morning.

LALKAKA:

I am arising from my charpoy and I'm looking in the mirror. And I am seeing myself and I say 'Hello, there! There you are again, my fine fellow!' That's what I...

SENTRY:

Here, listen! You'll both get a bullet up yer back if you're no away.

LALKAKA:

Please, European soldier. Please let us... let us explain. We are... we are selling ties.

BANERJEE:

Ties, you understand.

FX:

SHOTS. SCREAMS

GRAMS:

LALKAKA & BANAJEE (PRE-RECORDED) SCREAMING IN HINDU. RUNNING FEET SPEEDED UP, LIKE WET FISH BEING SLAPPED

GRYTPYPE:

Well done, sentry, It's patriotism like that that's made Egypt what it is today.

SENTRY:

Oh? Oh, is it? And what is it today?

MORIARTY:

Thursday!

SENTRY:

Oh-ho-ho! It's ma day off.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

GRYTPYPE:

Right, open the gates, Moriarty and let the stricken masses through.

MORIARTY:

Come on, the people with the Quodge!

FX:

GREAT BOLT SLIDES BACK QUICKLY

GRAMS:

GREAT YELLING MASSES, BAGPIPES, ALL PLAYING AT SPEED

Come on, you hairy [UNCLEAR].

GRYTPYPE:

This way, Scottish people! Don't panic, I have here on this stall a cure for the Quodge!

OMNES:

A RARARARARARARARAR RARRRR.

FX:

TILL RINGING UP OVER AND OVER AGAIN

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, thank you. And one for the gentleman over there... (FADES BEHIND)

MORIARTY:

One over here, one over there. Two bottles over here.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha, ha! The swine didn't recognise me. I've got a bottle of this anti-quodge mixture. What does it say?

GRAMS:

SELLERS (PRE-RECORDED) SAYING IN NASSALLY VOICE 'TO CURE THE QUODGE, SWALLOW THE PILLS'

SEAGOON:

Gad! A talking bottle! (GULPS)

GRAMS:

SELLERS (PRE-RECORDED) SAYING IN NASSALLY VOICE 'YES, NOW REMOVE LONG UNDERPANTS'

FX:

RIPPING

SEAGOON:

Gad - cured! Not a trace of long underpants left. But wait. Bare knees! That means... that means I... I've got the Spon again!

GRYTPYPE:

I have the cure here.

FX:

TILL

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you. Swallow pill, pull on underpants. Ha, ha, ha. Cured! Wait a minute. Long underpants. Thats the Quodge! I've got the Quodge!

GREENSLADE:

Dinner...

SEAGOON:

I've got the Quodge!

GREENSLADE:

Dinner is served, gentlemen.

SEAGOON:

Oh. Oh, well. Down the old canteen, there. Goodnight, folks. (OFF) Go on, the brandy's ready at the back, there [UNCLEAR].

GREENSLADE:

You can come out now, it's alright, you can come out. It's all over. Pronounced...

GRAMS:

WALLACE (PRE-RECORDED) SAYING 'OVERRRRRRRRR'

ORCHESTRA:

OLD COMRADES MARCH

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show. A BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Spike Milligan and George Chisholm with the Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray and the orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Script by John Antrobus and Spike Milligan. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Charles Chiltern.