

S9 E03 - The Million Pound Penny

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. Harm it and you harm me. Semper fidelis, vivat John Snaggers! I will now swear an oath on the Radio Times.

SELLERS:

Stop! Here is a warning: owing to an outbreak of fish in the Cotswolds, all Tibetans with legs will be shot.

SPRIGGS:

Take aim, fire!

FX:

GUNSHOT

SECOMBE:

Aaaa! You fool, Milligoon. I'm not a Tibetan.

SPRIGGS:

Ooh, then why are you wearing legs, Jim? (SINGS) Why are you wearing legs?

SECOMBE:

People say they make me look taller.

SELLERS:

(AMERICAN ACCENT) Yes, folks. Only legs will give you those extra inches. Buy a pair today! The new king size filter legs with a flip top knee!

SPRIGGS:

Never mind the flip flap knees, Jim. Where did you get those legs?

SECOMBE:

I bought them during a crawling tour of Bulgaria, you know. I was crawling...

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

SECOMBE:

AaaaaaeEEEEEEaaaaahhhh!

SELLERS:

I will now say part two from a distance. (OFF) Part two from a distance!

GREENSLADE:

I say 'This is the story of a crime-type murder'.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC FANFARE

SELLERS:

The scene: a watertight alibi in Chelsea, London WC.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Hands up! Nobody move! This camera is loaded with a film of bullets. Mary Inspector Seagoon is the name. A-ha, ha. Now which one of you sixty men is Rita Hayworth?

WILLIUM:

We take it in turns, mate.

SEAGOON:

A constabule of the polis! Now tell me, what am I doing here?

WILLIUM:

Lookin'... lookin' for a murderer.

SEAGOON:

It's a bit early for that.

WILLIUM:

Oh, it's a matinee, mate.

SEAGOON:

Oh, I see. Who's playing the lead body?

WILLIUM:

So help me! Tom Pete is dead, matey.

SEAGOON:

Pete, dead? Dead Pete, that's terrible!

WILLIUM:

Yes, didn't get a laugh, either, did it.

MILLIGAN:

Keep going, lads, the good ones are ahead, keep going.

WILLIUM:

I found the vica-tim in the doorway of Val Parnell's wallet.

SEAGOON:

Poor vica-tim. C'est triste.

WILLIUM:

Triste, yer. By his body lay a sock half-full o' jelly.

SEAGOON:

Then... we're looking for a man wearing one sock and eating a jelly.

SPRIGGS:

Curse, Jim! London's full of them, Jim.

SEAGOON:

Ah, inspector Tooth. Bad news for you. Your grandmother, Fred Pete, is dead.

SPRIGGS:

Yes, I read about it in a newspaper.

SEAGOON:

He didn't die in a newspaper, mate. He was found under a copy of The Poultry Gazette!

SPRIGGS:

Poultry Gazette? I suspect fowl play!

SELLERS:

Ta-dahhhhhh!

SEAGOON:

I suspect old jokes, hup!

SPRIGGS:

Constable, arrest all old Jokes.

WILLIUM:

Right. Why'd the chicken cross the road? To get to the other side! I arrest you! Got him!

SPRIGGS:

Good man. Gentlemen, I think this man who did this sock jelly murder was a master criminule. Is there anything missing?

WILLIUM:

Yes, 'e is.

SEAGOON:

So! He got away with himself. He got awaaaay with himself. That's better, wasn't it, that was more like it. He must've been using the new king size legs. Anything else gone?

WILLIUM:

Ten volumes of Diana Dors in 3D.

SEAGOON:

What? Arrest all musclemen and search them for books of Diana Dors. And while you're about it, search Diana Dors for musclemen.

WILLIUM:

Oh. I'll get me appliance, mate.

SPRIGGS:

Stop! Willium, put that inspection light. Now tell me, where did you find this sock full of jelly, Jim?

WILLIUM:

On top of the Eiffel Tower.

SPRIGGS:

Sooooo! We're looking for a tall Frenchmen! *Or* a short Frenchmen standing on a chair with long arms. *Or* a short [UNCLEAR] looking facing east. With the long arms. Etcetera.

SEAGOON:

It could've been... It could've been... It (MAKES NOISE LIKE A SPEEDED UP RECORDING).

MILLIGAN:

That was an ad lib.

SEAGOON:

It could've been a tall man sitting *down* with long arms, you know.

SPRIGGS:

Yes. Shhhh!

SEAGOON:

What are you listening for?

SPRIGGS:

Laughs, Jim. What's the matter with them tonight?

SEAGOON:

You've had it too easy in Australia, mate!

MILLIGAN:

Don't [UNCLEAR]!

SEAGOON:

(laughs) Holding boomerangs and all that, there!

MILLIGAN:

All lies! All lies! I was [UNCLEAR]. It's all lies.

WILLIUM:

Inspector, I just been consulting my date book.

SEAGOON:

And?

WILLIUM:

I haven't eaten one for weeks. Ohhhhh!

SEAGOON:

Arrest that man for old jokes.

WILLIUM:

Here, steady ohhhh...

SPRIGGS:

Gentlemen, gentlemen.

SEAGOON:

Shut up, you twit!

SPRIGGS:

Please! Seagoon, outside.

WILLIUM:

Gentlemen...

FX:

WHISTLE

WILLIUM:

Ah!

GREENSLADE:

Half time, lads.

SEAGOON:

Ta.

GREENSLADE:

And as the players run off the field for a £10,000 transfer fee, on come the band of the royal Max Geldray

GELDRAI:

Oh, boy, at last, the breaks!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Good luck!

MAX GELDRAI:

"PLEASE BE KIND"

GREENSLADE:

He's, um, very good, you know. Very good indeed!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Bit better than last...

ORCHESTRA:

LONG DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

Ta. The Sock Jelly Murder: part two.

SEAGOON:

Stop, stop! Hello, folks. Hello, folks. Good news, folks. Whilst Max Geldray was playing, they captured the sock jelly murderer. A man called Arthur Plin.

GREENSLADE:

I say, that's a bit disappointing for the listeners.

THROAT:

Never mind, folks. We fill in the time with Ned the Miser.

GRAMS:

HOWLING WIND

CORNISHMAN:

[SELLERS]

Arrrrr earrrr. You 'ear that naughty wind? 'Tis the wind that blows over the Kenneth Moors of a wintertime. People do say that if you 'olds a nergle in yer 'and and puts one ear 'ole to the ground, you can 'ear the wind blowing in the other ear 'ole. And that's the 'ouse of Miser Ned. Maharharhar harharharhar!

GRAMS:

HOWLING WIND UP AND OUT

SEAGOON:

Aaaaa ha ha ha! Jeeves, throw another unpaid bill on the fire. And while you're about it, throw on a couple of unpaid Freds. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! The money! And power! That's what I've got. Ha, ha. What else have I got?

GRAMS:

HOWLING WIND

SEAGOON:

The wind! Aaaah! Jeeves, here's a pencil. Go and draw the blinds.

JEEVES:

[MILLIGAN]

(INDIAN ACCENT) I arrest you for old jokes.

SEAGOON:

That was in the Sock Jelly Murder, that's over. I'm acting, I'm actin' me nut off, 'ere. A-ha, ha, ha, ha! Now, Jeeves, pull out the Seagoon's horde of coins.

FX:

ONE COIN DROPS TO FLOOR

SEAGOON:

Now back in the safe with it! A-ha, ha! A-ha, ha! One penny! Ha, ha! And it's tax-free! A-ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Aaaaaaah! Ha, ha, ha! A-ha, ha.... (CHOKES)

GREENSLADE:

He's *very* good, you know. *Very* good indeed. Meantime, with the aid of an ear-trumpet, two men have heard of Miser Ned's penny. And were heading that way along the old moor road.

GRAMS:

HORSE GALLOPS PULLING CARRIAGE, SCREECH OF BREAKS, CHICKEN NOISES

GRYTPYPE:

Coachman! Coachman! Why have we stopped?

SINGHIZ THING:

Chickens are tired, sir.

GRYTPYPE:

But coachman, my brown paper parcel and I must have shelter for the night. Our underwear is porous.

MORIARTY:

Alaga...

GRYTPYPE:

Shut up, you.

SPRIGGS:

Hands up! Hands up, everyone except me.

GRYTPYPE:

Blast! It's Ben Turpin. the cross-eyed highwaymen.

SPRIGGS:

Wrong, Jim. We are uncross-eyed Bow Street runners. And we're looking for a criminal ventriloquist and his French dummy, Jim.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm sorry, sir, but we're clean out of criminal ventwiloquists. Try the stage coach further down the road, they may stock them.

SPRIGGS:

Right, Jim.

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS FADING OUT

GRYTPYPE:

Alright, dear count, you can come out now, they've gone.

FX:

RATTLING PAPER

MORIARTY:

Aah! Must be a better way of travelling than this.

WILLIUM:

I thought so! You been tryin' to ride free.

MORIARTY:

Nonsense! Nonsense, nice man. Nonsense, Herr Doktor. I'm a ventriloquist dummy. Ha, ha!

WILLIUM:

Eh? You're real, you talks. And look! You got dandruff on yer nut.

MORIARTY:

I tell you, it's *his*.

GRYTPYPE:

Of course, it's mine. Not only do I throw my voice, I also throw my dandruff.

MORIARTY:

That is true, I back him up on that.

WILLIUM:

I shall have to take down your name, I...

MORIARTY:

I never...!

WILLIUM:

Aaaah!

GRAMS:

SPLUDGE!

WILLIUM:

Aooow! Ow, I been sponned, ohhh!

MORIARTY:

Right in his old bazolika dowser! A-ha, ha, haaaa!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. But you'd better unscrew that lump on his nut, we don't want to leave any evidence, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Right. Look, Grytpype, there. 4,000 miles away. A house with a light in it.

GRYTPYPE:

And it smells delicious. Go and ring the front door here and I'll cover you with this forty-five calibre sing.

MORIARTY:

At once, [UNCLEAR].

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY

GRYTPYPE:

(SINGS A VERSION OF 'TAKE ME TO YOUR HEART AGAIN' FOR ABOUT 15 SEC)

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS FADING IN

MORIARTY:

(LAUGHS) Here, complete with two spare door knockers, one door.

GRYTPYPE:

What? Hand me my door knocking hat.

FX:

DOING!

MORIARTY:

Ah!

GRYTPYPE:

Now, to arouse the occupants.

MORIARTY:

Right.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

HENRY CRUN:

(OFF) Coming, coming!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING SLOWLY (FOR 20 SEC)

MORIARTY:

He's coming, sir. He's coming.

FX:

RATTLING CHAINS AND LOCKS

HENRY CRUN:

Aaah! Now, who was that knocking?

MORIARTY:

It was my friend, Grytpype-Thynne.

HENRY CRUN:

I can't see him.

MORIARTY:

That's because *you* were playing him.

HENRY CRUN:

What?

MORIARTY:

He's never here when you're here.

HENRY CRUN:

I don't understand.

MORIARTY:

Neither do the audience, that's why it isn't getting a laugh.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh. Very quiet this evening.

MORIARTY:

Yes, they is. Now listen, old man. We are stranded, you know. Stranded.

HENRY CRUN:

What?

MORIARTY:

Yes, our stage coach was suddenly taken ill with a dreadful...

SEAGOON:

Mr Crun! Close that door... I say, who are these three women?

HENRY CRUN:

These three women are two men.

SEAGOON:

Oh!

GRYTPYPE:

Sir, we are fleeing from the advancing German army.

SEAGOON:

Eh? They gave in in 1945.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, yes, but we are made of sterner stuff, sir

SEAGOON:

I don't like this at all.

MORIARTY:

(OFF – AD LIB) You're not the only one.

SEAGOON:

Two strange men arriving in a mist during an equinox of the shins on the anniversary of my legs? Ha, ha. Oh, no. It bodes evil, I tell you. There's an old Gypsy saying... I just can't think of it at the moment.

GRYTPYPE:

Sir, my card.

SEAGOON:

Mr Grytpype-Thynne? King of England? King of England? Knighthoods done while you wait? You're the king?

GRYTPYPE:

My word, yes

MORIARTY:

That is true, Ned.

SEAGOON:

How do you know my name?

MORIARTY:

I met it at a dance.

SEAGOON:

Who are you?

MORIARTY:

Pretender to the throne of France!

SEAGOON:

You don't look like a king.

MORIARTY:

That's because I'm only pretending.

FX:

SLAP

MORIARTY:

Aaaah! Oooow!

GRYTPYPE:

Pardon the steam king, Neddie, he's never been the same since the fall of France.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

MORIARTY:

It fell on me, that's why!

FX:

SLAP

MORIARTY:

Aaaah! Oooow! (FRENCH GIBBERISH)

GRYTPYPE:

Quiet, you steaming idiot!

MORIARTY:

(FRENCH GIBBERISH)

GRYTPYPE:

Phish too! Now, Ned. You're rich, yes?

SEAGOON:

How do you know?

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty was feeling inside your pockets and he heard you had money.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha, ha! See this penny? I own it!

MORIARTY:

A penny. Both sides?

SEAGOON:

Yes! Hard to believe, eh? A-ha, ha! No, no! Put down that sock full of jelly, no! So you're the maaaaan!

GRAMS:

SPLUDGE!

SEAGOON:

Aaaaaeeeehuuh!

MORIARTY:

Timbeeer!

GRAMS:

TREE CRASHES DOWN

GRYTPYPE:

Good work, steam count. Unscrew his legs so he can't follow us. Now for the palot. Dear listeners, this penny is valuable. You see, it has been left a million pounds in the will of Neddie's grandmother. All we have to do now is finish granny.

GREENSLADE:

Very good, lads. Meantime, forty-thousand miles away in a daub and wattle hut in Mongolia, Ray Ellington is about to play a contortionist in E flat.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"THAT'S MY GIRL"

GREENSLADE:

He's, um, very good, you know.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) He is, you know.

SELLERS:

(OFF) Yes. Jolly good.

GREENSLADE:

Very good indeed. Meantime, as Ned the Miser lies unconscious in a pool of unconsciousness, a fiend poacher is at work in the grounds.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

GRAMS:

BUBBLING WATER UNDER GUNSHOTS

BLOODNOK:

Aaaarough! Aaaaarrough! Aaaaaaouh! Aeough! Oh! Ohhh! Oh, that's better. (SINGS) Oh, oh, Dennis. Dennis, you eat tonight, Dennis, that is what you do. You eat tonight. (STOPS SINGING) Now, where's me butler's revenge frying pan? Ah, here we are.

FX:

RATTLING PANS

BLOODNOK:

(SINGS) La, da-da, deeeee. Little fishes from the sea. I'm going to cook you tonight, my dear. Ho, ho, Hooo!

ECCLES:

(OFF) Bang, bang, my man!

BLOODNOK:

What, what, what?

ECCLES:

Don't you know you're not allowed to shoot fish?

BLOODNOK:

Scron me lip plons! What the... Who are you, sir? Explain away that tatty body and those Jacobean legs, please.

ECCLES:

They're mine.

BLOODNOK:

What?

ECCLES:

I'm Mad Dan Eccles.

BLOODNOK:

Well that explains everything, but it doesn't help me at all. Well I deny having shot any fish.

ECCLES:

Aooooooh! I saw you point your gun at that river and go... BAAANG! You did that.

BLOODNOK:

What? But I wasn't shooting naughty fish.

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah?

BLOODNOK:

I was shooting the river.

ECCLES:

Shooting the river?

BLOODNOK:

Course.

ECCLES:

(CLOSE TO MIC) There's something funny going on here, folks.

BLOODNOK:

Come away from that audience, Eccles, you don't know where they've been. I can explain everything, Eccles.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF – AD LIB) I say, look here.

BLOODNOK:

There's been a terrible drought in Bagshot and the lads sent me out here to shoot some water. You've heard of a water shoot, haven't you, Mad Dan?

ECCLES:

No. But I've heard of a piece of knotted string.

BLOODNOK:

Oh. Well, it's... it's *like* a piece of knotted string, only it's called a water shoot.

ECCLES:

Ohhhooooogooo.

BLOODNOK:

I don't think you're quite with it, you know. However, I'll play it to you.

ECCLES:

Play it to me.

GRAMS:

PIANO ACCOMPANIES BLOODNOK IN A 32 SEC. RENDITION OF "IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY" AS FOLLOWS:

BLOODNOK:

It's a long, long way to Tipparary

It's a military way to go

A long, long way to Tipparary

FX:

GUNSHOT

BLOODNOK:

AaahOoooh! To that Swedish girl I know.

FX:

GUNSHOT

BLOODNOK:

That's not a girl

A long way to Tipparary, ohhh...

'cause my heart lies there.

FX:

GUNSHOT

BLOODNOK:

A long, long way to Tipparary
'cause that's were I want to be.

FX:

GUNSHOT

BLOODNOK:

Aaawhooh!

FX:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

There!

ECCLES:

That was a Water Shoot?

BLOODNOK:

In the key of E flat, there's no law against shooting water, I tell you.

ECCLES:

Oh, no?

BLOODNOK:

No.

ECCLES:

I'd better look in my little book and see what it says.

FX:

FLIPPING PAPER IN A BOOK

ECCLES:

"This book... belongs... to Eccles". OK, you're in the clear.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh!

ECCLES:

Yeah. You're still trespassing though. I'd better take your name down.

BLOODNOK:

My name? Oh, erm...

ECCLES:

Come on, now.

BLOODNOK:

Er, well, I, um... Mrs Elizabeth Thuinge.

ECCLES:

Mrs El... You a woman?

BLOODNOK:

Er – Quite so, yes, yes, yes.

ECCLES:

Oooooooooohohohoho!

BLOODNOK:

Stay away from me, I tell you!

GRAMS:

SPLASH!

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

ECCLES:

We'd better... We'd better run and tell the master.

LITTLE JIM:

We'd better run and tell the master!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC AND LONG LINK

SEAGOON:

Aaah! Ohohoh! Struck down! Aaooh! AAAAAaahohohoho! In me prime, yet! Oooohho! oooohho!
Hoh.

GREENSLADE:

He's *very* good, you know, very good. That... That was Mr Seagoon playing Ned the Miser, still unconscious. But luckily, the long player of his groans have reached the top ten and a band of young stalwarts are on the way.

GRAMS:

FAST MARCHING MUSIC FOR 13 SEC.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Men, halt!

GRAMS:

STOP

BLUEBOTTLE:

Falls on the ground from the shoulders put there.

GRAMS:

PLANKS ON TOP OF EACH OTHER. SOMEONE SAYING: HA!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Men of the third Finchley Wolfcubs... Young Sprodley, don't do that. We are known as the women-savers. Our duty is to crush vice in Finchley.

GRAMS:

LITTLE BOYS SHOUTING: HIP HIP, HURRAY HURRAY. HIP HIP, HURRAY HURRAY. HIP RAY HIP RAY HIP RAY!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Crush all vice and leave just enough for us. Now, men, breathing exercise. In...

GRAMS:

BOYS BREATHING IN

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eh, Plunton! Draw your stomach in like this.

FX:

SLIDING WHISTLE GOING DOWN

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh, my trousers!

MINNIE:

Ohhhh! Young Bluebottle! Stop that modern-type entertainment at once.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oooh, it's Granny Min from Eastbourne. Hello, Granny Min from Eastbourne.

MINNIE:

Hello, young Bottle from Plunge. Your dinner's in the oven.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Aaaaaoooooh! Struck down by sock jelly! Aaaaah!

MINNIE:

It's Neddie! Ohh, he looks a drunk. Neddie, let me smell your breath. (SNIFFS) Neddie, you've been eating again.

SEAGOON:

Aaaaaah ooooooooo!

MINNIE:

Throw away that bottle of vintage food.

SEAGOON:

Oooh! Granny Min! Back from the dead! How long you staying?

MINNIE:

Me, dead? Who said soooooo?

SEAGOON:

The man I paid to knock you off. I mean aaaadododoooo!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Granny Min, he wants to do you in, Min.

SEAGOON:

Shut up, you nutty nit or I'll...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Granny Min is gonna belt me with that dirty big saw!

SEAGOON:

It's only made of rubber, lad.

MINNIE:

Throw it away.

FX:

SAW HITTING FLOOR

MINNIE:

Ooooh!

HENRY CRUN:

Sir, sir, the gamekeeper is outside with a bucket of dead water, sir.

ECCLES:

Hello, master. This man's been shooting at your water.

BLOODNOK:

I warn you, Ned the Miser. I'll sue you for every penny I owe you and... Ohhhhhhhhhhh!

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhhhh!

BLOODNOK:

Ohh! Ohhhhhhhhhhh!

MINNIE:

Ooooooooooh!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh. (WITH OCTAVE) Ohhhhhhhh!

MINNIE:

Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooh!

BLOODNOK:

Oooooohohohoho!

SEAGOON:

What's on the other side? I don't...

BLOODNOK:

Silence, please. What? It can't be. Is it?

MINNIE:

Is it? It is.

BLOODNOK:

What?

MINNIE:

Dennis, isn't it?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, dear heart. Ooooh! And you, my childhood sweetheart number 3-4-5.

MINNIE:

Ohhh! Then you remember.

BLOODNOK:

Of course I remember, my dear. I have a memo on my shins.

MINNIE:

Ooooooh! Oh, Dennis, ohhhh! Then you *do* remember me.

BLOODNOK:

Of course, darling. You're Fred Puker, the dustman from Leeds.

MINNIE:

Ooh, no.

BLOODNOK:

What?

MINNIE:

Ooh, no. I'm Minnie Bannister, the millionairess from Tring.

BLOODNOK:

From Tring! Even better! Ohhhh, how well I remember the place, Tring. Tring Tring Tring.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ELLINGTON:

You rang, sir?

BLOODNOK:

What? Get out, will you!

MINNIE:

But he's very good.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, he is very good.

MINNIE:

Very small part. Thank you. Thank you.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you.

MINNIE:

Next week, Manchester.

BLOODNOK:

Come, Min. Let me hold you close.

MINNIE:

Ooooh! Not... Ohhh, stea... Ohhhh....

BLOODNOK:

Oh, now.

GRAMS:

LOUD SHIP'S HORN

BLOODNOK:

Aeough!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GRAMS:

GUST OF WIND, TWO CLOCK CHIMES

GREENSLADE:

That was two clocks striking one independently and the wind is on loan. In the great Baronial phone box, Ned the Miser is plotting to destroy Min.

SEAGOON:

Mr Crun, two o'clock. Time for your revenge.

HENRY CRUN:

Alright, we must save my modern Min from ancient Bloodnok, sir.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Here, put this bomb in his coffee.

HENRY CRUN:

Won't it keep him awake?

SEAGOON:

It'll *explode* him! A-ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

HENRY CRUN:

But Bloodnok is *used* to explosions.

SEAGOON:

Not this kind, mate.

SEAGOON:

What?

HENRY CRUN:

Off you go. Ha, ha, ha. The moment he explodes, I'll force the old dear to change the will in my favour. A-ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha! Hum hum. A-ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, haa!

GREENSLADE:

He's... He's *very good*, you know. And so Mr Secombe overacts his way towards another summer season at Scunthorpe. Meantime, outside the manor, the counter-plot is about to begin.

ORCHESTRA:

SHOWBIZ LINK

MORIARTY:

Grytpype, we're on.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Look, there's a light in Min's window. Load the grandmother gun.

MORIARTY:

And don't forget, don't shoot 'till you see the whites of her corsets.

GRYTPYPE:

Right. Let's toss for who does it.

MORIARTY:

Right! Let's use the rich penny.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes! Heads or tails?

MORIARTY:

Yes! Up she goes.

FX:

RATTLING COIN

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh! Come out, Min, or I'll... oops!

FX:

COIN IN MUG

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh! I've swallowed a penny, I'm rich!

MORIARTY:

Oh... Oh, dear, don't panic, sir. Let's have a... Let's have a drink together.

BLOODNOK:

What a fine idea.

MORIARTY:

Here's to you and your penny.

BLOODNOK:

Oh. Caster oil! Ohhh! And after that coffee, no no!

SEAGOON:

Did you say coffee?

HENRY CRUN:

Has he drunk it yet, sir?

MORIARTY:

I tell you I...

GRAMS:

LONG EXPLOSION

FX:

COIN FALLS TO FLOOR

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hey. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

BLUEBOTTLE:

There... there's a penny. Let's go buy lollipops, shall we?

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

(SING "POP GOES THE WEASEL" FADES OUT)

GREENSLADE:

They're very good, you know. And yes, they appear to have finished. So everyone back to their own beds. Goodnight.

GRAMS:

WAILING

ORCHESTRA:

"OLD COMRADES MARCH"

GREENSLADE:

They're very good, you know. Very good indeed!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THE LIGHT"