

S9 E05 - The Mountain Eaters

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. Away with dull care!

SEAGOON:

You're right, Wal, let's dance.

ORCHESTRA:

'ARCHERS' THEME MUSIC SPED UP. MUCH BACKGROUND YELLING ETC, "GET OVER THERE" ???

SELLERS:

(NASAL VOICE) Stop! Don't you know it's dangerous to do a pas de deux in a confined space?

SEAGOON:

Pas de deux? What's it mean? What does it mean?

SPRIGGS:

Means you're ignorant, Jim!

SEAGOON:

Nonsense. Lies, lies, I tell you! Listen to this. Two and two are four. C-A-T cat, D-O-G... um... um...

SPRIGGS:

D.O.G. spells what, Jim?

SEAGOON:

Correct. D.O.G. spells "What, Jim" (LAUGHTER). Well done! A funny thing happened to me on my way to the theatre today. A man in lilac pyjamas said "Could you direct me to a flower bed?"

GRAMS:

APPLAUSE

SEAGOON:

Stop!

GRAMS:

APPLAUSE STOPS

SELLERS:

(QUIET VOICE) Mister Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yes? Don't stand too near, I've got money.

SELLERS:

(QUIET VOICE) Sir, message just arrived by plumed messenger for you.

SEAGOON:

It's a hand-typed letter. Let me see. (READS) "The governors of the BBC cordially invite you to throw yourself off London Bridge. Dress optional."

GREENSLADE:

This is a great... (PAUSE FOR AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) This is a great honour for you, Mr Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

What! They must think I'm a Charlie.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Charlie!

SEAGOON:

Hello? Oh! Just a slip of the ton-gue! Ha, ha, ha! Your turn, Wal. Give us the old words, there.

GREENSLADE:

Gentlemen, there's a jolly hand-written show on the other side of this music.

ORCHESTRA:

CAN-CAN MUSIC

SELLERS:

(FRENCH ACCENT) It was the year eighteen hundred and nineteen thirty-two and Paris was under the iron heel of French domination. (STRING OF GUTTERAL UTTERANCES) Along the boules-vardes, women was dressed in acme[?] of stupidity. And the cafes were full of 'Ayworth's ex-husbands .

GRAMS:

OLDTIME DANCE MUSIC

MORIARTY:

(NASAL SINGING ALONG TO THE MUSIC)

GRYTPYPE:

Do you want a bucket?

MORIARTY:

Come on, merry Grytpype, it's a beautiful day.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Look, the sun is shining through the hole in your underwear.

GRYTPYPE:

Get out of that bath, francish wretch, and do an impression for me of food.

LANDLORD:

[GREENSLADE]

(FRENCH ACCENT) Pardon me, m'sieur. The patron this cafe wishes to inform you that taking a bath in double beds are forbidden in here.

GRYTPYPE:

But they're both over fourteen and house-trained.

LANDLORD:

I'm sorry, but you see..

GRYTPYPE:

Do you realise, sir, do you realise who we are?

LANDLORD:

Non.

GRYTPYPE:

You see those pallid clenched knees arising from that bath water?

LANDLORD:

Oui, m'sieur.

GRYTPYPE:

They belong to the submerged fear-ridden body of Count Jim "Bubbles"...

GRAMS:

BUBBLING SOUNDS

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty. Owner of the world's greatest collection of fourteenth Century Italian explosions.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION SOUND

GRYTPYPE:

There's one now. A genuine Richard the Third.

LANDLORD:

But, m'sieur you've been.. M'sieur, you have been living here for a month without buying a drink.

SEAGOON:

Stay your hand, mister landlord, m'sieur. I'll buy these two villians a drink. Gar-kon, three tins of wine.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, sir, thank you. By your bearing, your dress and your manner, I presume you are an uncultured oaf.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha. Very good. May I sit down?

MORIARTY:

I thought you were.

SEAGOON:

What, what, what, what, ..(several more, ending in chicken sounds)

GRYTPYPE:

Apart from Harry Secombe, who are you?

SEAGOON:

Well, I'm Lord and Lady Debrett, ne Ned Seagoon. And both my legs are licensed for walking.

GRYTPYPE:

They won't last, I tell you. No. What are you doing in there?

SEAGOON:

Well, apart from that, I'm over here on a sort of busman's holiday.

GRYTPYPE:

Doing what?

SEAGOON:

Driving buses.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

I do it to eke out my fifty pound allowance.

MORIARTY:

(CHOKING SOUNDS) Fifty pounds? (MORE TYPICAL MORIARTY "OW" SOUNDS AND OTHERS)
He's got money! He's got money!

FX:

SLAP SOUND

MORIARTY:

Ow!

GRYTPYPE:

You must pardon the steam Count, he's in strict training.

SEAGOON:

For what?

GRYTPYPE:

His death.

SEAGOON:

Huh! Gad, he looks in perfect condition for it. He must win.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

Well, I think I'll go and blow my fifty pounds on the table.

MORIARTY:

Fifty pounds again. (AHH, OWW ETC OVER)

FX:

VARIOUS SOUNDS: SLAPS, WOOD BLOCK, PISTOL SHOT, FRED THE OYSTER SPED UP

MORIARTY:

Ow!

SEAGOON:

Is he ill?

GRYTPYPE:

I... I... I fear he's got the dreaded pauper's crut, you know. There is only one known cure - fifty pounds placed inside the victim's wallet.

SEAGOON:

Has he got that much?

GRYTPYPE:

No. But just by chance he has an empty wallet.

MORIARTY:

(GURGLING SOUNDS) Fifty pounds! Fifty pounds!

GRYTPYPE:

We must hurry and find that money. His overacting is becoming increasingly apparent to us all.

SEAGOON:

I say, would... would *my* fifty pounds be of any use?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, we can but try, Ned, we can but try. Let me have it.

FX:

SOUNDS OF COINS FALLING ON TO A TABLE

MORIARTY:

Is a penny short!

FX:

SOUND OF SLAP

MORIARTY:

Ow!

GRYTPYPE:

Lord Debrett, you have the steam Count's undying thanks. We shall go directly to the Mona Lisa and sign an IOU on the bottom for you.

FX:

WHOOSH, WHOOSH

SEAGOON:

Well, whilst I'm waiting here I'll just play this extended-play conk of Max Geldray.

GELDRAI:

Oh, boy, my conk is still getting the breaks!

MAX GELDRAI:

"ALL IN THE GAME"

GREENSLADE:

Part 2 - the Louvre. The well-known double entendre and comic's resort.

SEAGOON:

Ah, yes. Here's the Mona Lisa and look, Wal, what honest men those two were.

GREENSLADE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

There you see, the corner, you see, that the paint's still wet.

GREENSLADE:

Mm-hmm. "IOU fifty pounds, signed Leonardo da Vinci."

SEAGOON:

Yes. So that's what their name was, Leonardo da Vinci.

GREENSLADE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

A-ha, ha. Well, I'll just slip the painting into my inside pocket. There!

FX:

SLAP ON POCKET

ECCLES:

Hul-lo. Let me stop messing around and we'll get on with the show. Comment allez-vous.

SEAGOON:

Bien, merci. Et vous?

ECCLES:

Oh, that's the end of that. Haha.

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners, the art connoisseur wore a suit of shredded brown paper scaffolding round his legs. And a body that hadn't been lived in for some time.

ECCLES:

Well, I'm dressed for the part. I'm going to conquer Mount Snowdon.

SEAGOON:

It's been climbed before, you know.

ECCLES:

Ah. But has anybody *eaten* it before?

SEAGOON:

Well, I... I've... I've... I've never seen it on the menu.

ECCLES:

Ah. Then the way is clear for my attempt. Hold this plate.

FX:

CLINK OF PLATE, SOUND OF UNWRAPPING OF PARCEL

SEAGOON:

He opened a parcel and took out a slice of earth labelled 'Mount Snowdon'.

WILLIUM:

'ere, stop 'im! Stop 'im! 'ere, Eccles. Put that down now. I told you not to eat Mount Snowdon 'til you was fit, didn't I? Swallow this condition powder.

ECCLES:

(SWALLOWS)

WILLIUM:

Now then, for the next month you trains only on eating 'ills.

SEAGOON:

Are you his trainer?

WILLIUM:

Yeah, I am, mate, yeah. I been managin' 'im since 'e was two, you know. Since then, I been a-training 'im for the biggie. You see, mate, the moment 'e eats a mountain, 'ollywood'll be screaming for 'im, ohhh...

SEAGOON:

Oh. I say, do you need a stand-in?

WILLIUM:

Got any money?

SEAGOON:

I'm expecting fifty pounds.

WILLIUM:

Fifty pounds? 'Ow... 'ow... 'ow much is that, then? I mean, er, which side of 'alf-a-crown is it on?

SEAGOON:

The rich side.

WILLIUM:

You're on, mate! You're Eccles' stand-in.

ORCHESTRA:

CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

The luxurious and naughty Hotel Disgrot in Venice.

ORCHESTRA:

FEW BARS OF "O SOLO MIO"

GRYTPYPE AND MORIARTY:

(SING ALONG TO THE MUSIC)

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, this is it. This is the bonne vie, la bon mot. Moriarty, pass me another strand of fume spaghetti.

FX:

SPROING

GRYTPYPE:

Delicious, delicious. Ah, punden de deplel. How much money have we got left, Moriarty? (SELLERS GIGGLES)

MORIARTY:

Ten pounds!

GRYTPYPE:

That means we can afford to stay on at this hotel for the next six moments. Have you got the cartons packed?

MORIARTY:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

The knotted sheets hanging out of the window?

MORIARTY:

Yes. I've...

FX:

KNOCK, KNOCK ON NOT VERY SOLID DOOR.

MORIARTY:

Ah!

FX:

RUNNING FEET FOLLOWED BY CRASH THROUGH GLASS AND SPLASH

GRYTPYPE:

The coward! Come in, will you, please.

FX:

DOOR KNOB RATTLE, OPENS

GELDRAIY:

Don't move, boy! I'm from the French Suret police.

GRYTPYPE:

It's son of Hilda Baker!

GELDRAIY:

Silence! You are in the presence of a great man. I am Mr. Max "Conks" Geldray, the world's greatest Dutch detective.

SEAGOON:

The world's worst actor!

GRYTPYPE:

Please, Ned, please, back to your own bed! Now tell me. Whay has your conk forsaken its place in safety behind your harmonica?

GELDRAY:

The Mona Lisa has been stolen, boy. Stolen from the, erm... how do you pronounce this?

GRYTPYPE:

Louvre. L.O.U.V.R.E, pronounced Louvre (EXAGGERATES THE "RE" EACH TIME HE SAYS IT) Louvre. (GETTING FASTER AND SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT EACH TIME). Louvre. Louvre. Louvre. Louvre. Louvre. Louvre. (ETC... FINALLY...) There, you have a choice of twenty.

GELDRAY:

Well, it's been stolen by a short, fat man.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie with the Mona Lisa, gad!

GELDRAY:

By golly, I'll swear I get it back, until then my conk will never rest. Farewell, boys! Farewell!

ORCHESTRA:

CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

He was very good you know, very good. He's never done any acting before, you know.

SEAGOON:

Now we know why, mate. (LAUGHS)

GREENSLADE:

Please! Please, Mister Seagoon, please.

SEAGOON:

Rhubarb.

GREENSLADE:

Now, if listeners will bend down they will see quite clearly a meeting with a piano accompaniment.

ORCHESTRA:

CHORDS, PIANO

CHAIRMAN:

[SECOMBE]

(VERY OLD AND FALTERING) Gentlemen, I am... I am glad to announce..

MINNIE:

Speak up!

CHAIRMAN:

...that...

MINNIE:

Speak up!

CHAIRMAN:

I am glad to announce that since 1893 no other mountain eating has occurred in England.

OMNES:

APPLAUSE

CHAIRMAN:

Now I propose... (CHOKES AND FALLS)

CRUN:

Oh, dear. Oh, he's dead, Min.

MINNIE:

What, again?

CRUN:

Gentlemen, the chairman has just died.

OMNES:

APPLAUSE

CRUN:

We will send a fresh husband to the widow as soon as the weather permits.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

CRUN:

Now, as he was saying,...

GRAMS:

CHICKEN SOUNDS

CRUN:

Oh, dear, Min, Min. Oh, Min, hold this chicken. Be careful, she's...

MINNIE:

I'm sorry, dear...

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

...I know... I don't know why you have to carry a chicken around, Henry.

CRUN:

Well, it's the fog, Min, I always carry one when there's a fog.

MINNIE:

What... what for?

CRUN:

Because chickens can't see where they're going in the fog. Unless it's a fog chicken and there's no such thing as a fog chicken.

MINNIE:

What are you talking about? There was no fog today.

CRUN:

Well, this isn't a fog chicken.

MINNIE:

What?

CRUN AND MINNIE:

(DEGENERATES INTO AN ARGUMENT ABOUT FOG AND FOG CHICKEN)

SEAGOON:

Get on with the meeting!

CRUN:

What? What?

SEAGOON:

I've got a cricket ball to catch!

CRUN:

Gentlemen, to prevent mountain-eating in England, we are raising the license fee to fifty pounds sterling.

ECCLES:

Oh, mate! You've ruined my mountain-eating chances!

SEAGOON:

Unfair to mountain-eating stand-ins.

ECCLES:

Oh.

ORCHESTRA AND GRAMS:

SAD VIOLIN AND CRYING

SEAGOON:

No money for a mountain-eating license. No signs of Leonardo da Vinci's fifty pounds back. Aaagh! I have been forced to live with a fifteen shilling a week suit. I in the jacket and Eccles in the trousers.

ECCLES:

Open a window! Now, I'll start *my* new diary. What's it say here? Tuesday the second. What'll I write? Ah!

FX:

SCRATCHING OF PEN

ECCLES:

"Today is Saturday". Oh, no. No, that – no. I don't know what to write. "Today..."

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

ECCLES:

Ah, that's it. "Today I heard a knock on the door. Is this a record?"

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, it's me, you twit!

ECCLES:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Open up, you twit. I'm freezin' out here.

FX:

DOOR KNOB RATTLE, DOOR OPENS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Good evening, sir. Is you the man who has just opened that door?

SEAGOON:

Yes, I am, lad.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor, what a memory you got.

SEAGOON:

Ah, yes, yes, yes. I... I... I remember things, you know. Magna Carta, 1215.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You've had a good life, haven't you, sir.

SEAGOON:

Yes, now who are all these crutty herberts with string bags?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do not call them that, sir. They are mens of the third Finchley wolf cubs in mufti. Mens, by putting knees together all the way down, atten-shun!

ORCHESTRA:

XYLOPHONE SOUNDS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Steady, mens, steady there! I say, Pules, why don't you use your handkerchief? From the right, number!

GRAMS:

SPED UP VOICES OF VARIOUS PITCHES COUNT FROM 1 TO 10

SEAGOON:

Here, hold on, those three end cubs are girls!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Don't give us away, mister. After all, it's cheaper than television, innit. You're a man of the world, you understand.

SEAGOON:

I do now, ha ha.

BLUEBOTTLE:

We're collecting for the East Finchley Poor Mothers' Christmas Pudding Club jumble sale fete.

ECCLES:

Here, Neddie. I just phoned that number, there's nobody in.

SEAGOON:

What number?

ECCLES:

Magna Carta 1215.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, look, it's silly old Eccles. Hello, silly old Eccles.

ECCLES:

Hullo, Bottle. Hullo. (ASIDE) 'Silly old Eccles'. Ah, hullo, silly old Bottle. That got even with 'im.

BLUEBOTTLE:

'ere. Why aint you got no clothes on?

ECCLES:

Well, I just been making a phone call.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You don't have to undress for that.

ECCLES:

Ha, ha! We learn something new every day!

BLUEBOTTLE:

You going to give the Young Mothers something, then?

ECCLES:

(LECHEROUS LAUGH)

SEAGOON:

Yes. Here's a Ray Ellington. (EXCITED) And there's a bottle of brandy! Aaaaahhh...! (FADES INTO DISTANCE)

FX:

WHOOSH

ELLINGTON:

I wonder where he keeps that stuff.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"THERE WILL NEVER BE ANOTHER YOU"

SEXY FEMALE VOICE:

[SELLERS]

Hello, mothers, housewives. Good news. Did you know that Ray Ellington is now on sale in the shops? At three and four a pound, he's really wonderful value. Better than those silly old two and four-penny husbands. And remember, Ray Ellington lasts the whole drink through. Get Ray Ellington today. Oooh.....

GREENSLADE:

Mr. Sellers hastens to add that he's only doing an impression. And now, the Mountain Eaters, part 2. Mr. Secombe!

FX:

SOUND OF RUNNING FEET, GETTING CLOSER

SEAGOON:

Whew, sorry I'm late, Wal. That's all right, mate. I couldn't get the cork out. 'Ere! Where we up to there, Wal, there, that there, what we gonna do there, Wal?

GREENSLADE:

Well now, we have discovered that eating mountains in India requires no license. So, well, listen to this.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BANERJEE:

Mr Lalkaka, Mr Lalkaka. Where are you, man, where are you? Making the appearance, please.

LALKAKA:

What, what? What...? Mr... Mr Banerjee, what... what are you doing here in the chutney season?

BANERJEE:

Let me explaining.

LALKAKA:

What are doing here?

BANERJEE:

I... I'm telling you, I'm telling you. All... Indeed, gregarious incorruptable news has been reaching my Hindu ears, man, [UNCLEAR].

LALKAKA:

They have reached there, have they? Good heavens. You... you... you... you must hurry. You must hurry, man, hurry.

BANERJEE:

I know, I know. I've heard a rumour that Mount Everest is getting shorter.

LALKAKA:

Well, if it's getting shorter, it's no surprise to me.

BANERJEE:

[UNCLEAR].

LALKAKA:

None at all. Look... look, let's face it, man.

BANERJEE:

What... what's that, man?

LALKAKA:

Mount Everest has had a good run for its money.

BANERJEE:

True.

LALKAKA:

All good things must come to an end, you understand.

BANERJEE:

Most dubitably, I am understanding you, I am understanding you.

LALKAKA:

Grateful for your anticipation.

BANERJEE:

But we must go and investigating the reason for Mount Everest demise. Now come along, erm... Swallow this mango curry and we will - off we go.

FX:

WHOOSH

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

GRAMS:

THUNDER X 3

BLOODNOK:

Oh, ho! Oh, dear! Oh-ho. Oh-ho. Ohhhhhh! Ohh! Oh, dear, dear, I... I've never had 'em so bad, you know. Ellinga. Ellinga, bring me ointment, me boots are squeaking.

ELLINGA:

("FOREIGN" WORDS).

BLOODNOK:

Huh?

ELLINGA:

("FOREIGN" WORDS), mate. ("FOREIGN" WORDS).

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh. You, too, eh? I'll get rid of 'em for you. Hand me me military saxophone and civilian drum, will you.

ORCHESTRA:

OLD COMRADES' MARCH (GOON SHOW THEME) ON SAXOPHONE AND DRUM

SEAGOON:

Hey! Hey, you!

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC TRAILS OFF

SEAGOON:

Put a sock in it!

BLOODNOK:

've got two socks in it and it's *hell* in there, sir.

ECCLES:

[UNCLEAR]. Stop that (IMITATES MARCHING MUSIC)! Stop that music!

BLOODNOK:

I say, you aren't by any chance a millionaire, are you?

ECCLES:

One, two, three, thruppence. No. No.

BLOODNOK:

Well, it was a shot in the dark, one never knows.

SEAGOON:

I hope it hits him. Listen, you brown blatherer. We're trying to eat a mountain. And we must have silence for it. S. I. L. E. N. C. E., pronounced... (SILENCE)

BLOODNOK:

Beautifully pronounced! But, dear little Welsh titch of no fixed trousers, you don't think that I play that military saxophone without reason, do you? Oh, good heavens, no. It's the only way of keeping boils away.

SEAGOON:

Rubbish!

BLOODNOK:

What! Have you ever seen a saxophone with boils?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, well, let's hear no more of it, then, [UNCLEAR].

ORCHESTRA:

OLD COMRADES' MARCH (GOON SHOW THEME) ON SAXOPHONE AND DRUM

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

Blood! Nok! Aaagh! If I give you this, will you stop?

BLOODNOK:

What's it? What? What? Where's me old ex-WD glasses? Wait a minute. "I.O.U. fifty pounds, Leonard da Vicki". No, "Vinki". Ohhh! Ohhhhhh! End of part 2!

ORCHESTRA:

CHORDS

GEORGE CHISHOLM:

(SINGS) I'm in love with an old trombone.

ORCHESTRA:

TROMBONE MUSIC

SEXY WOMAN VOICE:

[SELLERS]

Get some today!

GREENSLADE:

It is a month later.

FX:

HANDFULS OF GRAVEL BEING GRABBED AND EATEN

SEAGOON:

(CHEWS AND SWALLOWS, TAKES GULPS OF BREATHS) We've done it, Eccles. We've done it. We've eaten Mount Everest. All we've got to do now is to wait for the Hollywood offers to roll in.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

Yeah!

ECCLES:

All we gotta do is wait for Hollywood offers to roll in. Yeah. To roll in. (MUMBLES) 'Ere, they're taking a long time, aren't they.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense, it... it just *seems* a long time because that's what they're taking.

ECCLES:

Oh.

GRYTPYPE:

Hello, Neddie.

ECCLES:

Oh, hello.

SEAGOON:

It's two men called Leonardo da Vinci.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, three men called Secombe.

SEAGOON:

Well, you got my... you got my fifty pounds, eh?

GRYTPYPE:

No, Neddie, now you're a naughty boy. Did you know the fifty pounds you lent us was very ill?

SEAGOON:

Ill?

MORIARTY:

Terribly ill!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. But don't reproach yourself, Ned. Nevertheless, it was. So as an act of charity we took your fifty pounds to Italy for a holiday.

SEAGOON:

Is it better?

GRYTPYPE:

Ohhhh, so much better, Neddie. Wonderful, it's bronzed, wears shorts and can whistle the Maiden's Prayer.

MORIARTY:

Now, Neddie. Now, Neddie.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Do you still have our... our nice I.O.U. on the Mona Lisa?

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHING) You... you'll laugh at this.

MORIARTY:

(LAUGHING) I'm gonna laugh...

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHING) Honestly.

GRYTPYPE:

(LAUGHING) Funny.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHING) You see, I... I... I... I didn't think you were coming back.

MORIARTY:

Owww.

GRYTPYPE:

You mean you doubted our obvious insincerity? Who's got it?

SEAGOON:

Major Dennis Bloodnok, the well-known exploder.

BANERJEE:

Look! There are two men! Arrest them! Arrest them!

SEAGOON:

But... but you can't arrest me. I've got a doctor's certificate saying prisons are bad for me.

BANERJEE:

Never mind the chat, man. One of you two men must have eaten Mount Everest. Come on, now.

(MUTTERS)

SEAGOON:

I'm not going to split. Me? A gentleman? Ha, ha! Never. I refuse to tell you.

ECCLES:

Well, stop pointing at me then!

BANERJEE:

Arrest him in Hindu!

ECCLES:

Owow! Owww!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY

GRYTPYPE:

Come, Moriarty. Next stop, Bloodnok.

MORIARTY:

Aaagh!

FX:

WHOOSH

BLOODNOK:

Oooh! Oh, who are you? What are you doing...? (OBVIOUS EDIT?)

MORIARTY:

Neddie. Neddie... Neddie wants his silly old Mona Lisa back, Dennis.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, it's... it's... it's soooold! You don't think old Dennis didn't know the value of that painting, did you?
Oho, yes. Look at this little crisp wad, here. Three pounds ten!

MORIARTY:

You fool! That painting was worth five hundred thousand pounds!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Who bought it?

BLOODNOK:

The Finchley Wolf Cubs.

MORIARTY:

(PANICKED SCREAMS)

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

FX:

WHOOSH, WHOOSH

GRAMS:

CROWD NOISE

MINNIE:

(OFF) I'll buy that over there. What about that one?

GRYTPYPE:

Just there, Moriarty, that spotty cub's got it.

SPOTTY CUB:

[SECOMBE]

Roll up! Roll up! What am I bid for this old painting?

GRYTPYPE:

This is just going to be just too easy, Moriarty. Start the bidding.

MORIARTY:

Ah, little boy. Two shillings for that silly old painting.

CUB:

Two shillings? Ho, ho, ho. Sorry. It's more than that, you know, we have a fixed price on it.

GRYTPYPE:

Ha, ha, ohhh, dear, dear. How much is it then, sonny?

CUB:

Five hundred thousand pounds.

GRYTPYPE:

(ANGRILY) Moriarty, these wolf cubs are getting smarter every day! Come!

MORIARTY:

Aaagh!

ORCHESTRA:

CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

I say, I *did* enjoy that. Well, must be off home to the little woman. Goodnight, all, goodnight.

ORCHESTRA:

"YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW"