

S9 E06 - The Childe Harolde Rewarde

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. Come! Let us roll up our trouser legs and reveal the contents.

SECOMBE:

Mr Greenslade! Cover those revealing off-the-shoulder socks.

GREENSLADE:

I'm sorry but I must cut down on spices.

SECOMBE:

Be on your guard, then. Now kneel down and say after me, "I am shorter than Harry Secombe".

GREENSLADE:

I will never sink that low.

SECOMBE:

If you don't acquiesce to my demands you'll get jelly up your vest.

GREENSLADE:

I warn you, Mr Sitchelcloombe, that the practise of inserting jellies up senior announcer's vests is punishable by death.

SECOMBE:

Why? Is... is it harmful?

GREENSLADE:

Death is very harmful.

SECOMBE:

And pushing a jelly up announcer's vests?

GREENSLADE:

It can ruin a jelly for life, to say nought... to say nought of its effects...

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) To say nought

GREENSLADE:

...upon enunciation.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Yackaboo!

GREENSLADE:

I pray you listen to this rare recording of such an occasion.

SELLERS:

(deep echoey voice) This is London calling in the brown euphonium service of the Bar-Bee-Cee. Here is an important announcement. At six o'clock this morning, I fell off the top of St Paul's. will anyone who witnessed the accident please phone Scotl...aarrrrgh!

FX:

SOUND OF SELLERS BEING ATTACKED AND THUMPED

A fate worse than death. He passed away that night in the direction of down.

SECOMBE:

Thank you. Mr. Sellers? Forward with your hand-knotted legs.

SELLERS:

My music, please, minstroon.

GRAMS:

IDYLLIC MUSIC

SELLERS:

Ah, that music! It's 1899 and always on time. It comes from Winchelsea in the heart of the Brown country. A typical English village with a population of 8 million, two-thirds under seven. From time to time, nothing happens.

SEAGOON:

But it always gets into the Sunday papers, mate! (LAUGHS)

OMNES:

MANY LAUGHS AND GROWLS AND WEST COUNTRY ARRRRS

SELLERS:

(WEST COUNTRY ACCENT) I don't suppose we'll ever stop it in Winchelsea! (LAUGHS)

GRAMS:

(BABY CRYING, COWS MOOING)

MINNIE:

Itsy bitsy, tiddle-widdle. There, there, there, there. Ohhhh.

CRUN:

Dib, dib, dib, dib, dib.

MINNIE:

Dibble, dabble, oh, dear.

CRUN:

Dibble, dabble, dabble.

MINNIE:

Ahh. Coo!

CRUN:

Look, Min. Look. One tooth.

MINNIE:

So you have, Henry.

CRUN:

How many months is he now, Min?

MINNIE:

439.

CRUN:

So, he's 37 years old, is he?

MINNIE:

Yes. Dib, dib... dib.

SEAGOON:

Listen, Auntie Min and Uncle Hen.

MINNIE:

Ohh.

CRUN:

What? What?

SEAGOON:

I know you love children but... isn't it time I was weaned?

CRUN:

Listen, Min, he's trying to talk!

MINNIE:

Ohhhh.

BOTH:

(BABY TALK)

SEAGOON:

I can't go on kippin' in this pram, it's had ten extensions already. People are starting to talk!

MINNIE:

There, there.

SEAGOON:

Another thing: I can't go on wearing nappies any longer!

CRUN:

Long nappies are a *must* with you.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhh!

SEAGOON:

It's embarrassing, I tell you! Look... look what happened to it in the... in the Paul Jones last night!

CRUN:

You won a spot prize?

SEAGOON:

Yes, but... what a spot to pick!

MINNIE:

Oh!

CRUN:

Let's go in and I'll show you how to bend mangoes. Forward with leather... (FADES).

MINNIE:

Leather... (MUMBLES)

SEAGOON:

They've gone in, folks. A-ha, ha! Now's my chance to escape! I'll knot me nappies and slide down the pram! Hoop, no! That would leave me starkers! And there's frost about!

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO MUSIC

BLOODNOK:

(SINGING)

I travel the roooooad,
I travel the roooooad,
I travel the roooooad,
in a military way.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

BLOODNOK:

Oh, oh. oh!

(SINGING)

I travel the roooooad,
I travel the roooooad,
He travels the road,
I travel the roooooad,
in a military way.

(SPEEDS UP)

All day long you'll see meeee,
down the old roooooad
and when you see meeeeee,
I am on the road, awayyyy!

(CONTINUES FAST UNDER:)

SEAGOON:

What luck! Here comes a man pushing himself along on a piano! And I must say, he's a funny shape.

BLOODNOK:

Scroll me progs and sorts me plue! What's this? Where's me regimental tape measure? Oh! Three foot by three? Either it's a tall child or a short man.

SEAGOON:

I'm the latter.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! We must be related, I'm a former latter, you know. But I retired, the strain became too much for me, oh.

SEAGOON:

Then those lumps on your head are not fakes.

BLOODNOK:

What a practiced eye you have, dear lad.

SEAGOON:

It's... it's been practicing all day. Listen!

BLOODNOK:

Really?

SEAGOON'S EYE:

(SINGS) do rey me fa so la ti dooooh!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, yes.

SEAGOON:

(CONTINUES OHHH!)

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes. I'll have five of those, please. What...? What...? What...? What...? What's that lovely thing around your neck?

SEAGOON:

A gold chain. It belonged to my mother's throat.

FX:

SAWING SOUND, BREAKING, FALLING

BLOODNOK:

Oops! Oh, ho, ho, ho, dear, dear. It's broken and what do you know? It's fallen straight into old Dennis's deed box. Oh, dear! Ohhhh, dear, dear, dear. Oh, ho, ho. Do you believe in miracles, lad?

SEAGOON:

Help me escape... and you can keep it!

BLOODNOK:

I'll not be party to such a crime! Let me tell you, sir, that I am in the process of finding King Arthur's lost sword!

SEAGOON:

Let me join you! I'm facing in the same direction. What could be better, batter, barter, or bootter boudoir?

BLOODNOK:

Spoons on you, spoons!

SEAGOON:

Splin!

BLOODNOK:

Have you ever had any experience in King Arthur's sword finding? Have you?

SEAGOON:

I took... I... well, I... I took a course in it at Oxford, you know and...

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

...and was sent down with flying colours and a pound of 24-hour, quick-dry liquorice.

BLOODNOK:

Really?

SEAGOON:

Yes!

BLOODNOK:

Oh! But does your granny wear a bowler?

SEAGOON:

Side-saddle!

BLOODNOK:

Then you're my man! Come, now. Hold this outboard motor!

FX:

MOTOR SPEEDS UP AND FADES AWAY

MINNIE:

Help! Murder! Thieves! Oh, dear. Oh, he's... The child's gone. Gone and never called me mother.

FX:

PHONE DIALLING

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, let me see. Hello, dialling, dialling. Hello? Police! Eh? Hello?

WILLIUM:

(ON PHONE) Hello?

MINNIE:

Hello?

WILLIUM:

Police, rail and fire station, 'ere.

MINNIE:

Oh... dear, I... I'm... ohhhh. (VARIOUS STARTLED OHHS)

WILLIUM:

'Urry up, ma, I'm in the bath.

MINNIE:

Oh. I... I won't look. Are y... are you the police?

WILLIUM:

No, I'm the Station Master, I'll get him.

MINNIE:

Good. Oh.

WILLIUM:

'Ello, Constable 'ere.

MINNIE:

Wait. You were the... you were the Station Master!

WILLIUM:

I was but I changed me 'at.

MINNIE:

Oh. The Childe Harolde has been stolen!

WILLIUM:

What? Little 'arold?

MINNIE:

Little 'arold.

WILLIUM:

The light of Plin Street, gone? I'll save 'im, ma! Now then, any unusual marks on his body, there?

MINNIE:

Yes, he has a pair of legs that don't reach the ground.

CONSTABLE:

So. We're lookin' for a lad with a space underneath. I'll save him, mum. Click!

MINNIE:

"Click"?

WILLIUM:

Yeah, I'm 'anging up.

MINNIE:

Oh. Come round and cut you down, then.

ORCHESTRA:

STRANGLED "TADAAH"-TYPE CHORD

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks! Hello, folks! Calling, folks! It's Neddie again! We now perchance upon two men reclining in a deserted crow's nest, listening to a deserted wireless program. Hup!

GRAMS:

1920S MUSIC SPED UP

WIRELESS ANNOUNCER:

[SELLERS]

Yes, it's Bert Trusser and His Late-Night Golden Silver Strings. At this time of the year, it's when a young man's fancy turns to love. And, well, yes, this young man's fancy turned to love and lovely Tom Links sings: "I Never Knew What Love Could Do". And here it is and it's called...

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO ARPEGGIO

TOM LINKS:

[SECOMBE]

(SINGS)

I stood on the cliffs at midnight,

I stood on the cliffs at dawn.

(SPEEDS UP)

I stood on the cliffs as the wind blew

And... eep!

FX:

SPLASH

GREENSLADE:

(ON RADIO) We interrupt that splash to give you a police message: The Childe Harolde is missing. A reward of four shillings a pound will be paid for his body's return. At the kidnapping, the child weighed 16 stone.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. 16 stone at 4 shillings a pound? That's 45 pounds reward, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

With that money I could afford to stand up! 45 pounds! (SHOUTS BABBILOUSLY, GETS SMACKED)
Ahoh-ooooh...

GRYTPYPE:

(TRIES TO SPEAK BETWEEN BABBLES) Will you be keep... Will you be... Will you... Please, Moriarty. Keep still, do you want us both out of this suit? Now. We must plan a plan during this rendering of Max Geldray's conk.

GELDRAY:

Oh, boy, my conk is still making the headlines! Ploogie!

GRYTPYPE:

Conk has spoken!

MAX GELDRAY:

"BUT NOT FOR ME..."

GRAMS:

RUNNING FEET ARRIVING, WAVES LAPPING ON A LAKE SHORE

BLOODNOK:

Whoa, Ned, whoa, whoa, whoa. Yes, yes. This recorded lake might well be the one in which King Arthur's sword drowned.

SEAGOON:

What a terrible death for a sword!

BLOODNOK:

It was in it up to the hilt, you know.

FX:

EVEN MORE STRANGLED "TADAAH"-TYPE CHORD

BLOODNOK:

Thank you! Now, lad. I'll lay down and think of you as you schlap around looking for the old food, there.

SEAGOON:

Isn't it risky me walking round the country in a nappy?

BLOODNOK:

Have no fear, Neddie! The district abounds in wet nurses *and* a 24-hour nappy service.

SEAGOON:

Then I will return unblemished! (LAUGHS) Farewell!

FX:

QUACK-QUACK, QUACK-QUACK, QUACK-QUACK, SPEEDS UP AND FADES

BLOODNOK:

And that is exactly what he looks like from the back. Part three, Neddie, further away.

SEAGOON:

(SINGING AS HE MARCHES ALONG) ...tramp, tramp, tramping along the highway, with your legs all upside down! (STOPS) Gad! What's this under the old cardboard oak tree? A sword in a stone!

GRYTPYPE:

He's spotted it, Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

What does the label say? "Excaliber. Read instruction in envelope."

FX:

OPENS ENVELOPE

SEAGOON:

"Whoever pulls the sword from the stone shall be king." King! Gad, I'd stop traffic on buses! (LAUGHS THEN STRAINS TO PULL OUT THE SWORD)

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, dear straining lad.

SEAGOON:

If I could only get this out.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh. Can we help you?

SEAGOON:

D'you know a blacksmith?

GRYTPYPE:

Follow this road until you reach a blacksmith and when you get there, ask again.

FX:

WHOOSH

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE-CHANGE MUSIC THEN HONK-TOOT-AND-CHORD TYPE MUSIC

BLUEBOTTLE:

Make up your minds, you twits! I've been standing here waiting to start my part.

ORCHESTRA:

ANGRY MURMURS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up! Shut up, will you! You ruined your RADA but you won't do it to me, I'll tell you. Now, then. (CLEARS THROAT) "The village... The vill... The Vimlage Blacksmith" by William Wandsworth. "Boil, cauldron, boil. Thou art not unkind. Man's ingratitude to Gerald Hairs of 20 Quert Street, Epington"? 'Ere, dat's not right, dat's not a blacksmith! Come on, now, come on! Who's the boy who's been messing round with my parts? You rotten part-messers, you! Come here, you!

GRAMS:

APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS

ECCLES:

I'm the anti-climax.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, dear, Eccles. I don't know what to do you with you, man. What the matter with you, man? What you got in the parcel, then?

ECCLES:

A bottle of water.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. I never knew you went in for that kind of thing.

ECCLES:

Oh, well, when you're earning big money, you know.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

ECCLES:

You know how to fish?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. Man . Could I see it with the cork out?

FX:

RUSTLING PAPER

ECCLES:

Der. Der, Bottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhhh-ohhhh. Is that real water?

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah! I got the maker's guarantee on this record. You listen.

BLOODNOK:

This water is genuine and any copy of it will be confiscated. Remember, only genuine water makes this sound:

FX:

SPLASH

BLOODNOK:

(SINGING, GETS FASTER) Buy a bottle of genuine Bloodnok water, today!

FX:

SPLASH

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

ECCLES:

You... You see? You can't get... better than that!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. What are you carry it about for then, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Cos... it hasn't got legs.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, what about running water?

ECCLES:

'Ere. This water must be a fake! Where that naughty Bloodnok?

GRAMS:

WHOOSH!

FX:

BANGING ON METAL SOUND

SEAGOON:

I say, Madam. Are you a blacksmith?

My name's Smith and you got eyes.

SEAGOON:

Oh. Could you help me to get this sword loose?

ELLINGTON:

Well, I'll hold it and when I nod my head, you hit it.

SEAGOON:

Let's get this right. You hold it. And when you nod your head, I hit it?

ELLINGTON:

Yeah!

SEAGOON:

Okay.

ELLINGTON:

Right.

FX:

BANG ON METAL

SEAGOON:

Hurrah, that got it out. (LAUGHS) Hands up all those who thought I was going to hit him on the nut. Take 10, like. Thank you and goodnight, Gladys Young. Now, then. I'm the King of England! All kneel down and say after me: "I am shorter than Harry Secombe"!

GRYTPYPE:

Your Majesty! We just heard the good news! Allow me to present my credentials.

FX:

ITEMS FALLING ON FLOOR

SEAGOON:

What beauties!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. The finest set this side of The Wash.

SEAGOON:

Well done! (LAUGHS) (SOTTO VOCE) You could do with one (ALoud) Thank you, loyal subjects! Kneel down and I'll dub you!

FX:

BOING

BLOODNOK:

You filthy swine!

SEAGOON:

Arise! Arise, the Rector of Tottenham Hotspur and Chelsea.

MORIARTY:

Merky, merky, merky. Greeting from la France, your Majesty! Your Majesty, your royal robes and your royal choppers.

SEAGOON:

They're too big!

GRYTPYPE:

We'll soon fatten you up, lad. Swallow this stuffed elephant down.

SEAGOON:

(SWALLOWS)

FX:

ELEPHANT TRUMPET

SEAGOON:

Ah, delicious!

GRYTPYPE:

On the royal scales with him!

GRAMS:

SCALES SOUND

MORIARTY:

Ah! Oh, look.

FX:

SCALES STRAINING SOUND

GRYTPYPE:

What! 83 royal stone!

FX:

SCRATCHING OF PEN ON PAPER

MORIARTY:

4 shillings a pound, 83 stone. That's 240 pounds reward!

GRYTPYPE:

(SECRETLY) The heavier, the better, Moriarty!

MORIARTY:

Yes, of course.

GRYTPYPE:

Come, Ned, nibble this roast mountain down.

MORIARTY:

Ahh! Down...

SEAGOON:

(GOBBLING SOUNDS) Gad, it's wonderful being a king! You can eat things that commoners don't get!
(LAUGHS)

GRYTPYPE:

And another little fried hippopotamus for you, lad!

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you! (SWALLOWS, STRAINS) Oh! Let the royal minstrel play!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"OLD BLACK MAGIC"

SEAGOON:

(STILL EATING)

FX:

SCALES STRAINING SOUND

MORIARTY:

500 stone, 3 pounds, 4 ounces.

GRYTPYPE:

A jackpot, Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

Look, I...

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Here.

SEAGOON:

I can't eat any more, lads, Hic! Pardon. I...

FX:

PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP

SEAGOON:

Hello? King Seagoon the First here, speaking from Pond Street, Croydon.

PRIME MINISTER:

[SELLERS]

Oh, er, this is Prime Minister. Look here, I've looked up your claim.

SEAGOON:

Oh?

PRIME MINISTER:

And I'm afraid you're not the King of England, you know?

SEAGOON:

Whatwhatwhatwhatwhatwhatwhatwhatwhat?

PRIME MINISTER:

What, what?

SEAGOON:

But there must be some mistake, I'm... I'm all dressed for the part! I mean, I'm... I'm on the throne!

PRIME MINISTER:

Sorry, sorry.

SEAGOON:

Well, what *am* I king of? Croydon?

PRIME MINISTER:

No, not even that, no.

SEAGOON:

Oh. Pond Street, then?

PRIME MINISTER:

No, no, no.

SEAGOON:

Oh. What then?

PRIME MINISTER:

Well, uh, look here, what's the number of your house?

SEAGOON:

23.

PRIME MINISTER:

Well, that's it, you're king of 23 Pond Street, Croydon, that's it.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha! That's better! (LAUGHS) You don't get me scared into abdication, you know! Knock, knock, knock! Ah, the door! Come in!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, Ned, what happened, what happened? Where did you nip to, you... you naughty thing. I've been laying by the lake for three months in all weathers, but the weather got too much for me, you so and the wind, you know it... oh...

SEAGOON:

I bet it was, mate. Yes, yes. Yeah, your... your search is over! I found the sword Excaliber!

BLOODNOK:

Excaliber to you, too, my dear fellow. Steady, wait a moment! What? Oh, ho ho! Oooh! Where's me old military magnifying glass? What a second. This is a fake!

SEAGOON:

What? What? What?

BLOODNOK:

Look, here. "Property of the Donald Wolfit Touring Company of Nudes, Knees and Shakespeare"!

SEAGOON:

(CRIES) This means...

BLOODNOK:

Course!

SEAGOON:

This means I'll have to abdicate! Citizens, 23 Pond Street is now without a king!

BLOODNOK:

I declare it a republic! I say, wait a minute. Who's... who's...? Look who's... Ohhh! Look who's there in the mirror! Why, it's old Dennis Bloodnok! First president of 23 Pond Street. Hooray for Dennis.

MORIARTY:

Hurry, Ned, it's a revolution! They will overthrow the monarchy! Pull this coach on.

FX:

HORSES HOOVES GALLOPING AWAY

SEAGOON:

Thank you for rescuing me, loyal subjects! I'll see you have tea with me.

GRYTPYPE:

And you with us! We commence with elephant au gratin and cement pudding.

SEAGOON:

(EATS) Ah, delicious!

FX:

WEIGHING

MORIARTY:

603 stone, Grytpype!

SEAGOON:

No more, now, lads, please, I... I'm almost bursting!

FX:

EXPLOSION

SEAGOON:

Too late! Why? Why have we stopped? Where are we?

MINNIE:

Coo-eeeeee...

SEAGOON:

Help! Not the cradle again!

GRYTPYPE:

Here, Auntie Min, your child Harolde. 603 stone at 4 shillings a pound equals, ah, skelton-thrunder-klee pounds reward.

MINNIE:

He's a fake, my boy only weighs 16 stone.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, we shall have to reduce him. Into the steam bath with him, Moriarty!

MORIARTY:

Ah!

FX:

DOOR OPENING, STEAM HISSES

SEAGOON:

Oh, please, stop (SCREAMS)

GRYTPYPE:

Get the steam on his knees, Moriarty! (LAUGHS) That's it. Look at that stomach vanish, Moriarty!

SEAGOON:

(SCREAMS)

MORIARTY:

That's got him down, bring him down.

SEAGOON:

Oh, please, stop! I'm vaporising with the heat! You can't do this to me, I'm... I'm the King of 23 Pond Street! I'll have you arrested by my royal policeman! (SPEEDS UP TO INAUDIBILITY) My mother keeps a duck-farm in Kent and they're all facing East, I tell you! You put a [UNCLEAR] lay eggs on you. Let me go! (SCREAMS, WINDS DOWN)

MORIARTY:

Ah, he's vaporised now, into this bottle with him. There!

FX:

POP

MORIARTY:

Now, to the Palladium!

FX:

WHOOSH

GREENSLADE:

The scene: Harry Secombe's dressing room.

GRAMS:

DANCE HALL MUSIC, KNOCK ON DOOR

LEW:

[SELLERS]

Yeah, what is it, autographs?

AUTOGRAPH HUNTER:

[MILLIGAN]

Um. Yeah, autographs.

LEW:

In that cue over there, sonny.

FX:

CASH REGISTER

AUTOGRAPH HUNTER:

Ta.

ECCLES:

(ARRIVING FROM A DISTANCE) Oowow, this is it, dressing room.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah. It's hot in 'ere.

ECCLES:

Yeah. Like a drink from my bottle of water?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, thanks, Eccles, I'm training to be a desert.

ECCLES:

Oh.

MORIARTY:

Hands up, everybody! Drop everything!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes! Now, listen, Secombe fans, this bottle contains your favorite singer in liquid form!

SECOMBE:

(MUFFLED THROUGH REST OF SHOW) Hello, folks, don't let me down!

GRYTPYPE:

(ASIDE) Put a cork on it, Moriarty!

FX:

POP

SECOMBE:

Oh!

GRYTPYPE:

Now, we want a thousand pounds or we drink him!

SECOMBE:

Don't let him drink me, folks, I hate traveling by tube!

LEW:

All right, all right, I'll pay!

FX:

MONEY FALLS

LEW:

I'll pay! There, 1,000 pounds in big NAAFI spoon.

MORIARTY:

Ah! Even better than we thought! Here's your bottle! Come!

FX:

WHOOSH

LEW:

'arry! 'arry! Harry! Speak to me! Say something, 'arry!

SECOMBE:

'eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeelp!

LEW:

Hold his bottle while I get a doctor.

ECCLES:

Okay. (HUMS)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles? Don't get dem bottles mixed up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

No.

SECOMBE:

Can anybody see what's coming, folks? If so, well, don't spoil it for me!

GRAMS:

BAGPIPES EVERY TIME THE DOCTOR SPEAKS

DOCTOR:

[SELLERS]

(SINGING SCOTSMAN)

ECCLES:

Hello, doctor.

DOCTOR:

(SCOTTISH-SOUNDING NOISES) This is the patient here, is it, aye?

FX:

WATER BEING POURED

DOCTOR:

(SCOTTISH-SOUNDING NOISES) Aye, this is a genuine vintage Secombe and it tastes very ill. (TASTING SOUNDS) Aye.

ECCLES:

(LAUGHS)

DOCTOR:

What are you laughing at, what are you laughing at, there?

ECCLES:

Well, I just ready in case anybody said something funny.

DOCTOR:

(SCOTTISH-SOUNDING NOISES)

SECOMBE:

Hurry up, I'm catching me death of cold in here. Me sediment's gone to the bottom!

ECCLES:

Oh!

DOCTOR:

Aye, we got no time to waste. The only way to restore Mr. Secombe to his normal self is to bring this to the boil, add a pound of leeks.

GRAMS:

BOILING

DOCTOR:

Goats milk, a touch of Sosban Bach. [UNCLEAR] Jones, a spoon o' whirl and...

SECOMBE:

What about the brandy?

DOCTOR:

Steady, Secombe, steady Secombe, I'm just going to add this bust of Sabrina to bring you to the boil.

GRAMS:

BOILING, EXPLOSION

DOCTOR:

That's strange, nothing's happened.

ECCLES:

Oh, ho-ho! I... Hic! I gave you the wrong bottle!

DOCTOR:

What, what, what, what? The other one then, hurry, it's the payoff! Hurry.

ECCLES:

I... I drank it.

DOCTOR:

Say `ah'.

ECCLES:

Ah.

SECOMBE:

(SCREAMS) He's had onions for tea!

DOCTOR:

Quick, the stomach pump!

ECCLES:

Oh, no! Not the stomach pump!

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and Gentlemen,...

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Thank you.

GREENSLADE:

...in the interests of hygiene, we end this show. Good night, all.

ECCLES:

Aoooh!

ORCHESTRA:

END MUSIC