

S9 E07 - The Seagoon Memoirs

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

SEAGOON:

I like the way you said that, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

Oh, thank you.

SEAGOON:

It had a certain dramatic power, you know.

GREENSLADE:

Mm-hmm.

SEAGOON:

Alec Guinness could use a man like you.

GREENSLADE:

What for?

SEAGOON:

Well, dig his garden, mend the bridge. Clean his boots.

GREENSLADE:

Mr. Seagoon, do I look the sort of man who goes around cleaning people's boots?

SEAGOON:

Show me your tongue.

GREENSLADE:

Arghh.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GREENSLADE:

No, no, no, no, noooo. No, no, don't get the wrong idea.

SEAGOON:

Nyowwww.

GREENSLADE:

This black on my tongue is only liquorice.

SEAGOON:

Don't give me that, Wal. Who wears liquorice boots!?

GREENSLADE:

John Snagge.

SEAGOON:

The mad fashion-crazed fool! Altogether now!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTYRAH CHORD

SEAGOON:

Ah-ha-he-hoh. Ah, ha ha hoh.

SELLERS:

(POSH ACCENT) Excuse me, who is the owner of policeman PC 439?

MILLIGAN:

(WAY OFF, CALLS) I am.

SELLERS:

Well, would you come out and move him, he's holding up the traffic, do you mind?

SEAGOON:

I've got a funny line 'ere, it says, "Why, is it coming down?" Ha, ha, ha, ha! Aha. (AHM) I shouldn't have said that. (TO SELF) "Is it coming down?"

GREENSLADE:

It's the cold weather, you know.

SEAGOON:

Enough of these jocular funnyments, Wal. Jump on this porridge motor bike and announce the knitting pattern of tonight's woollen programme.

GREENSLADE:

Right, I wool.

SEAGOON:

Wool done, Wal. Aha, ha, ha! "Wool done"! (RESIGNED) I'm goin'.

GREENSLADE:

This joke is now available on the new breakable record. Why not buy one today and smash it. Orchestra? Some Greenslade music, please.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC SETTING

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, we were to have started this week with part one. But owing to circumstances over which I have no self-control, we are starting with part four. Therefore, we present part four, which, as it now appears first, is re-named part one. Therefore, part three.

SELLERS:

Listeners are requested to make the necessary adjustments.

SEAGOON:

They are also warned to put on dark glasses to protect them from the dazzling glare of Greenslade's nose.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, because I polish my nose with...

MILLIGAN:

Ping!

SEAGOON:

Yes! Always use...

MILLIGAN:

Ping!

SEAGOON:

It lasts the whole nose through.

MILLIGAN:

Ping!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTYRAH CHORD, CYMBAL CRASH

MILLIGAN:

Ping.

GREENSLADE:

To o...

MILLIGAN:

Ping.

GREENSLADE:

...pen the scene, we take a knife and cut round the dotted line.

MILLIGAN:

Oh, ping.

GREENSLADE:

Inside we find...

SEAGOON:

Ping. [UNCLEAR], Wal.

GREENSLADE:

...the Great North Road in an icy blizzard.

SEAGOON:

A lovely turn.

GREENSLADE:

Beside the road stand two...

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD, WIND

GREENSLADE:

(OVER) ...ragged tremblers trying to thumb a lift.

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD CONTINUES, VEHICLES RACING BY

MORIARTY:

(OVER) Ah, ah. Ahyah ya ya. Ah. Ayah. Yeous akalibarsh. Sapristi nabolash! It's no good, Grytpype, they won't stop.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, of course they won't stop when you keep waving that revolting thing at them.

MORIARTY:

It's my thumb.

GRYTPYPE:

What have you been doing with it?

MORIARTY:

I've been holding it up on the end of a pole. And he doesn't like it!

GRYTPYPE:

Silence, you steaming heap! You hear me, Moriarty, there is only one way to stop a car, sex appeal.

MORIARTY:

Ah.

GRYTPYPE:

Sex appeal is the key word.

MORIARTY:

Yapapapabah.

GRYTPYPE:

Now roll up your trouser legs and show them the hairs on your socks.

MORIARTY:

My socks? But I ate them last night!

GRYTPYPE:

All by yourself?

MORIARTY:

Ayibah.

GRYTPYPE:

You greedy French swine! What about me?

MORIARTY:

Every time I tried to eat you, you kept waking up.

GRYTPYPE:

So! Those teeth marks on my underwear were yours!

MORIARTY:

It was *hell* in there, I tell you!

GRYTPYPE:

What?

MORIARTY:

I must have money and food! Azoww! Money and food!

GRYTPYPE:

Sshh! Quiet!

MORIARTY:

No... na chi... na...

GRYTPYPE:

Something's coming.

MORIARTY:

I... pai...

GRAMS:

VEHICLE APPROACHES

MORIARTY:

(OVER) Oh. It's a hand-operated piano.

GRAMS:

OVER ENGINE, PIANO PLAYING

GRYTPYPE:

(OVER) Stop it, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

(OVER ENGINE AND PIANO) I can't, it's a nervous habit.

GRAMS:

PIANO STOPS PLAYING, SCREECH OF BRAKES

GRYTPYPE:

The piano drew up with a screech of brakes. The lid opened and a head popped out.

SEAGOON:

Yes, folks, it was mine, it came with the body. The legs I got from a second-hand leg dealer. (CALLS)
Hello, gentlemen. What ails thee?

GRYTPYPE:

Tell me. Why are you driving that piano, laddie?

SEAGOON:

My chauffeur is ill, he's got a bad case of the nose.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, most painful.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes.

GRYTPYPE:

The Count here often suffers from it.

MORIARTY:

Yes. Noses run in our family. Ha, ha, ha, ha! A merry type joke. Oho ho.

FX:

SLAPSTICK

MORIARTY:

Ah, ha jai. Aha. Oh, my crins.

GRYTPYPE:

Quiet, you laughing nit. Or I'll fetch you one round the knees with this starting handle, do you hear me?

MORIARTY:

Ah. Ah, de jah.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, little square bladder.

SEAGOON:

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

GRYTPYPE:

No, don't tell me your name, let me guess your face. You are... Krell P'neen!

SEAGOON:

No, I'm not.

GRYTPYPE:

You see, I was right the first time. I never forget a tune.

SEAGOON:

Actually, I'm Ned Seagoon, licenced piano-driver in E-flat and former hygiene orderly in charge of the Eighth Army ablutions at Alamein.

MORIARTY:

Poohh!

GRYTPYPE:

What?

MORIARTY:

Poohh.

GRYTPYPE:

Then you must have a shocking tale to unfold.

SEAGOON:

No, it got torn off in the laundry.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh. In that case, you must write your war memoirs, you'll make me a fortune.

SEAGOON:

My memoirs! You're right! I'll start immediately, if not before. Have you got any paper?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, but I'm wearing it.

SEAGOON:

Oh. Then I'll write them on this piano. Let's see now, Chapter 1...

GRAMS:

PIANO PLAYS BRIEF MELODY - SCATTERED NOTES

GRYTPYPE:

Gad! What an exciting story!

MORIARTY:

Ohhh, ha, ha, ha! Neddie, you'll get rich. Get Bridget Bardot to pose for that book, it'll be a best seller.

GRYTPYPE:

You could have it serialised on television by Winifred Atwell. Well, so long, Neddie, we have to go now.

SEAGOON:

Go? Why?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, we all have to go sooner or later, don't we, Moriarty? Come, get your knees and hat.

MORIARTY:

Nabawawa.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH, WHOOSH

SEAGOON:

Well, folks, I must carry on writing my memoirs. But! To keep you amused, the attendants will pass round little rubber replicas of Max Geldray's conk.

MAX GELDRAY:

Oh, boy, my conk is twice as popular since I polished it with...

MILLIGAN:

Ping!

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Ping!

MAX GELDRAY:

'I KISS YOUR LITTLE HAND MADAME'.

ORCHESTRA:

LINK MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

And now, if I stand facing east I can get a perfect view of part two. The scene: a Labour Exchange where a queue of retired Field Marshalls are lining up to draw their pensions.

FIELD MARSHALL SELLERS:

(COCKNEY) 'Ere, stop that shovin' there!

FIELD MARSHALL SECOMBE:

Lor', take your... take your turn like everybody else.

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

Stand aside. Stand aside, Ji-iiiiim! I am Field Marshall Spriggs, I tell you. I want to get to the front.

FIELD MARSHALL SELLERS:

You never wanted to get there in the war, did yer, eh? Ahh. Alroight, there.

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

All lies, all lies, folks. [UNCLEAR].

FIELD MARSHALL SELLERS:

Look at 'at, Charlie, eh?

FIELD MARSHALL SECOMBE:

You're dead right, Fred. Aha. You're dead right there, Fred. Ha ha ha.

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

Are you calling me a coward?

FIELD MARSHALL SECOMBE:

Yeah, and I'm callin' you a coward.

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

You're a liar. I'm a retired coward, DSO. And bath-chair and steam.

CLERK:

[SELLERS]

Here we are. Retired coward's pension, 17 and fourpence.

FX:

COINS ON DESK

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

Oh, thank you, madam.

CLERK:

You're welcome, Cheeky.

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

Perhaps I was wrong. Oh, the pension.

FX:

GATHERING COINS

GRYTPYPE:

Field Marshall Spriggs?

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

Ye-e-e-es?

GRYTPYPE:

My name is Hercules Grytpype-Thynne.

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

From the book of the same name.

GRYTPYPE:

Of course. First impression. And...

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

You'll sell well.

GRYTPYPE:

...the empty stomach in this rag waistcoat belongs to none other than Count 'Rumbles'...

GRAMS:

BUBBLES

MORIARTY:

(OVER) Abalahoww,

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty. Champion barbed-wire hurdler until his tragic accident.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

GRYTPYPE:

Now listen, Field Marshall. Gunner Seagoon, former ablutions orderly at Alamein, is writing his war memoirs. In them he reveals the true facts about the hygiene of the General Staff.

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

Ohh. Then the world will know the facts about Montgomery's socks.

GRYTPYPE:

Worse than that!

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

Not the...

GRYTPYPE:

He intends to tell the secrets of the military laundry.

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

Oh, Jim. My career is ruined. As a Field Marshall I will have... be finished for ever! I shall be asked to resign from my unemployment queue. Are you sure about this, Jim?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, at this very moment Seagoon is writing the last chapter on a rosewood piano on the Great North Road.

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

Bring me that piano alive and this ten shillings is yours, Jim.

GRYTPYPE:

So it is! It's got my name on it.

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

What is your name?

GRYTPYPE:

My name is Mr. Ten Shillings.

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

Any relation to the pound?

GRYTPYPE:

My half-brother, you see.

FIELD MARSHALL SPRIGGS:

Of course! Bring me that piano at once in the key of G.

GRYTPYPE:

Very well. Come, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Ahyaha.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH, WHOOSH

GREENSLADE:

And now, part three. A Welsh roundabout on the Great North Road.

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks! Whoops! (ASIDE) Nearly went, there. (NORMAL) Hello, folks! I've finished writing my memoirs. Just listen to this last paragraph.

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO PLAYS SCATTERED NOTES FOR 5 SECONDS

SEAGOON:

Like it? Aha, ha, ha. Ah, yes, this will earn me a fortune, if not a five-tune or a six-tune. Or a seven-tune. (AHM)

WILLIUM:

'Scuse me, sir, there's someone to see ya.

SEAGOON:

Who is it?

WILLIUM:

Me.

SEAGOON:

Well, ask you to come in.

WILLIUM:

I am in.

SEAGOON:

Then get out!

WILLIUM:

Ah, oh, 'ere, 'ere.

SEAGOON:

Yeh, oh.

WILLIUM:

Ma'ey, eh.

SEAGOON:

Eyeh ooh.

WILLIUM:

You can't get rid 'o me as easy as that, I tell ya. I come from the Borough Council to collect... the rent what is... what you owe.

SEAGOON:

What rent?

WILLIUM:

The rent for the Great North Road. You can't kip 'ere for nothing, you know. It's fourteen an' a tanner.

SEAGOON:

What? Fourteen and a tanner for an unfurnished road with outside plumbing?

WILLIUM:

Yern. And what's more, you're responsible for doin' the decorations, you are. You'll 'ave to repaint that white line, ma'ey.

SEAGOON:

I refuse to pay, matey.

WILLIUM:

Then I shall be forced to distrain upon your furniture.

SEAGOON:

You filthy swine!

WILLIUM:

Eh?

SEAGOON:

Anyway, all I have is this piano.

WILLIUM:

Well, that'll do. I shall confriscinate it and sell it for the value o' the rent. (CALLS) Charlie?

CHARLIE:

[MILLIGAN]

(VERY OLD) Yes?

WILLIUM:

Take it away.

CHARLIE:

Git up there. Git up.

GRAMS:

CRACKING OF WHIP

CHARLIE:

Oww, me nut!

GRAMS:

CHICKENS CLUCKING AND PIANO ODD NOTES

SEAGOON:

In a trice, they harnessed my piano to a huge piebald chicken and drove it away. (SADDENED) Ohhh. My priceless memoirs gone. All that work for nothing. (OVERCOME) Oh, grief! Mourning! Over-acting!

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

Well, things are beginning to move, now. You see...

MILLIGAN:

Ohohoho!

GREENSLADE:

...while you've been... while you've been asleep, the piano has been sold by public auction to a retired elephant sexer.

FX:

DOOR BEING OPENED AND CLOSED REPEATEDLY

MINNIE:

(OVER, CALLS) Oh. Hello? Are you there, Henry? Henry? (OFF) Henry? Henryyyy? Oh, dear, dear, dear. (APPROACHING) Oh, dear, dear. Henry? (OFF) Henry?

FX:

DOOR MOVEMENT STOPS

MINNIE:

Oh, oh, he's bought a piano. (CALLS) Henry? (OFF) Henry?

HENRY:

What? What is it, Min?

MINNIE:

Where are you, cocky?

HENRY:

I'm in the piano, modern Min.

MINNIE:

What are you doing in there without a chaperone?

HENRY:

What?

MINNIE:

You know you're too old for that sort of G-string thing.

ORCHESTRA:

STRUMMING PIANO STRINGS

MINNIE:

(OVER) Come out, so.

HENRY:

(OVER STRINGS) Right, Min, I'm coming, Min.

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO STOPS

MINNIE:

Oh, Henry, after all these years, our own... our own piano.

HENRY:

Yes, all our own, Min. At last we can take a bath.

MINNIE:

(EXCITED) Wheeeeeeeee!

HENRY:

Oh.

MINNIE:

(SINGS, TOGETHER WITH FOOT TAPPING)

Splish, splash, I was having a bath

round about a Saturday night

Deem num anum apapoh, eenum...

HENRY:

Contain yourself, Min, contain yourself.

MINNIE:

I'm going now, buddy. (SINGS) Oh, bim biddle oh...

HENRY:

(OVER SINGING) You've had too much Indian brandy, Min.

MINNIE:

(SINGS) Myup amanum doh.

HENRY:

Stop that wicked spasm dancing, will you. Now then, we must fill the piano with water. Fetch me the tap, Min.

MINNIE:

Yes, chance, here it is.

GRAMS:

WATER RUSHING, CONTINUES UNDER

MINNIE:

(OVER) Ohh, wonderful.

HENRY:

Oh, yes.

MINNIE:

You realise now we shall have to buy some carbolic.

HENRY:

I've got some carbolic, Min.

MINNIE:

What the... Where? Where? Where?

HENRY:

In the...

MINNIE:

Where, where is the carbolic, where?

HENRY:

I got to buy... here.

MINNIE:

(ANGRY) You've never given me the carbolic before!

HENRY:

(ANGRY) Well, I don't have to show it to you if I don't want to!

MINNIE:

(ANGRY) You should have!

HENRY:

What?

MINNIE:

We've... (GIBBERISH AT HIGH SPEED)

HENRY:

Ohh. Ohh.

MINNIE:

Well, where is it?

HENRY:

In the safe, that's where it is. Don't you remember? My Uncle Cecil left it me in his will.

MINNIE:

You fool of a man.

HENRY:

What, what?

MINNIE:

You fool of a man. You know that Myrtle Kernitt got the soap. And we got the house-brick.

HENRY:

Well, we shall have to wash ourselves with a house-brick, then.

MINNIE:

Ohh. Oh, the piano, um, the piano's nearly full, Henry.

HENRY:

Good, good, right, turn it off.

GRAMS:

RUSHING WATER SLOWS, STOPS

MINNIE:

Ooh, dah, ooh.

HENRY:

Now, just to test the water, Min. Then...

MINNIE:

(SMACKING OF LIPS) Tastes delicious.

HENRY:

Don't drink it, you silly thing. Lend me your toe, Min. Just dip it in.

FX:

QUICK BUZZ

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh! Ohh, the ploo, the ploo!

HENRY:

Oh. It's too cold, I can't get into that, Min. It would turn my trousers blue.

MINNIE:

Well, we'll have to heat the water, buddy.

HENRY:

Yes, I'll light a fire under the piano, Min.

FX:

MATCH BEING STRUCK

MINNIE:

Right, now.

GRAMS:

FIRE CRACKLING

MINNIE:

(OVER) Careful with those matches, they're not insured against fire, you know.

HENRY:

I know.

MINNIE:

You...

HENRY:

There, it's... doing nicely now.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

MINNIE:

(OVER) Oh.

HENRY:

What, what?

MINNIE:

Ohh!

HENRY:

Oh.

MINNIE:

Pickapow!

HENRY:

Poh.

MINNIE:

Pickapow! Ut pickapow! Nyip.

HENRY:

Wha... what?

MINNIE:

Put... it's... it's the door. It wants to come in.

HENRY:

Oh. It must have forgotten its key, I'll just...

MINNIE:

Key of E-flat.

HENRY:

Put on my... door opening hat.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Good morning.

HENRY:

Mor-ning.

MINNIE:

Mor-ning, sir.

SEAGOON:

Mor-ning.

HENRY:

Mor-ning.

SEAGOON:

Mor-ning.

MINNIE:

Good mor-ning.

HENRY:

Mor-ning.

MINNIE, HENRY & SEAGOON:

(CONTINUE AS ABOVE FOR A FURTHER 12 SECONDS)

SEAGOON:

Good morning.

MINNIE:

Good heavens...

SEAGOON:

Well now, I...

HENRY:

Mor-ning.

SEAGOON:

Mor-ning. Mor-ning.

GREENSLADE:

Mor-ning.

HENRY:

Well, it passes the time, doesn't it?

SEAGOON:

Yes, that's another thirty seconds gone. Now... I hear you bought a piano today.

MINNIE:

That's right, young man,...

FX:

BRING UP FIRE CRACKLING

MINNIE:

...it's in the morning room.

HENRY:

Huh! Min! Sound the alarm! Send for the fires brigade!

MINNIE:

Tipadoo! Wickadoo! What's happened? What's happened?

HENRY:

The water's caught fire and it's burning the piano down!

MINNIE:

Ohh!

HENRY:

Ohh!

SEAGOON:

Stand back while I throw on this bucket of Ray Ellington!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'THE LATE, LATE SHOW'.

GREENSLADE:

That was, of course, Ray Ellington, the bed-ridden tap-dancer. And now, part three.

ORCHESTRA:

BRIEF FANFARE, RAGGED AND OFF-KEY

GREENSLADE:

We turn you to Mr.Crun's front parlour where Seagoon's piano is still blazing merrily away.

GRAMS:

FIRE CRACKLING, CONTINUES UNDER...

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Oh, my piano, my memoirs, oh, horrors! I must play this record of a fire brigade.

GRAMS:

FIRE ENGINE BELLS AND ENGINE APPROACHING, SCREECH OF BRAKES, RUNNING FOOTSTEPS
APPROACH, STOP, THEN ECCLES (PRE-RECORDED, PLAYED FAST) SAYING 'AH. WHERE'S THE FIRE?'

SEAGOON:

Here!

GRAMS:

ECCLES (PRE-RECORDED, PLAYED FAST) SAYING 'JUST A MINUTE. I'LL GET DOWN OFF THIS RECORD.
HUP!'

FX:

JUMPING ONTO FLOOR

ECCLES:

Woh! My voice has dropped as well. Ahoh! Well, what's goin' on here? What's goin' on, eh? Eh? Eh?
Eh? Eh?

SEAGOON:

My piano's on fire.

ECCLES:

Oh, I better write dat down in my note-book. C-A-T, cat.

SEAGOON:

No, no, piano. I want you to put it out.

ECCLES:

Oh. I can only spell 'cat' so I'll 'ave to put the cat out. Ha, ha!

SEAGOON:

But the cat isn't on fire.

ECCLES:

What? Den what did you send for me for?

SEAGOON:

Because, you booted idiot, my piano is on fire.

ECCLES:

Fire? Quick! (CALLS) Jump into dis sheet! Go on! Jump, I'll catch you!

SEAGOON:

(FLATLY AND NOT AMUSED) I'm standing on the floor.

ECCLES:

Oh, well, get on a chair, den. Now, jump!

SEAGOON:

Hup!

FX:

JUMPING ONTO FLOOR

SEAGOON:

Hurrah! Saved! Aha, ha, ha!

ECCLES:

Ha. Well. I'll be off, now. Any time.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

GRAMS:

FIRE CRACKLING CONTINUES

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Folks. What a calamity! My piano burnt to the ground, oh, oh, oh! Acting, pathos, tears, Pagliacci! The paint and the powder! (SINGS) On with...

GREENSLADE & SEAGOON:

(BOTH SING) ...the motley,
and the paint and the powder...

GREENSLADE:

Right, right, thank you, thank you.

SEAGOON:

(CONTINUES SINGING 'ON WITH THE MOTLEY')

GREENSLADE:

(OVER) Look, that... all... That's... That's quite... That's quite enough, thank you very much.

SEAGOON:

Sorry, Wal, I was just gettin' a bit o' the old operatic, there. (RASPBERRY)

GREENSLADE:

Now, if you will step into this rubber duck-pond, I will tell what happens next. It's Part Four.

SEAGOON:

Oh!

GREENSLADE:

In a secret chemical laboratory, a chemical experiment is taking place.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK'S THEME

GRAMS:

WATER BOILING, EXPLOSION,

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhhh!

GRAMS:

WATER BOILING, EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhh!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhh! Oh. Oh. There must be a cure for it, you know. (CALLS) Oh! Singhiz! Singhiz!

SINGHIZ THING:

Eh? What?

BLOODNOK:

Sweep up the debris, will you.

SINGHIZ THING:

What?

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

What? Don't point yourself at me, sir, I might go off.

SEAGOON:

What are you doing in this laboratory?

BLOODNOK:

(INDIGNANT) How dare you! (NORMAL) What? I was just doing an experiment, sir.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

BLOODNOK:

I was finding out what happens when you mix hot Bombay Duck and curried gunpowder. Ohhohoho! Oh! Oh, dear! Yes. Wait a... a... oh... oh... wait... wait. Where's me old photographs? Cor 'struth! Aren't you Lance Sweeper Seagoon of the Fourteenth Cavalry Followers?

SEAGOON:

Yes. (ASIDE) I've lost me bucket. (NORMAL) And I need your help. You see, I've... I've written my memoirs.

BLOODNOK:

(SHOCKED) Ee what? It's a lie, I tell you, it's a lie! I wasn't *in* that wardrobe! In any case, I was waiting for a bus, you see. And...

SEAGOON:

But I haven't mentioned you, I...

BLOODNOK:

...Colonel's daughter... what?

SEAGOON:

I... I haven't mentioned you, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, oh, well, it was somebody else.

SEAGOON:

Anyway... yes, yes, yes. My memoirs have been burnt and... and they were worth a fortune.

BLOODNOK:

A fortune? But surely you kept a copy?

SEAGOON:

Only in my head.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Then we must take your head to a publisher at once. I'll just get my... hat and coat and trousers and... socks, vest and underpants... (FADES)

GREENSLADE:

Seagoon pulls up a comfortable tiger and sits down to wait. But hist! Let us listen awhile at this open drain.

GRAMS:

WADING THROUGH WATER

MORIARTY:

(OVER, SINGS) Moonlight and roses,
for all the power that was given to me...

GRYTPYPE:

Hush, Moriarty. Did you hear that mouth-type talking?

GRAMS:

WATER MOVEMENT STOPS

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie has kept a copy of the memoirs in his head.

MORIARTY:

What? Then we must steal his head at once.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. But who can we get to do it?

MORIARTY:

Wait! I know just the brave, intrepid lad. Forward, lad!

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's a duck! It is not, it's Super-Bottle!

GRYTPYPE:

Simmer down.

MORIARTY:

Listen, Super-Bottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What?

MORIARTY:

Get Seagoon out of that laboratory and a fortune in sherbet suckers... is yours!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohh, ecstasy! For two sherbet suckers, Freda Niggs is mine, tonight!

MORIARTY:

I gave her three last night! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Right, let's go through this sound effect of a door opening.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Men of the East Finchley Elastic Boy Scouts...

LITTLE JIM:

Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

By da left, both feet forward putting, quick go!

GRAMS:

MANY BOOTS MARCHING

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OVER) Halting, by placing feet in de stop position, halt-stop!

GRAMS:

MARCHING BOOTS STOP

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What's this? A piece of bread and jam with a sticky boy on the end?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Men, corks in pop-guns, put! Guns at Neddie, point. Hands up, Neddie, you're our prisoner.

ECCLES:

Yeah. Hands up, Neddie, you are our prisoner.

FX:

POP

ECCLES:

Ooh, how did that get out, there?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up, Eccles, you nit.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, I thought you were a fireman?

ECCLES:

Yeah, but I... I... I... somebody put me out and they gave me the part of a Boy Scout.

SEAGOON:

Which part of a Boy Scout?

ECCLES:

(WHISTLES) Whistle, the whistle.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Alright, Mr. Sea-man, we've captured him.

MORIARTY:

Well done. Here's a pair of braces for your trouble.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What trouble?

MORIARTY:

Your trousers keep falling down!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

MORIARTY:

Ha, ha, ha, ha! They're still with that type. Aha, ha, hooo! That little jokule.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTYRAH CHORD, CYMBAL SNAP

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks. The fiends took me by force to the offices of Norbert Nark, Publisher.

NORBERT NARK:

[SELLERS]

(NASAL VOICE) Come in.

MORIARTY:

Ah. Bonjour, mon Anglais ami. Bonjour. Je avec ici...

NORBERT NARK:

Ah. Oh?

MORIARTY:

...a copy of a tres interesting homme you may like to publeesh.

NORBERT NARK:

Ah? Let me read him.

MORIARTY:

Right.

NORBERT NARK:

He's not pseudo Tudor with the shingle elevation, is he?

MORIARTY:

Only in the mating season.

NORBERT NARK:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

He laid me on the desk and the publisher quickly thumbled through me.

FX:

TURNING PAGES

NORBERT NARK:

Ah. Yes.

FX:

PAGES STOP

NORBERT NARK:

He's quite fascinating. Thrilling and very well written. Of course, we may have trouble with the censors, he's rather dirty in parts, you know. How does he end?

MORIARTY:

Oh, you know, the usual way.

NORBERT NARK:

Gentlemen, I'll publish him!

SEAGOON:

What? Oh, no you won't! I refuse to be published!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BLOODNOK:

You swines! You've stolen my Neddle! Hands up!

MORIARTY:

Too late, huzzah! Drop your gun!

GRAMS:

HEAVY OBJECT THUDS TO THE FLOOR

NORBERT NARK:

Drop that lamp-post!

GRAMS:

METALLIC CLANG

GRYTPYPE:

Drop that gas-works!

GRAMS:

BUILDING CRASHES TO THE GROUND

SEAGOON:

Drop that Eiffel Tower!

GRAMS:

METALLIC BUILDING CRASHES TO THE GROUND

GRYTPYPE:

Drop that English [UNCLEAR]!

GRAMS:

HEAVY SPLASH

SEAGOON:

Drop that [UNCLEAR]!

GRAMS:

LARGE BELL BEING STRUCK

GRYTPYPE:

Drop that explosion!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

GREENSLADE:

But it was no use. Soon afterwards Seagoon was published in an edition of four thousand copies. And as from tomorrow, will be on sale at all leading book-sellers and second-class slipper-baths. Give your friends a Seagoon, they probably deserve it. Goodnight, all.

ORCHESTRA:

'OLD COMRADES' MARCH FOR 35 SECONDS, THEN PLAYOUT