

S9 E08 - Queen Anne's Rain

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. The blame should be spread equally!

SECOMBE:

He's right, folks. There are so many in the BBC the blame can be spread so evenly it doesn't notice.

GREENSLADE:

Mr Strecham! How dare you reveal BBC cover-up methods!

SECOMBE:

It's my duty to protect the public, folks. And for this I hope to get an OBE.

GREENSLADE:

And what do you think you're going to do with it?

SECOMBE:

I'd sing it.

GREENSLADE:

How does it go?

SECOMBE:

(SINGS TO THE TUNE OF DANNY BOY – KIND OF) OBE, I love your daughter.

GREENSLADE:

So, that's the OBE. Oh, I see. I thought it went: (SINGS TO THE TUNE OF DANNY BOY) Oh, OBE, the pipes, the pipes are frozen.

SECOMBE:

That's the Order of the Garter you silly... twilger

GREENSLADE:

Oh, you... Oh.

SECOMBE:

And it's still in the top ten birthday honours, you know.

GREENSLADE:

Is it?

SECOMBE:

Yes. It was fourth last week. Listen.

FX:

CASH REGISTER

SECOMBE:

It sounds like Peter Sellers. Forward him with his hi-fi lawn mower.

SELLERS:

(ACTOR) It records as it cuts and that is for me. Come! Now, my applause, please.

GRAMS:

RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE OVER

SELLERS:

(ACTOR) Oh, ho, ho, hooo. Oh, yes, yes. Oh, yes, yes, yes, yes. Yes, yes.

GRAMS:

APPLAUSE STOPS SUDDENLY

SELLERS:

(ACTOR) I'm getting known. It's quite obvious, yes. Minstrel, sing that for me.

SPRIGGS:

(SINGS, WITH GUITAR ACCOMPANIMENT) I'm getting knooooown.

SECOMBE:

How much does he pay you for that?

SPRIGGS:

A free feel of his Rolls Royce, Jim.

SECOMBE:

Oh, well done, well done.

SPRIGGS:

(SINGS) And a fine master is heeeeeee.

FX:

GUNSHOT

SPRIGGS:

Oh, master...

SELLERS:

(ACTOR) He had to go. I shot him for nothing, you know.

GREENSLADE:

Oh, you're a kind man. I think it's time we had a go at the Grune Show. The scene is a certain place, at a certain time, in a certain year.

SPRIGGS:

We're not giving anything away tonight, folks. Can we have an attack of the thunders, please?

GRAMS:

LOUD CRASH OF THUNDER, WIND HOWLING, RAIN POURING UNDER

CRUN:

Oh, there. That's got it in position. Ahhhhh... Argggh!

FX:

STRANGE SOUND ENDING IN DUCK CALL (SPROING FOLLOWED BY OYSTER OPENING SOUND)

CRUN:

Eureka! I've invented the whoopie cushion!

MINNIE:

(OFF) Stop that noise over there.

CRUN:

What? What?

MINNIE:

(OFF) Stop that over there. Pufh!

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

What?

CRUN:

What? What are you doing at the window, Min of mine?

FX:

HEAVY BOOTS WALKING

CRUN:

Ahhh.

MINNIE:

(ON MIC) I'm counting the rain, Cocky.

CRUN:

Come away at once, Min. Supposing people saw you counting rain on a Sunday. What would they say?

MINNIE:

They'd say, "Oowww!"

GRAMS:

RAIN FADES

CRUN:

You see? I told you so. Now look at the year 1880.

MINNIE:

1880? Oh, and I haven't got the dinner on yet.

CRUN:

Never mind the 1880 dinner, Min of mine.

MINNIE:

(RAPIDLY) What's up? What's up? What's up? What's...?

CRUN:

You get on baiting those elephant traps.

MINNIE:

I don't see the point of them, you know.

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

We've never caught one.

CRUN:

That doesn't mean we must stop trying, Min of mine.

MINNIE:

Phish-too.

CRUN:

Think of the dangers. Supposing you came down one morning for a greens-strainer...

MINNIE:

Ooooh!

CRUN:

...and found an elephant in the larder, eh?

MINNIE:

Well, I've never *seen* an elephant in the larder.

CRUN:

That is because they're *hiding*, Min of mine!

MINNIE:

Where do elephants hide? Tell me that!

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

Where do elephants hide, Buddy?

CRUN:

Well, I don't know, saxophone Min. But it's clear to me that they must hide somewhere. How else could they get away with it for so long?

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

BANNISTER AND CRUN:

Ooooooh.

MINNIE:

Who's that? All be murdered in our beds!

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

It might be a man of evil powers!

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

It might be a man...

CRUN:

Min, hand me my tin hat.

FX:

METALLIC NOISE

CRUN:

Now my sword.

FX:

SWORD RATTLING

CRUN:

Now the blunderbuss.

MINNIE:

Brave man, Henry.

CRUN:

Now, Min.

MINNIE:

Yes?

CRUN:

Go and see who it is.

MINNIE:

There's somebody who believes in... Come! Come in!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Good Evening, I.....

GRAMS:

LOUD EXPLOSION

SEAGOON:

Arrrrrgghhhh!

CRUN:

Right in the credentials. Now, sir...

MINNIE:

He's the man from the Prudential, Henry.

CRUN:

Yes. Now, sir. What do you want?

SEAGOON:

I want a doctor, mate.

CRUN:

There is no Doctor Mate living here, sir!

SEAGOON:

But you must let me in. I've had an accident and it's starting to show.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

Thank you. I'm the local squire.

CRUN:

Ohh, come in. Let me take your hat and coat.

FX:

BROWN PAPER RUSTLING

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

CRUN:

Min, throw these on the fire.

MINNIE:

Yes, Henry, I will.

SEAGOON:

I was on my way to London town when my horse took ill with a puncture. Have you a telephone?

MINNIE:

No. But we have a window with a pane of glass missing.

SEAGOON:

Well, I'll try that. Hello? Hello?

FX:

TAPPING ON WINDOW

SEAGOON:

Hello, hello? This window's gone dead.

CRUN:

Yes, the GPO took it out after a final demand, you know.

SEAGOON:

How painful. Well, it seems as though I'll have to stay the night here. Have you a bed?

CRUN:

Not on me, sir, we keep them all upstairs, you know.

SEAGOON:

Superstitious, eh? Ha, ha, ha. Well, er, have you a spare room?

CRUN:

Yes, sir, it's in the spare room.

SEAGOON:

Oh, good. Then I'll put my spare body in it. I only wear this one for work, you know.

MINNIE:

You've had a hard day. (ASIDE) So have they. Come.

SEAGOON:

Yes, thank you. I'll... I'll be off in the morning.

MINNIE:

Ohh. But they say the bridge is under water. The River Foot has risen seven inches.

CRUN:

No, Min, the River Severn has risen *foot* inches.

MINNIE:

How can a river rise its foot inches?

CRUN:

(GROWING ANGRY) Who's talking about a river with feet?!

MINNIE:

(ALSO GETTING ANGRY) Don't you raise your voice to *me*, Chummy!

FX:

WOOD BLOCKS – SLAPPING –

OMNES:

FIGHTING

GRAMS:

BREAKING GLASS

BANNISTER AND CRUN:

Ohhh, arrrghh (LASTS 18 SECONDS)

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

MINNIE:

Now, Henry, don't make me lose my temper. Where the... Where is he? Henry?

SEAGOON:

He's gone. He did a brilliant impression of the Oozlum bird.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh! Then who have I been hitting?

WILLIUM:

It was me, Ma. I come down in me 'jamas to get a mug o' tea. And Whallop! Thun! Blut! I cops a piano on me nut!

SEAGOON:

It suits you, though.

WILLIUM:

Yer. Well, I admit, pianos have always suited me, you know, sir. I... er, (SNIFFS) Yer see, I got a B flat 'ead, you see.

SEAGOON:

Oh, I see.

WILLIUM:

Ted Ray.

SEAGOON:

How come you got you pyjamas on back-to-front?

WILLIUM:

Well, I turned round suddenly and left 'em behind. I'd better get up to bed, nah. Good nighty, matey.

SEAGOON:

Good night? But it's breakfast time.

WILLIUM:

Yes. Well I don't like waitin' till the last minute, you see, er... There's only one pair of stairs up to my room and if I miss 'em I 'ave to wait for the next pair. An hour before they get 'ere. Good night on you, ohhhh....

SEAGOON:

And good night on you.

WILLIUM:

Ohhh....

FX:

DOOR OPENS, POURING RAIN, DOOR CLOSES

ECCLES:

'Ello! 'Ello Auntie Min. 'Ello, Uncle Crun.

CRUN:

Hello, Uckle.

ECCLES:

'Ello, Uncle Crun.

SEAGOON:

Ahem. I'm Squire Seagoon of the Fernakapan Farm.

ECCLES:

Oh. 'Ello, (UNINTELLIGIBLE GIBBERISH THAT SOUNDS VAGUELY LIKE " SQUIRE SEAGOON OF THE FERNAKAPAN FARM ").

CRUN:

Master Muckle. What... (SELLERS CORPSES) Master Muckle, what have you been doing?

ECCLES:

I've been watering the garden.

SEAGOON:

In all the rain?

ECCLES:

Don't look at me so strange. I had a mackintosh on, my man.

CRUN:

You must pardon Master Muckle. He's going through the awkward age, you know.

MINNIE:

Been going through it for 48 years now, you know.

SEAGOON:

Taking the long way round, eh? Ha, ha, ha, ha! A-ha! Ha-hum.

ECCLES:

(CLEARs THROAT) I... I ain't never met you before, have I?

SEAGOON:

No.

ECCLES:

A-ha! You see, I remembered! Ha, ha, ha!

CRUN:

He's training, you know.

ECCLES:

I'm training, you know.

CRUN:

Next week, he's entering the World Sleeping Contest!

SEAGOON:

Why isn't he in bed, training?

ECCLES:

Oww.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

Oh, wow, it's...

GELDRAÏ:

Hold everything, boy. I bring bad news, boy.

SEAGOON:

Gad! It's a genuine Diana Dors cast of a wrestler.

GELDRAÏ:

No, boy, I'm the town crier!

SEAGOON:

Well start crying, then.

GELDRAÏ:

Listen, boy. Don't laugh at me, I don't get any extra money for doing these parts.

SEAGOON:

Sounds like a fair arrangement.

GELDRAÏ:

The valley is flooded, boy.

CRUN:

Eccles! You watered those flowers too much, I tell you!

GELDRAÏ:

The bridge to London is under water, it's a dead loss.

SEAGOON:

So are you, mate. (LAUGHS, AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Get an old conk on top of the 'armonica, we'd fortify ourselves with a brandyyyyyy..... (FADES)

FX:

RUNNING FEET

MAX GELDRAÏ:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

Part two. By which time it had been raining forty days and forty nights. Making a grand total of eighty days and nights. The waters rose and then at dawn... this!

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME (FAST)

FX:

THUNDER, RAIN POURING, MORE THUNDER

BLOODNOK:

Ohh! Ohhh, ohhh! Oh! Oh. Oh, what must the neighbours think? I say, Ellinga. What's happened?

ELLINGA:

(NATIVE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH FOLLOWED BY) ...blimey, oh.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, dear, you, too, eh? Now where's me breakfast?

FX:

CUP AND SAUCER RATTLING

ELLINGA:

Meega!

BLOODNOK:

Me chota housay.

FX:

HAMMER ON ANVIL REPEATEDLY UNDER

BLOODNOK:

(STRAINS ON EACH STRIKE OF ANVIL) Ellinga? How long did you boil this egg?

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

BLOODNOK:

How long did you boil that door?

SEAGOON:

Major, open this egg!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

WATER SLOSHING

BLOODNOK:

How dare you bring all that water into my house! Get out, water!

SEAGOON:

It's no use shouting at it, that water is deaf.

BLOODNOK:

What a tragedy, deaf water! Explain, sir! Why are you floating through me bedroom on a piano?

SEAGOON:

Well, I was... I was sleeping on it in the key of G when suddenly the great dam burst!

BLOODNOK:

You filthy swine! I shall see my solicitor in...

SEAGOON:

Cut it out, Major, get on.

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

Floods are rising at the rate of three and sixpence an hour!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh! Are they? Well, I must first dive down to the basement and collect the tenant's rent.

FX:

SPLASH BUBBLES

SEAGOON:

And while he's gone, here's a joke. It appears that there were two men, you see, a Scottish man, a Jewish man and they were having lunch together. After the meal, the bill was proffered and the Scotsman was heard to say he would pay for it. Next day, a Jewish ventriloquist was found murdered. A-ha, ha, ha! Yes. A-ha, ha. Of course, if I have offended the Scots by this story we can always tell the story so it ends up with the Scots ventriloquist being murdered, you see. (CLEAR THROAT) Or on the other hand, if I've offended both then... then we substitute another race. A-ha,

ha, well... To be on the safe side, I... I should have told the story with different races altogether. Now, for instance, the Derby and the Ascot Gold Cup, behind the legs with the [UNCLEAR].

BLOODNOK:

Ahhh! Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

[Unclear].

BLOODNOK:

Ohh! Excuse me, sir, they were all out. Never mind, I had to turn the gas off so it didn't matter. Now, just fit this outboard motor onto the piano and....

FX:

OUTBOARD MOTOR SPEEDS UP

BLOODNOK:

Owwwwwwwhhhh! Oh!

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, from the comparative safety of a long-disused factory chimney, a French scrag reviews his financial position.

MORIARTY:

And, um, one empty tin.

FX:

TIN DROPS ON FLOOR

MORIARTY:

One fishbone elegant.

FX:

FISHBONE DROPS ON FLOOR

MORIARTY:

One icepick formidable.

FX:

METAL HITS FLOOR

MORIARTY:

A piece of string!

FX:

CLANG

GRYTPYPE:

Hel-lo!

MORIARTY:

Owwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

So! You've been keeping these things from me, eh?

FX:

SLAP

MORIARTY:

Ow!

GRYTPYPE:

Now, put all that stuff in my name at once!

MORIARTY:

(GUMMY) I'm sorry, Grytpype,

GRYTPYPE:

Well, then!

MORIARTY:

Sorrrrry, Grytpyyype.

GRYTPYPE:

Grrr!

MORIARTY:

Could I have my teeth back for Christmas?

GRYTPYPE:

Here is the pawn ticket.

MORIARTY:

(GUMMY) Achh! You pawned my teeth? You swine of a swine!

GRYTPYPE:

What!

MORIARTY:

(GUMMY) I challenge you to a duel! Name your weapon!

GRYTPYPE:

Teeth!

MORIARTY:

(GUMMY) I'm lost!

GRYTPYPE:

Don't take it to heart, steam Count. I have a feeling that any moment now our star will wax. Get your ear to the ground and hear what your ear can hear.

OMNES:

MIXED MURMURINGS

GRAMS:

CHICKEN CLUCKING

YOKEL:

[SELLERS]

'Ere come the squire, now. Maharrrr!

SEAGOON:

I have called this meeting because of all this extraordinary weather.

YOKEL:

I read in the paper that it's that Queen Anne's rain. Maarrrr!

MINNIE:

So, it's Queen Anne's rain we're getting, is it? She's responsible?

SEAGOON:

This is a very serious allegation against Queen Anne.

MINNIE:

Owwwwhhhh!

SEAGOON:

If this is her rain then we must ask her to stop it!

BLOODNOK:

I'm a military man, sir, it is my duty as a senior scoundrel to ask her majesty, Queen Anne, to leave off raining.

JYMPTON:

[MILLIGAN]

What are we going to do in the meantime? I mean, I... ahhh... ahh... argh!

SEAGOON:

I don't know how to stop rain, folks. If there was anybody who could they'd be worth their weight in gold.

FX:

TWO WHOOSHES

MORIARTY:

We weigh 20 stone!

SEAGOON:

Who are you? Explain those frayed collars.

GRYTPYPE:

They are part of our entourage. We were resting in the Urals... (PAUSE FOR AUDIENCE LAUGHTER – THE FILTHY SWINES!) ...when we saw your plight.

SEAGOON:

I must draw the blinds.

GRYTPYPE:

This man clenching a do-it-yourself beetroot... is Count Jim "Naboolas"...

FX:

CASTANETS

MORIARTY:

Owwwww

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty. Who will unleash a truth upon you!

MORIARTY:

The sky over England is leaking! And that's why the rain is getting in!

OMNES:

ALARMED MURMURINGS INCLUDING "DID YOU EAR THAT?" AND THROAT SAYING "I 'EARD THAT..."

YOKEL 2:

[SECOMBE]

He's talking out the back of 'is 'ead!

GRYTPYPE:

Of course he is. That is where he keeps his words, it took him years to get it right, you know. The Count continues.

MORIARTY:

Yes. I suggest....

FX:

SPLAT

GRYTPYPE:

Who threw that steaming pudding at the Count?!

YOKEL 3:

[MILLIGAN]

I did.

GRYTPYPE:

There's two of us, you know!

FX:

SPLAT

GRYTPYPE:

Owww. Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Wait! You two men claim the sky is leaking? What proof have you?

MORIARTY:

Water proof!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty... (PAUSE FOR AUDIENCE LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE) Moriarty, play him our qualifications.

GRAMS:

SCRAP METAL

MORIARTY:

(SINGS WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT)

And there's more where that came from,
I don't mean maybe,
More where that came froooooooooom.

FX:

SLAP – SPLASH

MORIARTY:

Owwwww.

GRYTPYPE:

There! Recorded at sea.

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry I ever doubted you.

GRYTPYPE:

And now, good villagers, this is our plan. We will sue the government for neglecting to keep in good repair the sky over Upper Dicker village.

OMNES:

MASSED YOKEL-TYPE ARRRS

GRAMS:

SPED UP CHICKEN SQUORKS

GRYTPYPE:

We will of course need scientific premises. Tell me, has this village got a laboratory?

SEAGOON:

Could you spell that?

GRYTPYPE:

And ruin the gag? Never, sir. Come, Moriarty.

ORCHESTRA:

"THE ARCHER'S" THEME SLIGHTLY SPEEDED UP

OMNES:

OOOOOOHHHH....

GREENSLADE:

That was a special arrangement of the Houses of Parliament in the key of "C".

HERN:

[SELLERS]

And now, folks, a big hern for the hairy Speaker, hern.

ORCHESTRA:

"WHO WANTS TO BE HAPPY?"

OMNES:

SHOUTING

ELDER:

[SECOMBE]

Thank you.... ahhh... silence (OLD-SOUNDING GIBBERISH FOLLOWED BY SOUNDS OF DYING)...

FX:

BODY HITS FLOOR

CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

There he goes. Honourable members, a serious situation has arisen.

OMNES:

ANGRY CROWD NOISES INCLUDING "RUBBISH!", "DON'T BELIEVE IT!"

CHURCHILL:

I'm glad you all came.

TORY TWIT:

[MILLIGAN]

Mr Prime Minister. (LONG, UNINTELLIGIBLE QUESTION) ...it on the spring tide. Whoever...
(UNINTELLIGIBLE). Thank you.

CHURCHILL:

I'm coming to that, sir. First, the grave news. The village of Upper Dicker has accused Queen Anne of raining too long.

ELDER:

[SECOMBE]

(SOUNDING NEARLY DEAD) Ohhh... arrrrrrrr.... Oh.

CHURCHILL:

You choose your words well, sir. The villagers have insurrected!

MP:

[MILLIGAN]

(OFF) The swines!

CHURCHILL:

So. I have, this day, despatched a steam gunboat up the River Steam Dicker.

OMNES:

MASSED CRIES OF "HEAR! HEAR!"

GREENSLADE:

And that is the end of "Today in Parliament". Meantime, here's a non-sequitor entitled "Ray Ellington".

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"TOO MARVELLOUS FOR WORDS"

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, three men are trying to cross the River Dicker by iron bedstead.

GRAMS:

WATER FLOWING UNDER

SEAGOON:

Well, it hasn't sunk yet!

BLOODNOK:

It's not in the river yet.

SEAGOON:

I know, but if it doesn't sink on land that's half the battle.

BLOODNOK:

Loo!

SEAGOON:

What's "Loo"?

BLOODNOK:

Half a battle. Water-Loo! Ha ha!

ECCLES:

We got a water loo in our garden.

BLOODNOK:

Never mind, folks.

ECCLES:

(WAITS FOR AUDIENCE LAUGHTER – NOT A SAUSAGE) (OFF) Apparently nobody else has! (LAUGHS)

BLOODNOK:

Never mind, we can't live forever, you know.

ECCLES:

Oh, no? You just wait and see, Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Very well - I will!

ECCLES:

Ok. (LIP SMACKING NOISES)

BLOODNOK:

Well? Come on, I'm waiting.

ECCLES:

All right, I'm living forever as fast as I can.

BLOODNOK:

You're a phoney, Mad Dan Eccles!

ECCLES:

I'm not! Let's get on wid it! I'm getting tired, lyin' in bed. My mother said that it's not good for young men to lie in bed all the time.

SEAGOON:

Get back in kip! You're in training. Now all stand on the bed and lift it quickly before we realise it can't be done. Hup!

FX:

SPLASH

BLOODNOK:

Oho! It's floating! And it fits the river perfectly!

SEAGOON:

It's as I plinned, planned, plooned and plinged! Tonight, we'll be in the London. With luck, Eccles should win the sleeping contest and with the prize money we can afford a new sky over Dicker!

ECCLES:

'Ere! Oo... oooo's de captain of dis bed?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I am. Sea Ranger Bottle of the Royal Upper Dicker Navy. Stand clear of the bed for action.

FX:

SLAP

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh! My nut! You try that again!

FX:

SLAP

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohh! I'll give you one more chance. Just you do that a...

FX:

SLAP

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aieeee! Don't do that again.

ECCLES:

Listen, Mr Sealoan. If you hit Bottle, you hit me!

FX:

SLAP

ECCLES:

Ow, 'e 'it me! He 'it me, Bottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

You hit him again!

FX:

SLAP

ECCLES:

Owwwww! Oh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles, you better get out of 'ere before you get killed!

GRAMS:

LOUD EXPLOSION

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok! What was that explosion aft?

BLOODNOK:

Don't ask, lad, don't ask! Look! A naval sloop and it's firing shells addressed to us!

GREENSLADE:

Ahoy, HMS Fairycake!

FLOWERDEW:

[SELLERS]

Oh!

GREENSLADE:

(LINE DROWNED OUT BY AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) ...Upper Dicker. Anyone who does will be incarcerated!

BLOODNOK:

You filthy swine!

SEAGOON:

Very well, we'll chain the river to its banks. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

GRAMS:

WHISTLE OF BOMB BEING DROPPED THEN EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

OMNES:

MASSED YOKEL MURMURINGS

SEAGOON:

What is it?

YOKEL:

[MILLIGAN]

There's a strange monster, sir.

GRYTPYPE:

Good villagers! This is a hot air Goldolphus balloon in which we will ascend to repair your sky, as soon as Squire Seagoon returns with the money.

SEAGOON:

Stop! Bad news!

MORIARTY:

Bad news? What? Sounds like bad news!

SEAGOON:

The brass bedstead was sunk by naval gunfire and Eccles went down with his mattress! Worse still... he came up again.

MORIARTY:

So, there's no money! Argh!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

GRYTPYPE:

He took that badly. Well, gentlemen, no money – no repairs. But worst of all, (SOBS) no money.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GRAMS:

RAIN POURING UNDER

GREENSLADE:

And still it rained. The waters rose and because of his build, Mr Secombe was the first in danger of drowning.

CRUN:

What are you doing at the window, Min?

MINNIE:

(BLOWS BUBBLES)

CRUN:

Oh, dear, this means we shall have to move up a floor, again.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

WATER POURS IN

SEAGOON:

Good news! Queen Anne's stopped raining!

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

BLOODNOK:

Thank heavens! I thought she'd never stop.

ECCLES:

At last, a happy ending!

BLOODNOK:

Not quite!

FX:

GUNSHOT

ECCLES:

Owwwowww!

BLOODNOK:

That is a happy ending! Yes, well, er... (SNIFFS) Er... That's about all there is, really, I suppose. You'd better get out of here as quick as you can, you know.

ORCHESTRA:

SIG TUNE