

S9 E10 - Ned's Atomic Dustbin

Transcribed by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. To add seasonal cheer to the broadcast, I've had written permission to wear a small holly leaf in my button hole.

SEAGOON:

Whup! There's white hot courage for you!

GREENSLADE:

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

SEAGOON:

Don't you realise, Wal, boy, that the Druids used the holly leaf for certain unsavoury ritualistic rites.

GREENSLADE:

Oh, dear.

SEAGOON:

Indeed.

GREENSLADE:

Well, I'd better hurry and get that word cleared by the BBC censorship department. Gid up there!

GRAMS:

HORSE GALLOP OFF VERY FAST

SEAGOON:

There he goes! And in the space we see Peter Sellers!

SELLERS:

Schizig! If listeners will stand up and place both hands on their partner's shoulders, they will actually pick up the sound of the all-powerful BBC censorship department. (GURGLE)

GRAMS:

FANFARE

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

SECOMBE:

(VERY OLD) Ummmm.... Ahhh... Commme... errrr.. ahhhh... ahhh... ahhhhhhh....

MINNIE:

He's trying to say 'come in'.

SECOMBE:

Errr..... ahhhhh....

HENRY CRUN:

Male hormones forever!

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

SECOMBE:

(HAS AN ATTACK) Ahhh... Ahhhh! (COLLAPSES)

FX:

THUD OF BODY & BITS OF BODY SCATTERING. BALL BEARINGS MARBLES ROLL ALONG FLOOR. HAND FULL OF FORKS. METALLIC RESONANT NUTS AND BOLTS FALLING

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, dear. He's disintegrated, Min. I'll have to take over his trousers.

FX:

DOOR OPENS. GALLOPING HOOVES AT GREAT SPEED (COCONUT SHELLS)

GREENSLADE:

Ahoy!

MINNIE:

Ahoyyyy youuuu!

HENRY CRUN:

Ahhh.

GREENSLADE:

I've come to get clearance on a word.

HENRY CRUN:

What is the word, sir?

GREENSLADE:

Well it's... er... um... um... er... er... Yes, yes, yes. 'Holly'!

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

HENRY CRUN:

Ohhh. What's wrong with it, sir?

GREENSLADE:

Well, it's believed to have an undertone of eroticism.

THROAT:

Oh, blimey.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, dear.

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

HENRY CRUN:

Could you write this word down?

MINNIE:

Blindfold yourself, Henry, don't look!

HENRY CRUN:

Blindfold myself.

GREENSLADE:

Yeeeeees, I could.

FX:

WRITING

GRAMS:

LOUD STARTLED CLUCK OF CHICKEN

HENRY CRUN

Blast! He can write on chickens. You want us to see if this word is fit to be said?

GREENSLADE:

I fear so.

HENRY CRUN:

Ohh, dear. Well that puts us in a rather nasty spot, doesn't it. We don't like committing ourselves.

GREENSLADE:

Well, it's alright. Oh, yeah, but you're the Censors.

HENRY CRUN:

Ah, but we don't *like* that sort of thing, you see.

MINNIE:

Don't we?

GREENSLADE:

Oh.

MINNIE:

We don't like it.

GREENSLADE:

Oh.

HENRY CRUN:

We don't, do we.

SECOMBE:

(YORKSHIRE) We don't... we don't like it at all.

HENRY CRUN:

We don't...

GRAMS:

Chicken clucking

SECOMBE:

(YORKSHIRE) Mr Lord Scrubs! You're the oldest, what do you think of this word?

LORD SCRUBS:

[MILLIGAN]

(VERY OLD) Ahhhhh... ahhhhh... I... I... I... I... I won't... ahhhh... commit myself... ahhhh... at this stage.
I... ahhhh... I... I'll... I'll go... go along. Yes... I... I'll... I'll go along.

HENRY CRUN:

Who will you go along with?

LORD SCRUBS:

Aaaaaanybody who...

AUSTRALIAN:

[SELLERS]

Well, I think I'm with you there, I'm with you all the way, I'll go along with that, I reckon, yeah.

SECOMBE:

(YORKSHIRE) Does anybody agree with that?

SELLERS:

(NASAL) I agree with that.

LALKAKA:

So do... So... So do I.

GREENSLADE:

But look, look, look, look, look, what are you all agreeing about?

MILLIGAN:

(posh idiot) I rather make this complication that the most of the mount thing time malfonsy and the plusion of this at all.

PRIME MINISTER-TYPE:

Ha, ha, ha. You devil. You devil, you devil. So... then it's agreed that we all agree?

MINNIE:

Yeeees.

PRIME MINISTER-TYPE:

Yes. Now, what was the question again?

GREENSLADE:

Now, the word... The word 'holly', is it...?

MINNIE:

Canteen's open!

HENRY CRUN:

Canteen!

OMNES:

MASSED CRIES OF 'TEAAAAAAA'...

GRAMS:

GREAT RUSH OF BOOTS DEPARTING, DISTANT SLAMMING DOORS VERY FAST

SEAGOON:

Well, well, well. They've escaped under cover of stupidity.

GREENSLADE:

Oh, dear, oh, dear. Very well. In place of the word 'Holly', here's an excerpt from my latest long-player called 'Suddenly, it's the news'.

SEAGOON:

Get off that gramophone! In place of that...

OMNES:

CHAOTIC UTTERANCES INCLUDING "WELL, HELLO", "YACKABOO!", "SIGN THAT, THERE, GIVE US AN AUTOGRAPH!"

SEAGOON:

'Ello, 'ello. Invasion that. I've got the word down, there. Here is a conundrum. What is this sound?

CRUN:

Pa, pee, pie, poo!

SEAGOON:

Correct! That is an announcer. Forward! Ta, pee, tie, poo!

SELLERS:

It is I, Tom.

SECOMBE:

Yes, it is old I... 'It is I, Tom'. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Peter Sellers. Playboy of old Finchley tube station. And friend of West End managements.

SELLERS:

I... (PAUSE FOR AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) I see a vision, Tom.

SEAGOON:

Well, hold this song and accompany this next announcement.

SELLERS:

(SINGS IDIOT TUNES BEHIND GREENSLADE)

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and Gentlemen, what kind of christmas has it been? Let us recount. One, two, three.

GRAMS:

ECCLES CHOIR SINGING 'GOOD KING WENCESLAS'

TERRY FRANCE:

[MILLIGAN]

Hello, Listeners. Terry France, here. And we're going over now to the services station in the Christmas Islands. So over to them.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

KID:

[SECOMBE]

Look, Mum! Another Atom Bomb!

MUM:

[SELLERS]

You lucky boy, that means Dad'll be home early from work.

SEAGOON:

And here in London we interview passers by. Excuse me, sir. Do you believe in a white christmas?

ELLINGTON:

Are you kiddin'?

SEAGOON:

A-ha, ha. Yes. And... (CLEARS THROAT AWKWARDLY) ...you, madam. Do you believe in an old-fashioned christmas by the fire?

WOMAN:

[SELLERS]

Ooh, not 'arf, dear!

SEAGOON:

Conks? Play that arrangement for nose and harmonica! Me? I'm for the old brandy, there.

GRAMS:

GREAT RUSH OF RECEDING BOOTS

MAX GELDRAY:

"IT'S GOT TO BE YOU"

GREENSLADE:

Ta. Ta. Thank you. Now, over christmas a great story broke. There being no newspapers it missed the headlines. But here it is in all its monkey para too-too-doo pin-pon pee-bee-bee tiddley. I doe too is the Story of the Tun Tack Tock.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

MILLIGAN:

It is Christmas. And somewhere in a goatskin flat in naughty Wales, a young hairy titch is working on a painting of a pain-*ting*!

SEAGOON:

(SINGING) I painted her, IIII painted her! (NORMAL) Aha, ha ha! Now... A dab of red here and a touch of puce, here.

CYNTHIA FRUIT:

[SELLERS]

Ooooh!

SEAGOON:

Steady, Miss Fruit. Keep still.

CYNTHIA FRUIT:

It's awfully cold posing like this.

SEAGOON:

I've got the candle on! Now, there! There we are. You can relax. It's a masterpiece!

CYNTHIA FRUIT:

What is it?

SEAGOON:

The plans of a new British dustbin.

CYNTHIA FRUIT:

(ANGRY) And you've had me posing nude for that?

SEAGOON:

It's something to do with my unhappy childhood, ha ha. Now, off you go and change behind that glass screen. Aha, ha. There she goes. Aha, ha, ha. TV was never like this. Knock, knick, knack, knick, knockitty, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock. It's an impression of a door knocker. Come in!

HENRY CRUN:

Impression of innn....

SEAGOON:

Steaming Pud! It's me old wrinkled retainer, Uncle Crun. In his new Kingsize nightshirt.

HENRY CRUN:

Here, master Ned, a nice quince jelly for you.

SEAGOON:

Oh. Ohh, it's not set.

HENRY CRUN:

No, Min warmed it up. It's no good eating cold jelly on a windy night, you know.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH OF WIND

HENRY CRUN:

Ohhhhhhhhh!

SECOMBE:

I wonder where that draught's coming from.

HENRY CRUN:

I don't know where it's coming from but I know where it's going to! Ha, ha, haaa! Oh, christmas cracker joker, you know.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH OF WIND AGAIN

HENRY CRUN:

Ooh, this nightshirt is too big for me, the wind is...

SEAGOON:

Wait! There's another pair of legs... sticking out at the bottom!

HENRY CRUN:

Ahhh! Who's that in there? Come out or I'll...!

ECCLES:

No, no! No, don't! Don't shoot! (GIBBERISH) 'Ello, Neddie. 'Ello, Uncle Crun.

HENRY CRUN:

Ohhh.

ECCLES:

'Ello. I been slummin'.

SEAGOON:

Eccies! What you doing in that nightshirt?

ECCLES:

Nuttin', everythin's marked 'Don't Touch'.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes. Yes. Antiques, you know. But how did you get in? That's what I want to know.

ECCLES:

I got a map of your legs.

SEAGOON:

Come on out at once!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

A door in the nightshirt opened and out stepped a street with a man in it.

GRYTPYPE:

I say, what is all this noise? There's people in that nightshirt trying to sleep, you know.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? You'll get a biff on the knee. Explain that krutty hand-operated mattress.

GRYTPYPE:

That mattress, sir, contains the princely string and nut-bound body of such stuff as steams are made of. None other than the Count Jim 'Wakey-Wakey'...

FX:

COLOSSAL SLAP ON BARE SKIN

MORIARTY:

Ah! Ah! Ohhhh!

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty.

FX:

SCRATCHING

MORIARTY:

Ahhhh. Greetings, my loyal subjects. And all...

FX:

SLAPSTICK

MORIARTY:

Ahhhh! Ahh! Ahh!

GRYTPYPE:

Stop that revolting scratching, will you, Count. The dear Count is plagued this year with a return of the Royal Strains, you know.

SEAGOON:

Does he really own that nightshirt?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. E'en now, see how he walks the battlements. Of course, he only rents the top.

SEAGOON:

What about the rents in the bottom?

GRYTPYPE:

Ned, old jokes will get you nowhere. Look what it did to the Count.

SEAGOON:

I apologise for my altitude.

GRYTPYPE:

It is rather low, Ned. Could we sell you an extra three feet?

SEAGOON:

Just what I need.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, saw three feet off your wooden leg.

MORIARTY:

No. I'm going to the ball as a toffee apple.

GRYTPYPE:

It's for money, I tell you!

FX:

FURIOUS SAWING; END DROPS OFF

GRYTPYPE:

There, Ned. Three feet.

FX:

TILL

SEAGOON:

Thank you. I'll tie it to my head and put my hat on it.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi nabolas! He looks like...

GRYTPYPE:

Sh! Don't tell him!

MORIARTY:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Now, I must get my plans of the dustbin up to London. Where's the nearest station?

GRYTPYPE:

In this cupboard, admission thruppence.

FX:

TILL, CUPBOARD DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

TRAIN STATION

WILLIUM:

'Ere. Shut that door, will yer? You want me train to catch cold?

SEAGOON:

When's the next one to London town divine?

WILLIUM:

Ask that 'airy doggie over dere.

SEAGOON:

Ask the doggie? Does he speak?

WILLIUM:

Does he what? Does he speak? Oh, I... Eh? 'Ere, listen. Listen to this. 'Ere, 'ello, dog. Hello, doggie. Go on, tell him, dog. No, he don't speak.

SEAGOON:

How does he know when the train goes?

WILLIUM:

I told 'im. Wohh! I can feel a low stabbin' pain in the seats o' me underpants. That means it's 9.20! Time to go in it. Hold tight!

FX:

GUARDS WHISTLE

GRAMS:

TRAIN WHISTLE, HORSE CLOPS SLOWLY AWAY

SEAGOON:

Bit short of coal, aren't you?

WILLIUM:

Yer, you ain't got a bit on yer, 'ave yer?

SEAGOON:

No, I... I gave up carrying it.

WILLIUM:

Oh! Course. Taking chances, eh? Ha, ha, haaaaa.

GRAMS:

TRAIN WHISTLE, TRAIN SPEEDING PAST

GREENSLADE:

On arrival in London town divine, Neddie rushed to 10 Downing Street.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR. DOOR OPENS

FOREIGN SECRETARY:

[ELLINGTON]

(AFRICAN ACCENT) What you want man?

SEAGOON:

Here! Who are you?

FOREIGN SECRETARY:

I am de Foreign Secretary, man.

SEAGOON:

Yes, you... you do look a bit foreign. Ha, ha, ha!

FOREIGN SECRETARY:

Ohhhhh, steady, man. That could mean war with Ghana!

PRIME MINISTER:

[SELLERS]

I say, Basil. Who... Who is that blotting out the sun with his head?

FOREIGN SECRETARY:

It is a man with a wooden leg tied to his nut with a hat on top.

PRIME MINISTER:

Oh, that'll be Lord Hailsham, I expect.

SEAGOON:

No, indeed, sir, I'm Ned Seagoon. I've got plans.

PRIME MINISTER:

Ohhh. Let... let's have a look.

FX:

UNROLLING PLANS

PRIME MINISTER:

Yes. Nothing here.

SEAGOON:

The drawing's on the other side.

PRIME MINISTER:

Oh, that's a clever idea, who'd have guessed? Ha, ha, haaa. Live and learn.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

PRIME MINISTER:

Now, wonder what's this? Plans of a new anti-atomic dustbin. Ohhhh.

SEAGOON:

Yes. You see, in the event of radiation, this dustbin will keep your garbage... atom free!

PRIME MINISTER:

What rubbish!

SEAGOON:

Indeed.

PRIME MINISTER:

Well. Here's a CBE on account. Now would you like to, er... Would you like to try for the Knight-Star and Garter?

SEAGOON:

Well, if it's okay with you, sir - it's alright with me.

PRIME MINISTER:

Good. Well, come back tomorrow with Hughie Green. Until then, a sailor's farewell.

GRAMS:

SPLASH

FX:

DOOR SLAMS

SEAGOON:

Whoop! Steady there!

PRIME MINISTER:

I say, what an ideal intro for Rain Ellungton.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"I'M GETTING MARRIED IN THE MORNING"

GREENSLADE:

Hardly... Hardly had that music ceased, and the wind gone up the chimney, when the PM presented the new atom-proof dustbin to a meeting of high ranking idiots.

FX:

TOY BEAR'S GROWLER SOUND

PRIME MINISTER:

Gentlemen. This dustbin has great potential, potential and potential.

IDIOT 1:

[SECOMBE]

Can it go to the moon?

PRIME MINISTER:

No, but from small beginnings, you know, uh, uh?

OMNES:

MUMBLES OF AGREEMENT

IDIOT 2:

[MILLIGAN]

Is that... is that the prototype?

PRIME MINISTER:

No, that is the dustbin.

FX:

DUSTBIN LID

IDIOT 2:

It *sounds* like a dustbin.

FX:

DUSTBIN LID

IDIOT 3:

[SELLERS]

I say. May I try that?

FX:

DUSTBIN LID

IDIOT 3:

A-ha, ha. I say, it's... it's not at all difficult, is it. Ha, ha!

FX:

DUSTBIN LID

IDIOT 3:

Ahhh.

IDIOT 4:

[SECOMBE]

(AGEING) Let, ahhh... I say, fellas, let *me* try, now, eh?

IDIOT 3:

Yes, well, yes.

FX:

DUSTBIN DIFFERENT TEMPO TO DENOTE THAT SOMEONE ELSE HAS TAKEN OVER

IDIOT 4:

Ooh, ah! Ha, ha, ha! Ooh! Ooh! Ooh! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! (LAUGHS)

IDIOT 3:

My turn again.

FX:

DUSTBIN LID

IDIOT 4:

Why didn't we get one of these before, eh? (LAUGHS)

PRIME MINISTER:

Now, me again, now.

FX:

DUSTBIN LID REPEATEDLY

OMNES:

ALL LAUGH, EXCITED NOISES ABOUT BANGING THE BIN. A JUMBLE OF EXCITED VOICES under the BANGING OF THE BIN. BACKGROUND VOICES CONTINUE UNDER...

PRIME MINISTER:

Jolly good. Yes. Get one of those.

IDIOT 2:

So glad you came.

PRIME MINISTER:

Yes.

IDIOT 1:

Oh, dear, dear, dear.

IDIOT 2:

Wonderful.

PRIME MINISTER:

Very good.

IDIOT 1:

Oh, what fun!

PRIME MINISTER:

I haven't leapt for years, you know.

IDIOT 1:

Ah, splendid, first class.

PRIME MINISTER:

Yes.

IDIOT 1:

Ha, yes.

PRIME MINISTER:

Well.

IDIOT 1:

Yes.

PRIME MINISTER:

Now, Lord Stron, tell the House of your plan.

LORD STRON:

[MILLIGAN]

(OLD) Yes. Er, we intend to find if it's possible for a man to go over the Niagara Falls in a dustbin.

PRIME MINISTER:

Hear, hear.

IDIOT 1:

Absolutely, first class.

LORD STRON:

Thank you. We've got to keep it pretty dark otherwise the Russians will start putting dustbins into orbit on the Volga rapids. Gentlemen, if you'll all step into this train, we'll attend the first attempts of the dustbin (GIBBERISH – FADES AS HE WALKS AWAY AND IS HIT BY AN IRON BAR)

FX:

IRON BAR CLANGING

LORD STRON:

(CRIES OF PAIN)

GREENSLADE:

Believe it or not, that was the sound of the Kremlin. You'll just have to believe us. There it is. Now, pardon me while I stand behind this freshly painted scene.

SPOTTOVITCH:

[MILLIGAN]

(COMIC RUSSIAN ACCENT) Comrade Spondovitch. (RUSSIAN-SOUNDING GIBBERISH) There is a man outside to see you.

SPONDOVITCH:

[SELLERS]

(CALM RUSSIAN ACCENT) Quick, swallow this desk, then, secretary. Prepare for a long siege.

SPOTTOVITCH:

(RUSSIAN-SOUNDING GIBBERISH) The man claims to be the son of Mata Hari.

TOOLSVITCH:

[SECOMBE]

(RUSSIAN-SOUNDING GIBBERISH) Is he persistent? Is he persistent?

MILLIGAN:

You are!

SPOTTOVITCH:

He persisted that he was Mata Hari herself until I called a doctor.

SPONDOVITCH:

Comrade Toolsvitch, send him in.

TOOLSVITCH:

Come in, son of Mata hari.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

SERIES OF FAST APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS

BLUEBOTTLE:

The Black Eagle is sitting on the Red Flower Pot.

TOOLSVITCH:

Ze password!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh? All is well, comrades. Bluebottleski is here with cardboard to spare.

SPOTTOVITCH:

Tell us, Comrade. What kind of undercover work have you been doing?

BLUEBOTTLE

(SHEEPISH) Ohh, I couldn't tell you that. Oh, I don't know though. Well. I was look-out for the Finchley Wolf Cubs.

TOOLSVITCH:

(KEEN) Ahhh! What did you spot?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I spotted Mrs Evans and the Milkman.

TOOLSVITCH:

What did you get for that?

BLUEBOTTLE:

A clout on my ear 'ole.

SPOTTOVITCH:

Is that a decoration?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, that's why I wear one on each side of my nut.

TOOLSVITCH:

Magnificent! Zere is a tin rouble. Get the plans of the British anti-atomic dustbin - or you will lose your deposits!

ECCLES:

What's goin' on here?

TOOLSVITCH:

Who are you?

ECCLES:

Stalin.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT

ECCLES:

Ow!

BLUEBOTTLE:

You twit, Eccles-vitch. Come with me. Farewell, comrades! Nothing but death can stop Bottleski from the plans. Farewell!

FX:

DOOR SLAMS, DOOR OPENS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here. There's a big spider out dere. Oh!

ECCLES:

I ain't frightened o' big spiders! I'll fix him.

FX:

DOOR SLAMS

GRAMS:

GREAT ROARING OF A LION

GRAMS:

TERRIBLE BATTLE

ECCLES:

(YELLING FOR HELP)

FX:

THUDS, BANGS ETC

FX:

DOOR SLAMS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here. Where's all your clothes?

ECCLES:

(GASPING) Bottle. Say after me. "I must learn the difference between a lion and a spider".

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohh. Ah, ha, ha!

ECCLES:

(OFF) That's all you can say, Bottle?

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks. Neddie, here, folks. Meantime the plans went ahead to test my dustbin over the Niagara Falls. For this, the Government brought the Niagara Falls to London and put it up at the Savoy. Ha, ha, ha, ha. In charge was a master of nuclear explosions.

ORCHESTRA:

LAST PART OF BLOODNOK THEME

GRAMS:

EXPLOSIONS, BUBBLES, ELECTRONIC NOISES, BURP, ELECTRONIC BUBBLES, RASPBERRY, POP SPRING, FADE

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Ohh! It's a good job the room's sound proof. Poor old Frank Sinatra upstairs, my goodness.

GRAMS:

ATOM BOMB

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh! Oh, that was the biggest explosion of the series.

SEAGOON:

Was it Christmas Island?

BLOODNOK:

No, sir, christmas pudding.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, grand news! We've managed to send an elephant up the Falls in the atom-proof dustbin *and it lived!*

BLOODNOK:

What? No other dustbin has ever *done* it and lived.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Ah, well. (NORMAL) Now next... (OFF) Ah, well, you see. Ah, well.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Now next, we want a human being to go in it.

ECCLES:

Well, I'm safe, folks! Oh, ho, ho, ho!

BLOODNOK:

They've called you, men, the flower of England and the flower of flunge, to volunteer. Come now, remember it's for England, men.

SEAGOON:

Ho, ho, ho. Can't you think of a better reason? Ha, ha, ha! Like mummy.

BLOODNOK:

Cowards, you are! Cowards all! Very well, we'll draw lots for it. Now, Eccles. Write your name on fifty pieces of paper and put them in a hat.

ECCLES:

Right. There.

BLOODNOK:

Now, draw it out.

ECCLES:

Right.

BLOODNOK:

What's it say?

ECCLES:

Mrs Gladys Smith. A-ha, ha, ha!

BLOODNOK:

You imposter, sir! *You're* not Mrs Gladys Smith, *I* am!

ECCLES:

I don't wanna die.

BLOODNOK:

You don't want to die?

ECCLES:

I... I'm not...

BLOODNOK:

You suspicious fool! You superstitious mule, you.

ECCLES:

What? What?

BLOODNOK:

You won't die, Eccles. Roll up your trousers!

GRAMS:

WOODEN SLAT BLIND PULLED UP

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh! Just as I thought - legs that reach to the ground! You know what that's a sign of?

ECCLES:

Legs?

BLOODNOK:

No, it's the sure sign of a long liver.

ECCLES:

Good, I got a long liver!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, and I bet you five pounds you'll live forever... starting now! (SILENCE)

BLOODNOK:

You've done it! You've lived forever.

FX:

TILL

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Now strap him in that dustbin for the test.

ECCLES:

No! No, let me go! (OFF) Take your filthy hand off my filthy arm. I...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

JOHN SNAGGE:

This is London calling in the uncut bicycle service of the Ba Be See. This afternoon, the Prime Minister told an eager half-empty House that today England would launch an atomic dustbin into the Niagara Falls, with a highly qualified pilot at the controls. There were demonstrations at the dustbin launching base when a million barber electricians carrying soup tureens lay down in the road with socks full of grit. The driver of the steam roller said 'It was so tempting, I'm sorry, I won't do it again'. Arsenal 8 - Tottenham 87.

GRYTPYPE:

You hear that, Neddie?

MORIARTY:

(OFF) Did you hear that? Did you hear that?

GRYTPYPE:

They're debasing the original use of your dustbin.

SEAGOON:

I'll get my revenge.

MORIARTY:

No, I'll get mine, it's nearer.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no, no, no, thank you, but... my revenge is stronger and it lasts the whole drink through. Ha, ha! Don't forget, folks. When you want your own back - get revenge. Today!

MORIARTY:

(SINGS ADVERT STYLE) "When you want your own back, get re-venge..."

MORIARTY, SEAGOON AND GRYTPYPE:

...todaaaaaaaaay!"

GRYTPYPE:

Ned, for no reason at all, I will become your solicitor.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

GRYTPYPE:

Take a letter on uncut lino. "Dear Bloodnok..."

FX:

NAILING DOWN LINO, CONTINUES UNDER DICTATION

GRYTPYPE:

"Unless you return the plans of Ned's dustbin I shall be forced to charge my client a higher rate".
Signed, Thynne. Now let me hear that back.

GRAMS:

NAILING DOWN LINO PLAYED FASTER

GRAMS GRYTPYPE:

(SPED UP) SIGNED, THYNNE. SIGNED, THYNNE. SIGNED, THYNNE. SIGNED, THYNNE. SIGNED,
THYNNE. SIGNED, THYNNE. SIGNED, THYNNE. SIGNED, THYNNE. SIGNED, THYNNE.

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid. Now go and lay that under his military kippers.

SEAGOON:

Ah, ha, ha, ha.! He who laffs liffs loofs la... Ahem. He who hees laffs loofs liffs. Ha, ha! Farewell.

GRAMS:

SPEEDED UP FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY

GRYTPYPE:

Gad! I never knew his legs could move so fast.

SEAGOON:

Neither did I, I better get after 'em!

FX:

WHOOOOSSSHHH

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhhhhh!

SEAGOON:

Ah, ha, ha! This lino means curtains for you.

BLOODNOK:

Lino curtains? What a quaint seasonal custom. But wait. This is a *solicitor's* lino. You'll hear from my linoleum layer in the morning, sir. Meantime, take that!

GRAMS:

JELLY SPLOSH

SEAGOON:

(MAKES BEEN-HIT-BY-A-JELLY-SPLOSH-SOUNDS. SPITS IT OUT) What is it?

BLOODNOK:

I don't know, sir. It was dark... (EDIT?)

SEAGOON:

Gad! It's a banner with a strange device and clutched by a lad in snow and ice.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Get your hands up.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, take that silly rice-paper off.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You touch one hair of dat... and splashoul! The disintergrater ray gun will speak in my hand. Aie!

FX:

CLANG

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, the 'lastic's come off the trigger.

SEAGOON:

Don't cry, Bottle. Here. Have the suspender off my sock.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, thank... No, no! That suspender is just a glittering Western prize to make me forget my mission. Now, Seagoon, look into my eyes. Toot! Toot! Toot! Little daggers come out and point all the way along my eyes to his. Too-too-tooty, toot, toot. The secret of Bottle's mesmerism is bending Ned to my will. Strain, straaain. Powers of eyes, powers of eyes! Ohhh, squint, squinty, squint, squint. Oheh! My nose has started to bleed.

SEAGOON:

You've crossed your eyes, you nit.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, no! Then I'm finished with Russia, I am. I can't go out wid birds when my eyes is crossed!

SEAGOON:

We've no time to lose!

BLUEBOTTLE:

We must save Eccles from a death worse than fate.

SEAGOON:

Yes. *We must save Eccles!*

BLOODNOK:

Ah, but they never did. Ho, ho, ho, dear, dear, dear. To think you poor people came all this way just for that! Liddle, diddle, diddle, dum. Where are the payoffs of yesteryear, you know.

ORCHESTRA:

'OLD COMRADES MARCH'

ORCHESTRA:

'CRAZY RHYTHM' OUTRO