

## S9 E17 - The 50 Pound Cure

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

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(Harry Secombe was indisposed for this broadcast so Kenneth Connor filled in)

### **GREENSLADE:**

This is the BBC Light Programme. Away with dull care. Let the joy bells ring. Huzzah!

### **GRAMS:**

DEAD MARCH FROM 'HAMLET': SOLEMN TREAD OF FUNERAL CORTEGE WAILS OF PROFESSIONAL JEWISH MOURNERS IN THE BACKGROUND -ECCLES SINGING

### **CONNOR:**

By Jove. It's a merry singing funeral. Ha, ha, ha! Ah, don't take it so hard, folks. It's only a trial one for Eccles. And now, for an encore, I'll sing a little song entitled 'Looking through the knot-hole in Grandma's wooden leg'. Maestro, please, thank you. (SINGS) 'Long, long ago in the wilds of Australia...'

### **SELLERS:**

I say, I say, you look a sporting gentleman to me, you look like a sporting man.

### **CONNOR:**

Just a moment, there. How dare you interrupt my act with these 'I say, I says', while I'm trying to entertain these nice nutty ladies and gentlemen, 'ere.

### **SELLERS:**

Tell me, I say. Tell me, I say, if it takes a chicken ten days to eat forty pounds of sawdust, how long would it take to lay a ten-ton wooden egg? Do you give up?

### **CONNOR:**

Yes.

### **SELLERS:**

You do?

### **CONNOR:**

I do.

### **SELLERS:**

So did the chicken! Now...

**CONNOR:**

I say, now, look here, look here, look here. What...

**SELLERS:**

Tell me, tell me, tell me, Mister Man. Tell me, Mister Man. Can a woman with a wooden leg change a pound note?

**CONNOR:**

Can a woman with a wooden leg change a pound note?

**SELLERS:** That is what I said.

**CONNOR:**

Weeeeeeeell, of course she can!

**SELLERS:**

No, she cannot. You see, she's only got 'Half a Nicker'. Ha, ha, ha!

**CONNOR:**

Would you kindly leave the green-gate.

**SELLERS:**

It doesn't matter, really. Because we're still good friends. You seeeeeeee..... becaaaaause...

**ORCHESTRA:**

THREE NOTE INTRO INTO 'ARM IN ARM TOGETHER' - LAST EIGHT BARS

**SELLERS & CONNOR:**

(SINGS) Arm in arm together,  
Just like we used to be.  
Arm in arm,  
Just youuuu and meeeee.

**ORCHESTRA:**

TATTY 'I WANT TO BE HAPPY' PLAY OFF. SEGUE INTO 'MOONUGHT MADONNA' VIOLIN, CLARINET, TROMBONE LEAD ON FLOOR. ALL PLAYING MELODY.

**HOUSE MANAGER:**

[SELLERS]

And now, if you'll pardon the expression, number two on your programme. Is the world famous Continental act, Le Trois Toms des Acton.

**GREENSLADE:**

And onto the stage come three tatty men wearing wigs, leotards and partially assembled boots. The anchor man has a hearing aid in his shin.

**CONNOR:**

Hoyyyyyy, hoy-hup!

**ORCHESTRA:**

ROLL ON DRUMS.

**CONNOR:**

Thank you very much, thank you. And now we take pleasure in performing (SOMEONE SHOUTS) – thank you very much - the death-defying Great Pyramid. Hayyyyyyy-hup!

**ORCHESTRA:**

SLOW BUILDING ROLL ON DRUMS

**TRIO:**

DREADFUL STRAINS. F.X. ODD CLICKS AND CLACKS. OLD BONES CREAKING.

**HOUSE MANAGER:**

And the Trois Toms des Acton strain to make a sub-human pyramid of knees.

**GRAMS:**

SOUND OF PLANK ON THE STAGE STARTING TO BREAK - FINALLY THE WHOLE TRIO CRASH THROUGH THE WOODEN STAGE - TRIO SCREAM

**HOUSE MANAGER:**

Dear. They've all gone through the stage, they'll be killed!

**ORCHESTRA:**

'I WANT TO BE HAPPY' - LAST 8 BARS

**CONNOR:**

Ha, ha. Ha, ha, oh, my leg. It's gone below the waist.

**LEW:**

What's happened? Why aren't you on the stage, then?

**CONNOR:**

I've broken my right leg.

**LEW:**

Only one? Get back on that stage, do you hear!

**CONNOR:**

I refuse!

**GELDRAY:**

You'd better do as he says, boy. Or we'll never work again. Ploogie!

**CONNOR:**

Right. Come here. Come here.

**GELDRAY:**

Yeah?

**CONNOR:**

Help me up with your conk.

**GELDRAY:**

Alright.

**FX:**

CRACK OR SNAP OF LEG-BONE BREAKING

**CONNOR:**

Oh! There goes the other one, now!

**LEW:**

*Two* broken legs! Give me the mike. Hello, ladies and gentlemen. Presenting Neddie Seagoon in his impression of... Toulouse Lautrec!

**FX:**

BICYCLE BELL

**MORIARTY:**

Stop that! Stop! Ferme Hoi La.

**GRYTPYPE:**

I second Ferme Hoi La.

**CONNOR:**

And in our midst, if not sooner...

**MORIARTY:**

(OFF) Yes?

**CONNOR:**

...rode two men wearing nude clothes. On a unicycle, they were! Their bodies driven by legs and their legs driven by feet.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Nothing but the best for us, Kennie.

**MORIARTY:**

(OFF) You're due an apologie.

**GRYTPYPE:**

My card de Jour.

**CONNOR:**

Ah. (READS) 'Doctors Moriarty and Thynne'. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. 'Surgeons, tree fellers and old women hit while you wait'.

**MORIARTY:**

(FRENCH-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

**CONNOR:**

Mm?

**MORIARTY:**

We must examine this wreck. Say 'Ah!'

**CONNOR:**

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...

**MORIARTY:**

Come, little hairy Kennie. Let us give you a free diagnosis. Now, put your head on that anvil.

**FX:**

SLAM OF SHOVEL ON ANVIL

**MORIARTY:**

Just as I thought! A fractured skull!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Yes, Ken. Now, let us examine your wallet.

**MORIARTY:**

Careful with it, now.

**FX:**

BOLTS, CHAINS, LOCKS, KEYS

**MORIARTY:**

[UNCLEAR]?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Yes.

**MORIARTY:**

There!

**GRAMS:**

TAPPING ON HUGE EMPTY WATER TANK WITH A SMALL Mallet. (TO GIVE THAT HOLLOW SOUND)

**GRYTPYPE:**

Empty, by Jupiter! Kennie, you're suffering from advanced poverty.

**CONNOR:**

What? I say, is that dangerous?

**GRYTPYPE:**

If not checked it can lead to bankruptcy and the Pauper's Krutt. The dreaded disease that took poor Max Geldray's conk away in its prime.

**GELDRAy:**

Yes. I got it bad and that ain't good, boy.

**CONNOR:**

Eh? You gonna play, mate?

**GELDRAy:**

Yes. That means that you're going back for...

**CONNOR:**

The Brandy!

**GRAMS:**

THUNDERING OF DEPARTING BOOTS

**MAX GELDRAY & ORCHESTRA:**

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

**GELDRAY:**

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen.

**GREENSLADE:**

During Mr Geldray's conk, the great surgeons worked on Connor's poverty.

**FX:**

WRITING

**MORIARTY:**

Now, little hairy Kennie. Here is a National Health prescription on hair.

**CONNOR:**

Ah. I see. Ye – ah. (READS) 'Pounds fifty, to be taken once a week until better'.

**MORIARTY:**

Aha!

**CONNOR:**

Money!

**MORIARTY:**

Yes!

**CONNOR:**

Ha, ha, ha. So *that's* the cure for poverty.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Yes. It took a lot of lab work but we found it.

**CONNOR:**

Well, I'll get round to the bank and have this made up.

**MORIARTY:**

Not with those naughty broken legs, Kennie. We'll keep them until they're mended. Now, let us rest your body on this pair of skates. And away you go!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Away!

**MORIARTY AND CONNOR:**

Goodbye!

**GRAMS:**

THE SOUND OF A PAIR OF SKATES DEPARTING DOWN A PAVED-PAVEMENT

**CONNOR:**

(SPEEDING UP SINGING)

Hooray for money, I'm off to the bank.

On the [UNCLEAR], I'm off to the bank.

Hoorayyyy for money, I'm off to the bank.

Hoorayyyy for money, I'm off to the bank.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Now, Moriarty. Our masterplan.

**MORIARTY:**

Yes, with a master.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Put on this mask. Strap it to your knee.

**MORIARTY:**

Yeah.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Then... glue this bearded wig to your teeth.

**MORIARTY:**

There. There! How do I look?

**GRYTPYPE:**

It's too early to say.

**MORIARTY:**

Look out, here comes an announcement.

**GREENSLADE:**

And now by arrangement with America - the sound of the Bank of England.





**SPRIGGS:**

A tip? A piece of cork?

**CONNOR:**

Yes. It's a cork tip!

**ORCHESTRA:**

TA RA CHORD GRAMS OVATION, SCREAMS AND CHEERS

**CONNOR:**

Stop! Stop!

**SPRIGGS:**

Thank you from all the folks.

**CONNOR:**

I'd had to stop... It wasn't that funny, folks. It wasn't that... Huhhhhh!

**FX:**

THUD.

**CONNOR:**

Oh! Nutted by men with masked knees. Oh!

**MORIARTY:**

Got him! He's lapsing into unconsciousness with a capital uuurh. Now, get this bottle of money... and off we gooooo!

**GRAMS:**

WHOOSH

**WILLIUM:**

(BLOWS HOT BREAK ON POLICE WHISTLE) 'Ello, sir 'ello. I was reading the Police Gazette and I saw your advert that read, "'Elp. I've been attacked, apply to the supine body on the pavement".

**CONNOR:**

Yes, my man. I've just had my medicine stolen.

**WILLIUM:**

Stolen on it, yern?

**CONNOR:**

Yern.

**WILLIUM:**

Arnn! Now, where's... Where's me mate's notebook, nah? Ah, 'ere it is, on top o' the Eiffel Tower. Now then, what was this medicine called?

**CONNOR:**

It's called £50.

**ECCLES:**

Hello, Ken!.

**CONNOR:**

Hello, Eccies.

**ECCLES:**

Well, I better be gettin' along.

**WILLIUM:**

'Ere. 'Ere, wait a minute. 'Ere, ain't you the Minister who built that 'ighway that fell to bits?

**ECCLES:**

No.

**WILLIUM:**

Oh, well, was somebody like you, I know.

**ECCLES:**

I arrest you for the murder of Bluebottle.

**WILLIUM:**

'Ee ain't dead!

**ECCLES:**

Oh, well. You watch it, that's all. (OFF) I got friends in the Bank of England.

**MORIARTY:**

Look, Grytpype!

**GRYTPYPE:**

What?

**MORIARTY:**

It's poor Kennie and his wallet is still empty. Now, then...

**FX:**

FURIOUS WRITING

**GRYTPYPE:**

There Ken, a fresh prescription for £50.

**MORIARTY:**

There!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Now, let's get him to a hospital.

**MORIARTY:**

Right, off you go there, you [UNCLEAR]!

**GRAMS:**

PAIR OF SKATES ON PAVEMENT

**CONNOR:**

(SPEEDS UP) Oh! Thank heaven you came doctor. Some swine's robbed my piggy bank of medicine. And you see, I was walking down the street...

**MORIARTY:**

(UNDER CONNOR'S LINE) Goodbye, lad! Goodbye, have a good time on the skates and the kippers.

**GREENSLADE:**

Now, a National Health Hospital.

**GRAMS:**

PALM COURT TRIO: TEA CUPS IN DISTANCE

**NURSE:**

[SELLERS]

(SEDUCTIVELY) Time for your naughty medicine, Mr Gonnor.

**CONNOR:**

Oh, Nurse. Ha, ha, ha. (CLEARS THROAT) I didn't see you...

**NURSE:**

You are naughty, ha, ha! Say... ahhhhhhhh...

**CONNOR:**

Ahhhhhh...

**FX:**

MONEY BEING SCOOPED DOWN HIS THROAT

**CONNOR:**

Ah! £50! My poverty feels better, already. Gad, I... I... (GULPS) I feel fit.

**ECCLES:**

Hello, dear. Hello, my little dear, how's the patient?

**NURSE:**

Hello, handsome.

**ECCLES:**

Ohhhh, oh, ho-howww! You're a good looking fella, too! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

**CONNOR:**

I say, you silly Eccles, there. This nurse is a woman.

**ECCLES:**

Oh, well, he's a good-lookin' woman, isn't he, eh? Ho, ho, ho!

**NURSE:**

Are you married?

**ECCLES:**

Yer.

**NURSE:**

Your poor wife.

**ECCLES:**

Yer, but the girl next door, folks. Ohhh, ho, he, ho!

**CONNOR:**

He's growing up, you know. He's growing up, it had to come, it had to come! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

**ECCLES:**

Yeah, folks. Hello, folks! And now, folks. Hello, folks. And now, folks. Here is my latest record, folks.

**GRAMS:**

VERY OLD HILTON RECORD: RECORD ECCLES SINGING OVER THE TOP OF IT

**FX:**

TWO PISTOL SHOTS

**ECCLES:**

Owwwwww! Owwwwww!

**CONNOR:**

Ha, ha. Oh, bad news, folks devine. While that record was in the oven, I was dragged from my sick bed and thrown in Holloway Women's Prison. Oh, tragedy! Incarcerated in a women's prison! [UNCLEAR]. I have a request for liberty, give me twenty-four hours.

**GOVERNOR WOLFIT:**

[MILLIGAN]

(OLD) Right, hold out your steaming hat.

**FX:**

PILE OF RUBBISH

**GOVERNOR WOLFIT:**

There! And it's all in minutes.

**CONNOR:**

Ta, sir. And in the time given I will try to trace the villains and regain possession of my legs.

**GOVERNOR WOLFIT:**

Right. Warden? Let him go. But - keep him on a chain.

**ELLINGTON:**

Right. I'll pay it out. Off you go, mate.

**GRAMS:**

PAIR OF SKATES FREE WHEELING START SLOW AND GET FAST. CHAIN PAYING OUT.

**CONNOR:**

(SINGS, SPEEDING UP) 'China, my island home, land of the free. I've got the...'

**GOVERNOR WOLFIT:**

(UNDER CONNOR'S SINGING) Goodbye, lad. Goodbye!

**GREENSLADE:**

And as the body of Connor skates into the night, we find a lone vinegar-sipper called Ray Ellington who sings devine.

**RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:**

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

**GREENSLADE:**

Could I have some music with this announcement, please.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

All right, den Wal, I been waitin' for dis bit. (SINGS) 'Does the Christmas Puddin' lose its flavour up the chimney overnight?' (CONTINUES SINGING BEHIND GREENSLADE)

**GREENSLADE:**

Right, thangyew, ta. Poor Connor... (SNAPS AT BLUEBOTTLE) I said 'ta!'

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

(STOPS SINGING) Alright, den. (HE CONTINUES TO MUMBLE UNDER GREENSLADE'S ANNOUNCEMENT)

**GREENSLADE:**

Poor Connor is travelling on a roller skate, his legs being filched by the two fiend doctors. We find him on a lonely Sussex moor, a chain round his neck, the other end attached to Holloway Prison.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

...overnight! (CONTINUES QUIETLY SINGING UNDER CONNOR)

**GRAMS:**

HOWLING WIND AND RAIN. ROLLER SKATES APPROACH CHAIN PAYING OUT.

**CONNOR:**

Ohhh! Oh, what a night, folks. Ten miles I've travelled. And no signs of the two doctors. I must complain to the AA, the BB and the CC, (ACCENT) or in English, 'yes, yes'.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Can I stop singing now, Captain? My nose has started to bleed.

**CONNOR:**

I... Go away, lad, will you, I'm acting, there. I'm acting. Now, I'm...

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

(IN AWE) Ohhh! Could I act wid you, den?

**CONNOR:**

(FAST AND HUSHED) Yes, but keep quiet, will you? Keep quiet, please.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

But could I be your stand-in, then?

**CONNOR:**

(FAST AND HUSHED) Alright, yes, you can be my stand-in. Stand-in. Stand in that 'ole over there.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Cor, standin' in a hole! I wish my mum could see me now. Hello, Mum, Dad, Rene, Eileen and Dave. I am quite well and acting on radio. Keep the dinner in the oven cos I won't be...

**FX:**

SLAPSTICK

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Aheiiii! You swine, you've hurt my shirt.

**CONNOR:**

Oh, shut up, child! (ACTING AGAIN) I'll lay me down on this tatty piece of ground called England.  
(STARTS SNORING)

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Goin' home, I don't want to stay and play. (GOES OFF) You hear me, I'm going! You... Right, I'm goin'!

**GRAMS:**

SOUND OF GREAT THUNDERING SOLO OF 'OLD COMRADES' OVER: SUDDENLY. HAVE AN EXPLOSION. RAIN ON TIN ROOF. SKITTLES IN BOWLING ALLEY. EXPLOSION. SERIES OF FIREWORKS. (THE CRACKERS THAT GO OFF RAPIDLY ONE AFTER OTHER): ONE OR TWO THUNDER FLASHES. SUPERIMPOSED OVER SOLO OF 'OLD COMRADES'

**BLOODNOK:**

Ohhhh! Ohhh! Oh, dear, that wasn't in the music. Ohhh....



**CONNOR:**

You! You, sir! How dare you break into my private sleep.

**BLOODNOK:**

Well, I saw your mouth open so I came in.

**CONNOR:**

Well, get out of my mouth. And mind the jaws! (ALA "MIND THE DOORS")

**GRAMS:**

TUBE TRAIN DOORS CLOSE

**BLOODNOK:**

Just in time. But wait a moment, sir. Lift up your trouser leg.

**FX:**

WOODEN VENETIAN BLIND GOES UP

**BLOODNOK:**

Ahh! Ohh! Just as I thought. The ragged underpants of gunner Connor, ex-regimental strangler.

**CONNOR:**

Now exposed! How...? Tell me, how did you know my terrible secret?

**BLOODNOK:**

The war, lad. France and the Low Countries. Remember?

**CONNOR:**

Err...

**BLOODNOK:**

The invasion, Salerno? Remember we spent that night in a field together?

**CONNOR:**

What? Sheila Francis, 601 ATS Company. Darling, what hit you?

**BLOODNOK:**

Put me down, you military fool! I'm not her, do you hear me? I'm military, not her. And... And I quote from this dishonourable discharge paper: I'm... No, better still, I shall unveil myself.

**FX:**

RIPPING OF CANVAS

**BLOODNOK:**

Ohhh!

**CONNOR:**

Ohhh! Great Heavens!

**ECCLES:**

(OFF) Ohhh!

**CONNOR:**

It's Major Denis Bloodnok, coward and bar. I... What are you doing, sir, on a lonely Sussex moor?

**BLOODNOK:**

The old trouble, lad, the old trouble, you know. You never know where you'll find 'em. You see, I'm on a world tuba playing tour of England.

**CONNOR:**

It must be hell in there!

**BLOODNOK:**

It is! Look, we can't stand here in this rain on a lonely moor. People will think we're avoiding them. Wait a minute! Give me a rock, there's something behind that tree. Hurr!

**GRAMS:**

DISTANT SOUND OF STONE HITTING BLUEBOTTLES HEAD

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Oeaaaaa! You swine, Bloodnok man, you krinned my (SPED UP) small pitt!

**ORCHESTRA:**

MAD LINK. SUDDEN RUSH OF COMPUCATED 5/4 MUSIC. PAUSE. ANOTHER MAD RUSH TO PLAY THE PHRASE... ALL THE ORCHESTRA GIVE A LOUD YELL... GEORGE CHISHOLM SINGS '0000000000' ORCHESTRA PLAY THE PHRASE AFTER HIM (BUSK IT)... TROMBONE SOLO.

**GRAMS:**

GREAT EXPLOSION

**ORCHESTRA:**

BURSTS INTO MAD RUSH OF GRAND FINALE GETS FASTER AND FASTER

**GRAMS:**

SCREECH OF BRAKES, CAR CRASHES INTO PLATEGLASS SHOP-WINDOW. THREE OR FOUR CUCKOOS FROM A CUCKOO CLOCK.

**MORIARTY:**

And there's *more* where that came from!

**FX:**

SLAPSTICK

**MORIARTY:**

Oww.

**GREENSLADE:**

And for no reason other than the paucity of creative continuity, we go to an outlandish old Victorian manor. If you roll up your trousers, you will hear it quite clearly.

**GRAMS:**

BOILING CAULDRON

**MINNIE:**

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, heeee! Boil, cauldron, boil. Phooooooo! Ooooh! Ohhh! Eye of newt, leg of toad, eagles knee, shell of snail. Ee, he, he, he, heeee! Ha, haaaa, ha, aha, hooooo!

**CRUN:**

Mistress Bannister, what is that hellish fiend brew?

**MINNIE:**

It's your laundry, Henry. Phish-too! I'm making a laundry soup from it.

**CRUN:**

Ohhh...

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS

**MINNIE:**

Make way for him... Make way... Make... Make way for him, Henry. Stand back.

**OLD UNCLE OSCAR:**

[CONNOR]

Mor... Mornin'... um... er... Min. (CONTINUES ZOMBIFIED MYMBLINGS)

**MINNIE:**

He's saying 'Good morning', Henry.

**CRUN:**

Ohhh.

**MINNIE:**

Good morning...!

**OLD UNCLE OSCAR:**

(STARTLED) Ohhh!

**MINNIE:**

He's a bit mutton, you know.

**CRUN:**

Morning, Uncle Oscar.

**MINNIE:**

Morning, Uncle Oscar.

**OLD UNCLE OSCAR:**

(MUMBLES)

**CRUN:**

Morning.

**OLD UNCLE OSCAR:**

(MUMBLES)

**MINNIE:**

What did you do with his ear trumpet?

**CRUN:**

I don't know.

**MINNIE:**

Eh?

**CRUN:**

Uncle, what are you doing out of your grave so early?

**OLD UNCLE OSCAR:**

(MUMBLES, TRYING TO SPEAK) Feeling... I'm feeling better.

**MINNIE:**

What?

**OLD UNCLE OSCAR:**

Hot... Porridge...

**CRUN:**

He wants hot porridge, Min.

**MINNIE:**

Sip this nice steaming laundry soup.

**OLD UNCLE OSCAR:**

(MUMBLES)

**MINNIE:**

Drink it all down.

**GRAMS:**

THUD AND STARTLED CHICKEN CLUCKS -CONTINUES INTERMITTENTLY

**CRUN:**

Min!

**MINNIE:**

Ohhhh!

**CRUN:**

Oh! Phish-too, phish-too. Phish-too, phish-too.

**MINNIE:**

Oh!

**CRUN:**

Oh, Min. It's turned him into a male chicken!

**MINNIE:**

Oh, dear.

**CRUN:**

Phish-too, phish-too.

**MINNIE:**

Oh, dear. We'll give him an aspirin and put him to bed.

**CRUN:**

Yes, perhaps it will...

**MINNIE:**

Chick-chick! Come on, chick!

**CRUN:**

Perhaps it will wear off in the morning. If not... (GLEE) chicken for Sunday dinner, Min! Aha, ha, ha!

**MINNIE:**

Ha, ha, hoooooooo!

**FX:**

STONE THROUGH GLASS WINDOW LANDS ON FLOOR. BOTH SCREAM.

**MINNIE:**

[UNCLEAR] and knees have come off my drawers. Ohhh, dear! Now, a stone through the window!

**CRUN:**

There's something attached to it.

**CONNOR:**

It's me, folks, Kennie. And this is my way of saying to you... Have you got lodgings?

**CRUN:**

I've got 'em very bad, sir.

**MINNIE:**

Look. You c... Youuu could... You could share the... the steam attic with the two gentlemen doctors upstairs.

**CONNOR:**

Two gentlemen doctors!

**MINNIE:**

Yes.

**CONNOR:**

Send for the police! These men are criminules!

**MINNIE:**

Ohhhh! We'll be m...

**ORCHESTRA:**

DRAMATIC MUSIC

**GRAMS:**

SOUNDS OF WAILING POLICE SIRENS

**MORIARTY:**

Ah! What? What's that? What's that? Ohhhhhh. Sapristi nabolos, the police! They've surrounded the house with surround.

**GRYTPYPE:**

What? Somebody's tipped them off. Get the Gatling gun loaded and put this string in your shoulder holster.

**MORIARTY:**

Alright.

**WILLIUM:**

(OFF) You in there! Gi'e yerself up on it, you're surrounded. Come out with your 'ands up or we'll say rude words on yer.

**CONNOR:**

I say! Throw my legs out, you naughty man!

**GRYTPYPE:**

One step nearer, Kennie, and your legs will go in the mincer.

**CONNOR:**

What? You wouldn't dare mince the legs of a goner.

**GRYTPYPE:**

No? I tell you, we're desperate men.

**CONNOR:**

You must be to be on a show like this. (LAUGHS)

**MORIARTY:**

What?

**CONNOR:**

[UNCLEAR] Bluebottle now!

**MORIARTY:**

He's ad-libbing!

**CONNOR:**

You're my stand-in, there!

**MORIARTY:**

Grytpype, he's ad-libbing!

**CONNOR:**

I'm not ad-libbing at all! No. Take... (CORPSES) Salt cellars! Bluebottle! Please. Take this conker and get my legs back.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Alright, Captain, I've got my Finchley gang with me. You ready, men?

**GRAMS:**

A DOZEN BLUEBOTTLES ALL YELL 'YESSSSSSSS'

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Charrrrrrrrge.

**GRAMS:**

RUNNING BOOTS

**CONNOR:**

There they go, little... heroes, all. Ah! All that night, folks, the battle for my legs, it raged.

**GRAMS:**

BLUEBOTTLES ALL SHOUTING 'BANG BANG BANG, YOU'RE DEAD'

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS

**MORIARTY:**

Ah! Stop! Stop, [UNCLEAR]. Stop, please, stop, stop! We give up. Those pimples and elastic string, they've overpower us.

**GRYTPYPE:**

They were too much for us.

**MORIARTY:**

They certainly were. Come in, little boys. Come in and have some of this nice laundry soup.



**GRAMS:**

GREAT RUSH OF BOOTS AS THEY RUSH IN

**GRYTPYPE:**

Yes, come in. Let's all sip some of this special 'Minnie Bannister' soup.

**CONNOR:**

I can see what's coming now. Well, 'ere goes. 'Ere it goes, then. 'Ere it goes.

**MORIARTY:**

Good luck.

**GRAMS:**

SIPPING SOUNDS. GRADUALLY CHICKENS START TO CLUCK. CLUCKING. EVERYWHERE CHICKENS CLUCKING

**CRUN:**

Min. What *did* you put in that laundry soup?

**MINNIE:**

I don't know. I... I've no idea.

**GREENSLADE:**

Ladies and Gentlemen, with the entire cast unfortunately turned into brood chickens, we are forced to close this series of the Goon Show. The entire audience will now join hands, teeth and knees with the orchestra and sing.

**PIANO:**

CHORD INTO:

**ENTIRE CAST:**

SINGS 'WE'LL GATHER LILACS'

**ORCHESTRA:**

'OLD COMRADES' PLAY OUT INTO SOLO VIOLIN PLAYING 'OLD COMRADES MARCH' UNDER:

**GREENSLADE:**

That was the last of the 9<sup>th</sup> series of Goon Shows. With the Ray Ellington Quartet , Max Geldray, Wally Stott and his Orchestra, Peter Sellers and Spike Milligan, who writes the script. Also, Kenneth Connor in place of Harry Secombe who was indisposed. Sound control and effects were by Brian Willy, Ian Cook and Jimmy Pope. The announcer was Wallace Greenslade and the recorded series was produced by John Browell!