

S10 E01 - A Christmas Carol

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GRAMS:

HOWLING OF COYOTES/WOLVES.

GREENSLADE:

(CLEARS THROAT) This is the BBC. And it's going bald.

FX:

POPGUN POP.

GREENSLADE:

Oh, blast! It's come out again.

SPRIGGS:

(GIBBERISH).

GREENSLADE:

Rubbish! Absolute rubbish!

SPRIGGS:

And it suits you Jim.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, the BBC have decided to draw back their veil of secrecy and announce to the listeners a merry Christmas and custard. (SINGS) Jingle bells, jingle bells, Ji...

FX:

WHOOSH, JELLY SPLOSH.

GREENSLADE:

Oooow! Who threw that second-hand Christmas pudding at me eye?

SELLERS:

Quick, Jock [UNCLEAR] his teeth behind his back before he can eat it.

FX:

STRUGGLES, SOUNDS OF HANDCUFFS BEEN JANGLED.

GREENSLADE:

I... I... I'll *get* you for this.

SECOMBE:

Stop this! Spelt S.T.O.P. with a capital gain. How dare you chain up Wallace's dinner manglers during the greedy guts season, what? What? What? What? What? What? What?

SELLERS:

(OFF) What, what...

SECOMBE:

Aha, ha, hor!

SELLERS:

(OFF) (DEGENERATES INTO HEN CLUCKING NOISES).

SECOMBE:

Just for that Mr Sellers... He's going broody. Just for that Mr Sellers, I'll let the world hear this recording of your bedroom at dawn.

GRAMS:

REVVING OF LARGE MOTOR CAR ENGINE FADES UNDER:

SELLERS:

(BLOODNOK-LIKE VOICE) What! It's all lies, it's all lies, I tell you! It's lies!

SECOMBE:

Well, make up your mind. (GIGGLES).

SELLERS:

(BUILDING TO HIGH LEVELS OF MANIA) It's lies, it's lies! I've given up motor cars, I tell you. I haven't been near a car since dawn this morning, last night! I'm cured of cars! I tell you, I don't need cars any more! I'm learning to walk with sticks. I'm cured, I tell you! I haven't seen a car for days. I... Cars! I...!

GRAMS:

SOUNDS OF BURBLING CAR ENGINES UNDER:

SELLERS:

(SINGS) I've got to have cars, lots and lots and lots of cars. You've got to have... Oohhhw, ooooh, owlll... (ETC UNDER:)

MILLIGAN:

(INDIAN VOICE) Hold him... hold down, Ned. While I give him this injection of car polish.

SECOMBE:

Peter. This is going to hurt a little.

SELLERS:

So saying he hit me.

FX:

SHARP EXPLOSION, CUT OFF SHORT.

SELLERS:

Oh.

SECOMBE:

That word 'oh' was said by Peter Sellers in the absence of a man called Fred F'Tang. But hark! What light through yonder window breaks?

FX:

SMASHING GLASS WINDOW PANE.

SELLERS:

('OFFICAL' ACCENT) Message for you.

FX:

POP, WALLOP ON SOMETHING HOLLOW.

SECOMBE:

Ah, merry Christmas bells. And what's this?

FX:

BONGTH BONGTH THHAT THH THAP (HITTING MUTED DRUMS), EXPELATION OF BREATH.

MILLIGAN:

(OLD BREATHLESS VOICE) The bells.

FX:

BONGTH BONGTH THHAT.

SECOMBE:

He didn't have much of a part.

MILLIGAN:

Did you...

SELLERS:

(MUSIC HALL-TYPE VOICE) I say, I say, I say, you look like a sporting man. I'll place my half a crown here. Now, then. Can a lady with a wooden leg change a pound note?

SECOMBE:

(MUSIC HALL VOICE) Can a lady with a wooden leg change a pound note? Of course she can.

SELLERS:

No, she can not.

SECOMBE:

Why not?

SELLERS:

She's only got half a nicker!

FX:

CHORD AND CYMBAL CRASH.

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. And for the poorer people, ta. Part one. Will the cast take up their positions? On your Alfred's, get set...

FX:

STARTERS PISTOL. CLATTER OF SHOES RUNNING OFF INTO DISTANCE.

GREENSLADE:

If the audience get on *their* marks, they too will be able to follow the show. Get set ..

FX:

STARTERS PISTOL. CLATTER OF SHOES RUNNING OFF INTO DISTANCE. COWS LOWING. FADES...

GREENSLADE:

We give you now the radio adaptation from the dinner of the same name: 'A Christmas Carol by kind permission'.

ORCHESTRA:

FIRST FEW BARS OF A VERY CORNY TRUMPET VERSION OF JINGLE BELLS. ENDING WITH CYMBAL CRASH.

MILLIGAN:

Oh, you hav ta di da. (SMACKING OF LIPS FOLLOWED BY RANDOM MUTTERINGS UNDER☺)

BBC OUTSIDE BROADCAST-TYPE ANNOUNCER:

[SELLERS]

And here, at Christmas, we see the great venerable offices of Scrooge and Marley. Importers and exporters for the great year of 1887.

MARLEY:

[MILLIGAN]

Aba, over to you ..

FX:

SCRIBBLING UNDER:

SCROOGE:

(CRUN) Aba da you. Marley is dead. Marley is deeeead.

MARLEY:

No, I'm not.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

MARLEY:

Ohhh!

SCROOGE:

Yes, you are!. Ahh. Now, to enter certain thinggggs in the all-weather leather ledgers.

FX:

SCRIBBLING UNDER:

SCROOGE:

One barrel of Blunger's violent stone and ginger purge. One jill of rare leopard oil! In newts. One box of feathered shirt lifters.

FX:

RISING WHISTLE.

SCROOGE:

Owwwwool!

SCRATCHIT:

[SECOMBE]

Knock, knock.

SCROOGE:

Who is it?

SCRATCHIT:

Short man, can't reach the knocker.

SCROOGE:

Ohhh! Scratchit.

SCRATCHIT:

Where's it itching?

SCROOGE:

On my coo. On my coo!

SCRATCHIT:

So you've got an itchy-coo!

SCROOGE:

Ta-dahhh!

SCRATCHIT:

Well, they're the kind of jokes they told in 1887!

SCROOGE:

Pour me my tea and only two sugars.

FX:

THREE LOUD DEEP SPLASHES.

SCRATCHIT:

Blast, one too many. I'll recover it. Stand back!

FX:

RUNNING FOOT STEPS... STEP... SPLASH, PADDLE.

ECCLES:

'Ello. Care to join me in a cuppa tea?

SCRATCHIT:

What? what? Have you seen three lumps of sugar come this way?

ECCLES:

No and I've been here since the milk came.

SCROOGE:

Come on, now. Get out and get back to your desks, both of you. Except Eccles and Ned.

FX:

PADDLING IN WATER UNDER:

ECCLES:

Owww!

SCRATCHIT:

For no reason at all, folks: What's the date today?

ECCLES:

Twenty fourth o' December. Christmas Eve.

SCRATCHIT:

So they both fall on the same day. Must be slippery.

SCROOGE:

Yes, well, I don't think we can wait any longer for any more laughs on that one. (INCREASINGLY ANGRY) Now, back to work or I'll belt your nut in!

SCRATCHIT:

But... Mr Scrooge, it's Christmas Eve, the time of goodwill and custard.

SCROOGE:

So it is.

FX:

DISTANT BELLS UNDER NEXT TWO LINES:

SCROOGE:

Merry Christmas, Scratchit.

SCRATCHIT:

Merry Christmas!

SCROOGE:

(INCREASINGLY ANGRY) Now, get back to your desk or I'll belt your nut in!

SCRATCHIT:

Please, Mister Scrooge. Can't I go home two seconds early tonight?

SCROOGE:

(SHOCKED THEN ANGRY) (GASP, GASP) Two seconds! You must be mad!

SCRATCHIT:

I'm as sane as the next bloke.

ECCLES:

I'm the next bloke, folks.

SCRATCHIT:

Please, Mr Scrooge. It's Christmas Eve and custard. My wife is getting the children together for a census and... and custard.

SCROOGE:

No! N.O., pronounced:

GRAMS:

'NO' SPED UP TO HIGH PITCH

GRAMS:

VIOLIN SOLO OF 'HEARTS AND FLOWERS' UNDER:

SCRATCHIT:

(SOBBING) Oh, what a cruel man. Here I am as poor as a church mouse. But much bigger, of course. (VIOLIN STOPS) All I'm paid is one wooden leg a week. And it's only worth half a nicker.

ECCLES:

Remember, Neddie, the wages of sin is death.

SCRATCHIT:

You've just been paid, haven't yer! (GIGGLE)

ECCLES:

What? What? You mind what you say. My father's influential. Did I write that? Influential! He's got a finger in every pie.

SCRATCHIT:

What's his name?

ECCLES:

Sweeny Todd. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! For the next joke, folks, will you put this school cap on and bend down? 'Cause I'm going to chastise you. Now, lad. This is gonna to hurt me more than it hurts you.

SCRATCHIT:

So saying, he hit himself.

FX:

SNAP OF RULER HITTING SOMETHING.

ECCLES:

Owwwww.

FX:

THWACK, THACK.

ECCLES:

Owww, owww.

FX:

TWACK.

ECCLES:

ow.

FX:

THWACK THWACK.

ECCLES:

Oww.

(FADES INTO BACKGROUND HITTING AND OWING).

GELDRAI:

Boys, this is the ideal time for me. Hello, folks. And this is the spirit of Christmas nose. Merry nose and custard, folks. Wally boy? Play that nose and custard music. Ploogie!

MAX GELDRAI:

'JINGLE BELLS'

GREENSLADE:

And so we leave happy 'Conks' Max Geldray with a white Christmas and a red bank statement. Christmas Carol and custard part two. On you marks, bloom!

GRAMS:

STARTERS PISTOL: RUNNING SHOES, THEN SPEEDING UP INTO DISTANCE.

GREENSLADE:

The office of Scrooge at knocking-off time.

ECCLES:

Who's knocked off my sandwiches?

SCRATCHIT:

I was hungry and custard, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Ohhhh.

SCRATCHIT:

Look at my poor emaciated thin body.

ECCLES:

Thin? *You're* thin? Stand on these talking scales.

GRAMS:

MECHANICAL NOISES, CLATTER OF A SPRING AS IT GOES OFF SCALE.

WILLIUM:

Owww! Get 'im orf! Ohh!

SCRATCHIT:

It's a lie and custard, I tell you.

FX:

WHISTLE GOING DOWN.

SCRATCHIT:

Look! I'm so thin my slacks have come down. I'll pull 'em up.

SCROOGE:

Caught you slacking. You're fired. F.I.R.E.D., pronounced...

FX:

EXPLOSION.

SCROOGE:

Here is a week's notice... in lieu of money.

SCRATCHIT:

What about my wooden leg?

SCROOGE:

Put treacle on your head and go as a toffee apple. Now then, Eccles. I trust you.

ECCLES:

Ooooooh, so do I.

SCROOGE:

Good, well, take this Christmas pudding and lodge it in my bank on your way home. You'll remember that?

ECCLES:

(GIBBERISH).

SCROOGE:

Well, it's near enough for jazz.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SCROOGE:

Little does he know the pudding's full of gold threepenny bits worth nearly fifty thousand pounds!

ECCLES:

Too rich for me, folks. Come on, Ned. I'll walk home with you.

SCRATCHIT:

Right. Come on.

GRAMS:

THREE FOOTSTEPS ON COBBLES.

SCRATCHIT:

Wasn't far, was it!

ECCLES:

You remembered the way, too.

SCRATCHIT:

I'll knock on the door of my old-fashioned HP home. Number nine Downing Street.

FX:

DOOR KNOB RATTLE AND DOOR OPENED.

MACMILLAN:

[SELLERS]

You've never had it so good. Goodnight.

FX:

DOOR SLAMMED.

SCRATCHIT:

Wrong home.

ECCLES:

Well, I'll try this, then. What?

FX:

THUMP ON DOOR.

MRS SCRATCHIT:

[SELLERS]

(CAMPY FEMALE VOICE) What is it, sailor?

SCRATCHIT:

Hello, my darling. Merry Christmas and custard.

MRS SCRATCHIT:

Ooooooh. Who are you, then?

SCRATCHIT:

I'm Ned, your husband.

MRS SCRATCHIT:

Ah, hoo! *You* can come in, *your* dinner's in the oven. Oh! Oh, dear. Oh, stop it, Ned.

SCRATCHIT:

Well, it's Christmas.

MRS SCRATCHIT:

Ah, ha, ho, hoo.

SCRATCHIT:

This is Eccles, my workmate.

ECCLES:

'Ello, Mrs Scratchit.

MRS SCRATCHIT:

Ooooooh, hoo-hoo-hooooo!

ECCLES:

It's Christmas, innit? Hoo-howw!

GLADYS:

[ELLINGTON]

Hullo, there, daddy darlin'.

SCRATCHIT:

Ahh, Gladys, my golden-haired daughter. My, how you've changed.

ELLINGTON:

Daughter? I'm you son.

SCRATCHIT:

You *have* changed. No more mixed bathing for you!

ELLINGTON:

(OFF) What?

SCRATCHIT:

Oh, darling wife, I just remembered - I forgot the Christmas pudding.

GRAMS:

FUNEREAL CRYING, WAILING, SOBBING

MORIARTY:

Hello, Daddy. When do we have that nice Christmas pudding, Daddy? Hellooooo, Daddy. Hello, Daddy.

SCRATCHIT:

And who is this darling, wretched, crutty little unshaven creature in the pram?

GRYTPYPE:

This is your first set of twins, Neddie.

SCRATCHIT:

Twins? There's only one of him?

GRYTPYPE:

They had a merger, more economical.

SCRATCHIT:

The last voice came from a man seven foot tall wearing a nappy.

GRYTPYPE:

I am your first-born, Ned. That's why I'm older than you. Hah, hah, hah, hah.

SCRATCHIT:

Now I *know* you're lying, I never had a first child. We started with the second.

GRYTPYPE:

That's right. I'm your first second-child. You musn't doubt your ability, Daddy. Ha, ha, ha, ha. Merry Christmas, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

You said that last year!

FX:

SLAP.

MORIARTY:

Awwwhh.

GRYTPYPE:

Now to certain things. Let me help you with that naughty heavy Christmas Pudding, little Daddy. Hm, hm. (DESPERATE VOICE) Got it?

MORIARTY:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Quick, Moriarty! Head for part three, I've got friends there.

FX:

WHOOSH, WHOOSH.

SCRATCHIT:

Stop them! Quick! My silent movie piano. Gid up, there!

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO: TINKLING UP AND DOWN KEYS. FADES.

GREENSLADE:

If the audience will all get *their* pianos ready, they too can join in the chase. Ready? Go!

ORCHESTRA:

GALLOPING UP AND DOWN KEYS (OTHER INSTRUMENTS IN BACKGROUND).

GRYTPYPE:

(ANGRY) You hear that, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Owww.

GRYTPYPE:

We're being pursued by pianos.

MORIARTY:

Ohhhh.

GRYTPYPE:

We've got to throw them off the scent.

MORIARTY:

(YELPS)

GRYTPYPE:

In the bath.

MORIARTY:

Owee!

FX:

SPLASH.

MORIARTY:

(YELPS)

FX:

SCRUBBING UNDER:

GRYTPYPE:

Now, scrub those crutty knees.

MORIARTY:

Be careful.

GRYTPYPE:

Why?

FX:

SCRUBBING CONTINUES FOR A FEW SECONDS WITH NO ONE SPEAKING.

NUGENT DIRT:

[SECOMBE]

Pardon me, sir. Sorry to interrupt your honeymoon. Ha-har! But have you got any windows you'd like cleaning, an' 'at?

GRYTPYPE:

No, what? No, what... what's it? Er, no I... I'm sorry, I haven't got one on me. But wait! Is that your ladder?

SECOMBE:

Yes, licensed to carry two people and custard.

GRYTPYPE:

Could we hire it?

SECOMBE:

It doesn't go any higher, it's fully grown.

MORIARTY:

Is it for sale? Is it for sale?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes!

SECOMBE:

Well, make me an offer.

FX:

GREAT CLATTERING OF SHEET METAL, OCCASIONAL CHINKS OF HAMMER DROPPING ONTO CONCRETE?

MORIARTY:

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

SECOMBE:

Oh, lovely. A ton of reeking contemporary rubbish. Just what I want. You see, I bought the wife a dustbin for Christmas and I don't want to give it to her empty.

GRYTPYPE:

Sentimental fool! Moriarty, start the ladder and balance that bath on top.

MORIARTY:

Yah, yah, yah.

GRAMS:

SINGING OVER MOTOR AND BUBBLING/POPPING NOISES FADE OFF INTO DISTANCE. THEN FADE IN OF DRUNKEN PIANO NOTES, WINDING DOWN TO POPS, DUCK CALL, CLANKS.

SCRATCHIT:

(GASPING) Ah! Ah, blast! Run out of music. Just when I was over-taking them.

WILLIUM:

'Oo's that standing on my nut?

SCRATCHIT:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? Where... where are you, then?

WILLIUM:

I'm down this 'ole, man.

SCRATCHIT:

What? Oh, I'm sorry! To think I was travelling on a-head? Ha, ha, ha. Hello.

WILLIUM:

Sewer-man Sam, they calls me, mate.

SCRATCHIT:

Good luck, chum.

WILLIUM:

Ta. 'Ere. You haven't got a cloths peg 'andy, have yer?

SCRATCHIT:

No, have you?

WILLIUM:

No, no. What other game can we play now?

SCRATCHIT:

Have you seen two men on thin steaming legs pass this way?

WILLIUM:

Ooh, yern, yern. They leaved 'ere on a ladder. One twit was balancing a bath on top on it. And the other twit was clutching a Christmas pudding 'twixt his knee.

SCRATCHIT:

That's them, all right.

WILLIUM:

Oh. I was only guessing. Ah, well, I'll come up for a smoke. 'Ere, mate, would you care for a toe rag?

SCRATCHIT:

Thank you, just what I need. Wait! This isn't a toe rag, it's a cigarette!

WILLIUM:

Oh, well, I... I don't know, I don't know, I...

SCRATCHIT:

Now, look. Whose is... whose is that two-seater pile of rubbish and custard?

WILLIUM:

It's mine, mate, a present from an enemy.

SCRATCHIT:

Want to rent it?

WILLIUM:

Cost you one wooden leg.

SCRATCHIT:

Here's half a knicker.

FX:

TEARING.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh! Mind what you're doing, sailor.

SCRATCHIT:

Min of Balham! What are you doing in that pram?

MINNIE:

It makes me look younger.

SCRATCHIT:

Makes the pram look older (GIGGLES).

MINNIE:

Never you mind, Ned. If it can happen to Lolita, it can happen to me.

SCRATCHIT:

I must be off.

MINNIE:

Be off, then!

GRAMS:

BRRMMMM OF CAR, WITH TAMBOURINES AND MALE VOICE SINGING SPEEDING UP AND FADING INTO DISTANCE.

BLUEBOTTLE:

'Eere. I was underneath that car, cleanin' it! What a twinnick I look lyin on my back in the middle of the road. One arm held up clutching a piece of oily rag. Supposing a policeman had asked me what I was doing? I would say, "Conderble, I cannot tell a lie. I'm breaking the world's record for oily rag clutching". Ah. Hello, everybuddy. I didn't see you all dere. Merry Christmas and custard to you all. Are you all getting nice things in your stockings? I'm getting legs in mine. (SINGS) Good King Wenceslas looked...

FX:

WHOOSH, JELLY SPLOSH.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Mnk. Ah-huur! Who... Who threw that junior spaceman Christmas pudding at me?

ECCLES:

Merry Christmas, Bottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles, you twit.

ECCLES:

Hup! Splashhhh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

What you doing swimming up the pavement?

ECCLES:

Nuthin like a dip in the morning. Hup! Splash.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You dive under the pavement?

ECCLES:

Yah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You must be mad.

ECCLES:

Can't argue with facts, folks.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ignorance is no excuse, Eccles.

ECCLES:

How about stupidity?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, come on, then, show us how you can dive under the pavement, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Well, ummm.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Come on, show us.

ECCLES:

Dat's one of my secrets.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Go on.

ECCLES:

Ok, then. Alright then, watch.

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, HUP, WHISTLE UP, DINK, BONK.

ECCLES:

Owww, owww!. Oooh! Ooooh. My secret's out. I nearly went unconscious, then.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, you worry, Eccles, I can cure that unconsciousness.

ECCLES:

Ohhh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Stop ad-libbing, man. Hand me that tax-free hammer. Now then, close your little eyes.

ECCLES:

Right.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Now close your big ones.

FX:

THUMP!

ECCLES:

Owww! Owowow! Owww...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ladies and gentlemen. My subject's head is now unconscious. By using the Blunebottle special waiting method, I will restore him to health. While we are waiting, um... we will wait. (SINGS A LITTLE TUNE). I wonder what the folks back home are doing?

SCRATCHIT:

(OFF) We're not doing anything.

ECCLES:

Owowow! That laid an egg. What happened?

BLUEBOTTLE:

See! He is conscious!

ECCLES:

Ow.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have cured... (SELLERS GIGGLES) I have cured him of the unconsciousness.

GRAMS:

CORNY CHORD AND CYMBAL CRASH.

ECCLES:

How much do I owe you, doc?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Nothing.

ECCLES:

That's cheap.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah. I don't know how I keep goin'. If you're struck down in the future, here's my card in case.

ECCLES:

Ooh, a card in a little case.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Keeps the rain off. Ehee-he! Bye, bye Eccles.

ECCLES:

Bye, bye Bottle. There goes a clever man.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Where?

ECCLES:

(SINGS TO HIMSELF) Dat man dere wid a hairy heeeead....

ELLINGTON:

Man these introductions get worse allll the time.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'BRING OUT THE BEAST IN ME'

GRAMS:

BABY CRYING UNDER:

GREENSLADE:

That was Beethoven's fifth and Ray Ellington's third. Remember, ladies, Ray Ellington is now on sale in the new four ounce tins.

SELLERS:

Yes. Ray Ellington lasts the whole drink through. Mmmm... Ellington Fong.

GREENSLADE:

It doesn't get any clearer.

SELLERS:

No.

SECOMBE:

You can say that again. (LAUGHS)

SELLERS:

(OFF) What about the old brandy, there?

GREENSLADE:

However, from the privacy of my own Christmas trousers, I announce the last part of Christmas tails, you lose. The scene. Two criminals are approaching the home of a Mr Watt, a Welsh expert on Dickens.

SECOMBE:

(WELSH ACCENT) 'What the Dickens', they call me! (LAUGHS). I was sitting in my farmhouse in Brecon when...

MORIARTY:

Look, Grytpype, there's a man sitting in his farmhouse in Brecon when...

GRYTPYPE:

What? Must be fifty mile away! I'll knock.

MORIARTY:

(LOUDLY) Knock! Knock!

FX:

DOOR KNOB, DOOR OPENING.

SECOMBE:

(HIGH PITCHED) Ooooh! A couple of English scrags and a ladder.

MORIARTY:

Ladder.

GRYTPYPE:

Sir. We are two impoverished professional Christmas Pudding eaters.

MORIARTY:

Please, sir. All we ask is a nice table and two chairs facing inwards.

SECOMBE:

Well, seeing as 'ow it's Christmas and custard come in. (CALLING) Vanweeee?

FX:

DOOR CLOSED.

SECOMBE:

This is my wife.

GRYTPYPE:

She sounds like a door.

VANWEE:

[GELDRAY]

Hello, darling boys. Welcome to a real Welsh home, bach. It's a warm bruc moonlich nach tunach, the noo. I can't help loving that man of mine.

GRYTPYPE:

Must be *hell* in Wales.

SECOMBE:

How dare you talk about my old Dutch like that!

GRYTPYPE:

Don't you move, hairy Welshman! You and that Dutch thing in drag get into the cupboard. Hurry man, you're due at the door any second in your role of Scratchit.

FX:

THREE BANGS ON DOOR.

SCRATCHIT:

You're right, there I am now.

GRYTPYPE:

Quick, Moriarty! Swallow that pudding downwind.

MORIARTY:

Pzaahhh!

SCRATCHIT:

Noooo, you don't! Don't move, Moriarty. This match, recognise it?

MORIARTY:

That match! That match is the one that belongs to Thynne and me.

GRYTPYPE:

Hello, match:

SCRATCHIT:

And that, folks, is how Moriarty and Grytpype met their match!

ORCHESTRA:

CORNY CHORD AND CYMBAL CRASH.

SPRIGGS:

Nearly finished, folks.

SELLERS:

(OFF) Nearly forgot, folks! Penny for that voice. Part three: All's well that ends well.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) By Jove, yes.

SCRATCHIT:

Folks! I return home with my Christmas Pudding intact, doing my own continuity.

OMNES:

GENERAL HUBBUB OF VOICES AND BLOWING THOSE PARTY THINGS - PARTY NOISE UNDER:

SCROOGE:

Ah, Merry Christmas. Welcome home, Scratchit.

SCRATCHIT:

Mr Scrooge and custard, what are you doing here, wearing a funny paper hat, a ginger wig and a three legged cardboard suit?

SCROOGE:

I've changed drastically, I'm no longer a miser. Here, Ned, a present for you.

SCRATCHIT:

What I've always wanted - a white spotted bowler.

SCROOGE:

Yes. The Trafalgar Square special.

SCRATCHIT:

Let's give 'em the second version of that gag, shall we?

SCROOGE:

Why not? Here, Ned, is a present for you.

SCRATCHIT:

A white spotted bowler.

ELLINGTON:

Yeah. Next year, I'm playin' for the West Indies.

SELLERS:

(WOMAN) First time was better, wasn't it?

ORCHESTRA:

NEW BLOODNOK THEME UNDER:

BLOODNOK:

Left, left, left, right, left. And on the other legs available... Halt! (MUSIC STOPS). Oh! Now to certain things. Are you ready, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Sure.

BLOODNOK:

Now tell me, have you ever been hit with a sockful of grit?

ECCLES:

No!

FX:

THUMP, WALLOP

ECCLES:

Owww!

BLOODNOK:

In future the answer will be "Yes!" Are you ready? One, two!

FX:

SLOW BRASS BAND DRUM BEAT

BLOODNOK:

(SINGING) Good King Wenceslas last looked out... Look out, Wencelas! On the feast of Stephen...

ECCLES:

When the snow...

BLOODNOK:

Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles.

BLOODNOK:

When the snow lay all about, round and crisp and...

SCRATCHIT:

Ah, listen! A military carol singer! A merry Christmas to you, sir! A merry Christmas to you, sir.

BLOODNOK:

To *hell* with all that rubbish, sir. What about the money?

SCRATCHIT:

Great gazookas!

BLOODNOK:

Aahurgh! Where!

ECCLES:

Where?

SCRATCHIT:

Major Dennis Bloodnok in the flesh.

BLOODNOK:

It's only a temporary arrangement, I assure you. I happened to be passing and I heard the sound of a merry X certificate Christmas party. Feeling no pain and having no fear.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh.

BLOODNOK:

What?

MINNIE:

Dennis. Dennis of Doo-Lally.

BLOODNOK:

What?

MINNIE:

My old steaming sweetheart.

BLOODNOK:

What! Min of Mongolia!

MINNIE:

[UNCLEAR].

BLOODNOK:

Ooh, me bukes!

MINNIE:

Dennis, look! (SINGS) I'm underneath the mistletoe...

BLOODNOK:

Oh, ho, ho, hoooo!

MINNIE:

It's all free, all free.

BLOODNOK:

Now, then.

MINNIE:

Ready.

BLOODNOK:

Close your eyes, Min.

MINNIE:

Readyyyy.

FX:

RIFLE SHOT AND RICOCHETS.

BLOODNOK:

Right in the old seasonals. Now then, Ned of Wales. What is this that I hear about you and a four-eyed woman?

SCRATCHIT:

Four-eyed woman? What are...?

BLOODNOK:

I heard you sing it on some record: (SINGS) 'I love you for eye...' you were saying.

SCRATCHIT:

A song!

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

SCRATCHIT:

A Christmas song, just...

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh, I wondered...

SCRATCHIT:

...what we need to avoid a funny play-off.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, what a good idea.

SCRATCHIT:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, yeah, they're grand, he, he, he. Come, let us all pull together, this is the time of agreement among men.

ECCLES:

Agreement!

SCRATCHIT:

Let us sing a white Christmas.

ECCLES:

And faster, too!

SCRATCHIT:

One, two.

(ALL SINGING DIFFERENTLY TOTALLY OUT OF HARMONY AND DIFFERENT WORDS)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. Just about [UNCLEAR]...

SCRATCHIT:

(SINGS "I'M DREAMING OF A WHITE CHRISTMAS")

BLOODNOK:

Sing. Hark the herald angels...

MINNIE:

No, no, no. What about you [UNCLEAR]...

ECCLES:

I don't like that song.

(THEY CONTINUE UNDER...)

GREENSLADE:

And as the Goons bluff through the playoff, we wish a merry Christmas and custard to human beings everywhere. And it appears to me they are just about everywhere. What a pity. Goodnight.

FX:

WALLOP (JELLY SPLOSH).

GREENSLADE:

Owwwwww!

ORCHESTRA:

TRYING TO GET GOING, NOISES OF HORSES AND THUNDERING HOOVES, THEN COME UP WITH VERY BAD CHRISTMAS CAROL MUSIC, WITH NOISE OF DROPPING METAL, BONKS AND OWWS, SLIDING INTO PLAYOUT TUNE.

Notes:

HP = Hire Purchase (credit)

On 22 July 1957 UK Prime Minister Harold Macmillan was quoted in the Times saying "Let's be frank about it: most of our people have never had it so good". That became a slogan of his Conservative government.

Vanwee is a short form of the name Myfanwy

(Welsh) bach = mate