

## S10 E04 - Robin's Post

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

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### **GREENSLADE:**

This is the BBC. It feareth not and holdeth forth not, but it keepeth friends with alleth.

### **SEAGOON:**

And a ripe twit thou soundest.

### **GREENSLADE:**

In the absence of entertainment we present...

### **ORCHESTRA:**

TATTY GONG

### **SELLERS:**

The Great Brown all the way from mysterious Upper Dicker. No question is too difficult.

### **SPRIGGS:**

First question, please.

### **CLUTT:**

[SECOMBE]

(TWIT) My name is Gladys Clutt.

### **SPRIGGS:**

There is no cure. Next, please!

### **CLUTT:**

No, no! My name is Gladys Clutt spelt with a Masculine G as in Gee Whizz.

### **SELLERS:**

(CAMP) I'm his friend.

### **SPRIGGS:**

I thought you were! Now, just stand in that open crocodile and wait for the first spring swallow.  
Next, please!

### **SEAGOON:**

Who won the Battle of Waterloo?

**SPRIGGS:**

Tom F'ning.

**SEAGOON:**

Wrong! It was Lord Wellington.

**SPRIGGS:**

It's only your word against mine, Jim.

**ORCHESTRA:**

TATTY CHORD IN C

**GUSHING BBC TWIT ANNOUNCER:**

[SELLERS]

And this week's 'Workers Playtime' came from a cake-bottling factory in Burton Wood. Now then, here is the foreman's name...

**SEAGOON:**

Tom Hopkin.

**GRAMS:**

ROARS OF LAUGHTER. GOATS AND COWS

**GREENSLADE:**

That was the sound of the human race. Resignation forms are now available. Now, to certain things.

**CORNISH IDIOT:**

[SELLERS]

(WEST COUNTRY ACCENT) Arrr to that, sir, arrr!

**GREENSLADE:**

The part of the Cornish idiot was played at short notice by a very well-known Cornish idiot player.

**CORNISH IDIOT:**

Ho, ho, harrrr! Ho, ho, ho, harrrr! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

**GREENSLADE:**

Ta. We present a tragedy, the story of Lord Seagoon. Playboy of the Western Approaches, great lover, man of action, athlete, slob, and great wit.

**ORCHESTRA:**

DRAMATIC CHORDS

**GRAMS:**

OLD TIME ORCHESTRA PLAYING THE LANCERS IN THE DISTANCE. BACKGROUND MURMUR AND LAUGHTER OF THE DANCERS CONTINUES THROUGH...

**MILLIGAN:**

You look lovely tonight, Daphne.

**DAPHNE:**

[SELLERS]

Oh, you're just saying that.

**MILLIGAN:**

Come, let's go into the garden.

**DAPHNE:**

Alright, you tease.

**MILLIGAN:**

You naughty girl! Aha, ha, ha, ha!

**GRAMS:**

FADES OVER NEXT LINE

**SEAGOON:**

Hear that maddening sound of gaiety, music and acting? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

**THROAT:**

Yes.

**SEAGOON:**

It took place in Robin's Post, my ancestral home at Hailsham, Sussex, SW3. Now, it's all gone. G.O.N.E., pronounced...

**GRAMS MILLIGAN:**

SAYING VERY FAST 'GOOOOOONE'

**SEAGOON:**

I was rich, as you will now hear.

**GRAMS SEAGOON:**

(SPED UP) I ri-i-ich, ahoy!

**SEAGOON:**

See? That was me then. This is me now speaking. A ruined, broken, crumbling man, going to pieces.

**FX:**

LENGTH OF THE TUBULAR BELL FROM THE TUBULAR BELLS. LET DROP ON THE FLOOR

**SEAGOON:**

There goes another bit.

**SELLERS:**

After her, men.

**SEAGOON:**

Her? Er, yes. It... (GIGGLES) (CLEARS THROAT) Yes, it was a woman who brought me to this low. This and short legs.

**GRAMS:**

QUACK OF DUCK

**SEAGOON:**

Duck's disease! The curse of the Seagoons!

**MILLIGAN:**

(OFF) Don't say it here.

**SEAGOON:**

Anyhow, we met years ago. Her name was Penelope, mine was Ned. Why, I can hear her now.

**PENELOPE:**

[SELLERS]

(OLD DEAR) Hello, Ned dear.

**SEAGOON:**

There she is! But let us go back to when it allllll started. It was Nineteen-Hundred-And-One and I was holding a masked ball.

**GRAMS:**

SURGE UP THE DANCERS AND THE MUSIC. THEN DOWN.

**OMNES:**

ODD LINES OF CHATTER. 'GAD, SHE'S GOT A TRIM ANKLE', ETC.

**GRYTPYPE:**

We shall be *leaping*, soon! Tell me, Lord Seagoon, why are you holding that masked ball?

**SEAGOON:**

This is no ordinary ball.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Don't frighten me, Ned.

**SEAGOON:**

This man was the powerful Lord Thynne, power behind the throne, owner of The Times, Peer of the Realm and relief pianist at the Hackney Empire.

**MORIARTY:**

Ah, bon soir, [UNCLEAR].

**GRYTPYPE:**

Heh, heh, heh.

**MORIARTY:**

Tell me, Neddie. What is that ball made from?

**SEAGOON:**

Oh, silly old gold.

**GRAMS MORIARTY:**

SERIES OF SCREAMS AND YELLS ABOUT GOLD. TAKE THREE OVERLAPPING TRACKS.

**FX:**

SLAPSTICK FAST TWICE

**MORIARTY:**

(YELPS IN PAIN)

**GRYTPYPE:**

Steady, Moriarty. It's only gold.

**MORIARTY:**

Gold!

**FX:**

SLAPSTICK FAST TWICE

**MORIARTY:**

(YELPS IN PAIN)

**GRYTPYPE:**

Come, now. Let us weigh it on this set of scales I happen to have handy. There.

**GRAMS:**

SQUEAK OF SCALES, SPRINGS BOINGING

**GRYTPYPE:**

Fourteen carrots, three turnips and a mango. Gad, it's worth its weight in greens.

**SEAGOON:**

But what does it mean to me, Lord Thynne, me, a man of means?

**FX:**

HEAVY BOOTS CLUMPING ACROSS A WOODEN FLOOR

**ECCLES:**

Hello, Neddle! I danced every dance since it started. Ooh-owww-ohh! Lancers and the reels. Um.. Tan-jo. The waltz.

**SEAGOON:**

Who's the lucky girl?

**ECCLES:**

Ooh, I didn't bother about them! Ha-hum! I did it all on my own. Ho-how! It's safer.

**SEAGOON:**

This is... this is my half-brother, Eccles. We... keep him for hitting.

**GRYTPYPE:**

I'm pleased to meet you.

**FX:**

SLAPSTICK

**ECCLES:**

Owwww! Ta! How do you do?

So you're his half-brother.

Yeah, we haven't found out where the other half is, yet.

**FX:**

SLAPSTICK

**ECCLES:**

Owwww! Thank you, thank you. Just a minute, I'm not the idiot you think I am.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Oh? Which idiot are you, then?

**ECCLES:**

What I mean is, I'm a... I'm a great thinker.

**GRYTPYPE:**

For instance?

**ECCLES:**

Well, for instance, I think... er... erm... I think I'll go home.

**GRYTPYPE:**

You thought of that all by yourself?

**ECCLES:**

Well, if you put it like that, yes.

**GRYTPYPE:**

I see. Time for 'Conks' Geldray, the golden plum.

**FX:**

SLAPSTICK

**GELDRAY:**

Thank you! Thank you!

**MAX GELDRAY & ORCHESTRA:**

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

**GELDRAY:**

That was the music of Conks Geldray, folks. Conks lets in air.

**GREENSLADE:**

Mr. Geldray wishes it known that the Conks Anonymous Club is now open for membership. Part Two of our tragedy.

**GRAMS:**

OLD TIME MUSIC AS BEFORE. MUSIC STOPS - POLITE APPLAUSE. LAUGHTER OF DANCERS LEAVING THE FLOOR

**SEAGOON:**

Between dances we sat on the balcony smoking port and drinking sherry.

**GRYTPYPE:**

(ASIDE) Moriarty, stand by the light switch. Neddie, let us have a look at the golden ball.

**GRAMS:**

CRACKLING OF ELECTRICITY. DANCERS REACTION

**SEAGOON:**

Don't panic, folks. It's only the gas mantles fusing. Aha, ha, ha! Carry on dancing.

**GERALDO:**

[SELLERS]

What do you mean? My boys can't see to play in the dark. Tell 'im! Tell 'im! Tell 'im! Tell 'im

[UNCLEAR]...

**SEAGOON:**

Can't you busk?

**SELLERS:**

...get wet. No, we don't... we don't playin' in the dark, we 'ave trouble in the dark.

**SEAGOON:**

Nonsense, hand me an instrument, I'll play. Waltz, please.

**ORCHESTRA:**

DRUMS: PLAY WALTZ TEMPO

**SEAGOON:**

And so the magic of my waltz rhythm rang through the hall Ha, ha, ha! (SINGS) Fertang, fertang, fertang, tang, tang. But! In the rosy light of dawn, I discovered myself sitting in the middle of a field in full evening dress playing the drums. Ho, ho, ho, ho! I took immediate action. I... I stopped playing. "Next dance, please!"

**ORCHESTRA:**

DRUM ROLL AND CYMBAL.

**SEAGOON:**

I said.

**WILLIUM:**

'Ello, 'ello. We got a right twit 'ere.

**SEAGOON:**

Ah, good morning, Constabule.



**WILLIUM:**

Hello, sonny. You lost a band, 'ave yer?

**SEAGOON:**

No, someone has stolen Robin's Post, my ancestral home.

**WILLIUM:**

Oh. 'Ere, you haven't escaped from anywhere, 'ave yer?

**SEAGOON:**

What do you mean?

**WILLIUM:**

Well, you know, one of them. (PUTS FINGER IN MOUTH - WOBBLES) Woowoowoowoo.

**SEAGOON:**

I say! I say! How do you do that?

**WILLIUM:**

Oh, er... (DOES IT AGAIN)

**SEAGOON:**

I say, how grand! Let me try, er...

**WILLIUM:**

Yeah.

**SEAGOON:**

(PUTS FINGER IN MOUTH - WOBBLES) Woowoowoowoo. Aha, ha, ha, ha! I say, let's... let's do it together, shall we?

**SEAGOON & WILLIUM:**

(THEY DO).

**SEAGOON:**

I say, this *is* fun, isn't it.

**WILLIUM:**

Yeah.

**SEAGOON:**

(HE DOES IT AGAIN). Ha, ha, ha, ha!

**WILLIUM:**

Yeah, it's all tax-free an' all, mate, yeah!

**SEAGOON:**

(DOES IT AGAIN).

**WILLIUM:**

Now, come along, mate, off to the station, now.

**GRAMS SEAGOON:**

PROTESTING 'NO! NO!WO WO (SPEED UP SLOWLY) I'M NOT WO WO WOW - LET ME GO, I TELL YOU'

**WILLIUM:**

(OVER GRAMS) Come on, a few powders and you'll be all right on it, I tell yer.

**ORCHESTRA:**

SOFT SAD LONG DULL CHORD. TWO BAR HOT BREAK ON TROMBONE

**GREENSLADE:**

Very puzzling. Part Two

**FX:**

RATTLING IRON DOOR

**SEAGOON:**

Let me out of this place! Take this jacket off me, itell you! (CONTINUES PROTESTING BEHIND GREENSLADE)

**GREENSLADE:**

Lord Seagoon had been incarcerated in a gentlemen's rest home in Sussex on a charge of going 'Wo wo wo wo wo'. Illusions of grandeur and duck's disease. Wow wo wo wo wo! I say, it's not difficult, is it. Wo wo wo wo wo.

**WILLIUM:**

In you go, an' all, mate.

**GRAMS:**

IRON DOOR SLAMS

**GREENSLADE:**

Hey, you can't lock me away, I'm from the BBC. Wo wo wo wo wo wo!

**WILLIUM:**

You're just the right type, mate. Ohhhh! Wo wo wo wo, mate-oh.

**SEAGOON:**

It's no good, Wal! Woo-woo-woo-woo! We've got to get out of here. I'll bake a cake, put a file in it and post it to myself.

**SPRIGGS:**

Parcel for you!

**SEAGOON:**

It's arrived!

**FX:**

RAPID RIPPING OPEN

**SEAGOON:**

And here's the file. Now, while I claw a hole in the wall with my bare hands, you cover up the sound by filing through your teeth.

**FX:**

FILING

**BLOODNOK:**

I say. Are you filing your teeth?

**GREENSLADE:**

Yes.

**BLOODNOK:**

Well put them under 'T', would you?

**ORCHESTRA:**

ONE LONG LOW NOTE ON AN OBOE

**BLOODNOK:**

Thank you. Have tenor's friend, will travel.

**SEAGOON:**

Bloodnok! How did you get in here?

**BLOODNOK:**

I have the OBE and attachments, you know. Also, a parcel of steamed squid.

**SEAGOON:**

Well, shut up, man. Help me dig a tunnel.

**GRAMS:**

DIGGING UP ROCKS BY HAND

**BLOODNOK:**

Ohh! Ooooooh! In that order.

**SEAGOON:**

You've got to get rid of these rocks.

**BLOODNOK:**

I'm eating them as fast as I can, I tell you!

**SEAGOON & BLOODNOK:**

(GRUNTING)

**GRAMS:**

ROCKS BEING PILED

**GREENSLADE:**

What are you doing, Mr. Seagoon?

**SEAGOON:**

Ya nit, I'm trying to tunnel out.

**BLOODNOK:**

Now, Ned of Wales. Bloodnock of Anywhere will get you out of this hole provided you sign the contract on this boiled egg.

**SEAGOON:**

Is this contract binding?

**BLOODNOK:**

A real eye waterer. Now, let me have your deposit, this set of drums will do. Gad! Ohhh! They look in fine military condition. Just adjust me miller. Now. I'll do a parrididdle on 'em.

**SEAGOON:**

Don't you dare!

**BLOODNOK:**

What!

**ORCHESTRA:**

DRUMS PLAY A MILITARY BEAT. SIDE DRUM AND UNDAMPENED BASS DRUM

**BLOODNOK:**

(OVER ORCHESTRA SINGS HIS FAVOURITE MILITARY MELODY. ALL FADE INTO DISTANCE)

**SEAGOON:**

He escaped by military drums. Thank heavens he's gone.

**BLOODNOK:**

And thank heavens he's back again.

**ORCHESTRA:**

ONE LONG LOW NOTE ON AN OBOE

**BLOODNOK:**

Thank you. 'The Return of Bloodnok', Part Three. Hello, Ned of Wales. Look, we've all been imprisoned here for woowoowoo.

**SEAGOON:**

Why should we spend the rest of our time here?

**BLOODNOK:**

True.

**SEAGOON:**

Look, this is *my* plan.

**GRAMS:**

EXPLOSION. SERIES OF ELECTRONIC SOUNDS

**BLOODNOK:**

It sounds infallible. When do we start?

**SEAGOON:**

Now. First we must contact a solicitor. Contact!

**CRUN:**

Contact.

**GRAMS:**

PROPELLER-ENGINED PLANE ROARS INTO LIFE THEN SLURS TO A STOP

**CRUN:**

Contact made. Welcome to Whacklow, Futtle and Crun, Bannister. Solicitors for Oaths, Thin Oil and Certain Thinggggggs.

**MINNIE:**

Thinggggg! Thinggggg!

**ORCHESTRA:**

ALL JOIN IN 'THING. THING, THING', ETC. AS RANDOM NOTES ARE BLOWN ON A TRUMPET

**CRUN:**

Thinggggs are catching on, Min. Thingggg. Now, sir. What, apart from your plasticine nose, is the trouble?

**SEAGOON:**

My wife left me.

**CRUN:**

Where did she leave you?

**SEAGOON:**

At home.

**CRUN:**

Describe him.

**SEAGOON:**

No, you see, my wife didn't understand dme.

**CRUN:**

Oh? Why not?

**SEAGOON:**

She only spoke Bulgarian.

**CRUN:**

What was her name?

**SEAGOON:**

Mrs Seagoon.

**CRUN:**

Ohhh. So, she's a *married* woman? There's a clue. Have you got a description of her?

**FX:**

RUSTLING OF PLANS

**SEAGOON:**

Here. Here's a complete set of plans of her.

**CRUN:**

But these are the plans of a house.

**SEAGOON:**

She's inside. All we've got to do is find that house and there she'll be!

**CRUN:**

Ahhh, yemnoooahh. Min of Mongolia?

**MINNIE:**

I won't be a second!

**CRUN:**

Good. There's no money in the boxing game, Min.

**MINNIE:**

Back, back, all of you.

**CRUN:**

Min of Mongolia...

**MINNIE:**

I never wrote it.

**CRUN:**

Leave the...

**MINNIE:**

It often gives me the...

**CRUN:**

Put your saxophone down and listen. This... this man in the mosquito net hat is a new client.

**SEAGOON:**

How do you do?

**MINNIE:**

I didn't catch the name.

**SEAGOON:**

I haven't dropped it yet.

**FX:**

TUBULAR BELL DROPPED ON STAGE WITH A TELEGRAPH POLE CLANG

**SEAGOON:**

That's it!

**MINNIE:**

Oh, dear, dear.

**CRUN:**

Ohhh.

**MINNIE:**

Mr. Steel. He... He's coming. He's coming nearer. He's almost here. He's arriiived!

**SEAGOON:**

Who?

**MINNIE:**

Ha, ha, haaa!

**CRUN:**

Now, Ned. That will be a pound. Come and see us in ten guineas' time.

**SEAGOON:**

Have you change of a yakamakakaaaa? Oh, you haven't, eh? Ha, ha! Then to hell with you!

**GRAMS:**

WOLF HOWL

**RAY:**

Man, that sounds like my cue. And I don't like it. I don't like it at all!

**RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:**

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

**GREENSLADE:**

Part Three of certain thingssss.

**GRAMS:**

TANK TRANSPORTER RUMBLING ALONG THE ROAD

**MORIARTY:**

(SINGS) Riding along the King's highwayyyyy. Riding along the King's highwayyyyy.



**GRYTPYPE:**

Happy, Moriarty?

**MORIARTY:**

Ahhh, devine.

**GRYTPYPE:**

I say. There's something in the road ahead.

**MORIARTY:**

It *is* a head. With a body attached.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

It's mine, Bottle of Finchley.

**MORIARTY:**

Ahhh!

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Can you give me a lift to London Town?

**MORIARTY:**

Go on, hop it.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

It's too far to hop it.

**ECCLES:**

'Ello, Bottle (GIBBERISH WITH MILLIGAN MORPHING BETWEEN ECCLES AND MORIARTY AND BACK AGAIN TO ECCLES). 'Ello, Bottle.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Cor, look at him in brown evening dress. It's Eccles of Lengths.

**ECCLES:**

He's okay, Moriarty, he's a friend of mine. Come on up, Bottle.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Ohh, ta, Eccles. Here's a cigarette card of a newt.

**ECCLES:**

Ohhh.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

And here's one of a King Edward potato at two months old.

**ECCLES:**

(GULPS AND EATS THE POTATO) Delicious!

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Do you know what?

**ECCLES:**

What?

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

I been doing life-guard duties on the Splon beach at Ratsgate.

**ECCLES:**

Ohhhhh. I didn't know you could swim in water, Bottle.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

I don't swim in a water bottle.

**ECCLES:**

What? No, what I meant was... I didn't know you could... er... um... I'm not gonna tell you!

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Yeah.

**ECCLES:**

There! I didn't...

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Shall I tell you?

**ECCLES:**

What? Da, what?

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Do you know that I had to learn to swim at two weeks old.

**ECCLES:**

Two weeks old, eh? Why?

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

The vicar dropped me in the font.

**GRAMS:**

SPLASH AND BUBBLES

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

I went. 'Ello everybody.

**ECCLES:**

I'm not stoppin' 'ere.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Ooh, I didn't see you was all out there. One, two, three, four five. (SINGS IN MONOTONE) Fifteen men on dead man's chest. Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum. (NORMAL) Oh, not such a big crowd tonight, then. I wonder if little Bottle's losing the public that has kept him in liquorice and long shorts for all these years? I wonder if I'm a fallen idol? Another was-been? Noooooo! Noooooo! I shall go on from triumph to triumph!

**FX:**

SWANEE WHISTLE DOWN AND THUD VERY FAST

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Oh, my trousers a-come down! Never again will I trust knotted string from Freda Milge.

**ECCLES:**

Never m... Ooooh! Ha-hum! You better have a brandy.

**GRAMS:**

LONG POURING FROM A THREE GALLON TIN INTO A GLASS. THEN A LONG SYPHON OF SODA

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

[UNCLEAR].

**ECCLES:**

There we are. (SINGS A LITTLE TUNE WHILE HE POURS FOR A LONG TIME)

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

No thank you. Ring! Ring! Ring! The phone. Hello?

**SEAGOON:**

Hello, Bottle! Help me! Where is Robin's Post?

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

It's on a lorry going down the Great North Road.

**SEAGOON:**

You will be rewarded for this with a twill nightie and a spare sock. Gid up, there! Ha, ha, hooooo!

**GRAMS:**

LONE RANGER/WILLIAM TELL THEME PLAYED FAST UNDER...

**HERN:**

[SELLERS]

Yes. A fiery horse, a flash of light. Two pounds of potatoes, a small brown loaf. Hey, ho! And it's the Lone Rangerrrrr!

**SEAGOON:**

Gid up, proud beauty!

**SELLERS:**

(OLD WOMAN) All right, dear.

**FX:**

SLOW COCONUT SHELLS

**GRYTPYPE:**

Ring, ring, ring in the direction of Ned.

**SEAGOON:**

What's that? It sounds like a telephone. (TASTES) It *tastes* like a telephone!

**BLOODNOK:**

What number does it taste like?

**SEAGOON:**

Hastings 1066.

**BLOODNOK:**

That's us.

**SEAGOON:**

Hello, us!

**MORIARTY:**

(ON PHONE) Listen, Neddie. I'm warning you not to follow us.

**SEAGOON:**

Arrest that phone! The man on the other end is a criminule!

**FX:**

HANDCUFFS AND CHAINS ON TELEPHONE

**SEAGOON:**

There! Hello? Hello? Blast, he's escaped! This phone is empty! Tararaaaaa!

**BLOODNOK:**

It's near enough for jazz.

**SEAGOON:**

We'd never catch them on a horse. But, just as I said that, folks, an old Indian hooker drew up on a nearby canal.

**LALKAKA:**

Hello? Hello? Hello, hello, Mr... Mr Neddie Man.

**BANERJEE:**

Hello, hello. Hindu. Here is our card.

**LALKAKA:**

Our card, our card, our card.

**SEAGOON:**

(READING) "Jim Jones and Tom Squat, Printers"?

**BANERJEE:**

Well, they are the men we bought the cards from.

**LALKAKA:**

We're getting them the... second-hand, you know.

**SEAGOON:**

Cast offffffff.

**LALKAKA:**

Cast off [UNCLEAR]...

**ORCHESTRA:**

OPEN SEA MUSIC

**SEAGOON:**

Now, then. Who's our navigator?

**ECCLES:**

I am.

**SEAGOON:**

(PANICS) Man the boooooats!

**ECCLES:**

What!? What? Wait! Major.

**SEAGOON:**

Neddie and children first.

**ECCLES:**

No! No! Stop! Major! Major!

**BLOODNOK:**

Yes.

**ECCLES:**

Wait a... Wait a minute!

**BLOODNOK:**

Yes. Let... Let... Let... Neddie, allow me to explain.

**ECCLES:**

Tell 'im and explain.

**BLOODNOK:**

This man is *brilliant*, you know.

**ECCLES:**

Yeah. I'm..

**BLOODNOK:**

He's brilliant at...

**ECCLES:**

And that's him saying it.

**BLOODNOK:**

Yes. He's not only brilliant at cartography and astral navigation, he's brilliant at – well, at *all* sorts of things!

**ECCLES:**

Yeah!

**BLOODNOK:**

Certain thingggs, he's brilliant at.

**ECCLES:**

I...

**BLOODNOK:**

Eccles!

**ECCLES:**

I do... yeah!

**BLOODNOK:**

Yes. Now. Eccles.

**ECCLES:**

What?

**BLOODNOK:**

Do you know that the mouth of the Amazon is one hundred miles wide?

**ECCLES:**

Oh, yeah?

**BLOODNOK:**

And the coast of Albania is ten thousand miles long?

**ECCLES:**

Ohhhh, yeah?

**BLOODNOK:**

You see? There! I mean, he knew the answer to *both* the questions.

**ECCLES:**

Yeahh!

**BLOODNOK:**

Yes!

**ECCLES:**

Yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

**BLOODNOK:**

Yes.

**ECCLES:**

My turn? (EDIT) ...here's a map of the... here's a map of the route.

**SEAGOON:**

What's the scale.

**ECCLES:**

Doh, ray, me, far, so, la, te, dooooooooooooo.

**SEAGOON:**

Perfect. (CALLS) Set course for Ferpudden.

**ECCLES:**

What's Ferpudden?

**SEAGOON:**

Prunes and custard!

**ECCLES:**

Owwwww!

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Wind's coming up.

**ORCHESTRA:**

TA RAAAAAA

**BLOODNOK:**

Caught with their instruments down. Oh! Not long to the pay-off now, folks. Ohhhh dear. Now, Neddie, pick a card. Don't show it to me. What is it?

**SEAGOON:**

Jim Jones and Tom Squat, Printers.

**BLOODNOK:**

Correct!

**JIM:**

Hello, Jim. Hello, , hello, Jimmmmmm.



**SEAGOON:**

Helloooooo, Ji-iiiiim.

**JIM:**

Well done! Look what I found floating in the canal - the pay-off!

**SEAGOON:**

It's the front door to Robin's Post!

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS

**GRAMS:**

OLD FASHIONED ORCHESTRA - AS BEGINNING OF STORY - SOUND OF DANCERS

**SEAGOON:**

Stop the music!

**GRAMS:**

SLOW MUSIC DOWN TO A BLUR

**SEAGOON:**

Ah, meg! (KISSING)

**ELLINGTON:**

Man, there *must* be some mistake.

**MEG:**

[SELLERS]

Oh, Neddie, Neddie, darling. Your back, your... what? Oh, Neddie, Neddie, darling. Your back, your front, you brought them both with you, I see, ohh, la, la!

**SEAGOON:**

I carry them for sentimental reasons. I...

**GRAMS:**

GREAT AVALANCHE OF ROCKS

**SEAGOON:**

She's fainted. Oh!

**DOCTOR:**

[SELLERS]

(SCOTTISH ACCENT) Stand aside, I'm a doctor, I specialise in fainting. Huh-ohhhh! (FAINTS)

**FX:**

BODY FALLS TO GROUND

**SEAGOON:**

So he does!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Neddie. You disrespectful swine.

**MORIARTY:**

C'est la guerre!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Standing there with your two fainted people? Take your shoes off.

**GRAMS:**

TWO SMALL EXPLOSIONS

**GRYTPYPE:**

Do you have to wear such loud socks?

**SEAGOON:**

I've got deaf feet!

**SPRIGGS:**

Yes, folks, exploding socks. It's the new *noise* clothes! Get noise clothes. Why not get your grannie a pair of red flannel drawers that go...

**GRAMS:**

GREAT CACKLING OF STARTLED HENS

**GREENSLADE:**

And with Lord Seagoon's wife safely fainted, and a good laugh and a pair of cackling drawers, we say farewell from page thirteen of the Goon Show.

**BLOODNOK:**

Is there no end to it! Ohhhhh!

**GREENSLADE:**

It's near enough for jazz!

**ECCLES:**

Yeah, I...

**ORCHESTRA:**

BLOODNOK THEME INTO OLD COMRADES MARCH