

Season: 04

Christmas Special

'It's Always The Knights Templar'

ACT 1

RIFF 1

Wrapping A Reindeer

S/FX: JELLY TRUMPET THEME WITH ADDED SLEIGH BELLS

TONY:

Welcome to Jelly Trumpet Studios, two blokes and a medieval queen trying to make a podcast about creativity.

The Jelly Trumpet crew:

- Jim, the writer, has a loose grasp on reality
- Mr b, the inventor, understands reality but doesn't like it.
- Queen Eleanor of the Aquitaine, yes that one. Time travel you see.

Plus:

- Nigel, a giant red squirrel
- Spen, a guitarist, his axe does his talking
- cMac, Mr b's multi-purpose gizmo
- and ME! Tony, the voice over guy!

Previously on Jelly Trumpet! Season four was a magical tour de force of shenanigans.

In this episode, It's Always The Knights Templar, it's the Jelly Trumpet Christmas special! Packed with mince pies, Christmas crackers and a mystery. Feast on this!

RIFF 1

Sleighbells Ringing

S/FX: JELLY TRUMPET THEME MIXED WITH SLEIGH BELLS

S/FX: SOUND OF PAPER TEARING AND SELLOTAPE BEING PULLED

MR B:

Where did you get a reindeer Mr Jim?

JIM:
Finland.com.

MR B:
I see. Why have you got a reindeer Mr Jim?

JIM:
It's a Christmas present for Queen Eleanor.

MR B:
Why have you got her Majesty a reindeer?

JIM:
She hasn't got one. Where is her Majesty? I don't want her walking in while I'm wrapping Mikko. I want it to be a surprise.

MR B:
She'll never guess it's a reindeer Mr Jim. [SARCASTIC] The antlers poking out could be a hatrack. Better hide it though, eh? There's space in the big cupboard.

S/FX: SLEIGHBELLS

JIM:
I hate Sellotape! Look! I've taped myself to the Quality Street.

MR B:
Best take the sleighbells off Mikko, bit of a giveaway that. I'll get the scissors.

JIM:
Right. Thank you. How hard can it be to wrap a reindeer? Keep still please. What have you got there?

S/FX: SLEIGHBELLS, A REINDEER SNORTS AND SNIP SNIP OF SISSORS

MR B:
A seasonal coffee I'm working on. 'Figgy Coffee!' There you go. Now leave the Quality street alone.

S/FX: DOOR CLOSING SHUT

JIM:
Thank you Mr b. I almost became a present myself. Ha Ha. Stay Mikko! Anything on the A.A.R.S.E detector?

MR B:
Nothing Mr Jim. No US Department of Justice and Revenge minions within a three-mile radius.

JIM:

Excellent. We'll aim to stay free from the clutches of the US Department of Justice and Righteous Revenge. Then get on with becoming the number one creativity podcast in the world. Then we take the podcast back to Free Scotland for New Year's Eve.

MR B:

Exactly Mr Jim. I've lined up a fab guest and I thought you could to a festive list of the week. Just going to test the Christmas tree lights. Three, two one!

S/FX: FIZZ OF ELECTRICITY AND A BANG

JIM:

Are they meant to do that?

MR B:

[PEEVED] Yes Jim! They are exploding Christmas tree lights!

JIM:

I see.

MR B:

No, you don't.

JIM:

No I don't. Well... erm... Excellent Mr b. Are these your plums floating in my coffee?

MR B:

My spiced plums, Mr Jim. It's a seasonal coffee called 'Gingerbread & Spiced Plums Surprise'.

JIM:

Where's the Gingerbread?

MR B:

It's delivered by Evri, so whenever it gets delivered, you'll get a surprise.

S/FX: SOUND NIGEL CHATTERING

MR B:

Good morning your Majesty!

QUEEN ELEANOR:

Good morning, Mr b. I hope the turkey you ordered is fresh?

MR B:

Very fresh your Majesty.

S/FX: A TURKEY GOBBLES

JIM:
GOLLY!

MR B:
Meet Rupert. He'll be with us on Christmas Day.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
That is fresh my petit pieds!

JIM:
I'm not eating a bird with a boy name!

MR B:
What if we called the turkey Carol?

JIM:
That's different.

JIM:
Anyway, morning your Majesty. Erm... Yes. Nigel appears to be wearing a M.A.G.A. hat.
Does Nigel think America is not great enough or has Nigel turned rabidly anti-democracy in his sleep?

A BEAT

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Non! It is Nigel's little joke. His M.A.G.A stands for Make America Go Away.

MR B:
Good for the furry faced tree hugger!

S/FX: SOME CHRISTMAS VIBE MUSIC

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Your shoes are on the wrong feet, Mr b.

MR B:
Can't be Ma'am.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Why is that?

MR B:
I only have one pair of feet.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
What is this on the TV screen?

JIM:
A movie Ma'am, 'It's a Wonderful Life'.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
And on that screen?

MR B:
That's 'Home Alone' and on that screen we have 'Love Actually'.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
I thought you didn't like Christmas?

MR B & JIM:
We don't. We like films.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
[SARCASTIC] So where is Die Hard?

JIM:
Die Hard is not a Christmas film.

MR B:
Most definitely not a Christmas film, Ma'am.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
It certainly is! See, it has Alan Rickman in it. He is very Christmasy, is he not?

JIM:
He wasn't very Christmasy as the Sheriff of Nottingham in 'Robin Hood' with Kevin Costner. I mean he cancelled Christmas

MR B:
Quite.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
'Die Hard' is the epitome of Christmasy, an estranged husband, Christmas music, Christmas decorations and too many people in a confined space trying to kill each other,

JIM:
Her Majesty has a point.

MR B:
Certainly, has a point.

S/FX: SLEIGHBELL

RIFF 2

Elvis

QUEEN ELEANOR:
My brave boys! I have a petit surprise for you this festive season.

JIM:
O' God! You've found my collection of Agent Provocateur catalogues!

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Non.

MR B:
O' No! You've joined Utility Warehouse?

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Non.

JIM:
O' No! You've bought Nigel another harmonica!

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Non.

MR B:
O' No! You've got a new crown? One for Christmas that features one bottle of Baileys and one bottle of Gaviscon?

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Non. ENOUGH!

JIM:
You've found the light at the end of the tunnel and it's a train?

MR B:
You've found a way to turn Jimmy Carr off?

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Wait! [TWO BEATS] Non.

JIM:
What could it be?

MR B:
Yes. What could it be?

QUEEN ELEANOR:

My advert is published this morning. See! The local newspaper, the St Albans Daily Splatt. Here.

S/FX: RUSTLING OF NEWSPAPER

MR B:

[READING] The Jelly Trumpet Private Investigator Agency, affordable and discrete, you lose it we find it!

JIM:

Well, well, well...

QUEEN ELEANOR:

I thought it would help us pass the time until we return to Free Scotland. Every Christmas the two of you complain that there is nothing to do! Our detective agency will find lost cats, lost handbags, lost causes, lost cities, lost opportunities and if we are lucky a lost soul.

MR B:

Well, I don't know if this is a good idea. This could be dangerous and it could ruin my inventing time!

JIM:

It's only an advert Mr b. You're inventing of buttons that do all manner of shit [BEEPED OUT]. That's more dangerous!

MR B:

And your inability to write a sensible plot isn't?

JIM:

[PEEVED] That last invention of yours! The thermos-nuclear burglar alarm that overheated the podcast?

MR B:

[PEEVED] It worked and it kept the coffee hot!

JIM:

[EVEN MORE PEEVED] You had to sink Jelly Trumpet to the bottom of the sea so the burglary alarm didn't set off a nuclear explosion. We almost suffocated AND the coffee was tepid at best!

MR B:

[CHANGING THE SUBJECT] I mean who's going to employ us as detectives?

JIM:

Yes! What? That's very unlikely! Ha Ha. No one will use us as detectives!

S/FX: KNOCKING ON DOOR

JIM:
Ah

MR B:
AH!

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Ah!

JIM:
Would you answer the door please Tony?

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Who is it, Tony?

TONY:
Dominos.

JIM:
Now is not the time for foolish board games!

MR B:
Dominos Mr Jim. You know what they are don't you?

JIM:
Of course, Mr b. Dominos are 28 plastic rectangles covered in dots. Why do I smell toasted cheese?

QUEEN ELEANOR:
I ordered some food for Spen, he is looking un petit jaded. Mr b. Tip the man.

S/FX: A SHORT SCREAM FOLLOWED BY A BODY FALLING DOWN STAIRS.

MR B:
Anything else your majesty?

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Tip him with money Mr b. Not tip him downstairs.

MR B:
Ah. May have crossed an invisible line. Apologies Ma'am.

ELVIS: [A WOMAN]
Hello. The door was open. I saw your advert in the St Albans Daily Splat. I need your help [SOBS QUIETLY].

JIM:
Erm... better come in. I'm Jim. This is Mr b and this is her Majesty Queen Eleanor of the Aquitaine.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
You emplois de noix [NUT JOBS]!! Give the girl a chair.

ELVIS:
I'm Elvis. Elvis Peabody. Well, Elvis Prince Van Halen Backstreet Boy Peabody.

JIM:
Were your parents' music fans?

ELVIS:
No.

A BEAT

MR B:
Would you like a coffee? We have one with plums.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
MR B! I'll have your plums!

JIM:
Eh?

QUEEN ELEANOR:
I meant remove them.

MR B:
O'.

RIFF 3

The Missing Organists

S/FX: NIGEL CHATTERS

JIM:
How can we help Ms Peabody?

ELVIS:
I work for St Albans City and District Council. I work in the Garden Waste and Subscription Service. [SOBS] Another cathedral organist has gone missing! [SOBS] and the Christmas Carol Service for Misjudged Children is in TWO DAYS! [SOBS]

JIM:
Erm.

MR B:
Erm?

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Who is this missing organ?

JIM:
Organ-ist! I don't follow Ms Peabody. You're in garden waste yet you are concerned about a missing cathedral organist?

ELVIS:
The council budget is spread very thin. We're all doing two or three jobs. The council chairman is cleaning road signs, the head of the council tax department is heading up IT, our planning officer is collecting the recycling bins and the Environmental Health Officer is handling out paper hats to the homeless.

JIM:
Erm.

MR B:
Erm?

QUEEN ELEANOR:
What about the potholes?

ELVIS:
She's the second cathedral organist to go missing! And... and... and... the other things this fiend... a fiend... total evil, has done to ALL the other organists in St Albans [SOBS].

QUEEN ELEANOR:
[GENTLY] What else Elvis? What else has this fiend done?

JIM:
This sounds serious.

ELVIS:
The fiend kidnaps anyone that can play the organ and... [SOBS] and they either disappear or we find them with a banjo superglued to their hands!

MR B:
How cruel.

S/FX: NIGEL CHATTERS

JIM:
The fiend!

QUEEN ELEANOR:
We've established that, Mot Homme.

MR B:
Did this erm... person who abducted the organists leave any clue?

ELVIS:
He left this note glued to the last organist's car. Ms Pips was the very last organist we could find. There's quite a run on them at this time of year... [SOBS] Look at the note!

MR B:
[READING] 'The Seven Trumpets of Christmas. By my trumpeting you shall know my name'.

JIM:
Seven Trumpets?

QUEEN ELEANOR:
It is a corruption of the Seven Trumpets or divine judgements. It is from the book of Revelation. [A BEAT] The bible, you dolts.

JIM:
This is getting out of hand. Shouldn't we stick to finding lost cats? That's more Christmasy.

MR B:
See here! There's a picture of a crown on the back of the note and... a red smudge. Could it be a red cross.

JIM:
Could be a smudge. Could be a red cross... Got it! It's the Knights Templar. It's always the Knights Templar.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Really, Mr Jim. You and your fancy imagination. The Knights Templar do not exist anymore.

MR B:
Are there any crowns in St Albans?

QUEEN ELEANOR:
That pub near the railway station.

JIM:
O', yes. We need more information Ms Pip's organs and...

QUEEN ELEANOR:

This is a clue! We will go to this pub, The Crown and look for a red cross. It may lead us to the missing organs.

JIM:

Organi-ists! Who do we know, who knows about massive organs?

QUEEN ELEANOR:

Well...

JIM:

Do you know an organist Mr b?

MR B:

Yes.

JIM:

Who?

MR B:

Ray Manzarek. He's the organist for The Doors; you know that band.

JIM:

Could he help?

MR B:

No. He's dead.

JIM:

There must be a local organ expert.

QUEEN ELEANOR LAUGHS

MR B:

Now... that would be.. I remember! The St Albans Industrial Organ, Steam Pram & Waxworks Museum, just off Hatfield Road.

ELVIS:

I'll be going. I'm catching stray dogs at ten.

JIM:

They're heavy you know. Better be careful.

QUEEN ELEANOR:

Goodbye Elvis. We will let you know what we find. Boys, we will visit this museum first then follow the clue to the Crown pub.

JIM:
We're with you!

MR B:
FOR ALL MANKIND!

S/FX: SHORT JELLY TRUMPET THEME AND A FEW BITS OF ORGAN MUSIC

RIFF 4 **Ms Loot**

QUEEN ELEANOR:
I'd I'm telling you Die Hard is a Christmas movie!

JIM:
Explain Mr b.

MR B:
Die Hard is not considered a Christmas movie your Majesty because it's fundamentally an action film with violence and adult themes, not a story centered on holiday spirit or traditional Christmas themes. I grant you that it is set during a Christmas Eve party, but I would argue this only makes it a movie at Christmas, not a Christmas movie.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Tu es un idiot de geek [YOU ARE A GEEK IDIOT]!

JIM:
I must say I was expecting something a bit different. This is rather a plain building to be housing organs and prams and waxworks. Best ring the bell Mr b.

MR B:
Ringing bell now...

S/FX: ORGAN MUSIC

JIM:
How odd.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
All organs are slightly different Mot Homme.

JIM:
Quite.

S/FX: A BUZZER AND A DOOR OPENING

JIM:
Hello?

MR B:
Certainly, a lot of organs on display, not to mention steam prams and all those waxwork figures. These tableaux are quite unsettling, so life like. Like someone shouted "Freeze" on the Jools Holland show.

DR FIBS:
Can I help you?

QUEEN ELEANOR:
We were looking for some organ advice.

JIM:
We're the Jelly Trumpet agency, private detectives.

DR FIBS:
I've been expecting you.

MR B:
How...

S/FX: A DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN

JIM:
WHAT THE?!

DR FIBS:
This is my assistant Ms Loot and this is my monkey, Nigel Quisling.

S/FX: MONKEY SOUND
S/FX: NIGEL CHATTERS
S/FX: SHORT SOUND OF A SCUFFLE

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Non, Nigel. Put the Quisling monkey down! You have enough toys!

S/FX: NIGEL CHATTERS IN AN AGGRIEVED FASHION

JIM:
I can't quite place your accent.

DR FIBS:
I am Dutch.

JIM:
And Ms Loot?

DR FIBS:

Ms Loot is a mute. She was brought up in Scotland.

JIM:

Really? Whereabout?

DR FIBS:

The Isle of Bute.

JIM:

So, Ms Loot is a mute from Bute?

DR FIBS:

Ja.

QUEEN ELEANOR:

We were hoping you could shed some light on the missing cathedral organists.

DR FIBS:

A strange thing and time is getting short, is it not?

MR B:

We believe a fiend as at work. A fiend who will stop and nothing. A fiend that kidnaps organists and has the perversity to superglue banjos to their dextrous fingers.

DR FIBS:

O', that. Stranger things have happened. I believe this mystery all started with a trumpet.

QUEEN ELEANOR:

A trumpet? What sort of trumpet Dr Fibs?

DR FIBS

The trumpet of fire. A trumpet was used to set fire to the Cathedral's senior organist, Malcom Tucker-Spring. A terrible incident. Not a piece of him was left, just a burning trumpet, a few scraps of burnt corduroy and a smouldering organ.

QUEEN ELEANOR:

The mystery...

MR B:

...deepens.

JIM:

Elvis didn't mention that! A smouldering organ! The fiend!

DR FIBS:

Come. I will show you around the exhibits.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
[WHISPERING] Can we trust him?

MR B:
[WHISPERING] I think not Ma'am, tangerine or freshly baked mince pie?

QUEEN ELEANOR:
You and your bag of festive food! Not now Mr b, thank you. I have to save room for the Quality Street.

JIM:
Mince pie please.

ACT 2

RIFF 5
Pork Crackling

S/FX: THE START UP TUNE

TONY:
The Start up! A micro sitcom.

JIM:
No. No. No! Mr b, I've told you the micro sitcom is now the Jelly Trumpet bonus episode!

MR B:
Apologies. Step down Tony.

TONY:
Very well. I'll have a green triangle.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
You will not! Mr b, you should stop these Tony-ruptions.

MR B:
With respect your Majesty, we are still a podcast with a mission.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
I stand corrected.

DR FIBS:
Here is my earliest organ, created in 1923. That one is a Horny Organ from Delft, 1929. This the famous German organ made by Stiff, 1930. And here we have my collection of tableaux. Scenes of musicians, bands, singers at the height of their powers. Visitors love them!

JIM:
This tableaux looks like the Beatles.

DR FIBS:
Correct. Here we have The Doors.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
They all look so real. Like they could suddenly move.

MR B:
That's Ray Manzarek, Mr Jim.

JIM:
Really? Not much use, is he?!

QUEEN ELEANOR:
I know them not. What is this strange tableaux Dr Fibs?

JIM:
[WHISPERING TO MR B] Bloody hell, Mr b. I swear that ones' eyes moved!

MR B:
[WHISPERING TO JIM] Which one?

JIM:
[WHISPERING TO MR B] The one with the banjo.

DR FIBS:
This is my little joke. A band made up of the worst possible instruments known to man. See, a bagpipes player, two banjo players, a kazoo player, an accordionist, a harmonica player and a failed organ player.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Do you have any idea who might be behind the disappearance of the organists?

DR FIBS:
None.

MR B:
This is interesting, Mr Jim.

JIM:
An empty stage. What's this going to be Dr Fibs?

DR FIBS:
I have reserved the space for my epitaph.

JIM:
What's...

MR B:
I think we should go to the pub Mr Jim.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Yes. To The Crown we must go. Thank you, Dr Fibs.

DR FIBS:
Good luck.

S/FX: DOOR CLOSING

DR FIBS [CONT.]:
And now they are gone Ms Loot. I shall play the organ as it SHOULD BE PLAYED!

S/FX: LOUD ORGAN MUSIC

DR FIBS [CONT.]:
There can only be ONE! [HE LAUGHS MANICALLY]

MR B:
What a terrible way to die, death by fire. How would you like to die, Mr Jim?

JIM:
Consuming an excessive amount Scotch Eggs with plenty of Salad Cream, Mr b.

S/FX: JELLY TRUMPET THEME

MR B:
Better do the Countdown Interview Mr Jim, while we still remember we are a podcast.

S/FX: INTERVIEW COUNTDOWN THEME STARTS TO PLAY

JIM:
[SPEAKING OVER THEME] Who are we interviewing this episode Mr b?

MR B:
You'll be chatting to chef Gordon Ramsey's about his collection of first editions of the girl's comic, Jackie. I've told him on no account is he to swear.

S/FX: INTERVIEW COUNTDOWN THEME STOPS SUDDENLY

JIM:
So, where is he Mr b?

MR B:
Aaaah. I've just heard Gordon's been poached by the Graham Norton show.

JIM:
They'll need a large pan.

MR B:
That's not helping our comedy quota Jim.

RIFF 6 **Organ Waxing**

S/FX: CHATTERING AND CLINKING OF GLASSES

JIM:
It's not too busy. I'll get us some drinks. Your usual your Majesty? Mr b come and see which crisps you would like.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
I shall sit at the window seat.

MR B:
Oooo! Look. Wheat Crunchies.

THE DUKE:
May I join you?

QUEEN ELEANOR:
You can try.

THE DUKE:
I'm Antony, well to be totally honest, Lord Antony de Langley, tenth duke of Harpenden.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Queen Eleanor of the Aquitaine.

S/FX: CHAIR BEING SCRAPPED BACK

THE DUKE:
I say.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
You must have extensive lands, Your Grace?

THE DUKE:
I do indeed. I own a large slice of Bedfordshire, the nice bits of Watford and several farms in Essex.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
[PURRING] Tell me more.

MR B:
Kevin! Fuck [BEEPED] off!

THE DUKE:
Is that the time? Sorry Mr b. I've a fox hunting lesson at two.

S/FX: CHAIR SCRAPING

JIM:
Who's he Mr b?

MR B:
That's Kevin, the chancer.

JIM:
I see. Well. It's a mystery, isn't it?

QUEEN ELEANOR:
We know that Dr Fibbs is the guilty party

JIM & MR B:
Do we?

QUEEN ELEANOR:
[SIGHING] Dr Fibbs is a thinly disguised madman. One that owns a peculiar museum,
with an empty space... which is...

JIM:
Dusty...

MR B:
Spacious.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
It's a clue, you votre Cassoulet sans la viande [CASSOULET WITHOUT THE MEAT]!

MR B:
I see...

JIM:
No you don't.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Nor do you Mr Jim!

JIM:
Well...

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Dr Fibs is a mad musician with a hatred for other organists. He thinks he should be the one playing at the Christmas concert for misjudged children. That empty space is for his final collection of waxed organists with banjos glued to their hands.

JIM:
This is not the Christmas I was expecting.

MR B:
Nor me. I was expecting a jolly English time full of...carols, snow and Only Fools and Horses repeats and The Muppet Christmas Carol.

JIM:
We have that on Blu-ray.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
[TO HERSELF] I want Alan Rickman. [TO THE BOYS] Now, we have to stop Dr Fibs or there will be no carol service for misjudged children on Christmas Eve. That concert raises thousands of pounds. Boys, we only have two days.

JIM:
Won't we need some evidence?

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Bravo Mot Homme. These seven trumpet are but a red mullet...

MR B:
Red Herring, your Majesty?

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Thank you, Mr b but no. Just a Wheat Crunchy.

S/FX: SILLY ORGAN MUSIC PERHAPS A HO-HO-HO!

RIFF 7 **Butter Pump**

JIM:
What's that on the mixing desk, Mr b?

QUEEN ELEANOR:

It looks like a sketch, another invention, Mr b?

MR B:

Yes. It's a sketch for a universal butter pump. No matter the temperature your butter will always be spreadable.

JIM:

And this, erm... valve thing?

MR B:

That's the jam adaptor, still working on that as if there are any pips it jams.

JIM:

It jams, jams?

MR B:

Exactly. And that's the optional marmite tube.

QUEEN ELEANOR:

We need proof that Dr Fibs is a madman.

S/FX: SOUND OF SLEIGH BELLS

JIM:

Quiet Mikko!

QUEEN ELEANOR:

Who is Mikko?

JIM:

Erm...

MR B:

Mikko is the name of the wind chime ma'am.

QUEEN ELEANOR:

I see.

MR B:

You know, I thought we were going to follow the trumpets.

JIM:

Not a pleasant notion.

MR B:

And now your Majesty?

JIM:
Can we watch Love Actually again?

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Tomorrow we will watch, as we do EVERY Christmas Eve.

MR B:
Seven trumpets, seven clues. We were meant to follow the clues and then capture the fiend.

JIM:
Where do the Knights Templar fit in?

MR B:
Yes. Where do they fit in?

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Well, Mr b...

MR B:
I was looking forward to following some clues. You know, make Christmas a bit different this year...

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Well, Mr b...

MR B:
We'd be detecting. I bet every trumpet would take us to a different pub. I'd make some clever invention... Nigel can do some sniffing, follow the trumpet trail...

S/FX: NIGEL CHATTERS

JIM:
What can I say Mr b?

MR B:
[GETTING ANGRY] Well, quite a lot Mr Jim, you write the script!

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Sometimes things don't turn out the way we were expecting. I have a plan. Have some Quality Street.

MR B:
Green triangle please.

JIM:
Who's eaten the last green triangle?

S/FX: CHRISTMAS TYPE JELLY TRUMPET MUSIC

ACT 3

RIFF 8
The Decoy

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Hold still Mot Homme!

MR B:
I've got the glasses your Majesty.

JIM:
Are we sure this is a good idea?

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Yes. It is my idea.

JIM:
So, this is Christmas?

MR B:
No Jim. This is a pair of reading glasses and these are your corduroy trousers.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
And this is your tweed jacket with leather elbow patches.

JIM:
No one is going to mistake me for an organist.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
There! Now look in the mirror.

MR B:
It's so you Mr Jim.

JIM:
Do I have to wear the beret?

QUEEN ELEANOR:
It finishes the classic 'I am an organist and is that a woman' look.

MR B:
It so suits you!

JIM:
I wish I'd written something else now.

S/FX: DOOR OPENING

ELVIS:
Jim looks so Fugue in G minor. This could work!

S/FX: NIGEL CHATTERS

QUEEN ELEANOR
Thank you, Elvis. The finishing touch!

JIM:
What's this?

MR B:
Biscuit crumbs.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
We sprinkle the biscuit crumbs over your tweed jacket AND the floral tie.

ELVIS:
The announcement that we have a new organist from out of town has gone out on local radio, on MIX92.99!

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Bravo! Now we get you to the station and wait.

JIM:
Wait for what?

QUEEN ELEANOR:
The fiend.

RIFF 9 **The Trap**

S/FX: TRAIN RUSHING PAST

QUEEN ELEANOR:
[THROUGH COMMS] Checking in. Can you hear me Rubber Goose?

JIM:
Receiving! [TO HIMSELF] Rubber Goose my arse.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
We will wrap this up, rescue the real organists and celebrate this season of goodwill, Mr b.

MR B:
One thing your Majesty?

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Yes. Mr b?

MR B:
What if we lose sight of Mr Jim and he gets dunked in wax?

QUEEN ELEANOR:
We put a wick on his head and volia, we have a candle that lasts till twelfth night. Jim will finally be useful. What do you mean if we lose sight of Jim?

MR B:
Well, I can't see him.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
MERDE!

S/FX: NIGEL CHATTERS

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Yes Nigel! Seek!

S/FX: NIGEL CHATTERS.

S/FX: DRAMATIC CHRISTMAS MUSIC IN A FAST FORWARD VIBE

DR FIBS:
Welcome organist.

JIM:
[MUMBLES AS HE IS GAGGED] You bastard. Let me go!

DR FIBS:
Ms Loot. If you please. Start spraying the wax! Quisling, the colouring!

S/FX: SOUND OF A MONKEY

S/FX: THE SOUND OF A PUMP STARTING AND SPRAYING SOUND

JIM:
[MUMBLES AS HE IS GAGGED] That's not too bad.

DR FIBS:
Soon all you will be able to move is your eyeballs. Then we place a banjo... wait! We glue a ukulele to your hands! Ha Ha! My final masterpiece!

S/FX: SPRAYING SOUND

S/FX: BURST OF JELLY TRUMPET THEME
S/FX: HEAVY DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN

MR B:
Golly! Hundreds of burning candles M'am. Dr Fibs is a pyromaniac.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Do you see a sign of le Mot Homme?

MR B:
No. But there is an open window.

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Help me up Mr b.

S/FX: SASH WINDOW SLIDING OPEN

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Thank you! Nigel! Seek Jim. Seek!

MR B:
Mind the candles, Nigel!

S/FX: SOUND OF MULTIPLE CANDLE HOLDERS BEING KNOCKED OVER

QUEEN ELEANOR:
O' dear.

S/FX: WHOOSH OF FLAMES

RIFF 10 **Melt Me**

S/FX: JELLY TRUMPET THEME FADES UP
S/FX: CRACKLING OF FLAMES

DR FIBS:
We are discovered! Ms Loot! We must flee!

S/FX: SOUND OF MONKEY

S/FX: SOUND OF RUNNING FEET

S/FX; BURST OF JELLY TRUMPET THEME

MR B:
Jim's alive. We must get this wax off him!

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Mot Homme! Mot Homme!

JIM:
Is it me? Or, is it hot in here?

S/FX: CRACKLING FLAMES AND FALLING BEAMS

QUEEN ELEANOR:
The museum roof! It will fall any second. We must get Mr Jim back to the podcast and rid him of all this wax! Throw him over Nigel's back.

MR B:
Right o, Ma'am! Bloody [BEEPED] hell. He really must give up the Scotch Eggs.

JIM:
I say!

MR B:
LOOK! It's Doctor Fibs!

QUEEN ELEANOR:
He isn't moving. Why?

MR B:
The melted wax! His feet are stock to the floor!

DR FIBS:
YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!

S/FX: NIGEL CHATTERS

MR B:
What did Nigel say Ma'am? Was it something to help save the doctor?

QUEEN ELEANOR:
No. He said his tail is singed and can we watch 'Home Alone' tonight? [A BEAT] QUICK!
Run for the door!

S/FX: FALLING BRICKS AND BEAMS

S/FX: BURST OF JELLY TRUMPET THEME

MR B:

There you go Mr Jim. Your favourite Christmas movie, 'Love Actually'.

QUEEN ELEANOR:

A reindeer, Mr Jim. How clever. Mikko will keep all my crowns safe.

JIM:

Thank you for the monkey.

S/FX: MONKEY NOISE

MR B:

Thank you for the personal assistant. Ms Loot will be very useful.

QUEEN ELEANOR:

You are welcome, boys. And, Nigel looks so handsome in his Bobby hat. Would you like another Green Triangle, Mot Homme? O', they are no more. Here, suck on my Toffee Finger.

JIM:

I can't move you know? I'm still covered in wax. Hic!

QUEEN ELEANOR:

Mr b, best move the heater nearer Mr Jim. Mr b, give Mot Homme the finger.

MR B:

Certainly, your Majesty. Hic!

S/FX: NIGEL CHATTERS

QUEEN ELEANOR:

Well, done us! We rescued all the other organists. The misjudged children will have their carol service. The charity will get lots of money and that fiend Dr Fibs is most likely no more! Christmas lunch with all the trimmings tomorrow. What a successful resolution, eh boys?

MR B:

Yes Ma'am. It wasn't the Knights Templar after all, Mr Jim.

JIM:

For once Mr b, for once it wasn't the Knights Templar. I wonder what happened to Dr Fibbs? Thank you, Nigel. Hic!

MR B:

Perhaps, Ha! Ha! He's become an organ donner? Doner! I meant doner!

TWO BEATS

JIM:
[CONT.] My Toffee Finger has melted.

[TWO BEATS]

QUEEN ELEANOR:
It is time to make a toast to our dear listeners.

JIM & MR B:
Hear! Hear!

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Mr b, would you do us the honours?

MR B:
Certainly, your maj'! [HE SURPRESSES A BURP]

JIM:
Hic!

MR B:
[CLEARING HIS THROAT] Yippee-Ki-Yay, Motherfuckers! [BEEPED]"

QUEEN ELEANOR:
No, no, no, no, no... no MR B! Now try again and make the toast more Christmasy!

MR B:
Of course, maj'. [CLEARS HIS THROAT] Merry Christmas [A BEAT] Motherfuckers [BEEPED]!

JIM:
HIC!

QUEEN ELEANOR:
Very well! I will do it. Dear listeners, we wish you a Merry Christmas and a peaceful New Year.

JIM:
Hic!

MR B:
Hic!

JIM:
HURRAH!

MR B:
HURRAH!

ALL:
HURRAH!

[A BEAT]

QUEEN ELEANOR:
It is a Christmas film, you know!

S/FX: GOBBLE GOOBLE OF CAROL THE TURKEY

S/FX: SOME SLEIGHBELLS AND A HO HO HO!

TONY:
Coming to your ears soon! Jelly Trumpet is Jelly Trumpet. Listen to us fight back. So, tune in for yet more silly, silly, silly things and shenanigans.

THANK YOU'S

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Now playing us out is Mr b and [INSERT TUNE]

S/FX: TUMBLEWEED BEING BLOWN ACROSS A DESERT LANDSCAPE