

S4 E03 - The Ghastly Experiments Of Dr Hans Eidelburger

Transcription by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

(OPENING MISSING)

ORCHESTRA:

"MARCH OF THE GOONS"

FX:

APPLAUSE

TIMOTHY:

That applause was especially recorded for our new serial, for that fantastic cast from The Boys' Bullseye Man, featuring:

SELLERS:

'The Adventures of Fearless Harry Secombe'!

ORCHESTRA:

CORNY MUSIC: "I'M JUST WILD ABOUT HARRY"

TIMOTHY:

And that music was played by The Gruber Quartet who've been especially engaged...

SELLERS:

Direct from The Seaview Hotel...

MILLIGAN:

...residency lounge...

TIMOTHY:

...to play all the theme music for this thrilling new serial:

MILLIGAN:

'The Adventures of Fearless Harold Secombe'!

ORCHESTRA:

SAME CORNY MUSIC

SELLERS:

Part one.

SECOMBE:

Section one.

SELLERS:

Instalment one.

SECOMBE:

Chapter one.

TIMOTHY:

But first, for the benefit of new readers, here is a synopsis of...

MILLIGAN:

What has gone before:

TIMOTHY:

Nothing.

MILLIGAN:

Now... read on!

TIMOTHY:

Chapter one: The Ghastly Experiments of Doctor Hans Eidelburger and his sinister Oriental assistant, Yakamoto.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY GONG

EIDELBURGER:

[SELLERS]

(FADE IN) Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. Just one more cut, here, so – ha!

YAKAMOTO:

[MILLIGAN]

Honourable doctor has completed another ghastly experiment.

EIDELBURGER:

Ja, Yakamoto, only a few more now.

YAKAMOTO:

Only one drawback – we have run out of honourable victims.

EIDELBURGER:

Hmm. You didn't order another dozen as I told you?

YAKAMOTO:

Ah, no. Today, early closing.

EIDELBURGER:

Oh? Never mind, our trusty agent Headstone is at this moment collecting a special victim for me. One, he assures me, is the ideal body.

ORCHESTRA:

CHEERFUL LINK

SECOMBE:

(MERRY SINGING)

FX:

KNOCKS ON DOOR

SECOMBE:

Coming!

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

HEADSTONE:

[SELLERS]

Mr Secombe?

SECOMBE:

That is my name.

HEADSTONE:

(COUGHS) Have you somewhere I could hang up my top hat and shovel?

SECOMBE:

Certainly, hang them on the coat rack there. Here, let me take your trowel as well.

HEADSTONE:

Thank you.

SECOMBE:

Here, who are you?

HEADSTONE:

My name is Headstone, although I'm known as "The Digger".

SECOMBE:

Oh, you're an Australian.

HEADSTONE:

No.

SECOMBE:

Well, what are you exactly?

HEADSTONE:

I'm a mortician. Naturalised British, of course.

SECOMBE:

You're an undertaker? Nonsense. Can you prove it?

HEADSTONE:

Yes!

FX:

FAST NAILING

HEADSTONE:

Well?

SECOMBE:

(MUFFLED) I'm convinced. Take the lid off!

FX:

CRATE OPENS

SECOMBE:

Phew! Thank you. Now, what do you want to see me about?

HEADSTONE:

A very grave matter, Mr Secombe, your health. How do you feel?

SECOMBE:

Me? Fine, fit as a fiddle, brim full of health, bursting with vitality, A1, top of the world, in the pink, hail and hearty and crammed with vim, virile vigour!

HEADSTONE:

Then I know just the doctor for you.

SECOMBE:

Splendid, I'll go and see him immediately. If you'll let me have his address.

HEADSTONE:

Certainly. Doctor Hans Eidelburger, 10A Massacre Street, East Acton.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SECOMBE:

Thank you, goodbye.

HEADSTONE:

Goodbye.

SECOMBE:

Goodbye.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SECOMBE:

10 Massacre Road, East Acton; I must get there as soon as possible!

TAXI MAN:

[ELLINGTON]

Taxi, sir?

SECOMBE:

Thank you.

ORCHESTRA:

SAME CHEERFUL MUSIC, BUT AT HALF TEMPO

TAXI MAN:

This is it.

FX:

CAR DOOR OPENS

SECOMBE:

Thank you.

FX:

CAR DOOR CLOSES

SECOMBE:

Now, what's it say on the clock?

TAXI MAN:

Ah, a quarter to four.

SECOMBE:

Oho, bother. I've only got a five past five.

TAXI MAN:

Oh, that's alright, sir. I've got change here.

SECOMBE:

Thank you and here's a couple of minutes for yourself.

TAXI MAN:

Thank you very much, sir. Cheerio.

GRAMS:

CAR DRIVES AWAY, UNDER:

SECOMBE:

Goodbye. (CLEARS THROAT) Now let me see, number 27A? Ah, yes, Doctor Hans Eidelburger. Please give two rings. Right...

FX:

TWO HITS ON TATTY GONG. DOOR OPENS.

YAKAMOTO:

Aaah, honourable sir, good morning. Pray enter, Mr Secombe.

SECOMBE:

Oh, thank you. I wish to see Dr Hans Eidelburger.

YAKAMOTO:

Honourable Dr Eidelburger making experiment in next room.

SECOMBE:

Oh, is he?

GRAMS:

TERRIFYING SCREAMS

SECOMBE:

What... what on earth was that?

YAKAMOTO:

(PAUSE) Scream.

SECOMBE:

Funny, I - it sounded exactly like someone in pain.

YAKAMOTO:

Not all experiments successful.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

EIDELBURGER:

Achtung! (MORE GIBBERISH GERMAN CURSES) Yakamoto?

YAKAMOTO:

Honourable doctor?

EIDELBURGER:

Experiment 266 kaput! I have failed with experiment 266. Ooh! Who is this?

YAKAMOTO:

Experiment 267.

EIDELBURGER:

Ah, Mr Secombe. Welcome.

SECOMBE:

Aaaaaah! Why are you sticking that needle in my arm?

EIDELBURGER:

I haven't got a pin cushion.

SECOMBE:

Oho, oh, that's alright then.

EIDELBURGER:

Come this way.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SECOMBE:

Thank you.

EIDELBURGER:

Perhaps this time my experiment will succeed. There must be a man somewhere who can take the weight of a steamroller on his face.

SECOMBE:

Wait! Wait, I heard that. And I warn you I'm not paying for any fancy Harley Street treatment. Do I get everything on the National Health?

EIDELBURGER:

Everything except the steamroller. That, you get on your face.

SECOMBE:

Thank you.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

ORCHESTRA:

SAME CHEERFUL MUSIC AT HALF TEMPO

YAKAMOTO:

Apologies. Honourable listeners are wondering perhaps how experiment is progressing. One moment, please. I will observe.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SECOMBE:

(TERRIFIED SCREAMS MIXED WITH "OH NO!")

EIDELBURGER:

(ANNOYED GRUNTS UNDERNEATH)

YAKAMOTO:

Experiment proceeding satisfactorily.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

EIDELBURGER:

Yakamoto, come in here.

YAKAMOTO:

Coming, sir. Experiment another failure.

SECOMBE:

Let me go, you scoundrels! Release me at once from this ordinary wooden chair to which you have bound me hand and foot, thereby rendering me helpless. Little does he know that I am sawing through my ropes on a rusty nail in the wall.

EIDELBURGER:

Little does he know that it doesn't make any difference as I have nailed his boots to the floor.

SECOMBE:

Little does he know that I have a spare pair of boots concealed in my ear and at any moment I shall leap up, brandishing my revolver!

EIDELBURGER:

Little does he know that I have taken his revolver.

SECOMBE:

I wonder how Arsenal got on today.

EIDELBURGER:

Enough of this, Secombe. The time has come for you to die.

SECOMBE:

Why?

EIDELBURGER:

Well, you're so old! Yakamoto, hand me my gun and...

FX:

DOOR OPENS

TAXI MAN:

Oh, there you are, sir.

SECOMBE:

Oh, hello, cabby!

TAXI MAN:

Sorry to bother you, sir, but that 5 past 5 you gave me was a forgery. It's 10 minutes slow.

SECOMBE:

Never mind that now, man. Help me distract these two criminals. That is, if you don't object to a bout of fisticuffs?

TAXI MAN:

Object? Oh, no.

SECOMBE:

Right. Put up your dukes, [UNCLEAR] Eidelburger. And you, Yakamoto!

TAXI MAN:

Here, you dirty foreigners, take that!

FX:

WHACKS, UNDER:

OMNES:

FIGHTING CALLS AND PAIN

YAKAMOTO:

Would explain to anxious listeners that fight not going in our favour. Now please excuse whilst receive honourable Secombe's fist in honourable left eye.

FX:

MORE WHACKS, UNDER:

OMNES:

MORE FIGHTING CALLS AND PAIN, UNDER...

TIMOTHY:

Will Fearless Harry overpower the villainous pair? Will Eidelburger succeed in opening the flood gate? Will Kensington, the cab driver manage to stop the oncoming train in time? Will Yakamoto...

EIDELBURGER:

Aaah, shut up!

FX:

THUD

TIMOTHY:

Ow! How dare you? Take that!

OMNES:

MORE FIGHTING CALLS AND PAIN, UNDER...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Don't miss next week's thrilling instalment! Order your copy in advance! A free bag of [UNCLEAR] given away to everyone! Who will win? The forces of good or the forces of evil? Hooray for the forces of good! Hooray!

SECOMBE:

Oh, shut up!!

FX:

THUD

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aeough!!!

OMNES:

MORE FIGHTING CALLS AND PAIN, UNDER...

ORCHESTRA:

"I'M JUST WILD ABOUT HARRY", SEGMENTS INTO EPIC FINISH

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

TIMOTHY:

The most electrifying moment this year was a dramatic message flashed to London and the message read:

SELLERS:

Everest conquered.

MILLIGAN:

Everest conquered! This could only mean one thing: Everest had been conquered.

SECOMBE:

Yes, finally conquered!

TIMOTHY:

But we, The Goons, question the authenticity of the Everest expedition's claim to have climbed that great mountain. We give you now the story on which our doubts are based. Here then is:

SELLERS:

The Mount Everest Project! Or:

ORCHESTRA:

ASCENDING CHORDS

SELLERS:

The Mount Everest Project!

ORCHESTRA:

BEGINNING OF EPIC-TYPE MUSIC

GRAMS:

BAGPIPES

MILLIGAN:

India. It is about this country and Mount Everest that young Lord Hairy Seagoon in 1887 made a speech in the House of Lords.

(THIS SCENE HAS ECHO)

SEAGOON:

My Lords, Britain has now reached a peak of [UNCLEAR]. We have the world's largest navy, the world's largest army and... the world's finest plums.

OMNES:

RHUBARBS

SEAGOON:

But one thing we have not got on this island...

SELLERS:

What is that?

SEAGOON:

...is the world's highest mountain.

OMNES:

VARIATIONS OF "WHAT?"

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes! Yes, my Lords, it is a bitter realisation. But I intend to rectify this geographical discrepancy.

MILLIGAN:

In what manner, my Lord?

SEAGOON:

Simple: bring Mount Everest here.

MILLIGAN:

Wait! Is the Honourable Lord seriously suggesting that the whole of Mount Everest be brought to England?

SEAGOON:

I am.

MILLIGAN:

Does the Honourable Member know what he's talking about?

SEAGOON:

I'm not supposed to, I'm a politician. I want to bring Mount Everest here for one reason and one reason only.

MILLIGAN:

What is that reason?

SEAGOON:

To make England the tallest country in the world!

OMNES:

APPLAUSE AND SHOUTS OF "HUZZAH!"

SEAGOON:

Thank you, thank you. By the volume of your applause, I take it we're all in agreement. Therefore, here to explain his method for moving Mount Everest here is Mister Crun!

CRUN:

Aaaaah. Aaaaamaaaam...

SEAGOON:

Are you ready to answer questions, Mr. Crun?

CRUN:

Amaammaa...

MILLIGAN:

Mr. Crun, how much will it cost to move this mountain?

ELLINGTON:

(POSH) Will it go by land or sea?

TIMOTHY:

How will the cost be met?

MILLIGAN:

Have you a definite plan?

CRUN:

Mnk... Yes, I'm ready to answer questions.

SEAGOON:

Good. Mr. Crun, how will the mountain be removed from its base?

CRUN:

Yes [UNCLEAR]. Well, first, the whole mountain will have to be chopped down. Next, it will be sawn into several 12 and $\frac{3}{4}$ inch blocks.

SEAGOON:

Why 12 and $\frac{3}{4}$? Why not 13?

CRUN:

Because 13 is an unlucky number.

MINNIE:

Rubbish! Utter rubbish! Rubbish! Aaaah! Pooooo!

CRUN:

Say what you like but let me assure you, madam, that 13 is a very, very unlucky number.

MINNIE:

Rubbish! I have 13 million pounds in the bank. What do you say about that?

CRUN:

Marry me. Marry me!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHANGE OF SCENE MUSIC

TIMOTHY:

Lord Seagoon's idea was passed and soon an advanced survey party under Major Bloodnok arrived in India to measure the great mountain.

BLOODNOK:

Heough, haeiough! Well, Lord Seagoon, this is the Himalayan Range. Which one is Everest?

SEAGOON:

It's the, ah... tall one.

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Look, it's been specially marked with a cross.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes, yes, our chief surveyor did that. Here he comes now.

ECCLES:

(COMES IN SINGING SOMETHING DOPEY)

SEAGOON:

Hello, Mister Eccles. I see you've marked the mountain with a cross.

ECCLES:

Yeah, I write my name everywhere. Ho ho!

BLOODNOK:

Now, Eccles, let us get to work, shall we?

ECCLES:

Ok, ok.

BLOODNOK:

Right now, you take this end of the tape measure.

ECCLES:

Ahum.

BLOODNOK:

Good, yes. Now, run around the mountain and measure the circumference.

ECCLES:

OK, here we go. (GOES OFF SINGING)

BLOODNOK:

(SINGING) Hug me, hold me, kiss me in your arms and...

ECCLES:

Hoh, hoh.

BLOODNOK:

Aaah! Oh, dear, dear, dear. Well?

ECCLES:

3,050 miles.

BLOODNOK:

Wonderful! Now... now we'll see how tall it is, shall we?

ECCLES:

OK.

BLOODNOK:

Well, up you go while you're still fresh.

ECCLES:

(PUFFED OUT) I... ah, I hate admitting it, but... I'm tired.

BLOODNOK:

Up you go, you malingerer!

ECCLES:

Oookay, I'm fine...!

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok, you must be mad. Climb to the top of Mount Everest? No human being can do that!

BLOODNOK:

I know, that's why I sent Eccles.

ECCLES:

(FROM A DISTANCE) Hello, down there! I've reached 40,000 feet!

BLOODNOK:

Well, you'd better come down a bit!

ECCLES:

(FROM A DISTANCE) Why?

BLOODNOK:

It's only 30,000 feet high!

ECCLES:

(FROM A DISTANCE) Ooh, oh, thank you, thank you.

BLOODNOK:

Incidentally, how far can you see?

ECCLES:

(FROM A DISTANCE) Ooh, it's a wonderful view. I can see right across France towards America. I can see right across the Pacific. Right across Japan. Over China. And hey! Guess what I can see in India?

BLOODNOK:

What, lad?

ECCLES:

(FROM A DISTANCE) I can see the back of a man standing on top of a mountain! Oooh, hey, it's me! It's me! I can see the back of me!

BLOODNOK:

I wish we all could. Now, Lord Hairy, while we've a moment to wait for Mister Crun's party to arrive, what about having the – ah – Ray Ellington Quartet?

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

SECTION MISSING

CRUN:

Ellington, I... (SILENCE)

ELLINGTON:

Right!

CRUN:

Was that you making all that noise when you should've been working?

ELLINGTON:

Me? Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no. Ooh, no – no – no – no – no!

CRUN:

Don't be elusive, answer yes or no!

ELLINGTON:

No!

CRUN:

Ellington, are you telling me white lies?

ELLINGTON:

Man, that's the one kind I couldn't tell!

CRUN:

You'd better dig your frantic gang and start chopping Mount Everest down at once. And put some mattresses down, we don't want to crash it when it falls.

ELLINGTON:

(GOES OFF) OK. Come on, you lot! Let's get chopping...

FX:

WOOD CHOPPING

OMNES:

VARIOUS RHUBARBS

ECCLES:

Ooh, ooh, here, here. Hello, Mister Crun.

CRUN:

Aaaaaaeeeeooooooooouuggghhh!!!!!!! Oh, Eccles. Oh, you... you gave me such a fright.

ECCLES:

Fright? But you told me come in.

CRUN:

I know, but just seeing you always gives me such a fright.

ECCLES:

Well I... uh, know [UNCLEAR] you can't have brains and beauty. I should know, I ain't got either!

CRUN:

Don't you worry, Eccles. After all, beauty is only skin deep. Underneath it we are all the same.

ECCLES:

Ooh. Skin deep? Without my skin on I'd look like Diana Dors! Oho ho!

CRUN:

Hahahaha! Oh, what a naughty thought! Oh, naughty Eccles! Hoho! Oh, naughty, naughty. That's enough, Eccles. Put your skin on again.

ECCLES:

Ok, I was getting a bit chilly. Ahum.

SEAGOON:

Ah. Mister Crun, before I leave for Government House, could you help me check this list of crated stores?

CRUN:

Certainly, Lord Hairy.

SEAGOON:

Right. Now in crate number one we should have the following: 6,000 articulated hairless [UNCLEAR] nightshirts.

CRUN:

Yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

10 volumes in Abyssinian on how to use inverted self-propelled Melanesian emergency knife, bucket and spoon. Four hundred weight of assorted concrete trombones with trombones attached to the [UNCLEAR]. 50 tins of fortified high altitude senna pod tea with portable thunder sheets.

CRUN:

Stop that, Harry. All correct. Yes, now, what's in crate number 2?

SEAGOON:

Crate number 3.

CRUN:

Well, what's in crate number 3?

SEAGOON:

Nothing.

CRUN:

What's the idea of that?

SEAGOON:

To make it lighter.

CRUN:

Oho, oh, jolly good. Now tell me...

ELLINGTON:

Hey, look out, you three. Mountain coming down. Stand clear.

OMNES:

RHUBARBS

ELLINGTON:

Tiimberrrrr....!

GRAMS:

VERY LONG CRASHING OF OBJECTS

BLOODNOK:

Aeough! This way, Ellington, hurry, hurry! Bring your shovel with you. Mister Crun's been buried alive.

ELLINGTON:

Coming, I'm coming!

BLOODNOK:

Ellington, dig here, dig in this spot here for him.

ELLINGTON:

OK, right, here goes.

GRAMS:

EARTH BEING MOVED

BLOODNOK:

Oh, this is terrible! What a thing to happen to him. And on his birthday too!

ELLINGTON:

Er, how old is he?

BLOODNOK:

98. Oh.

ELLINGTON:

Man, he's not worth digging up.

BLOODNOK:

What? You horrible man, you! You've got to dig him up! He's got my wages in his pocket!

ELLINGTON:

Ooh, I got him! I got him! In fact, I got all 3 of them. Now, give me a heave...

OMNES:

STRAINING NOISES

CRUN:

Naaaa naa, mnka. Oh! Ah. Now, what's in crate number four?

SEAGOON:

Oh, my head!

CRUN:

What's your head doing in crate number four?

SEAGOON:

Oho, I say, look, Mount Everest is down! Mount Everest is down! Huzzah!

OMNES:

MORE "HUZZAHS!"

ELLINGTON:

Yes, it sure is.

SEAGOON:

Then, Major Bloodnok, it's up to you now. Get cracking!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes, well, Lord Hairy, in a week, Mount Everest will be packed, ready for shipment to England!

OMNES:

REJOICING RHUBARBS

ORCHESTRA:

ENGLISH NAVAL MUSIC

SEAGOON:

But the shipment was delayed. I was called to Government House, New Delhi. When I arrived there, this is what I was told:

OMNES:

RHUBARBS

TIMOTHY:

Lord Hairy, there's a delegation of foreign gentlemen waiting to see you.

SEAGOON:

Oh, heavens, who are they?

TIMOTHY:

They refuse to say.

SEAGOON:

Tell the Russians I'll see them.

RUSSIANS:

(COME IN MUTTERING)

RUSSIAN 1:

[MILLIGAN]

Lord Hairy Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yes?

RUSSIAN 1:

My government have taken an exception for your removal of Mount Everest.

SEAGOON:

On what grounds?

RUSSIAN 2:

[SELLERS]

We will tell you what grounds! A portion of Mount Everest was in Russia. Therefore Britain has violated the Anglo-Nordic agreement of 1873.

SEAGOON:

I've never heard of it.

RUSSIAN 2:

WHAT? You mean you don't believe us?

SEAGOON:

No, I don't believe there is any such agreement.

RUSSIAN 2:

Oho, there's gratitude for you! After we spent all the morning forging it! Oho!

RUSSIAN 1:

That's the trouble with the English, you're filthy, uneducated, ill-mannered, uncouth, unhealthy, incompetent, moronic, idiotic and unflattering!

SEAGOON:

Everyone has their little weaknesses. Mine is my nose.

RUSSIAN 1:

Nose?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Thompson?

TIMOTHY:

Sir?

SEAGOON:

Would you take these two gentlemen's camels outside? I find them a little overpowering.

RUSSIAN 1:

Overpowering? Huh, insult!

RUSSIAN 2:

Insult!

RUSSIAN 1:

Insult!

SEAGOON:

Outsult.

RUSSIAN 1:

Our camels are clean and white. Everyday in [UNCLEAR] They don't smell!

RUSSIAN 2:

Of course they don't smell!

RUSSIANS:

It's us! It's us!

SEAGOON:

Oh, no!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHANGE OF SCENE MUSIC

SEAGOON:

The following day, I returned to Bombay, by which time Mount Everest had been wrapped in brown paper and lowered into the hold of HMS Regurgitant. With this precious cargo we set sail for England!

CRUN:

But then, aeough, bad luck. Four days out we ran into a freak storm.

GRAMS:

THUNDER AND CRASHING WAVES

SEAGOON:

By gad, Crun! What a storm.

CRUN:

Yes, we're leaking badly!

SEAGOON:

Were the holds flooded?

CRUN:

I couldn't tell, they were full up with water!

SEAGOON:

Bitter luck.

ECCLES:

Ooh, here! Here! Here! Here! Ooh, oh, Hear hear! Lord Seagoon! Lord Seagoon! O'Malley the cook has been washed overboard.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens. When?

ECCLES:

About three days ago.

SEAGOON:

Why didn't you report this before?

ECCLES:

I don't like him, ahum!

SEAGOON:

This is terrible! Where the... ah, here comes the captain.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ahoy, there! Stand by! We're sinking [UNCLEAR] in the sea, alas! [UNCLEAR] Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah, captain?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Anything that's not needed, throw over the side!

ECCLES:

OK! Hwup!

GRAMS:

SPLASH

BLUEBOTTLE:

(FROM A DISTANCE) You rotten swine, Eccles! Help! Heeeeellp! I drown, I die, I sink, farewell! Exits home...

ECCLES:

Oh, here here, here! Catch!

BLUEBOTTLE:

(FROM A DISTANCE) Thank you!

SEAGOON:

What did you throw him?

ECCLES:

His hat - don't want him to catch cold, hahum.

CRUN:

Aaaahm! Seagoon, we're sinking! Mnk, mnk. Do something!

SEAGOON:

Well, there's only one thing for it. Heave!

OMNES:

HEAVING SOUNDS

GRAMS:

LARGE CRASH MIXED WITH WATER SPLASHES

TIMOTHY:

And so it happened. Mount Everest was sunk and to this day, has lain on the bottom of the sea. The question is what did Hillary and Tenzing climb?

SEAGOON:

The answer is simple. They climbed the highest space in the world!

TIMOTHY:

What do you think? Send your solution to us on a postcard addressed to Mount Everest Salvage Fund, care of Professor Thickide. Goodnight!

ORCHESTRA:

FIRST TWO BARS OF "MARCH OF THE GOONS"

CRUN:

Stop! Stop! Stop! Mnk, mnk, mnk. Goodnight.

ORCHESTRA:

"MARCH OF THE GOONS", UNDER:

TIMOTHY:

That was The Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan...

CRUN:

Yes, yes...

TIMOTHY:

...with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray.

CRUN:

Oh, yes.

TIMOTHY: The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stephens, announcer...

CRUN:

Aaeiiioo!!

TIMOTHY: ...Andrew Timothy, produced by Peter Eton.