

S4 E25 - The Silent Bugler

Transcription by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. Any questions?

ECCLES:

No.

GREENSLADE:

Very well then, we present secret agents Sellers, Secombe and Milligan in...

SECOMBE:

The Goon Show. (MANIACAL LAUGHTER)

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, today in the American Senate, Senator Vanderschmidt said:

VANDERSCHMIDT:

[SELLERS]

(DISTORTED AS ON OLD RADIO)...what is more... ..the House of Un-American activities... mumble... mumble... ..wide screen... multicolour... garble... garble... the Russian attack on East Acton... garble... garble...

GREENSLADE:

He continued by saying...

VANDERSCHMIDT:

...mumble!

GREENSLADE:

Which concluded his speech. Then on March the Third in our house of commons at four o'clock the Prime Minister said:

CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

Tea up, lads! Down with Billy Cotton.

ORCHESTRA:

STIRRING MUSIC.

GREENSLADE:

These everyday exchanges in our political circles are made known to us by all the daily newspapers. But what of the secret services?

MILLIGAN:

Yes, what of them? Unknown to us the secret services of the striving powers are in constant battle. Move and countermove, plot and counterplot.

SELLERS:

We give you now the story of only one minute fragment in this mosaic of political intrigue. Take the case of Agent X2... (FADES)

SEAGOON:

I am X2. My mission started when I was called to HQ MI5. I'd hardly got on board the train for London when I had the uneasy feeling I was being watched.

FX:

SLIDING DOOR.

CONDUCTOR WILLIUM:

[SELLERS]

All tickets please.

SEAGOON:

Tickets? Oh. Ha ha ha. Oh, yes. Oh, well I... There we are.

CONDUCTOR:

'Ere. This is a platform ticket.

SEAGOON:

That's right, I always travel by platform.

CONDUCTOR:

Come on now, where's your ticket?

SEAGOON:

Of course, just joking. There!

CONDUCTOR:

'Ere, this is from Piccadilly to Green Park.

SEAGOON:

Yes I know, it's a very easy journey, I often make it.

CONDUCTOR:

'Ere sir, don't mess me about, I only want yer...

SEAGOON:

My ticket, of course, my ticket. And you shall have it, lad. There! There you are.

CONDUCTOR:

'bout time, too. 'Ere, wait a minute. This was issued in 1902.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Running late, aren't we.

CONDUCTOR:

But it's for the... for the Brighton / London stagecoach.

SEAGOON:

Well, well, well.

CONDUCTOR:

This ain't a stagecoach.

SEAGOON:

You mean this train isn't horse drawn?

CONDUCTOR:

Nah.

SEAGOON:

(ANGRY) I demand my money back! You charlatan! You blind fool, you!

CONDUCTOR:

Just a minute, you can't lumber me with all that clever talk. You gotta pay for yer ticket, now where did yer get on?

SEAGOON:

Curse, the game's up. Well now, what was that last station?

CONDUCTOR:

Thund Junction. (SELLERS ALMOST CORPSES)

SEAGOON:

That's it, that's where I got on.

CONDUCTOR:

But we didn't stop there.

SEAGOON:

Do you think it was easy?

CONDUCTOR:

No. Now then, where're you going to?

SEAGOON:

The next station.

CONDUCTOR:

Well, that'll be 18 and thruppence.

SEAGOON:

Right, well, there we are.

CONDUCTOR:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Fool. Little does he know that the real fare is not 18 and thruppence but 32 and 6.

CONDUCTOR:

Little does he know that I'm nothing to do with the railway.

SEAGOON:

Curses. Thus I arrived at HQ MI5.

FX:

DOOR.

'M':

[MILLIGAN]

Aaaah, come in X2.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, sir.

'M':

Now, X2, you know what we want you for?

SEAGOON:

No.

'M':

Oh, don't go away, we'll think of something. Ah, yes, X2, have you ever been to Russia?

SEAGOON:

No.

'M':

Hm. Ever been to Moscow?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

'M':

That'll do. Colonel Headstone, you'd better explain to this lad.

COLONEL HEADSTONE:

[SELLERS]

Well. X2, we have.... we have reason to believe that the Russians have perfected a time machine. With it they could go forward into the future. Once there, they build planes that will travel faster than the speed of light. They have got to be stopped doing that. You are the man for the job.

SEAGOON:

You can stand by me to rely on you!

COLONEL HEADSTONE:

Thank you. Now a few particulars - are you married?

SEAGOON:

No, sir.

COLONEL HEADSTONE:

Understandable. I would go on this mission myself but for one thing.

SEAGOON:

What sir?

COLONEL HEADSTONE:

it's too darn dangerous.

SEAGOON:

You mean I might get killed?

COLONEL HEADSTONE:

With a bit of luck, yes.

'M':

(LAUGHS) The Colonel is joking. Now X2, folloooow... me!

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

DOOR.

'M':

Now then, Mr. Crun?

CRUN:

Yes?

'M':

This is X2. Mr Crun, would you gen him up on the Russki intelligence.

CRUN:

Now X2, what...?

SEAGOON:

Captain Hairy Seagoon at your service sir.

CRUN:

(CORPSING THROUGHOUT) Captain Seagoon at your hairy service, now here is a photo of the Russian master spy Igor Blimey. He's escaped from every prison in Europe.

SEAGOON:

But sir, there's nothing on this photograph.

CRUN:

(CORPSING THROUGHOUT) Oh, he's escaped again! Never mind. Next, there is the most hated man in Russia.

SEAGOON:

Who?

CRUN:

Charlie Chester!

SEAGOON:

They too! Ah, poor wretches.

CRUN:

Yes, they, too. But aahhhh! Now the most deadly agent of them all. They call him the Silent Bugler.

SEAGOON:

The Silent Bugler?

CRUN:

Yes, nobody has ever seen him but here is a rare record of him. Listen.

GRAMS:

SILENT RECORD.

SEAGOON:

I can't hear anything.

CRUN:

That's him! That's him! The Silent Bugler. If you ever hear nothing like that, look out!

SEAGOON:

With that warning ringing in my nose, I spent the next three days and two weeks training under Major Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

Aaaaaah! Oh, deaaaaaahhh! Eeeeeoohhheemmmleeeaaahhh! And if you like: meeeoohhh!

SEAGOON:

(FAST) You can stand by me to rely on you!

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Now, lad, training.

SEAGOON:

They tell me that during the last war you were taken prisoner.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, but I escaped.

SEAGOON:

Where from?

BLOODNOK:

Dartmoor. Now first, disguises. Here, black your face with this burnt cork. That's it, lad, now, now, now put on this straw hat. Yes, wonderful. Now take this banjo. There, you look marvellous.

SEAGOON:

You think it'll fool the Russians?

BLOODNOK:

Russians? You idiot, you'll never fool 'em with that lot! Get it all off! Good job you came to me.

SEAGOON:

You can stand on me to rely by you.

BLOODNOK:

Thud! Oh, thud, thud! Russians, you say? Well, well, well, well. In that case you... you must appear inconspicuous. I have the very outfit. Stand by to check.

SEAGOON:

Right.

BLOODNOK:

One scarlet beard with detachable bells.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

One pair of reversible plastic socks, *easily* convertible into dog cardigan.

SEAGOON:

Brilliant!

BLOODNOK:

One rubber dagger.

SEAGOON:

What's the use of a rubber dagger?

BLOODNOK:

We don't want to shed blood needlessly, lad.

SEAGOON:

You're... (GIBBERISH) ...Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

(GIBBERISH) Now, finance. Three thousand lira in rupees payable in pesetas at any Mongolian bank whilst wearing tennis shoes in a thunderstorm.

SEAGOON:

You've thought of everything.

BLOODNOK:

Next, the sensitivity test. I just blindfold you. Now then, have it on there around the eyes. Now you can't see a thing, can you?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

I want you to tell me what I'm doing. Right?

SEAGOON:

Thud!

BLOODNOK:

Good.

SEAGOON:

Er, you're taking my gold ring off my finger.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

Now you're removing my gold watch. And my fountain pens from my pocket.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, wonderful, lad. Keep it up.

SEAGOON:

Errr... now you're taking my wallet. And... aha... you've taken my money belt.

BLOODNOK:

Good lad, keep going.

FX:

DOOR.

SEAGOON:

No, I can't feel you doing anything now. No, I....

FX:

PHONE.

SEAGOON:

Hello?

OPERATOR:

[GREENSLADE]

(FRENCH ACCENT) Your call from Paris, you're through.

SEAGOON:

Right. Hello?

BLOODNOK:

Hello Secombe, the lesson's over, lad.

GREENSLADE:

End of the Silent Bugler part one. At the organ, Max Geldray!

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE.

GREENSLADE:

The Silent Bugler part two.

MILLIGAN:

But first, for listeners who have just tuned in, here is a rapid synopsis. (MAKES NOISE LIKE SPEEDED UP TAPE RECORDING)

SELLERS:

Now, read on!

SEAGOON:

Before my departure for Russia I took one final test.

COLONEL:

[SELLERS]

Seagoon we want you to identify objects that will be held up in rapid succession by the sergeant here.

SEAGOON:

You can stand by me... (GIBBERISH)..

COLONEL:

Good. Sergeant Eccles, do your duty.

ECCLES:

OK. Now the first object I hold up is this. What's this?

SEAGOON:

Ummmm.... a banana.

ECCLES:

Good, good, good, good, good. Ohhhh, good.

ECCLES:

Now then, what's this?

SEAGOON:

Errr.... pencil.

ECCLES:

Good. Good, good, good, good. Now then, the last one. (STRAINING) What's this? What's this I'm holding up?

SEAGOON:

Ah.. let me see now, um...

ECCLES:

Come on! Look at... look at the shape!

SEAGOON:

Er... It's um....

ECCLES:

Come on! You know it! You know it!

SEAGOON:

Er...No no, I'm not sure, I've seen one before.

ECCLES:

You've seen one of these....

GRAMS:

FLOOR COLLAPSES.

ECCLES:

Aaaaaaaahhhhh. Ow o wow ow.

FX:

KNOCKING. DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Oh, you're back.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

Well, what was it?

ECCLES:

An elephant.

SEAGOON:

Of course, I should've guessed.

ECCLES:

Den why didn't you??? I was holding it up....

COLONEL:

Steady Eccles, steady Eccles. Eccles 'shun!

ECCLES:

Ok.

COLONEL:

Just one more small test

SEAGOON:

You can stand by me to rely on me!

COLONEL:

I'm sure I can. Eccles? Call the arms expert.

ECCLES:

Ooooo-k. Bluebottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you call, my Eccles! I heard you call meeee! Pauses for audience applause, not a sausage. Continues act, strikes "Stand Easy" pose.

SEAGOON:

I understand you have a secret weapon for me.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have it it! I have! I have it. Unscrews false kneecap, takes out secret gun. I am in agony as I have not got false kneecaps. Puts on bold face. Laughs. Eeeeeh! Still hurts, though.

SEAGOON:

What is this remarkable weapon?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It is... it is my backshot pistol. My backshot pistol, it is.

SEAGOON:

You mean, whoever fires this pistol gets killed himself?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. You just give it to an enemy, he aims it at you and he gets deaded his self

SEAGOON:

Brilliant! How does it work?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'll show you. You shall... I show youuuuu. I just point the gun at you, then I pull the trigger and...
ahaaaaaa no, no, no. You point it at me and *you* pull the trigger.

SEAGOON:

I see, thanks, yes? I point it at you like this?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no, no, do not point it at me, point it at yourself.

SEAGOON:

But you said....

BLUEBOTTLE:

Be careful you.....

FX:

BANG!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ah, you rotten swine, you! You have deaded me, oh, you...! You have shotted meeee! You have punctured my guaranteed Flash Gordon bulletproof space vest with cardboard lapels, price one and nine at all good chemists. Ehiheee, dies! Exits left to register for next year's radio awards.

GREENSLADE:

The Silent Bugler part three

SELLERS:

In a dark car with a hat pulled well over its eyes, Secombe was next driven to a submerged airport.

SEAGOON:

Once there I was given a spoonful of air linctus for my nerves, which I had unfortunately brought with me.

GREENSLADE:

(ON TANNOY) Will passengers with the disguised MI5 tickets for mystery flight X to undisclosed destination please inflate their false wigs and crawl as inconspicuously as possible to the isolated black plane standing in the shadow of the barbed wire. Thank you.

ELLINGTON:

Mystery flight X this way, please. Passports, please! All passports, please. Er... name, sir?

BLOODNOK:

Mrs Gladys Murgatroyd, spinster

ELLINGTON:

Right. Next!

ECCLES:

Er... I'm... um...woof woof!

ELLINGTON:

Next!

GREENSLADE:

Madame Fifi La Bonbon, male impressionist.

ELLINGTON:

Good luck. Next!

WOMAN:

[SELLERS]

Sir Arthur Rockhamton.

ELLINGTON:

Right, ma'am. Next!

WOMAN:

Little does he know that I am not Sir Arthur Rockhamton but only his son, Prunella.

ECCLES:

Little does he know.... little does he know that I'm not woof woof but two other dogs of a different breed.

BLOODNOK:

Little do they know that I am not as I said Mrs Gladys Murgatroyd, spinster, but MISS Gladys Murgatroyd, bachelor.

ELLINGTON:

And.. er..you sir?

SEAGOON:

I'm X2, Captain Hairy Seagoon, secret British agent.

ELLINGTON:

Hahahahaha.

SEAGOON:

Plainly, he didn't believe me.

ELLINGTON:

Close the doors and fasten your safety belts, please.

MINNIE:

Everybody take your seats. All belts to be fastened. Come on Captain Seagoon, you must fasten your belt now.

SEAGOON:

Why?

MINNIE:

Your trousers are coming down

CRUN:

Is everybody in, Minnie?

MINNIE:

Yes, Henry!

CRUN:

Put the hat on and start taking the money.

MINNIE:

Fares, please.

SEAGOON:

Tuppenney, please.

CRUN:

I'm at the controls, Minnie. Hold fast! Contract!

ELLINGTON:

Contract!

CRUN:

Give it the gun, Hellington.

ELLINGTON:

Hold tight!

GRAMS:

SOUND OF PLANE TAKING OFF MERGING INTO:

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

SEAGOON:

By now I was deep in enemy territory. Very deep, I was dropped without a parachute. But all the other occupants of the plane were also dropped. I was suspicious at the secret police at all around me. Walking along the Fredstrasse in Berlin I was halted by two men heavily disguised as Englishmen.

MILLIGAN:

Good morgen

SEAGOON:

I said. And they replied:

BLOODNOK:

Ach! Marlene Dietrich. Achtung, presstung, Spitfiren, Rommel, Geshundheit.

SEAGOON:

Curse! He speaks Russian fluently. I must reply. Hmm. Si Si, Senor. Poor Russian fool. Little does he know that I'm not really a German but I speak the language fluently.

BLOODNOK:

Poor German fool. Little does he know that I am not a poor Russian fool, but Major Bloodnok, a poor English fool. Nay – idiot.

ECCLES:

Ahum! Pardon my Herrs, um, yeah, ich, ich haber ein guten tag. Little do they know that I'm saying I'm having a good time in German. Ahaha!

GRAMS:

CLOCK CHIMES.

SEAGOON:

Ten to one. I must open my sealed orders at once!

BLOODNOK:

Ten to one? I must open my sealed orders at once.

ECCLES:

Ten to one? Ditto ditto ditto at once.

FX:

ENVELOPES BEING OPENED, ALL THREE MUMBLE IN THEIR OWN WAYS.

SEAGOON:

Now, what do my orders say? 'The man standing before you is Major Bloodnok'.

BLOODNOK:

What do mine say? 'The man standing before you is Captain Seagoon who has just been informed who you are'.

ECCLES:

Let's see what mine say: 'Mix two eggs... add sugar...' 'Ere! I picked up the wrong envelope! I got Philip Harben's act!

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon!

ECCLES:

Philip Harben!

BLOODNOK:

Shh! We must disperse. We'll meet here when the clock strikes one.

SEAGOON:

Right. When it strikes one.

FX:

BELL TOLLS ONCE

SEAGOON:

Hello Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Ah, Seagoon!

ECCLES:

Hello, fellers!

BLOODNOK:

You're late, where have you been?

ECCLES:

I was held up....

GRAMS:

TELEPHONE RINGING

BLOODNOK:

Don't answer that phone! It's ringing in Russian

SEAGOON:

What? Then I'll put on this false beard. There! Now!

GRAMS:

PHONE IS PICKED UP, STOPS RINGING.

SEAGOON:

Hello? Who is speaking?

HEAD MI5:

[GREENSLADE]

If you take that darn silly beard off I'll tell you. Now listen, this is HQ MI5 orders. Orders are these: Find the Silent Bugler, he knows where the time machine is. His location, the Dresden Opera House.

SEAGOON:

Right!

HEAD MI5:

Any questions?

SEAGOON:

Yes

HEAD MI5:

What?

SEAGOON:

Goodbye.

HEAD MI5:

Thank you!

SEAGOON:

Men, the Dresden Opera House, hurry!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH!

BLOODNOK:

Ah, here we are. Today's symphony concert featuring... what's this? Relgub Tneliseht?

SEAGOON:

Gad! That spells 'The Silent Bugler' backwards! Inside!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH!

SEAGOON:

Ah, here's an empty box!

BLOODNOK:

Ah! And we're just in time to miss the first sixty movements.

SEAGOON:

Just look at the Orchestra. They must be over a hundred and fifty

ECCLES:

Oooh, they look much younger!

GRAMS:

ORCHESTRA STARTS PLAYING CLASSICAL MUSIC

SEAGOON:

I wonder which one is the Silent Bugler.

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

SILENCE

BLOODNOK:

That's him!

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

RESUMES MUSIC.

BLOODNOK:

Curse! He's stopped playing!

SEAGOON:

I didn't hear him!

BLOODNOK:

Well listen, you'll...

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

SILENCE

BLOODNOK:

There he is, now!

SEAGOON:

Where? Where?

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC

BLOODNOK:

Blast! He's gone again!

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

STUCK NEEDLE ON RECORD

SEAGOON:

What was that?

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

The music seemed to repeat!

BLOODNOK:

I didn't notice anything and I know my Wagner backwards.

SEAGOON:

But they're not playing it backwards.

BLOODNOK:

Ah! That accounts for it.

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC SLOWS DOWN

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! The whole orchestra are phoney's! They're miming to a gramophone record!

BLOODNOK:

Then the Silent Bugler.

SEAGOON:

He doesn't exist! It must all be a bluff!

BLOODNOK:

You mean...?

SEAGOON:

He doesn't exist! It must all be a bluff!

BLOODNOK:

I thought that's what you meant.

SEAGOON:

The whole orchestra are secret Russian agents. We must get out of here immediately!

ECCLES:

Yeah, aah, ooh, how we gonna find the time machine?

SEAGOON:

We must split up and search under the theatre.

ECCLES:

Ok, lets gooooo.....

SEAGOON:

Wait a minute.

BLOODNOK:

Oohaaaaugh...

SEAGOON:

Wait a minute.

ECCLES:

What that?

SEAGOON:

How do I know you're not enemy agents? Prove your identity.

BLOODNOK:

Very well, my card, Major Dennis Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

My card. Captain Hairy Seagoon

ECCLES:

And here's my card.

BLOODNOK:

Good heavens, the two of clubs!

SECOMBE:

Pontoons only!

GREENSLADE:

For listeners who have been asleep, of whom I am one, here's a short resumé of what's gone before...

SELLERS:

(WOMAN'S VOICE) Helen Lovejoy, beautiful heiress to the Halibut millions, has been jilted at the altar by Villion de Paprikon, the legitimate son of Louis the... ecks one vee. Peter, Villion's Eton boating friend, has heard this, but being in Tibet has embarrassed Mary, his fiancé who, being the only cousin of Sir Raymond Ellington has past the title on to Baron Geldray, also heir to the Halibut millions. Now read on.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in a disused underground boot stewing factory, two Russian agents are talking. Ivan Itchybonce and Vladimir Shotitoff.

RUSSIAN 1:

{MILLIGAN}

(PSEUDO RUSSIAN GIBBERISH)

RUSSIAN 2:

[GELDRAY]

(SPEAKING DUTCH) Maar ja, als ze nou maar eens even een keertje zouden ophouden dan, want als ze niet ophouden dan word ik natuurlijk gek.

(TRANSLATION: "But yes, if only they would stop for a while, because if they don't stop, then of course I could go mad.")

ELLINGTON:

Yeah!

GREENSLADE:

And so, as you have heard, they were well aware of the British agents' threat to steal their time machine and were laying a trap.

BLOODNOK:

Has he finished?

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah, yeah.

BLOODNOK:

Good! Now, for listeners without television, we are alone under the theatre and you are about to speak.

ECCLES:

Oh, me? Oh, yeah, ok. Oh!

BLOODNOK:

What, lad?

ECCLES:

Look! The time machine!

BLOODNOK:

What luck! Quick, put the bomb inside.

ECCLES:

Ok.

FX:

BOMB BEING PLACED

ECCLES:

All done.

BLOODNOK:

Good, good. Now then, any idiot who opens that lid is a goner.

ECCLES:

Yup yup!

BLOODNOK:

You're sure it's gonna work alright?

ECCLES:

I'll just try it.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

ECCLES:

Ok!

BLOODNOK:

Right, right.. come on... what are you looking for?

ECCLES:

My legs! Oh, here they are, ok!

SEAGOON:

Hands up! Bloodnok, Eccles, what are you doing here?

BLOODNOK:

We just destroyed the time machine.

SEAGOON:

Fools, I have the time machine, that was a fake. I put it there to fool the Ruskies. The real machine is next door. Shh! Someone's coming!

ECCLES:

Oooh!

SEAGOON:

Ah! Too late!

RUSSIAN:

[SELLERS]

Hands up!

SEAGOON:

Quick, through this door!

FX:

DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

SEAGOON:

Ah, safe!

BLOODNOK:

No we're not, someone's coming. Quick!

FX:

DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

SEAGOON:

Through here.

FX:

DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

BLOODNOK:

And here!

(SEAGOON AND BLOODNOK OPEN MULTIPLE DOORS UNTIL...)

SEAGOON:

Just one more!

FX:

DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

BLOODNOK:

Taxi!!

GRAMS:

TAXI PULLING UP, DOOR OPENS.

BLOODNOK:

Right, everybody in.

GRAMS:

TAXI PULLING AWAY, EXHAUST BACKFIRING, OLD HOOTER HONKING, FADES INTO DISTANCE....
...FADES INTO FEET RUNNING.

SEAGOON:

Quick, quickly, into this river, lads.

ECCLES:

The river?

GRAMS:

SPLASH.

(ALL THREE REACT TO THE COLD WATER – CRIES OF “OUT THE OTHER SIDE!”, “RIGHT!”)

BLOODNOK:

Now then, onto these horses.

GRAMS:

HORSE GALLOPING.

ECCLES:

Nice horsey...

SEAGOON:

Giddyup boy...

ECCLES:

Ooh, watch it! Steady now...

BLOODNOK:

Right, dismount.

SEAGOON:

Quick! Into this racing car!

ECCLES:

It's not a racing car, it's a racehorse.

(CONFUSED SHOUTING BETWEEN ALL THREE STILL ON HORSEBACK UNTIL...)

ECCLES:

Right everybody off! Everybody off!

SEAGOON:

Now quick – into this racing car this time...

GRAMS:

CAR DRIVES OFF... FADES INTO DISTANCE.... FADES IN AGAIN... GRINDS GEARS... HALTS...

BLOODNOK:

Stop!

FX:

ALL GET OUT OF CAR.

(MORE CONFUSED SHOUTING “IN HERE!” “WE GOT AWAY!”, ETC)

SEAGOON:

We're safe.

ECCLES:

We got away from him.

SEAGOON:

Yeah.

RUSSIAN:

[SELLERS]

So! You have come back!

ECCLES:

Nooo!

RUSSIAN:

Hands up! Down! Up! Down! Up! Down!

SEAGOON:

What's all this for?

RUSSIAN:

We believe in keeping our prisoners fit. You fools, you did not get our time machine. Pah! That was just a disguise. And now, for you it is the end.

SEAGOON:

Quick, Bloodnok, Eccles – into the time machine.

FX:

A STRUGGLE.

RUSSIAN:

Please, do you mind if I get out?

SEAGOON:

Oh, I'm sorry.

BLOODNOK:

Well, what now?

SEAGOON:

Isn't it obvious, we have but one avenue of escape. We must go forward in time!

BLOODNOK:

Ohoh!

SEAGOON:

Here are the controls. Stand by.

GRAMS:

TIME MACHINE STARTING UP.

SEAGOON:

That's it! Now we're off! Now all we have to do is sit tight and we'll find ourselves in (SPEECH SPEEDS UP... FADES...)

GREENSLADE:

And so, since our friends are speeding into the future we have to abandon this edition of The Goon Show. Those who would like to hear how it ended listen again on March 15th 1984

ORCHESTRA:

THEME

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Peter Eton.

Notes

Philip Harben (17 October 1906 – 27 April 1970) was an English cook, recognised as the first TV celebrity chef.