

## S4 E26 - Western Story

Transcribed by Helen.

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### **GREENSLADE:**

We present Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan in...

### **SECOMBE:**

The Goon Show!

### **ORCHESTRA:**

GOON SHOW THEME

### **SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

(AMERICAN ACCENT THROUGHOUT SHOW) The Goons bring you an epic of the Wild West. A story of a lead-swingin' badman who hung up his guns and tried to reform. The notorious, ruthless, cold-eyed gunman called...

### **ORCHESTRA:**

DRAMATIC NOTE

### **SELLERS:**

Drain.

### **ORCHESTRA:**

SCENE-SETTING MUSIC

### **SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

This drama is based on the story 'Shame'. Which was originally published in that well-known American magazine devoted to culture and the arts...

### **SELLERS:**

(AMERICAN ACCENT) 10 cents, dime true[?] and six-gun cowboy rootin', tootin', bang, bang... (SPIT)

### **FX:**

HITS SPITTOON

### **SELLERS:**

...Western story yet.

### **MILLIGAN:**

Page one.

**MAN IN ADVERT:**

[SECOMBE]

(WHINY VOICE) A few months ago, I was a seven stone weakling. And when I sat on the beach with my fiancé, a 17 stone bully would come along and kick sand in my face. Sand, in my face. Right, I said, a course of [UNCLEAR] body-building exercises, / am now a 17 stone bully myself. And things are very different on the beach, now. Ha, ha, ha! Yes. Now a 30 stone bully comes along and kicks sand in my face!

**MILLIGAN:**

Page two.

**GREENSLADE:**

Before commencing our pulsating, gripping western yarn, let us introduce the characters. First, the hardened killer himself. Henry "Drain" Crun. A lone wolf married to his gun.

**Henry Crun:**

Yes, it's been a hard life.

**GREENSLADE:**

Next, the law enforcement officer. An honest, dedicated man.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Yep. Mah name's Sheriff Secombe and I'm married to mah job.

**GREENSLADE:**

And lastly...

**ECCLES:**

My name's Joe DiMaggio, and I'm having a good time! Aha, ho! Ain't I! Ain't I?

**GREENSLADE:**

But let us commence our story. The story of Drain.

**ORCHESTRA:**

SCENE SETTING MUSIC

**MILLIGAN:**

(AMERICAN ACCENT) Chapter one.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

(HEAVY COUGHING) Well?

**SELLERS:**

Said Sheriff Harry Secombe.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Time to get to work.

**SELLERS:**

He pulled on his boots and spurs, stepped onto his gun belt. And with one bound, leapt onto his...

**MILLIGAN:**

Continued on page 63.

**FX:**

PAGES TURNING

**SELLERS:**

Horse.

**FX:**

SLOW HORSES HOOVES

**SELLERS:**

Like most true Westerners, the Sheriff treats his horse as a personal friend.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Cigarette?

**HORSE:**

[MILLIGAN]

(NEIGHS)

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Match?

**HORSE:**

(NEIGHS)

**FX:**

MATCH BEING STRUCK

**HORSE:**

(STARTS TO NEIGH BUT COUGHS.)

**SELLERS:**

Which is only natural. After all, what is a Westerner without his horse? Well, for one thing, he is much shorter. (DEADPAN) Oh, hey, hey. Will you get me with them snappy gags. The Sheriff a-rives bright and early at the courthouse and jail. Reins in his steed at the horse trough...

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Holey, woah, gere, ho!

**SELLERS:**

And dismounts.

**GRAMS:**

SPLASH

**SELLERS:**

He swims across to his office.

**GRAMS:**

SWIMMING SOUNDS

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

(STRAINS)

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

**DEPUTY MILLIGAN:**

Mornin', Sheriff.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Mornin'.

**DEPUTY MILLIGAN:**

A new deputy's here to see you. Shall I send him in?

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Uh-huh.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS

**DEPUTY MILLIGAN:**

Wild Bill? Eeeee, now here.

**WILD BILL:**

Thank you. Well, good morning, Sheriff.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Wild Bill? New deputy? Then... then you're the famous Wild Bill Mortoncock.

**WILD BILL:**

That's right, cock.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Well, I hope you're as tough as they say you are.

**WILD BILL:**

Oh, yes.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Well, as you probably heard...

**WILD BILL:**

What?

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

This town is terrorised by one of the worst gangs in the far West!

**WILD BILL:**

Oh, yes, yes. Yes.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

None other... none other than dangerous Earnest McGrew and his bar X rustlin', ridin', rope-twirlin', guitar-strummin', fiddle-playin', old-singin', male-voice close-harmony bull-punchers.

**WILD BILL:**

Goodness gracious.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Watch your language, son. May be sailors listening.

**WILD BILL:**

I... I'm sorry but you see I'm afraid I... I have even worse news.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

What's that?

**WILD BILL:**

Well, Drain and his gang are on their way here.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

What? Drain Crun, the scourge of Leamington spa?

**WILD BILL:**

That's right.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Jumpin'... Gee, wait. This may be the answer!

**WILD BILL:**

Do you mean, get Crun to deal with dangerous Earnest and his gang?

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Yeah.

**FX:**

PHONE RINGS, PICKED UP

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Hello? No, this is Sheriff Secombe. Huh? No, Secombe. I tell you, this is *not* Julius Caesar. What? How do I know where he is?

**FX:**

PHONE PUT DOWN

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Dang fool. How do I know the name of every tinpot bum in town? Ha, ha, ha. All right, Wild Bill. Bring in the first prisoner.

**WILD BILL:**

Right.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS

**WILD BILL:**

This way, Geldray.

**FX:**

DOOR CLOSES

**WILD BILL:**

The first prisoner, Sheriff. Max Geldray.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Geldray, huh? Oh, I see. Charged with, er... sabotage. Mmmmm, very... Larry Adler's harmonica. Mmmm, yeah, one and a half pounds o' garlic? Oh, it's very serious. However, Geldray, the judge'll be here in a moment and... and you will receive a fair and just trial with every opportunity to defend yourself.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Mornin', judge.

**JUDGE:**

[MILLIGAN]

Morning, scum, morning.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Judge, this is Max Geldray.

**JUDGE:**

10 years.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS, CLOSES

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Hard luck, Geldray.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS

**JUDGE:**

Hard labour, Geldray.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

But Judge, 'fore you sentence him, don't you want to hear his record?

**JUDGE:**

All right, if you insist, if you insist.

**MAX GELDRAIY:**

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

**JUDGE:**

Right. Simmer down, there. Simmer down. That was Max Geldray's record?

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Yeah, judge.

**JUDGE:**

There was him actually playing on that record?

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Yeah.

**JUDGE:**

Smash it over his head.

**ORCHESTRA:**

LINK MUSIC

**GREENSLADE:**

Meanwhile, the desperate gunfighter Crun and his equally desperately lieutenant were rapidly approaching Dead Springs Creek.

**CRUN AND ECCLES:**

(SINGS MOSTLY NONSENSE) [UNCLEAR].

We're riding along on the crest of a wave.

Melody [UNCLEAR].

Sweet [UNCLEAR].

**ECCLES:**

Ha, ha, hum. Ha, ha, hum. What was that?

**CRUN:**

I don't know but it sounded good.

**ECCLES:**

Wonderful.

**CRUN:**

Eccles?

**ECCLES:**

Yeah?

**CRUN:**

To think we've come all the way to Arizona from London. Oh, which reminds me. How much did you tip that water at wa... the porter at Waterloo? (SELLERS ALMOST LAUGHS)

**ECCLES:**

Um... Um, I, er... I... I... I was...

**CRUN:**

I hope you didn't over-tip him. You know what these railway porters are.

**ECCLES:**

Yeah.

**CRUN:**

They expect a fortune. Insults. Grumble about your suitcases. Every...

**PORTER:**

[SECOMBE]

(YORKSHIRE ACCENT) One more word and I won't... I won't carry 'em any further.

**CRUN:**

Good heavens! You're still with us.

**PORTER:**

Well, I... I think I am.

**CRUN:**

And still carrying all our luggage. By the way, Eccles.

**ECCLES:**

Ha, ho?

**CRUN:**

Did you remember to pack everything? You did, didn't you?

**ECCLES:**

Yer. Oh, oh, ah, oh, ooh, yer, yer. Oh, oh, except I didn't bring the big reading lamp of yours on account it was broken.

**CRUN:**

What are you talking about?

**ECCLES:**

Yer, the... the lead, it... the light kept flickering on and off.

**CRUN:**

Yes?

**ECCLES:**

And you know what? I was looking in at it one night and I found out why.

**CRUN:**

Why?

**ECCLES:**

There's a man inside the light!

**CRUN:**

Eccles, you're mad.

**ECCLES:**

I'm mad, yeah. But don't change the subject. Now, listen. I... I even found out the name of that man inside the lamp.

**CRUN:**

What was it?

**ECCLES:**

Sylvia Peters. Aha, hum!

**CRUN:**

Sylvia Peters? Ha, ha, you idiot.

**ECCLES:**

Yeah.

**CRUN:**

That's not a reading lamp. That's my television set.

**ECCLES:**

Television?

**CRUN:**

Yes.

**ECCLES:**

Well, what do you know? Before we know where we are, dey... dey'll be... dey'll be inventing gunpowder. Bang! Bang! Boom! Bang! Boom.

**CRUN:**

Yes.

**ECCLES:**

Yeah.

**CRUN:**

What do you think of television programmes in general?

**ECCLES:**

Well, I... I think it's about time that they did.

**CRUN:**

Did what?

**ECCLES:**

Invented gunpowder! Aha, ho!

**CRUN:**

Yes, I'm inclined to agree with you.

**ECCLES:**

Yeah.

**CRUN:**

And that's why we're heading for the only place in America which still hasn't got TV. Bed Springs Creek.

**ECCLES:**

Oooooh!

**ORCHESTRA:**

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

**ECCLES:**

Ooh. Woah, back there, woah. Woah, woah, woah. Now den, let's see what it says up there. 'The Last Chance Drinking and Gambling Saloon'.

**CRUN:**

Yes, we should be able to get a drink in here. Come along.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS

**GRAMS:**

SALOON CROWD

**CRUN:**

Here's the bar. Now, what I would like...

**PORTER:**

'Ere!

**CRUN:**

What's the matter?

**PORTER:**

This isn't platform seven.

**OMNES:**

LOUD SHOUTS

**FX:**

GUNSHOTS

**ECCLES:**

Woah!

**PORTER:**

It's the refreshments buf-fit.

**BARMAN:**

[MILLIGAN]

[UNCLEAR] me, what'll it be, strangers?

**PORTER:**

Tea and a rock cake, please. What about you, Mr Drain?

**CRUN:**

Well, I'd...

**BARMAN:**

[SELLERS]

Drain? Hey, Sheriff!

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Yeah?

**BARMAN:**

These are the men. And this one is Drain!

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Ooh, howdy, I'm Sheriff Secombe. (SPITS)

**CRUN:**

Howdy, partner. And yippy. Buddy. Bang, bang, partner.

**MINNIE:**

Yeah, buddy.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Now, listen, Drain. We know your reputation as a bad man and a gunfighter. But I'm prepared to make you an offer. Rid this town of dangerous Ernie McGrew and his gang, lock up McGrew himself, and you can name your own price!

**CRUN:**

No, thank you. You see, I've given up all that shooting and killing. I've reformed. We've all reformed. Eccles has even given up smoking. Haven't you?

**ECCLES:**

Ooh, I... I... I... I have, yup. 40 cigarettes a day, folks, for the last 30 years. And now! I'm giving it up!

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Why?

**ECCLES:**

Didn't like it. Aho, hum! And, um, apart from that, you know what they say?

**CRUN:**

No, what?

**ECCLES:**

They say, 'Help! Help! Help!'

**CRUN:**

Who says that?

**ECCLES:**

People who are drowning. That's true, isn't it? Isn't it? Yeah? Think so, yeah.

**CRUN:**

You're being an idiot again.

**ECCLES:**

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

**CRUN:**

Don't be an idiot.

**ECCLES:**

Yeah, yeah.

**CRUN:**

And, er, Bogg, here, has given up gambling.

**ECCLES:**

Oh.

**PORTER:**

Aye, that's right.

**ECCLES:**

He... he... he... he's a gambler?

**CRUN:**

Yes, oh...

**PORTER:**

I were that, you know. I was a gambler. Ee, by... I even went to Monte Carlo, once. To the famous Monte Carlo casino. 2,000 francs on the black. I cried, 'Spin the wheel, crooper! Spin!' 5,000 on the red.

**ECCLES:**

No!

**PORTER:**

Ha, ha, ha, ha! 'Banco!', I cried. 'Spin the wheel! Let Dame Fortune smile on whom she will!'

**ECCLES:**

No!

**PORTER:**

'Banco!' Half a million on the black. Half a million francs. All my fortune on the flashing wheel.

**BARMAN:**

And what happened?

**PORTER:**

They wouldn't let me in.

**BARMAN:**

You know, I'm not surprised.

**PORTER:**

'Ere. May I ask a question?

**BARMAN:**

Sure.

**PORTER:**

You know them people playing roulette over there?

**BARMAN:**

Yeah?

**PORTER:**

They're only betting on the black. Why doesn't somebody back the reds?

**BARMAN:**

What? With McCarthy's committee in the town?

**PORTER:**

The senator's committee? They're 'ere?

**SHINE:**

[SELLERS]

Yes, sir, yes, sir, yes, siree, sir. We're here, sir. Thank you, sir. We certainly are, sir. Morning, Sheriff.

**FX:**

PHONE RINGS

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Morning Mr Shine.

**SHINE:**

Oh, yes. Pardon me.

**FX:**

PICKS UP PHONE

**SHINE:**

Yes? No, this is not Julius Caesar, this is the senator's legal adviser and assistant.

**ECCLES:**

The senator's legal assistant? I didn't know you were out here in the Wild West.

**SHINE:**

Neither do the army. Now, er... what's going on, Sheriff?

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Well, sir, this man, this man is Drain, the gunfighter.

**SHINE:**

Uh-huh.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

I just made him a proposition to get rid of dangerous McGrew and his gang.

**SHINE:**

Yep.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

But he won't. He... he... he says he's reformed!

**SHINE:**

Oh, he does, does he? Well, gentlemen. If you won't cooperate with us, we can't cooperate with you. We can't, that's all there is to it. No co-operation.

**ECCLES:**

But Mr Crun can't, he... He's reformed.

**SHINE:**

Silence, I say. The three of you will be investigated immediately by the committee for probing un-American activities, already. Yes.

**PORTER:**

Buuuuut we're not engaged in any un-American activities.

**SHINE:**

You're drinking tea, ain'tcha?

**ECCLES:**

Oooh.

**SHINE:**

All right, then. 9.30 tomorrow morning in the courthouse.

**ECCLES:**

But listen here... (FADES)

**SHINE:**

I'm sorry... (FADES)

**ORCHESTRA:**

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

**OMNES:**

CROWD MURMURS

**FX:**

GAVEL ON BENCH

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Quiet! Quite, everybody! Quiet! Settle down.

**SHINE:**

Silence!

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Silence.

**SHINE:**

Silence in court. The court will now stand for the chairman of the committee, Senator Charlie McEllington.

**RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:**

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

**FX:**

GAVEL ON BENCH

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Silence! Silence!

**SHINE:**

Quite, everybody, quiet.

**CHAIRMAN:**

I shall commence by calling the first witness. Eccles?

**SHINE:**

Why, Senator?

**CHAIRMAN:**

'Cause that is his name.

**SHINE:**

Oh, I see, sir, yes, sir, right, sir, thanks to your answer, thank you. Right, sir. Call Eccles.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Call Eccles!

**CRUB:**

Eccles!

**CHAIRMAN:**

Eccles!? Where is that man? Hey, say, you there.

**ECCLES:**

Yeah?

**CHAIRMAN:**

Go and find Eccles.

**ECCLES:**

Okay. Eccles? Eccles? Eccles! Ecclllllles! Halloooo! Ooooh, what-hooo! Yeah. Ha, ha, ha, hum! Need I say any more?

**CHAIRMAN:**

Have you done?

**ECCLES:**

Yeah.

**CHAIRMAN:**

Have I offended you?

**ECCLES:**

Nope.

**CHAIRMAN:**

No? Well, raise your right hand.

**ECCLES:**

Okay.

**CHAIRMAN:**

Now, clench your fist.

**ECCLES:**

A-hum.

**CHAIRMAN:**

Photographers? Quickly!

**FX:**

THUDS OF THREE OLD-FASHIONED FLASHES

**CHAIRMAN:**

That's it. Perfect. Caught in the act of givin' the communist salute before this committee.

**SHINE:**

Why, that's excellent. [UNCLEAR] yes, sir, you're really great, sir. I can see this is going to be one of your better days, sir. Thank you, sir.

**CHAIRMAN:**

Yeah? Well, that's nice. Now are there any documents here that, er, we should see pertaining to this Mr Eccles? Ah, this one? Thank you. (LONG SCREAM) Callin' [?] Shine?

**SHINE:**

Thank you. (LONG SCREAM) Sheriff?

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Thank you. (LONG SCREAM)

**ECCLES:**

Can I have my passport picture back, now, please?

**CHAIRMAN:**

Sir, you certainly can. Well, Eccles, the committee have now inspected your passport photograph.

**ECCLES:**

Ooh, yeah. It's a... It's a... nice likeness, ain't it.

**SHINE:**

Yeah, yeah, yeah, the photograph's...

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Horrible, dreadful, yeah.

**ECCLES:**

Well, it was taken without a camera, you know.

**SHINE:**

But it's all blurred, you see, it's all blurred, you musta moved.

**ECCLES:**

No, I didn't, I'm still living in the same place.

**CHAIRMAN:**

Er, have these men being medically examined?

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Oh, yes, now, then, here y'are. Eccles medical report. Jasper Vast, medical report. And Henry Crun, findings of post-mortem.

**CHAIRMAN:**

Huh? Crun is dead?

**ECCLES:**

Shh! Ooh! Shhh! Quiet. He might hear you.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

You mean, he doesn't know?

**ECCLES:**

Well, we never had the nerve to tell him. And if he suddenly heard he was dead, well, you know.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

What?

**ECCLES:**

The shock might kill 'im.

**CHAIRMAN:**

Yeah. Well, the only thing that, er...

**FX:**

PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP

**CHAIRMAN:**

Yeah? Who? No, this is *not* Julius Caesar.

**FX:**

PHONE PUT DOWN

**CHAIRMAN:**

Now, then. Who's next?

**CLERK:**

[MILLIGAN]

This man, Senator. Jasper Vast, railway porter, English man. I believe.

**CHAIRMAN:**

Jasper Vast? Er, you have a nickname?

**PORTER:**

Aye, 116874.

**SHINE:**

Where d'ya get that nickname?

**PORTER:**

In the nick.

**SHINE:**

Vast, you're a feeble-minded nitwit.

**PORTER:**

Ohhh, come now, you mustn't go by appearances.

**SHINE:**

I'm not. The whole thing is mixed-up crazy, already, I like you, yet.

**CHAIRMAN:**

Yeah, that's it, I don't wanna know about that.

**SHINE:**

Come on, Vast, confess. What's your line?

**PORTER:**

What's my line! Ha, ha, ha! (MAKES NOISES LIKE CHICKEN, COW, SHEEP, BLOWS RASPBERRY, SHOUTS INCOHERENTLY, SCREAMS, FALLS DOWN)

**FX:**

THUD OF BODY ON THE FLOOR

**CHAIRMAN:**

(HUMS) He ain't well at all.

**SHINE:**

No, the trouble is he's got the dreaded parlour game-itis. Television madness. That's why we're here in Dead Springs Creek.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

You mean...

**SHINE:**

Wrong voice, wait a minute...

(SELLERS CHANGES TO CRUN VOICE)

**CRUN:**

That's why we're here in Dead Springs Creek, that...

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

You mean...

**MILLIGAN:**

(OFF) The voice of them all. Yes, carry on.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Because we have no television here?

**CRUN:**

Yes, yes.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

But Crun! Don't you realise why dangerous Ernie is terrorising us?

**CRUN:**

Why?

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Because he wants [UNCLEAR] for a new TV station. Right here. Now, will you fight 'im?

**CRUN:**

(SCREECHES) Get me my gun!

**GRAMS:**

APPROACHING HORSES

**ECCLES:**

Here, listen! That sounds like them now.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Who?

**ECCLES:**

Dangerous Ernest McGrew and his bar X thrashin', rope-ridin', twistin', fiddlin', singin', and rope-twiddlin', guitar voice harmony, all the fiddlin', (mumbles)... Who started this?

**CHAIRMAN:**

You did.

**ECCLES:**

Then my daddy was right! I *am* an idiot!

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Now, let's see who's...

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

He's right! It's McGrew's gang!

**CRUN:**

Quick, men! To horse! After them!

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Come on, gang! [UNCLEAR]...

**ECCLES:**

Ooh, come on, oh, ohh, here...

**ORCHESTRA:**

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

**GREENSLADE:**

A large posse of unreliable men were formed, and were soon thundering along the trail.

**FX:**

SLOW HORSES HOOVES. PHONE RINGS

**CRUN:**

Hello? Who? Julius Caesar? I'm afraid you've got the wrong horse.

**FX:**

PHONE PUT DOWN

**CRUN:**

Any sign of McGrew yet?

**POSSE MEMBER:**

[MILLIGAN]

No. Maybe we'd better ask somebody, eh?

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Yeah, hey, old timer!

**OLD TIMER:**

[SELLERS]

Yerrrr?

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Seen the McGrew boys pass this way?

**ZEKE:**

[MILLIGAN]

(SNORES THROUGHOUT)

**OLD TIMER:**

Nope. I say. You looked down the [UNCLEAR]?

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Yup. And we searched the canyon as well.

**OLD TIMER:**

Mmm. Been up the creek?

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

All mah life!

**OLD TIMER:**

Reckon yer'd better ask Zeke, here. Zeke?

**ZEKE:**

(SNORING STOPS) Uh? What?

**OLD TIMER:**

Zeke? Zeke? Come on, Zeke.

**ZEKE:**

What? I...

**OLD TIMER:**

Come on. Wake up, there, wake up.

**ZEKE:**

What? What? What? What? What? What's it? What?

**OLD TIMER:**

Zeke? You... you seen the McGrew boys pass this way, Zeke?

**ZEKE:**

Oh. Oh, yeah, yeah. Let me see, now. Er, let me see. Let me see, now, er...

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Now which way'd they go?

**ZEKE:**

(CONFUSED MUMBLES)

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Come on, Zeke.

**ZEKE:**

(SNORES – WAKES UP) No! Yeah! Oh, yeah! They... they... they went thataway!

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

They went thataway! Come on, fellers, on your horse, quick as you can!

**FX:**

HORSES GALLOPING AWAY, SILENCE, SPLASH

**ZEKE:**

I *think* they went thataway.

**ORCHESTRA:**

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

**GREENSLADE:**

Finally, however, news arrived that the McGrew outfit were hiding out in the Last Chance Saloon. Quietly, Mr Crun and his posse re-entered town (HUSHED) and surrounded the building.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Alright, McGrew, give up! We got Drain, the gunfighter, out here. You might as well surrender.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Never! Never, I say! Even though you have the place surrounded, I will never surrender! Even though you have it surrounded with a thousand men, I will never surrender! I wish I could exit left.

**POSSE MEMBER:**

[MILLIGAN]

Okay, then, McGrew. Come out a-fightin', you skunk!

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

I will! I will, I say! On the count of three, I will step out, guns blazing. Voice trails off with fear. Bangeddy-bang. Blatt. Zowie. Thun. Blun. And other science-fiction fight sounds. Blam. Blam. Blatt. Blun. Are you ready? Blatt?

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

We're ready.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Righty-ho. A-one. A-two. A-three.

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Nahhhh. [UNCLEAR] there. Moves there, too. Who dares move? This gun is loaded.

**ECCLES:**

Loaded? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, hom! Aha, ha, ha, ha, haaaa, ha, hom. Ha, ha.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

It is! It is, I say! I know it is cos I loaded it myself this morning.

**ECCLES:**

Loaded? Loaded? Loaded, my foot!

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

I did. No, it cannot be. I loaded my gun, I tell you! I did not load your foot!

**ECCLES:**

Oh! You don't believe me, eh? All right, then. Take my boot off.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

I will. Just to prove that I'm right, I will take your boot off. There.

**FX:**

GUNSHOT

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

You rotten swine, you! Aie-oh! You have shotted me! You have kill-ed me with your footsoes! Oh, I'm shotten, I'm blown open, I am!

**ECCLES:**

You should see my big toe.

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Oh, the good die young, I say! Perforated, I die! Farewell, au revoir, goodbye! Auf Wiedersehen, so long, arrivi-delo, ta-ta! Exits left with home-made cardboard radio [UNCLEAR]. Exit, I say!

**ORCHESTRA:**

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC PLAYED SOFTLY

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Well, Mr Crun. You and your men certainly rid us of McGrew. And the threat of TV. And we hope you'll all settle down here.

**CRUN:**

Well, we certainly decided...

**FX:**

PHONE STARTS RINGING

**CRUN:**

...to stay here as long as... Oh, er, answer that, with you, Eccles?

**ECCLES:**

Okay.

**FX:**

PHONE PICKED UP

**ECCLES:**

Hallo? Speaking. Mm? Oh, yeah, Brutus is fine, yeah. What? Yeah. 'E's havin' a good time with Cleopatra, yeah.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Here! Here!

**ECCLES:**

What?

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Let me take it!

**ECCLES:**

Okay.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

Hello? What? Uh-huh. Huh? Hey! Hey, Mr Crun!

**CRUN:**

Yes?

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

This is the Videophonic company.

**CRUN:**

Ohh.

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

They've been holding a competition. And for being the first person to answer the phone and... and say that he *is* Julius Caesar, Eccles has won the first prize!

**CRUN:**

What is it?

**SHERIFF SECOMBE:**

A television set!

**ECCLES:**

Goodbyyye! Ahhhhhhhhhhh!

**FX:**

HORSES HOOVES RIDING OFF

**ORCHESTRA:**

END MUSIC

**GREENSLADE:**

That was the goon show, a recorded program 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 Eaton.