

S5 E01 - The Whistling Spy Enigma

Transcribed by anon, additions by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

GRAMS:

BOOS, WHISTLES

SEAGOON:

Stop! (STOPS IMMEDIATELY) My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen! Back from the dead, we present half an hour of continuous radio fighting. In both corners... The Goons!

ORCHESTRA:

CIRCUS RING MUSIC

GRAMS:

BOOS, WHISTLES

SEAGOON:

Stop! (STOPS IMMEDIATELY) Mr. Greenslade?

FX:

CHAINS BEING DRAGGED ALONG THE FLOOR

GREENSLADE:

(WEAK VOICE) Yes, Master?

SEAGOON:

Tell the masses, Mr. Greenslade, what we have in store.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, master. Ladies and Gentlemen, the Goons and myself, after successful season of unemployment, return to the air for a long series of one.

ECCLES:

Ooooh!

GREENSLADE:

They commence with a mystery play, packed from end to end with mediocrity, under the title of...

THROAT:

The Whistling Spy Enigma.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORD

HERN:

[SELLERS]

(AMERICAN ACCENT) The crimes you are about to hear have all been specially committed for this programme. Here to tell you the story with the aid of smoke-glass ear-trumpet and reconditioned head is Captain Hairy Seagoon.

GRAMS:

FRANTIC AUDIENCE APPLAUSE AND CHEERS

SEAGOON:

Stop! (STOPS IMMEDIATELY) I remember when it all started. At the time I was asleep in my electrified elephant hammock when through the pigeon hole flew a carrier pigeon. There was something strapped to its leg - it was a postman.

POSTMAN:

[MILLIGAN]

A letter for youuuuuuuu.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

POSTMAN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Hurriedly... hurriedly I tore open the letter. Inside was an envelope with a message that said...

LETTER:

[MILLIGAN]

(HIGH VOICE) Report at once to MI5.

SEAGOON:

The letter was written in a disguised voice. Hurriedly strapping on a fresh pigeon I flew out of the window.

GRAMS:

BIRD WINGS FLAPPING

ORCHESTRA:

HARP PLAYS MYSTIC EFFECT

FX:

FOUR RAPID KNOCKS ON THE DOOR

GRYTPYPE:

Come in.

FX:

DOOR HANDLE TURNED

SEAGOON:

Captain Hairy Seagoon reporting for duty as instructed, sir. I'm ready to die for the flag, bleed for my country, suffer great sufferings, (DRAMATICALLY) and all for England!

GRYTPYPE:

You silly twisted boy, you. Pull up a chair.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. (ASIDE) So this was the fabulous Lance-Brigadier Hercules Grytpype-Thynne. I drew up a chair and placed it at the table next to him. Gad, how cunningly he was disguised! Stark naked save for a sou' wester, string lorgnettes and a pair of identical plimsolls.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Captain Seagoon...

SEAGOON:

Yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Please don't do that. Captain, you have been specially selected for a specially dangerous mission.

SEAGOON:

Does this mean I've been specially selected for a specially dangerous mission?

GRYTPYPE:

So you've guessed, eh? Seagoon, you're to make your way to Hungary via Budapest.

SEAGOON:

Will I have to go abroad?

GRYTPYPE:

If all else fails, yes. It's dangerous work.

SEAGOON:

I suppose I'll have to take risks?

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, yes. And a small pot of tea.

SEAGOON:

What does this mean?

GRYTPYPE:

It means you've been chosen to go abroad with a packet of Risks and a small pot of tea.

SEAGOON:

For what reason?

GRYTPYPE:

Reason? Does there *have* to be a reason?

SEAGOON:

Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po!

GRYTPYPE:

Very well, if that's the way you feel about it, I'll tell you. Pull up a chair.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

During the last 18 months you may have noticed that throughout the civilised world, and America, British prestige has fallen very low. Yes?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

And do you know why?

SEAGOON:

Yes. I don't know why.

GRYTPYPE:

I'll tell you. Pull up a chair.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

One thing killed Britain and that was our defeat by the Hungarian football team.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

I fear those Magyars did for us, lad. Before they play us again we must make absolutely sure they don't win.

SEAGOON:

Does this mean... sabotage?

GRYTPYPE:

You may well ask that.

SEAGOON:

I did ask it well.

GRYTPYPE:

I suppose you did. Pull up a chair.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

This is Operation Explodable Boot. You will make your way to Budapest. Once there, you will contact our British agent, X.

SEAGOON:

X? How do you spell it?

GRYTPYPE:

Eeeeeeeex.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. How do I contact him?

GRYTPYPE:

By whistling a highly skilled mysterious secret tune.

SEAGOON:

Mm-hmm.

GRYTPYPE:

The moment he hears it he will hand you a sealed envelope, heavily sealed.

SEAGOON:

But the secret tune?

GRYTPYPE:

It goes like this: (WHISTLES THE HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY)

SEAGOON:

Wait! That's the Hungarian Rhapsody. What's secret about that?

GRYTPYPE:

Fool! Didn't you notice? I was whistling it in English!

SEAGOON:

I know, but there are thousands of Hungarians who can whistle in English fluently.

GRYTPYPE:

How dare they!

SEAGOON:

In any case, I can't whistle.

GRYTPYPE:

Curses. We shall have to think about this. Pull up a chair.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and Gentlemen, while Captain Seagoon and the Brigadier are thinking, we, the BBC, would like to entertain you with a smile and a song from that well-known tenor Webster Smogpule.

SMOGPULE:

[MILLIGAN]

Thank you, Ricky Fulton. (CLEARS HIS THROAT) I should like to commence my programme with a song that is rapidly climbing to the top of the Horse Guard's parade. That lovely melody that I have just recorded from my latest film which is now showing north of the river and is called 'i Shine For You Alone' by Boot-black. Cyril, could I have my music, please?

ORCHESTRA:

LONG DRAWN OUT GRAND OPENING

SMOGPULE:

(SINGING) I IIII shiiiiiiiiine...

GRYTPYPE:

I've got it, Seagoon, I've got it!

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGS AND DOOR OPENS

ODIUM:

[MILLIGAN]

(SPEAKS INCOHERENTLY, ENDS IN 'SIR?')

GRYTPYPE:

Odium?

ODIUM:

Yuuuus?

GRYTPYPE:

Send in our highly skilled mysterious whistling espionage agent.

ODIUM:

(SPEAKS INCOHERENTLY AGAIN)

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, thank you.

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

SEAGOON:

You mean you'll send a man with me that can do all my highly skilled mysterious secret whistling?

GRYTPYPE:

Exactly.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, Seagoon, this is him, the man who can remember a tune no matter *how* complicated.

SEAGOON:

How do you do?

ECCLES:

I'm fine, fine. Yup, I'm fine, fine. Yup and you?

SEAGOON:

I'm very well, thank you (LAUGHS UNCOMFORTABLY)

ECCLES:

Uh hum. Uh hum. Yup, yup. We're all fine. Yup. How's your old dad?

SEAGOON:

My old dad?

ECCLES:

Yup. How's your old dad?

SEAGOON:

My old dad's very well, to be sure. (LAUGHS UNCOMFORTABLY)

ECCLES:

Oh. Good. Good, good, good, good. My old dad's okay, too, you know? Yup, yup. My old dad's fine, he's fine. Yup, he's okay. My old dad's okay

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes. I'm sure he is. (CLEARS HIS THROAT)

ECCLES:

Yup. Your... your old dad's okay and my old dad's okay. They're both okay. Both our old dads are okay. They're both okay. Aren't they?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Brigadier, this man doesn't look very intelligent.

ECCLES:

I heard that, I heard that. Let me tell you, it ain't... it ain't looks that count, it's what you got up here that matters?

SEAGOON:

And what have you got up there?

ECCLES:

Nothing. (LAUGHS AT HIS OWN JOKE) How's your old dad?

SEAGOON:

I don't see what my old dad's health has got to do with you I'm sure..... (ECCLES AND NEDDIE ARGUE AS THEY WALK AWAY)

GRYTPYPE:

Max Geldray? Pull up a chair.

MAX GELDRAY:

'WHEN YOU'RE SMILING'

NEDDIE AND ECCLES:

(STILL ARGUING WITH ECCLES SAYING "...MY OLD DAD, MY OLD DAD, MY OLD DAD...")

GRYTPYPE:

Gentlemen, please. Please. I've just been on the phonograph to HQ. You are to collect a new highly skilled mysterious whistling tune direct from our own highly skilled mysterious pianist composer. Eccles knows him well.

SEAGOON:

How far is it?

ECCLES:

Oooh, 63 miles.

SEAGOON:

Let's go.

GRAMS:

TWO WOOSHES

ECCLES:

(PANTING) This is the house. I shall now give the secret knock, that only he and I know.

FX:

3 KNOCKS - REPEATED ON OTHER SIDE

ECCLES:

That's him. He's got it.

FX:

2 KNOCKS - REPEATED ON OTHER SIDE

3 KNOCKS - REPEATED ON OTHER SIDE

1 KNOCK - REPEATED ON OTHER SIDE

4 KNOCKS - REPEATED ON OTHER SIDE

5 KNOCKS - REPEATED ON OTHER SIDE

KNOCKS: "SHAVE AND A HAIR CUT..." – "...2 BITS" REPLY ON OTHER SIDE

CRUN:

Who is it, eh? Who is it?

SEAGOON:

Open this door at once or we break it down, so heaven help me as I live and breathe!

CRUN:

How ever did you get a name like that?

SEAGOON:

I have influence.

ECCLES:

Open up, Mr. Crun. It's me, Eccles!

CRUN:

Oh, Eccles, it's me, Mr. Crun!

ECCLES:

Oh, Mr. Crun, it's me, Eccles!

CRUN:

Oh, Mr. Eccles.

ECCLES:

Yeah!

CRUN:

Well, well, well!

SEAGOON:

You idiots!

ECCLES:

We're idiots, yeah.

SEAGOON:

Mr. Crun, sir, open this door at once!

CRUN:

I can't, it's locked and the key's lost.

SEAGOON:

Curse, the door's locked.

CRUN:

Try the window, that's open.

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

TRIES TO OPEN A LOCKED WOODEN WINDOW FRAME

SEAGOON:

Oh, curse! The window's locked as well.

CRUN:

It's open.

SEAGOON:

It's locked. Come out and see for yourself!

CRUN:

I will.

FX:

DOOR OPENED AND SHUT

CRUN:

Now, let me try it.

FX:

TRIES TO OPEN A LOCKED WOODEN WINDOW FRAME

CRUN:

(STRUGGLES) You're right, you know, the window is locked. What a state of affairs, the window and the door.

ECCLES:

Oh, I'll go inside and open it.

SEAGOON:

Bravo!

ECCLES:

Okay.

FX:

DOOR OPENED AND SHUT

ECCLES:

(FROM INSIDE) Hello?

CRUN:

That was a good i...

ECCLES:

It's no good, Mr. Crun, the window's locked from the inside, as well.

SEAGOON:

Here's a fine how do you do!

CRUN:

Where?

SEAGOON:

Are you sure you can't find the key to the door?

CRUN:

My dear military gentleman, come inside and look for yourself.

SEAGOON:

Right. Lead on!

FX:

DOOR OPENED AND SHUT

CRUN:

Now, it used to hang on the nail behind this door.

SEAGOON:

Well, it's... it's certainly not there. Looks as if we're locked out.

FX:

THREE KNOCKS ON DOOR

CRUN:

Who's there?

ECCLES:

It's me, Eccles. I got the window open! If you come out you can crawl in through it

CRUN:

We can't come out, the door's locked and we've lost the key.

ECCLES:

Oooh! Can I come in and help look for it?

FX:

DOOR OPENS

CRUN:

Of course, come in.

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

ECCLES:

Thank you, thank you.

CRUN:

Now, let me see. Ohhh! Eureka! Semper fidelis! I found it! It was in my pocket all the time!

SEAGOON:

Good show!

FX:

KEY BEING TURNED IN LOCK

CRUN:

Now, I'll just unlock the door and let them in.

FX:

DOOR OPENED

CRUN:

Good heavens! All that trouble for nothing!

SEAGOON:

Why?

CRUN:

There's nobody out here!

SEAGOON:

The fools must have got impatient and run away.

CRUN:

Well, never mind about them, what about you? You've come for the new highly skilled mysterious whistling tune, haven't you?

SEAGOON:

Exactly. You must teach it to Eccles.

CRUN:

Good, good, good. Now Eccles, have you ever heard this tune before?

ECCLES:

No.

CRUN:

What do you mean 'no', I haven't sung it yet!

ECCLES:

Oooh, so that's why I haven't heard it (LAUGHS)

CRUN:

Well, listen.

ECCLES:

Yup.

CRUN:

(WHISTLES THE SECRET TUNE) Got that, Eccles?

ECCLES:

How dat go again?

CRUN:

(REPEATS SAME SECRET TUNE)

FX:

POP

CRUN:

Did you see where they went?

ECCLES:

What?

CRUN:

My teeth!

GRAMS:

SOUND OF SIREN THEN BAGPIPES THEN EXPLOSION THEN CLUCKING CHICKEN

CRUN:

Answer that phone!

SEAGOON:

Hello? Yes, right.

FX:

PHONE PUT DOWN

SEAGOON:

Crun, we've got to fly to Hungary at once!

CRUN:

But I haven't taught Eccles the tune!

SEAGOON:

You'll have to come with us.

CRUN:

Oh, mmm... ummm... Minnie!

MINNIE:

(UNINTELLIGIBLE MNKS AT A DISTANCE)

CRUN:

Minnie!

MINNIE:

What is it, Henry?

CRUN:

I'm going to Hungary, Minnie.

MINNIE:

Right. I'll leave your dinner in the oven.

CRUN:

Minnie!

SEAGOON:

Come, men, to horse, giddup!

FX:

HORSE HOOVES RUNNING, CRUN CRYING, NEDDIE SHOUTING AS THEY GO

CRUN:

Captain... Captain Seagoon!

SEAGOON:

What? What, what what?

CRUN:

Tell me, is it very far to Hungary?

SEAGOON:

Yes!

CRUN:

Then why do we keep galloping round and round this blasted room?

SEAGOON:

I'm waiting for someone to open the door! Ellington!

ELLINGTON:

Yes!

NEDDIE AND CRUN:

Open the door!

ELLINGTON:

Love to!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'ABC'S WITH RHYTHM AND EASE'

ORCHESTRA:

DICK BARTON SUSPENSE THEME TUNE "RACE WITH THE DEVIL"

BBC ANNOUNCER:

[SELLERS]

(DRAMATICALLY) The Whistling Spy Enigma, part Two. Seagoon and party are on their way to Hungary to contact the British secret agent there by whistling them the highly mysterious secret tune (WHISTLES RAPIDLY). Once there, they are to sabotage the Hungarian football team. Seagoon's first contact was to be the British Ambassador.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME TUNE

BLOODNOK:

Ha-ha! Ooo-ohhhh. Thud me fneficks and fetch my fungs and other time-filling-in phrases.

SEAGOON:

Major Dennis Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

The same. Who are you sir?

SEAGOON:

(WHISTLES THE SECRET TUNE)

BLOODNOK:

Very interesting, but who the blazes are you?

SEAGOON:

My card!

BLOODNOK:

It's blank.

SEAGOON:

I know, I'm keeping my identity a secret.

BLOODNOK:

Ah!

SEAGOON:

But I'll tell you my name.

BLOODNOK:

Glad to hear it, Captain Seagoon, pull up a chair.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Yes, it's been quite a journey. No fun hiding under a third class railway seat.

BLOODNOK:

You've been hiding under... the disgrace! You know very well we British only hide under first class seats!

SEAGOON:

Yes, but I was trying to save money.

BLOODNOK:

I understand. Pull up a chair.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

BLOODNOK:

Ah.

SEAGOON:

Major, I've been shadowed here by the Hungarian highly skilled mysterious secret anti-whistling police.

BLOODNOK:

Horrors!

SEAGOON:

Yes, I'd like to stay the week here if possible. What do you say?

BLOODNOK:

Twelve and six a day, food extra.

SEAGOON:

You're charging *me*, an Englishman, to stay at the British Embassy?

BLOODNOK:

It's the holiday season. They charge twice as much at Blackpool.

SEAGOON:

I'm not on holiday, I'm here on a dangerous mission.

BLOODNOK:

You mean... you might get killed?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, well, that's different. Well, under the circumstances, I must ask for the rent in advance.

SEAGOON:

I've never been so insulted in all my life!

BLOODNOK:

Come now, with a face like that, you must have been!

SEAGOON:

By St. George, you drive me hard, sir, I'll knock you down, I'll...

FX:

FOOTSTEPS COMING UP STAIRS

SEAGOON:

Shh! Can you hear those highly skilled mysterious footsteps coming up the highly skilled mysterious stairs?

BLOODNOK:

No.

SEAGOON:

Neither can I.

BLOODNOK:

Well, we'd better start hearing them soon or it'll be too late!

SEAGOON:

You're absolutely right. It must be a highly skilled mysterious enemy!

BLOODNOK:

Of course. The moment he enters the room, strike him down with something.

SEAGOON:

Right. Hand me that piano.

BLOODNOK:

That's no good, it's out of tune.

SEAGOON:

Curse! Never mind, hand me that 600 foot factory chimney in the corner!

BLOODNOK:

No, no, not that, it's my last one! Don't touch...

FX:

SECRET WHISTLING TUNE

SEAGOON:

Shh! Shh! The highly skilled whistling tune. It must be the noble Eccles.

BLOODNOK:

Huzzah!

FX:

DOOR OPENED SUDDENLY

MORIARTY:

Ah, Captain Seagoon. Hands up!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh!

MORIARTY:

Who are you?

BLOODNOK:

Mother Brown!

MORIARTY:

Knees up!

BLOODNOK:

Graze me grundles! It's Villion De La Prickon Moriarty née Smith, head of the dreaded highly skilled mysterious anti-whistling Hungarian counter espionage agents!

MORIARTY:

Well said!

BLOODNOK:

Thank you!

MORIARTY:

Now, what is the highly skilled mysterious whistling tune? I must know!

SEAGOON:

I won't tell!

MORIARTY:

I warn you! I will count up to a highly skilled 40,000 and then I'll shoot!

SEAGOON:

40,000?

MORIARTY:

Yes, I've got to go home for my gun.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) When I saw that he was a dwarf I was all for attacking him right away but Bloodnok stopped me.

BLOODNOK:

No, wait 'til he gets older.

SEAGOON:

Finally, on his ninety-third birthday, we sprang.

GRAMS:

STRUGGLE, CAST SHOUTS AS WELL

SEAGOON:

Stop! (STOPS IMMEDIATELY, NEDDIE PANTS) Right, let's go!

GRAMS:

STRUGGLE RESUMES

WEBSTER SMOGPULE:

(OVER STRUGGLE) Ladies and gentlemen, while Major Bloodnok and Captain Seagoon are so valiantly fighting for their country, I would like to sing that beautiful song, 'I Shine For You Alone'. Can I have my music, monsieur?

ORCHESTRA:

LONG DRAWN OUT GRAND OPENING

WEBSTER SMOGPULE:

(SINGING) IIIIIIII shiiiiiiiine for you alooooooone, and my arms...

FX:

GUNSHOT

WEBSTER SMOGPULE:

Ahhh!

SEAGOON:

(STILL OVER STRUGGLE) Finally.... finally we battled with Moriarty. In the darkness we... we grappled for three hours... ah! oooh! Quick!

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP

SEAGOON:

Stop! (STRUGGLE STOPS IMMEDIATELY) Hello?

MORIARTY:

(ON OTHER END) Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yes?

MORIARTY:

Moriarty. I just thought I'd tell you I've been home for the last two hours (PHONE PUT DOWN).

SEAGOON:

What? Then... then who's this we've been battering on the bonce?

ECCLES:

I've been wondering when you gonna ask that.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, my poor, poor Eccles!

ECCLES:

How did you recognise me?

SEAGOON:

Who else wears a reconditioned head?

ECCLES:

I've been looking everywhere for you. For the last ten days I've been up the main street whistling the secret tune.

SEAGOON:

Any contacts?

ECCLES:

Yeah, two old ladies took me home (LAUGHS)

SEAGOON:

Time's running out. I wonder who the secret highly skilled mysterious British agent is. Try whistling it once more.

ECCLES:

Okay. (WHISTLES SECRET TUNE)

SEAGOON:

Shh. Shh. What luck! There's someone answering the call!

LEW:

[SELLERS]

Psssst.

ECCLES:

Yeah?

LEW:

(HEAVY JEWISH ACCENT) You the one who's been doing all the whistling?

ECCLES:

Yeah.

LEW:

For Lord's sake turn it up, we're trying to get some kip upstairs.

SEAGOON:

Curse! Where the devil can the the highly skilled British agent be? (SILENCE) Where can the mysterious British agent be? (COUGHS, THEN SHOUTS) Where can the mysterious *deaf* British agent...

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you call me, my highly skilled mysterious cap-i-tain. Sorry I did not hear you first time, but my Dan Dare super cut-out cardboard radio receiver failed at a crucial moment. Moves upstage, strikes heroic pose, but unstrikes it when trousers fall down. Hee-Hee. Your turn.

SEAGOON:

Tell me, who are you, you dirty-nosed Goon?

ECCLES:

Well I'm Eccles, I told you that...

SEAGOON:

Not you! You!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I am secret agent Bluebottle. Strikes mystery pose in army surplus night-shirt covered in egg stains. See, I will now show my nordic features. Whips off false beard, false ear 'oles and dirty big cardboard nose. Olé!

SEAGOON:

But you look exactly the same without them!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I know, I was disguised as myself! Hee-Hee! I have made a little jokules! Hee-Hee! Pauses for audience applause, not a sausinge.

SEAGOON:

Tell me, little stringy chinless agent.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Heh-hey!

SEAGOON:

What are the secret orders?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You are to follow me to the football stadium. There we are to insert the dreaded dynamite into the football boots of every Hunjarian player. And, when they kick the ball, aieeee-hey-hey!

SEAGOON:

Aieeee-hey-hey! So that's the plan. Right, lead on.

OMNES:

SINGING: "GIVE ME SOME MEN, SOME STOUT HEARTED MEN, WHO WILL FIGHT!"

FX:

DOOR OPENED VIOLENTLY

SEAGOON:

In here, lads. This... this is their changing room. Now, those must be their boots. Now, insert the dynamite in the toecaps.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Right, here Eccles. Hold these three red sticks of dynamite.

ECCLES:

Ooh! Ooh, wait a moment, one of them is a stick of Blackpool Rock.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oooh! Are you sure, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Of course I'm sure.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Now, just a minute. (BITES IT, SWALLOWS)

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

ECCLES:

Course, I could be wrong, ho ho!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hee-Hee. Look at old Eccles! He has blowed all his toothy pegs out of his mouth! Hee-Hee! What a funny! Hee-Hee..

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you, Eccles! You rotten swine, you! While I was laughing you dropped a stick of dynamite down my trousers! Oh, I'm expos-ed. Expos-ed to the elements. Aiiigh! Moves left, places scout hat over shattered area, continues with the play.

SEAGOON:

Are you both all right?

ECCLES:

Yup!

SEAGOON:

Curse! Ah, never mind. I've fixed their boots. Now, back to the Embassy!

GRAMS:

TWO WHOOSHES

FX:

DOOR BEING SHUT

SEAGOON:

Ah, Bloodnok. Switch on the radio, quick.

BLOODNOK:

Right, the match has just started.

ECCLES:

Oh, goodie, goodie.

GRAMS:

FOOTBALL CROWD ATMOSPHERE

SPORTS COMMENTATOR:

[SELLERS]

And the teams are just coming on to the field now, Hungary versus England.

SEAGOON:

Ha-Ha. This is the end of the Hungarians, lads!

ECCLES:

Yeah, yeah!

SPORTS COMMENTATOR:

The match was nearly called off because the British team forgot to bring their football boots, but the Hungarians sportingly gave them theirs.

SEAGOON AND ECCLES:

No! No, no! Stop the match! Stop! No!

ORCHESTRA:

THEME TUNE STARTS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Stooooooooop! Stop it! Stop the tune! I say, is that the end of the game?

SEAGOON:

Yes, you little shattered unit.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh, that was a rotten game! I don't like playing that game!

BLUEBOTTLE, NEDDIE AND ECCLES:

(ARGUE)

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'll get you for that at playtime for that Eccles!

ORCHESTRA:

THEME TUNE

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.

ORCHESTRA:

CLOSING TUNE