

S5 E10 - The Booted Gorilla (Found?)

Transcribed by Debby Stark, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

FX:

CASH REGISTER

SELLERS:

Last orders, please!

SECOMBE:

Mr. Sellers is merely trying to sabotage the highly esteemed Goon Show!

FX:

MYSTIC EASTERN MUSIC

SECOMBE:

Wales, glorious Wales! I love whales but you rarely see them in the fish shops these days, do you? (LAUGHS, CLEARS THROAT) But... to business. Mr. Greenslade?

GREENSLADE:

Yes, Master?

SECOMBE:

Mr. Greenslade, button up your kilt and... and tell the waiting masses what's the play.

GREENSLADE:

Certainly. Ladiiiiies and gentlemeeeeeeen...

FX:

CASH REGISTER

SELLERS:

Last orders, please!

SECOMBE:

Sellers, stop that!

SELLERS:

Yes sir, which way did it go?

SECOMBE:

I don't wish to know that.

SELLERS:

(OFF) I don't wish to know that!

SECOMBE:

I say, look here.

SELLERS:

(OFF) I say.

SECOMBE:

Remember, this is the highly esteemed Goon Show!

FX:

CHEERS, "LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY"

SECOMBE:

Stop! Stop!

FX:

IMMEDIATE STOP

SECOMBE:

That may be good enough for other talking wireless shows, but not for us! And therefore... therefore, let us now hear the usual ovation that greets... The Goon Show!

FX:

SILENCE

SECOMBE:

Thank you. Pull up a sock and sit down whilst I unfold a story of...

GREENSLADE:

The Booted Gorilla, Part One.

FX:

MYSTERY FANFARE

SECOMBE:

Africa! The well-known piece of land. There, in the tree forest of The Congo. There, where no white man has ever set teeth. There, where civilization has not touched. There, as darkness falls, all one can hear is...

FX:

CASH REGISTER

SELLERS:

Last orders, please!

GREENSLADE:

Deep in the forests of Chinese east Africa, a safari led by two sickly white hunters slowly wonds its wee through the donse jingle.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh! Ohh! Oh! Oh! Oh, Seagoon, the heat!

SEAGOON:

Yes, the heat!

BLOODNOK:

Keep up at the back there and keep back at the up, there! Ohhhh.....

SEAGOON:

Gad... gad, it's hot!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, it... It must be the heat!

SEAGOON:

Of course, the heat! (LAUGHS)

BLOODNOK:

It's the hottest heat we've ever hot!

SEAGOON:

Yes. (COUGHS) These jungle roads. Why are they so dusty?

BLOODNOK:

We can't get a cleaner.

SEAGOON:

Ah, it must be the heat.

BLOODNOK:

The heat, yes. Oh, it's bit of a fag.

SEAGOON:

What is?

BLOODNOK:

Half a cigarette. Oh, the heat, the heat!

SEAGOON:

The heat, oh, the heat (ETC)

ELLINGA:

[ELLINGTON]

Bwana, bwana! Bwana, quick!

BLOODNOK:

What is it, Ellinga, the heat?

ELLINGA:

No, bwana, look! Here!

SEAGOON:

The gunbearer pointed a quivering saxophone at the footprints of a gorilla. Suddenly, behind a bush, they had stopped.

BLOODNOK:

Well, most of us stop behind a bush sometime or another.

SEAGOON:

Yes, but this is different!

BLOODNOK:

Impossible! It must be the heat!

SEAGOON:

Look, Major, look! Here the gorilla's footprints stop. And then they start again as boot prints!

BLOODNOK:

Boots!?! A gorilla wearing boots? Must be the feet!

ELLINGA:

Nooo, not de feet. My tribe believe in gorilla dat wear boots.

BLOODNOK:

Really?

ELLINGA:

My grandmama, Molly O'Hara, née Goldberg, she... she say she see de bootied gorilla many time.

Bloodnok:

Is that so? Well, if this is true, the animal is worth a fortune! A circus would give us the earth for it! Even the water!

SEAGOON:

Then... then let's catch it!

BLOODNOK:

We will catch it, even if I have to fight it single handed!

SEAGOON:

Gad, Bloodnok, I admire your guts!

BLOODNOK:

Why, are they showing?

SEAGOON:

Only when the sun's behind you.

BLOODNOK:

Must be the heat. Now, action stations for Operation Gorilla! First, Seagoon, take a letter. To Bwana Grytpype-Thynne, Care of the London Gorilla Collectors Society, Park Lane, Wapping. Dear Schnorrer, I have...

FX:

HARP MUSIC; KNOCK ON DOOR

GRYTPYPE:

Come in.

FX:

SEAGOON GRUNTING WHILE HE BREAKS DOWN DOOR

SEAGOON:

Hello! Have you ever had a mad, uncontrollable impulse?

GRYTPYPE:

You silly, twisted boy, you. Now, give me that axe. There's a good lad. Now pull up a sock and sit down.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Is this the, ah, Gorilla Collectors Society?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Your cage is waiting.

SEAGOON:

I'm not a gorilla, I'm Bwana Seagoon!

GRYTPYPE:

(ASIDE) This takes a bit of swallowing. Perhaps he's mad.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) Little does he know, I'm as sane as the next fellow!

ECCLES:

(ASIDE) Little does he know that *I'm* the next fellow!

SEAGOON:

Who is this ragged Goon?

GRYTPYPE:

Seagoon, this is Bwana Eccles, the famous specimen.

SEAGOON:

Specimen of what?

GRYTPYPE:

We're not quite sure yet.

SEAGOON:

What's he walking round in bare feet for?

GRYTPYPE:

Poor fellow was born like it, you know.

SEAGOON:

How terribly terrible! It must be the heat!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, the heat.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) Now... now to business.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

(CLEARS THROAT) I have here a message from Bloodnok in the heart of Africa.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, let's have it.

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

JUNGLE-TYPE DRUMS

SEAGOON:

Yours sincerely,

FX:

DRUMS

SEAGOON:

Any reply?

GRYTPYPE:

Jove, yes! This!

FX:

JAZZIER DRUMS

GRYTPYPE:

Signed, yours truly,

FX:

CLACKERS

GRYTPYPE:

PS...

FX:

CLANG

SEAGOON:

What beautiful handwriting!

GRYTPYPE:

Delightful.

SEAGOON:

So then, you'll give us a plan to catch this booted gorilla?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Pull up a sock and sit down.

GREENSLADE:

Listeners, does it strike you as at all significant that in a story that concerns a gorilla that wears boots, Eccles is bare footed? Could it be that these clues will bare feet? Think it over while we hear from that booted mouth organist, Bwana Max Geldray! Yee-akaboo!

OMNES:

Yakaboo!

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GRYTPYPE:

Seagoon, you sensuous creature. You dance divinely. Now to biz.

SEAGOON:

Yezzzzz!

GRYTPYPE:

Now, this is how to catch this gorilla: All you need is a portable, collapsible boot repair shop.

SEAGOON:

What for?

GRYTPYPE:

Dear little cambric man. That gorilla's boots can't last forever. Eventually the soles will wear out and he's bound to look for a boot repairer, get it?

SEAGOON:

Ying-tong-iddle-l-po!

OMNES:

(SHOUTS) Good!

SEAGOON:

Wait! Who's going to serve behind the counter? That gorilla will be ferocious!

GRYTPYPE:

Hmmm. Now who do I know who's a mug?

ECCLES:

Well, I'd better go upstairs and pack. Oh-ho!

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid, splendid. Now, Seagoon, you go and find a collapsible boot shop.

SEAGOON:

Ying-tong-iddle-l-po!

OMNES:

(SHOUTS) Good!

FX:

HARP MUSIC

SEAGOON:

I scoured the country for a suitable shop. Then, finally, I found one the right size in a little village in the city of East Coker.

FX:

COBBLING SOUND, THROUGH FOLLOWING "SONG"

CRUN:

(SINGING) I sit and I cobble from the break of day. Cobble all night and cobble...

FX:

SHOP BELL RINGS

SEAGOON:

Good morning, sir!

CRUN:

(STILL SINGING)...all day. Cobble and cobble and I cobble away. A cobbler gay am liii!... (SPEAKS)
Good morning. I'm a cobbler, you know?

SEAGOON:

Really? I could have sworn you were a Nubian chicken sexer.

CRUN:

There is a resemblance, I must agree. (SINGING) A cobbler gay am I, a cobbler...

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) Does this wrinkled old cobbler know what he's talking about?

CRUN:

(ASIDE) Yes, he knows what he's talking about.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) Good, then I'll talk to him.

CRUN:

(ASIDE) Splendid idea.

SEAGOON:

(CLEARS THROAT) Pardon me, sir?

CRUN:

Yes, sir? (ASIDE) You see, he answered you.

SEAGOON:

So he did, thank you. Ahem, Sir? There's a sign outside says this shop is for sale.

CRUN:

Oh, yes, yes, the proprietor put that up.

SEAGOON:

Could I speak to him, please?

CRUN:

Certainly, I'll just -

SEAGOON:

Wait, wait, before you get him, how much is he asking?

CRUN:

Well, I... ah...

SEAGOON:

Come on, now (LAUGHS).

CRUN:

Oh, well...

SEAGOON:

Here's a fiver. Tell us, how much is he asking?

CRUN:

Mmm... fifty pounds.

SEAGOON:

Is that all? (LAUGHS) And I was going to offer him 500! I've saved myself 450 pounds!

BOTH:

(LAUGH)

SEAGOON:

Well, go and get him.

CRUN:

I am him.

SEAGOON:

Whatwhatwhatwhatwhatwhatwhatwhatwhat?

CRUN:

The price, 500 pounds.

SEAGOON:

I say, look here, I... I... I...

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MINNIE:

Henry? Henry, there's no paper... oh.

CRUN:

Minnie! This man wants to buy the shop.

MINNIE:

Well, we're asking 50 pounds for it, Henry and we'll get it, if we stick out for it.

CRUN:

Yes, I'll try and knock him down.

MINNIE:

Here's the hammer.

CRUN:

Sir, 500 pounds is too much.

SEAGOON:

Well, erm, 450 pounds then.

CRUN:

No, no, no.

SEAGOON:

Hmm. Tsk, tsk, tsk, tsk, tsk. I'll go to 200 pounds.

CRUN:

Ah, well...

MINNIE:

No, no, no, buddy, you'll have to drop more. You don't realise, we're tough customers, buddy.

CRUN:

Yes, buddy.

MINNIE:

Says me, buddy

SEAGOON:

Says you, buddy.

MINNIE:

Yes, buddy.

SEAGOON:

Very well, 100 pounds.

CRUN:

No, no, no, buddy, our price is 50 pounds, you pay it or we don't sell, take your pick.

SEAGOON:

All right, George Dawson. 50 pounds.

CRUN:

Done!

MINNIE:

Bravo.

SEAGOON:

Gad, you Americans drive a hard bargain.

CRUN:

We're not Americans.

SEAGOON:

No? Those elastic-sided boots had me completely fooled.

MINNIE:

Oh, well, we like the modern style, buddy, you know?

SEAGOON:

I'm sure you do, buddy.

CRUN:

Crazy, buddy, crazy.

SEAGOON:

Yes, crazy, yes. (LAUGHS) Well, there's your 50 pounds.

FX:

COIN DROPPING

CRUN:

Oh, look, Minnie, it's all in money!

SEAGOON:

Yes, now, I want you out of here by tomorrow.

CRUN:

You want us to get out?

SEAGOON:

Of course.

CRUN:

But we go with the shop, we're included in the price.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) Dear listeners: I realised that Mr. Crun and Miss Bannister were the very people to serve behind the counter when we erected the shop in Africa... (ALOUD) Very well, you shall come with me!

MINNIE:

Huzzah!

FX:

FANFARE, TO AFRICA-STYLE DRUMS

GREENSLADE:

On the outskirts of the gorilla forests, Bloodnok awaits the return of Seagoon. It's a humid night and he lays sweating on his charpoy.

BLOODNOK:

Oh... oh, this heat! Where's me lime juice?

FX:

AIRPLANE DIVING AND STRAFING

BLOODNOK:

Blast those mosquitoes! What a nasty place to be bitten! I shall never sleep on me stomach again! (CALLS) Gunga Din!

ABDUL:

[MILLIGAN]

Coming, sir, coming. Long live Rule Britannia. Send for a gunboat. Hooray for Australia. Poor old Dennis Compton. Hooray.

BLOODNOK:

Abdul? Where's Din?

ABDUL:

Din has gone in.

BLOODNOK:

What has Din gone in.

ABDUL:

Din has gone in for his tin.

BLOODNOK:

And... and why has Din gone in for his tin?

ABDUL:

Din has gone in for his tin for his din-din.

BLOODNOK:

Jow, jow, jow.

ABDUL:

Thank you.

BLOODNOK:

Pour me a bar of peg and a bar of mallet.

ABDUL:

I do that.

FX:

POP, POUR

ABDUL:

Say when, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes. Ellington! Play us a Magyar melody on your electric elephant tusk and lurgi soother!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"MR. SANDMAN"

FX:

POURING

BLOODNOK:

Abdul... when.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok! Ahoy there!

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon! You're back at last, lad!

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

You have the collapsible boot shop?

SEAGOON:

And two collapsible attendants. A Mr Crun and, ah... a lady.

BLOODNOK:

A lady? Thud me nurglers! Abdul? Lay out me clean ducks and me dirty chickens!

SEAGOON:

Major? May I introduce... Miss Bannister!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, what magical spot do you hail from?

SEAGOON:

(SOME UNPRONOUNCEABLE WELSH TOWN), why?

BLOODNOK:

I was asking the lady, not you! Naughty man! Now, my dear, dear lady. How delightful to have a member of the opposite sex out here! Oh, what a delightful, ravishing creature you are!

MINNIE:

(UNCERTAINLY) Oh.

BLOODNOK:

Do you really mean that?

MINNIE:

(UNCERTAIN SOUND)

BLOODNOK:

Wait!

MINNIE:

What?

BLOODNOK:

Is it?

MINNIE:

Yes?

BLOODNOK:

Can it be?

MINNIE:

Is it?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, it is!

MINNIE:

Oh...

BLOODNOK:

Minnie Bannister, the darling of Roper's Light Horse...

MINNIE:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

...and voted Miss Ball Curry of 1901!

MINNIE:

Oh, it's Dennis! Mmm-yakkakoo... Oh, the vapours!

BLOODNOK:

Oh...

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, dear...

BLOODNOK:

I well remember...

MINNIE:

It's dashing Dennis of the Calcutta Mule Followers!

BLOODNOK:

Oh...

MINNIE:

Oh, me, back from the dead!

BLOODNOK:

Are you? How long are you staying? Remember that locket of hair you gave me?

MINNIE:

Do you still wear it?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, it covers the bald spot on me nut.

MINNIE:

Oh, dashing Dennis!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, Minnie, my dear lady!

MINNIE:

Dennis, Dennis!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, remember that last dance we had at the Governor's Ball in Kanpur?

MINNIE:

Oh, yes! That was the night that they played our song.

BLOODNOK:

Our song! Let us sing it again, together!

ORCHESTRA:

ROMANTIC HARP

BOTH:

(SING "ANY OLD IRON" VERY FAST. ENDS WITH CASH REGISTER)

SEAGOON:

Last drinks, please!

OMNES:

Yakaboo! (ETC)

MILLIGAN:

You know, I don't know how we get away with it.

FX:

SCENE-CHANGE MUSIC, JUNGLE DRUMS

SEAGOON:

Plans were laid for the trapping of the gorilla. Special, stout-hearted scouts were sent ahead to track it down.

FX:

JUNGLE SOUNDS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do you know something? (APPLAUSE) Oh, I got a sausage! But I tell you something: I do not like this stout-hearted scout part. In the dreaded jungle wearing only short trousers, harm can come to a growing lad. Thinks: this is not the usual Bluebottle entrance. Thinks again: I must speak to the writer about getting a sausage.

ECCLES:

Oh, here! Have you seen any signs of that... the booted gorilla?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No and I do not want to.

ECCLES:

Oh, it's a good job I ain't wearing boots or sure enough I'd be in that cage by now! (LAUGHS)

BLUEBOTTLE:

I should have stayed at home by the fire with Ruffules.

ECCLES:

Oh, who's Ruffules?

BLUEBOTTLE:

That's my pussy cat!

ECCLES:

Oh! Oh, what, ah, what do ya know? You've got a pussy cat?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I have got a pussy cat.

ECCLES:

Well! I ain't got a pussy cat. But I... I got a bunny rabbit!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, I have not got a bunny rabbit.

ECCLES:

I... I got one!

BLUEBOTTLE:

You got a bunny rabbit?

ECCLES:

Yeah! Yeah, you got one?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I've got a pussy cat.

ECCLES:

Well, well. What's that, that you...Well I never knew that.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, It's Ruffules.

ECCLES:

What's... who's that?

BLUEBOTTLE:

My pussy cat. What have you got?

ECCLES:

I've got a bunny rabbit, have you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I've got a pussy cat.

ECCLES:

What's his name?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ruffules.

ECCLES:

Who's that?

BLUEBOTTLE:

My pussy cat.

ECCLES:

I've got a bunny rabbit.

BOTH:

(CONTINUE, INAUDIBLE UNDER APPLAUSE)

GREENSLADE:

Just in case some stupid people didn't understand that conversation, it was briefly that Bluebottle had a bunny rabbit and Eccles had a pussy cat called Ruffles. Oh! I'm so sorry, I beg your pardon. Eccles had the bunny rabbit and Bluebottle the pussy cat. Not as I said before that pussy rabbit and the Eccle-cat and bunnybottle and the piddle-pod. The kiddle-nap pobby... ooooh, yakka-boo... Yakka-boo.... (ETC...)

MILLIGAN:

I suppose the BBC do know what they're doing?

GREENSLADE:

Of course they do! And so, to the final dramatic scene: The night that the trap for the booted gorilla is laid.

SEAGOON:

Yes. In a clearing we erected the boot repair shop. Inside were Mr. Crun and Miss Bannister. At midnight the rest of us climbed up to our observation posts in the trees around the boot shop. We were linked by wooden field telephone.

FX:

BUZZ BUZZ

SEAGOON:

Hello?

CRUN:

Mr. Seagoon? The lights are fused in the shop.

SEAGOON:

I'll have them fixed.

CRUN:

Nyah... Oh! Tell me, what is this customer we're expecting? What does he look like?

SEAGOON:

Well, ah... he'll be wearing a hairy coat. Okay?

CRUN:

Mnk, okay.

FX:

RINGS OFF

SEAGOON:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah, yeah?

SEAGOON:

Go to the lamp store and take Mr. Crun three two-watt bulbs. Now to phone Bloodnok.

FX:

BUZZ BUZZ

BLUEBOTTLE:

(ON PHONE) I heard you buzz, my Cap'tan! I heard you buzz me!

SEAGOON:

Well, buzz off, I don't want ya!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do not be cruel to Bluebottlekins. I'm doing a man's hero's job! Makes face with eye and protruding jaw like Anthony Steel but stops as teeth fall out.

SEAGOON:

Well, any signs of the gorilla?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, it's very dark. But me and Eccles is still watching.

SEAGOON:

But Eccles is here.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(GULPS, LAUGHS NERVOUSLY) Eeehheehee! There?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Then who's this sitting on the branch next to me? HEEELP!

SEAGOON:

Quick! Everyone to the rescue!

OMNES:

(SINGING) Give me some men, who are stout hearted men, who will fight!

SEAGOON:

Right! Here we are! Bluebottle, you up there?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Help! I'm trap-ped by the dreaded gorilla. He has pulled off my boots disclosing the ancient secret of the dirty big holes in my socks!

SEAGOON:

Jump, lad, I'll catch you! The ground will break your fall.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Right-oh...

FX:

JUMP, LAND ON SEAGOON

SEAGOON:

Oh, ah, got ya! Good lad, now, let's brush you down and...

BLUEBOTTLE:

(FROM THE SAME DISTANCE) I say, promise you won't drop me?

SEAGOON:

Of course not, just wait till I've brushed Bluebottle... (GULPS) Bluebottle was up the tree with the gorilla. I just caught something that jumped from the tree. Bluebottle is still up the tree, so the person I'm brushing down...

GORILLA:

GROWLS

SEAGOON:

WHOOSH

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here I come, Captain!

FX:

JUMPS, THUDS

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you! You let me thud to the ground. Points at dirty big lump on crust. Doot, doot, doot, doot, doot, doot! Picks up loose shins. Ehe... Ehe...! You're not my captain.

GORILLA:

GROWLS

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SCREAMS, WHOOSHES AWAY)

SEAGOON:

Help! We're both trapped!

BLOODNOK:

All right, I'm coming, lads. All is well. Old Bloodnok will soon fix that naughty thing.

GREENSLADE:

Chapter Eleven.

BLOODNOK:

Help! Save us! Help!

FX:

BUZZ BUZZ

SEAGOON:

Hello?

CRUN:

Mr. Seagoon? I'm speaking from the shop. The gentlemen with the hairy coat is here.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok! He's got the gorilla in the shop! (BLATHERS) Mr Crun?

CRUN:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Keep him there!

CRUN:

Oh, I think he wants to stay.

SEAGOON:

Why?

CRUN:

He's standing on my head.

SEAGOON:

Quick! Quick, to the shop!

FX:

WHOOSH, WHOOSH, WHOOSH-WHOOSH!

SEAGOON:

(GASPING FOR BREATH) See anything through the window?

BLOODNOK:

No, the shop's in complete darkness. Must be the heat.

ECCLES:

Oh, hello, I just brought them lightbulbs for the shop, yep.

SEAGOON:

Oh. (LAUGHS)

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

Well, you'd... you'd better go inside and put them in, hadn't you? (LAUGHS)

ECCLES:

Okay! Okay, yeah, yeah, I'll do that (FADES)

BLUEBOTTLE:

I say, Captain? You aren't half a rotten swine, Captain, sending him in there with that gorilla alone?

SEAGOON:

Well, you go in with him then.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I can't.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm a rotten swine, too!

FX:

DOOR SLAMS

SEAGOON:

He's gone in.

FX:

EXTENDED FIGHTING SOUNDS WITH ECCLES CRYING OUT. STOPS SUDDENLY

BLOODNOK:

Do you think they're fighting in there?

FX:

EXTENDED FIGHTING SOUNDS CONTINUE. STOPS AGAIN

BLOODNOK:

I think they've stopped.

SEAGOON:

Well, let's go in. You keep me covered with that blank cheque.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens, look! Look! The gorilla, bound, foot and mouth! Who did this?

MINNIE:

I gave him the old one-two, buddy, yeh!

SEAGOON:

Did you? But where's Eccles?

MINNIE:

The coward ran out after Mr. Crun.

SEAGOON:

Wait, wait! This isn't the gorilla! This one's got bare feet!

FX:

BOOTS RUNNING

CRUN:

Help, Minnie! Minnie!

SEAGOON:

Look! Look! Out there's the booted gorilla chasing Mr. Crun!

BLOODNOK:

Then who's this poor idiot lying trussed up on the floor?

ECCLES:

Guess who?

FX:

CASH REGISTER

BLOODNOK:

Last orders, please.

OMNES:

Oooooo, Yakaboo!

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME

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 and Eric Sykes, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the program produced by Peter Eton.