

S5 E16 - The Case of the Missing Heir

Transcribed by Tony Wills, corrections by Kurt Adkins. Further corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. We commence with the Greenslade impressions. (CLEARS THROAT)
Hoo-hoooo! Chuff-chuff-chuff-chuff, chuff-chuff-chuff-chuff, chuff-chuff-chuff-chuff, chuff-chuff-
chuff-chuff, chuff-chuff-chuff-chuff... Oh, look, I'm a train! Chuff-chuff-chuff-chuff... Hoo-hoooo!
Hoo-hoooooooooooo....

MILLIGAN:

It's going to be a long hard winter.

GREENSLADE:

And now listeners, I would like to thank those of you who sent old Greenslade all those lovely gifts of ties, socks and shirts. Keep sending them in Greensladers and here is my new address: Greenslade's Natty Gents Outfitters, Petticoat Lane, London. TWO! FOUR! SIX! EIGHT! WHO DO WE APPRE..

FX:

GUNSHOT

SEAGOON:

And that signals the start of another highly esteemed... Goon Show!

GRAMS:

WEDDING MARCH AND CHURCH BELLS.

OMNES:

13 SECONDS OF LOTS LOUD GARBLED TALKING, AT LEAST THREE PEOPLE, DIFFERENT ACCENTS
(FADES)

SECOMBE:

(WELSH ACCENT) This has nothing to do with the show, but isn't it beautiful, oh. Lovely, weddings, aren't they? Yes. (LAUGHS) Greenslade? Take off that transparent nightshirt – and spiel.

GREENSLADE:

Leedies and gintlepongs, from the story by Franz Lehar, we tell a tale of the Austro-Hungarian Empire when Vienna was young and gay and Vic Oliver was still bumming his way round the working men's clubs.

GRAMS:

MANDOLIN MUSIC

SELLERS:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Austria between the years nineteen-oh-eight and nineteen-oh-ten. Or to be exact: nineteen-oh-nine. The scene opens in the rural hamlet of Baik, situated on the river Bonce. But then you've all heard of Baik-on-Bonce.

SEAGOON:

Yes, Bacon-bonce. In that fateful year, I, Neddie Seagoon, was on a walking tour of the Austrian Istrium. By chance I was given a ticket for the Grand Ball held at the schloss Brandenburgh in honour of the Emperor's son, Crun Pince... Arnold.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, the Crown Prinrz, being of the house of Eidelburgher, was the heir. But we reactionaries did not want another Eidelburgher on the throne. So that night at the grand ball we conspired.

GRAMS:

WALTZ MUSIC FADES INTO BACKGROUND UNDER WHOLE SCENE TO NEXT GRAMS:

MINNIE:

(OVER MUSIC) Owhhhh... aaaah, owwhhh.

GRYTPYPE:

Ahh, there you are Count Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Ah, Goodharpen Herr Colonel Grytpype. I've been looking for you all over the ball room.

GRYTPYPE:

You fool, you made it so obvious, hanging on the chandelier.

MORIARTY:

Achtung, listen, we must talk together.

GRYTPYPE:

No, I'll wait until you've finished.

MORIARTY:

Look, let us go outside on ze balcony.

GRYTPYPE:

No we mustn't do that, we're being watched.

MORIARTY:

How can we talk without arousing suspicion?

GRYTPYPE:

I have it! Come close.

MORIARTY:

Yah.

GRYTPYPE:

Hold tight, now. And; one, two, three; one, two, three; chasse reverse turn...

MORIARTY:

My, you waltz divinely. Now we can talk without drawing attention to each other.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Do you come here often?

GRYTPYPE:

Only for assassinations.

MORIARTY:

Good.

GRYTPYPE:

One, two, three.

MORIARTY:

Ah, assassinations, that brings us to the point of Crown Prince Arnold. What is the plan for him?

GRYTPYPE:

Well...

MORIARTY:

Ja?.

GRYTPYPE:

This night he is sleeping in the castle.

MORIARTY:

Ah, hah?

GRYTPYPE:

At the hour of midnight we must place a bomb in his bed. Two, three.

MORIARTY:

But surely he's bound to feel a cold bomb.

GRYTPYPE:

No, not if it's put inside a hot water bottle. Two, three.

MORIARTY:

Good, I'll tell you what we'll do...

SEAGOON:

Pardon me.

MORIARTY:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

May I cut in? This is an excuse me dance, you know.

MORIARTY:

Curse! I'll see you later, Colonel Grytpype.

GRYTPYPE:

Very good, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Auf wiedersehen.

GRYTPYPE:

Al feezle-hurn.

SEAGOON:

Would you mind taking your knees out of my eyes?

GRYTPYPE:

I beg your pardon.

SEAGOON:

I say, I hope you didn't mind me excusing you.

GRYTPYPE:

No, I love competition.

SEAGOON:

I'm Neddie Seagoon, English tourist you know. I'm on a walking tour.

GRYTPYPE:

I thought this couldn't be dancing.

GRAMS:

WALTZ STOPS. DRUM ROLL, TRUMPET FANFARE.

GREENSLADE:

Their imperial majesties, the Emperor and Empress Farendel el il Juan del la bush catalarena of Sardinia.

OMNES:

Umm, yuhmyum... (GENERAL MUTTERINGS)

GREENSLADE:

His excellency, the Count Diseccles. Ambassador to the Royal Principality of the House of Yourgenbourg the second.

OMNES:

Umm, yumyum... (GENERAL MUTTERINGS)

GREENSLADE:

Fred Smith.

OMNES:

Owl... (MUCH MORE ENTHUSIAST MUTTERINGS)

SEAGOON:

I say, that's our British Ambassador.

FX:

PENNY IN MUG. MORE PENNIES BEING COLLECTED CONTINUES UNDER:

AMBASSADOR:

[SELLERS]

Thank you, thank you very much, thank you.

SEAGOON:

There he goes, collecting for Britain.

FX:

DISTANT PENNY IN CUP.

SEAGOON:

And here comes the Prime Minister.

CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

Ah! Ahem, good morning... (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) Good evening.

SEAGOON:

I say, your voice has changed.

CHURCHILL:

Yes, don't you read the papers? (SILLY LAUGH)

MORIARTY:

Thank you, thank you. Next dance, please. Now then, Colonel Grytpype, I have some bad news.

GRYTPYPE:

Bad news?

MORIARTY:

The man who was going to plant the bomb has got cold feet.

GRYTPYPE:

I told you not to send a man without socks.

MORIARTY:

We must find some other Charlie.

GRYTPYPE:

Another Charlie, eh?

MORIARTY:

Ja.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, ah, lets go into the throne room.

FX:

RATTLING OF DOOR KNOB.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh....

GRYTPYPE:

Curse, somebody's in there.

SEAGOON:

Well, I'd better be going to bed now, it's way past nine o'clock you know.

GRYTPYPE:

No, no, wait, Neddie, wait! Just a moment, mmm, mmm. Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

What's this?

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, this is the Charlie for the bomb plan.

MORIARTY:

What? But this idiot is English.

GRYTPYPE:

Is there any other kind? (GOING OFF) Now listen, what I have in mind is this: What you must do is...

GREENSLADE:

If I might make so bold, I would like to remind listeners that next week's RadioTimes is now on sale at all reliable bookstalls, price thruppence, and containing a wealth of jolly good information. Thank you.

SEAGOON:

The two men finished whispering and then spoke.

GRYTPYPE:

Seagoon, take off that three-ply deer stalker.

SEAGOON:

There you are.

GRYTPYPE:

Good. Moriarty have a look at our English friend.

MORIARTY:

Arluuurgh (THROWING UP NOISES)

GRYTPYPE:

Precisely. But look at the birth mark on the lining of his hat.

MORIARTY:

Ja, it says 'mother'.

SEAGOON:

Oh, that. I had it tattooed in at Portsmouth.

MORIARTY:

Sapriski Nuckoes. That is the royal birthmark of the Dimburghers.

SEAGOON:

Yes, I've been told that often.

MORIARTY:

Naturally. Your rightful place is on the throne.

SEAGOON:

Yes, but it's locked.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. Let me tell you a folklore. When you were but a month old, you were snatched from your cradle and an impostor was put in your place. And then...

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Please, don't do that. Yes, you, poor lad, were wrapped in a copy of the Radio Times and placed on the door step of a barber shop.

SEAGOON:

I know, I hated that barber.

GRYTPYPE:

He took you in, didn't he?

SEAGOON:

Not until I was twenty three. By that time I was too big to step over.

GRYTPYPE:

Never the less, you are now the heir to the throne.

SEAGOON:

Me, Emperor of Austria-Hungaria? Ha ha ha ha.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Oh, we'll have a grand time won't we? Ha ha ha ha.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Wine and girls and wine and girls...

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

...and girls and singing. (SINGS) Be my love, speak to me Thora, speak to me Thora... Ha ha ha I'm King. huh, Good luck, I'm King. ah ha. I must send a postcard to the lads, mustn't I.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

Ha ha, (SINGS) mister what ya call 'er, what ya doing to night? I'm an emperor, aren't we alllllllllll?

GRYTPYPE:

You silly twisted boy, you.

SEAGOON:

Well, my loyal subject, where's the keys to the old royal purse, eh? hmmn hmmn hmmn. And while we're giving orders. Get me a princess, ha ha ha humho oh, ah (CONTINUES LAUGHING UNDER)

MORIARTY:

Not... not so fast Crown Prince Charlie. Yes! Before we can take office, there is one little job you must do.

SEAGOON:

Just say the word.

MORIARTY:

Assassinate Crown Prince Arnold.

SEAGOON:

(GULP)

FX:

CLATTER OF BODY FALLING TO FLOOR.

MORIARTY:

Stretcher bearer Geldray.

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

The rightful heir, part two. And I quote from the Radio Times: "Until the plot to eliminate Crown Prince Arnold has been perfected, the rightful heir Ned Seagoon is kept in the gasthaus of Fred Cafe. Bett und frühstück, zwei mark. Proprietor, Herr Crun."

SEAGOON:

Guten morgen, Herr alber.

CRUN:

Guten morgen, mein hairy. Do you want breakfast now or will you wait until it's ready?

SEAGOON:

Yes, six boiled eggs.

CRUN:

Errr, mnnrq, mnn. Good, good, good, good, good. I'll just shout down the hatch. Frau Bannister?

MINNIE:

(OFF) Ja wahl, buddy.

CRUN:

Sechs gekochte eier

MINNIE:

(OFF) Sechs gekochte eier.

CRUN:

Kaffee, mein hairy?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

MINNIE:

(OFF) Kaffee, mein hairy.

CRUN:

Und eine carfsa Kaffee.

MINNIE:

Nmm yaka da bool... un dine carff da coffee.

SEAGOON:

With milk.

CRUN:

Mit eine bitte milch.

MINNIE:

(OFF) wid in bidnn milk.

CRUN:

Yup.

SEAGOON:

Oh, and... and... and bread and butter.

CRUN:

Und brot mit butter.

MINNIE:

Und breid mit butter mnn mnnn mnn.

CRUN:

Anything else?

SEAGOON:

No, thank you.

CRUN:

Then I'll just go down into the kitchen.

SEAGOON:

Why?

CRUN:

Minnie doesn't understand German.

SEAGOON:

I sat back to read a picture of King Edward. I was just about to draw a moustache on the portrait... when through the window...

FX:

WINDOW SMASHING, FALLING GLASS

SEAGOON:

It was a stone with a man tied to it.

ECCLES:

Hullooo. Oh, it's good to be alive.

SEAGOON:

Who are you, you ragged idiot.

ECCLES:

I'm the famous Eccles and I've got a message for you.

SEAGOON:

Let me see.

FX:

UNSCRUNCHING PAPER

SEAGOON:

This paper is blank.

ECCLES:

I know, I've got to write the message on it. Now then, what's your name.

SEAGOON:

Seagoon.

ECCLES:

Ok. 'Dear Seagoon, the man who is writing this note has a message for you. Signed... signed, Eccles'. Dere, read that!

SEAGOON:

Is it for me?

ECCLES:

Let me see, is your name Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Yup, it's for you, yup.

SEAGOON:

Who's it from?

ECCLES:

Um, who's it from, now, let me see um. Signed Enk, signed Enk, signed Enkles, no dats not it. Got da word here, got, I got it, I got it, I got, don't worry. Si.. Ohhh!, signed Eccles, it's, it's from me! Its from me.

SEAGOON:

Give it here, let me see it. 'Dowr Siegloon, Der mon roose nat lar fir grut olg folg marg, siginned Eccelis'.

ECCLES:

Huh ho, I made a right mess of that, didn't I! Ha ha.

SEAGOON:

Never mind, Caxton. It so happens I overheard you writing this note.

ECCLES:

Ohh. Oh, well, burn that note quick.

SEAGOON:

Why?

ECCLES:

I don't want people to think that I'm illiterate. Hu ho.

SEAGOON:

Why not? You have the personality to carry it off.

ECCLES:

Oh, you think so?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Oh, it's good to be alive! Good to be al...

SEAGOON:

Now, hurry up and give me that message.

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah. You got to go to the castle of the imperial Hussars and ask the commander for the secret parcel.

SEAGOON:

Secret parcel? Right!

ECCLES:

Yup. Well, I've gotta be off now. Goodbye.

SEAGOON:

Goodbye.

FX:

FOOTSTEPS, GETTING FASTER AND FASTER RUNNING AWAY.

SEAGOON:

Gad! I've never seen a mans boots move so fast.

ECCLES:

Neither have I, I'd better run after 'em. Huh ho!

SEAGOON:

Wait, we'll come with you.

FX:

WHOOSH... WHOOSH, WHOOSH WOOSH. DOOR CLOSES. (8 SECONDS OF SILENCE)

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and Gentlemen. We would like to explain the reason for that extended silence. It's quite simple. When Ned Seagoon and the famous Eccles departed, the room was left empty. Hence the lack of sound. In case any of you have just switched on, here once again is the sound of an empty room.

FX:

(9 SECONDS OF SILENCE)

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. I leave you with the empty room.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

CRUN:

Aarr, ar er.

FX:

CUPS AND SAUCES BEING CLINKED. UNDER:

CRUN:

Come along, Min.

MINNIE:

I'm coming, buddy, coming. I'm coming, buddy.

CRUN:

Well, here's your breakfast, Herr Seagoon.

MINNIE:

Six sei zwei eggs, six eggs.

CRUN:

zweis eggs.

MINNIE:

Six eggs in German.

CRUN:

Coffee mit milk, Herr Seagoon.

MINNIE:

With the milk, yes.

CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

Grapefruit buddy.

CRUN:

Got the grapefruit.

MINNIE:

Got all the stuff. They got the salt for him, Henry?

CRUN:

Yes, I got mnn...

MINNIE:

He'll like this breakfast, it's lovely little...

CRUN:

It's a beautiful breakfast, Min.

MINNIE:

I hope you enjoy it, Herr Seagoon. I... I do hope...

CRUN:

Well...

MINNIE:

I hope you enjoy it.

CRUN:

Bon appetite, Herr Seagoon.

MINNIE:

Bon appetite.

FX:

(2 SECOND PAUSE) DOOR CLOSED.

CRUN:

Min?

MINNIE:

What, Hen?

CRUN:

Herr Seagoon isn't here.

MINNIE:

Perhaps he's gone out for some breakfast.

CRUN:

Yes, he must have gone out.

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

MINNIE:

Lets have a look for him...

CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

(OFF) Herr Seagoon?

FX:

DOOR CLOSED. PAUSE.

CRUN:

Herr...

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

CRUN:

...Seagoon?

FX:

DOOR CLOSED. PAUSE. DOOR OPENED.

MINNIE:

(OFF) Herr Hairy Seagoon.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED. PAUSE. DOOR OPENED.

CRUN:

Herr Seagoon?

FX:

DOOR CLOSED.

MINNIE:

(OFF) Herr... Herr Seagoon? Herr... Herr... ere...

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

MINNIE:

Herr Seagoon.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED. DOOR OPENED.

MINNIE:

Eeere Mn-Err, Hairy Seagoon.

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

CRUN:

Seagooooon?

MINNIE:

Herr Seagoon?

FX:

DOOR CLOSED. PAUSE. DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED.

CRUN:

He's not here, Min.

MINNIE:

You mean I've cooked all this breakfast for nothing!

CRUN:

No, Minnie, it wasn't my fault, Min.

MINNIE:

No, Henry, I don't like this sort of mnn German espionage...

CRUN:

Naughty Minnie, don't lose you temper again.

FX:

SERIES OF BREAKING WINDOWS WITH MIN & CRUN ARGUING, PROGRESSES TO STAMPEDING RABBLE, DISTANT BUGLE CHARGE, DIVE BOMBER, MACHINE GUN, EXPLOSION, FALLING GLASS AND RUBBLE, YELLS FROM MIN.

CRUN:

Min, let's not start a quarrel.

MINNIE:

I'm not quarrelling, Henry, I'm... buddy, I'm not quarrelling.

CRUN:

Do you mean that, Min?

MINNIE:

Yes, I love you, Henry, buddy.

CRUN:

Well, if you love me, put that piano down.

MINNIE:

Why, I didn't know I had it, you know I'm musi-musical.

CRUN:

Come along, Min. Poor Hairy Seajoon has gone without his breakfast, we must go and...

MINNIE:

...we must get him...

FX:

DOOR CLOSED.

GREENSLADE:

Little do they know that by now Seagoon had reached the castle of the Imperial Hussars.

SEAGOON:

Little did they know that... Greenslade was right! But how did *he* know?

GREENSLADE:

Simple. I has the foresight to purchase a copy of my Radio Times, well in advance. Thereby enabling me to read the plot of The Goon Show five whole days before it was broadcast. *There's value for you!*

SEAGOON:

Ahoooooy there in the castle.

BLOODNOK:

Crod me klerdler and hit me naughty splew. That sounds like him, Charlie the First. Tallula?

ELLINGTON:

Yes sir?

BLOODNOK:

Lower the drawbridge.

ELLINGTON:

Ying tong iddle i po.

BLOODNOK & SEAGOON:

Good!

FX:

RATTLE OF CHAINS.

BLOODNOK:

Right, come across.

SEAGOON:

I can't. It's on me foot.

BLOODNOK:

We'll raise it a bit.

FX:

CHAINS.

BLOODNOK:

Come on in.

FX:

SPLASH.

BLOODNOK:

Moggle me steaming chuff. Two feet off the ground and he walks under it!

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Heeeeeeeeeeeeeeeelp!

BLOODNOK:

Lower it.

FX:

CHAINS. CRASH.

SEAGOON:

Ohhhh, my bonce!

BLOODNOK:

You know it just isn't his day, that...

SEAGOON:

You fool! Ooooh. Do you realise I'm Crown Prince Neddie?

BLOODNOK:

Crown Prince Nurgle?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

What? Ohh, please Neddie, forgive an old campagner. I'll go to me room and I'll shoot meself.

ELLINGTON:

You can shoot yourself out here.

BLOODNOK:

What?! Do you want me to catch death of cold? No, I'll do it in my room like a soldier and a man. Sire, could you lend me a pistol?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

A dagger?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

A sword?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

Ten bob?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Good, I'll borrow that. Honour is satisfied. Unseal the NAAFI! Now, your highness, the secret parcel here is for you.

SEAGOON:

(STRAINING NOISES) It's heavy, isn't it?

BLOODNOK:

(OFF) I'm still holding on to it! Oh, now, now, this is to be placed in the bed of that impostor... Crown Prince Arnold. But first, pull up a portcullis and listen to Gladys Ellington.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

SINGS "GIVE ME YOUR WORD YOUR LOVE WILL NEVER DIE."

SEAGOON:

Disguising myself as a chamber maid, I took the secret parcel into the bedroom of Crown Prince Arnold. Three hours later I managed to get out. My disguise had been too perfect!

GRYTPYPE:

Ahhhh, Crown Prince Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Colonel Grytpype. I put the parcel in his bed. What is in it?

GRYTPYPE:

A time bomb.

SEAGOON:

But isn't that dangerous?

GRYTPYPE:

Only when it explodes. Now what you have to do is to rouse the villagers.

SEAGOON:

Are they asleep?

GRYTPYPE:

No more than usual. Moriarty, a horse for the Crown Prince nnn.

MORIARTY:

That's a fair swap.

SEAGOON:

Right. I'm off to rally the villagers around my banner. Gid-up there.

FX:

GALLOPING HOOVES OVER:

GRAMS:

CHASE MUSIC.

FX:

(GRAMS STOP) HOOVES COME TO A STOP (SLIDING NOISE). QUICK KNOCK ON DOOR. DOOR OPENED.

THROAT:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

We revolt tonight.

THROAT:

Right.

FX:

DOOR CLOSSES. GALLOPING. KNOCKING ON DOOR. DOOR OPENED.

WILLIUM:

Yes, sir?

SEAGOON:

We revolt tonight.

WILLIUM:

Oh, good luck.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED. GALLOPING. KNOCKING. DOOR OPENED QUICKLY.

SEAGOON:

We revolt tonight.

WILLIUM:

Blimey, you back again?

SEAGOON:

Right, gid-up.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED. GALLOPING (SHORT DISTANCE). KNOCKING. DOOR OPENED.

MINNIE:

Ah, your breakfast is ready.

SEAGOON:

Not now. We're starting the revolution.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED. GALLOPING. QUICK KNOCK. DOOR OPENED.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

WILLIUM:

We revolt tonight.

SEAGOON:

We revolt tonight? Oh, I must warn the villagers.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED. GALLOPING. DOOR KNOCKING. OPENED DOOR.

SEAGOON:

We revolt tonight.

WILLIUM:

Look here mate, don't keep picking on me, try that house over there.

FX:

DOOR CLOSED. GALLOPING. KNOCK. DOOR OPENED.

WILLIUM:

We revolt tonight.

SEAGOON:

Look here, don't keep picking on me, try that house over there.

WILLIUM:

Right, mate.

SEAGOON:

By the way, is that phone call for me?

WILLIUM:

Which one?

FX:

PHONE RINGING.

SEAGOON:

That one.

WILLIUM:

Pick it up and see.

SEAGOON:

Hello, hello?

WILLIUM:

(ON PHONE) We revolt tonight.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

FX:

GALLOPING. KNOCKING. DOOR OPENED.

SEAGOON:

Yes?

MINNIE:

We'll have breakfast tonight.

SEAGOON:

Where's my revolution.

WILLIUM:

Excuse me.

SEAGOON:

Certainly.

GRAMS:

SLOW DANCE MUSIC.

GRYTPYPE:

We just don't care do we? We know we haven't won the award.

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, in the bedroom of the Crown Prince, it is two minutes to nine.

FX:

LOUD TICKING OF TIME BOMB OVER: DOOR OPENS. MOUTH NOISES, LIGHT SNORING, SIGHS, SMACKING OF LIPS, SNORING, EXPLOSION.

SEAGOON:

That's it, he's gone!

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

GRYTPYPE:

Something has gone wrong with our plans, I've had news that the Crown Prince left for Switzerland this morning.

SEAGOON:

But... but who was in his bed?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swines you!!

ORCHESTRA:

THEME TUNE UP AND DOWN UNDER:

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 Eric Sykes and Spike Milligan. Announcer Wallace Greenslade, the program produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

TO END OF THEME TUNE.

Notes:

"Gasthaus of Fred Cafe. Bett und fruehstueck en zwei mark proprietor Herr Crun." translates as "Guesthouse Fred Cafe. Bed and breakfast two marks, proprietor mister Crun."

Caxton is the man who made the first printing press.

"Tallula" is possibly a reference to Tallula Bankhead (1902-1968), an exotic American actress with a spicy private life.