

S6 E22 - The Choking Horror

Transcribed by Tony Wills, corrections from Paul Winalski and Derek Wills. Additional amendments by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. There was a young lady of...

SEAGOON:

Mister Greenslade! Not in front of the natives.

GREENSLADE:

I'm sorry, Sir.

SEAGOON:

I should think so.

GREENSLADE:

I... I'm sorry, I don't know what came over me.

SEAGOON:

Well?

GREENSLADE:

It must be those elderly men's get fit hormones.

SEAGOON:

Well, just this once we'll forget all about it. Now, kindly remove that ostrich feather and get dressed.

GREENSLADE:

Certainly. But first, here is the highly esteemed... Goon Show.

GRAMS:

CORNY FLAT CHORD AND CYMBAL CRASH.

SELLERS:

Ladies and gentlemen, tonight we present a masterpiece. From the socks of Terrance Rattigan we bring you a book originally scored for viola, harpsichord and E-flat Appian Way. Entitled "The Choking Horror".

ORCHESTRA:

LONG BUILDING DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

London, the heart of a mighty empire of restrictive practices. The year was MXMDCXX1B11111 one and a half. The place, 1913. As usual, England is on the verge of war with somebody or other. It is, midnight.

GRAMS:

BIG BEN CHIMES AT VARYING SPEED. TWICE.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR.

SEAGOON:

What? What? Dear listeners, at that knock I was awake instantly.

GRYTPYPE:

He was sleeping in the doorway.

SEAGOON:

That voice came from a tall cadaverous man wearing a watered-down shredded bowler.

GRYTPYPE:

Are you the strolling Home Office trichologist?

SEAGOON:

Yes, but I've got a puncture at the moment.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi tubeless tyre.

SEAGOON:

Needle nardle noo.

MORIARTY:

Don't joke. What? What? What? What? We're from Scotland Yard. Are you Doctor Seajune?

SEAGOON:

Yes 'Seagoon', spelt with one G two O's and two I's.

MORIARTY:

Two I's in 'Seagoon'?

SEAGOON:

Of course, how else could I see? (LAUGHS) How else could I...? Ahem. How dare you force me to tell brilliant jokes at this time of night.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm sorry, Sir. Here is an orchestration of an apology I'll be sending you.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. And here's a marble statue of my acceptance. Now, what can I do for you gentlemen?

GRYTPYPE:

Something terribly important has come up, Sir.

SEAGOON:

Ohh?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. It could even mean war.

SEAGOON:

War? Anyone we know?

GRYTPYPE:

Look, I'm not allowed to divulge names, Sir. Now, will you come quietly? I've got a splitting headache.

SEAGOON:

Certainly. I'll just pack a few vital scientific instruments.

FX:

POURING AND SHAKING A BOX FULL OF MANY METAL INSTRUMENTS - CUTLERY.

SEAGOON:

You can't be too careful, Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm. Now just a quick tune on the trampoline. Hup.

FX:

DUCK WHISTLE

SEAGOON:

Ahhh, that's better.

GRYTPYPE:

Come, Sir, you're wasting time and the wind's in your favour. Now, if you'll fall in on either side of me, I'll follow you.

MORIARTY:

And remember - you must walk backwards.

SEAGOON:

Why?

MORIARTY:

It's all the rage. Ahol!

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners, I was taken to a dark car, blindfolded and left behind.

GRYTPYPE:

That's just a decoy. We follow in front in this small car with close set headlamps and a pronounced limp.

MORIARTY:

Yes. Now hurry up, in you get.

SEAGOON:

I can't see with this blindfold.

MORIARTY:

Don't worry. I'll tie your hands to the steering wheel.

SEAGOON:

What? You want me to drive blindfolded?

MORIARTY:

Only 'til we get there.

GRYTPYPE:

Right, Neddie, off you go and don't go over the traffic lights, they're too high.

SEAGOON:

Right, hold tight.

FX:

CAR DRIVING OFF FAST. SQUEAL OF TYRES. CRASH, FALLING BITS OF METAL. FX STOP ABRUPTLY.
CAR DOOR OPENED.

SEAGOON:

Well, here we are.

GRYTPYPE:

Out you get.

SEAGOON:

Just a minute, exactly who are you?

GRYTPYPE:

I'm exactly superintendent Grytpype-Thynne of criminal records.

SEAGOON:

Got any of David Whitfields?

GRYTPYPE:

Lots.

MORIARTY:

Listen.

FX:

CLATTER OF SOMETHING LIKE CASSETTE CASES BEING OPENED AND SHUT.

SEAGOON:

That is beautiful.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Thank you very much.

MORIARTY:

Get off your knees, time for fun later. Now first, do you recognise what we're standing on?

SEAGOON:

Feet!

MORIARTY:

Correct! Now then, monsieur, what are your feet resting on?

SEAGOON:

(SAME VOICE USED FOR THE ATTENDANT AT THE TOP OF BLACKPOOL TOWER) The Tower Bridge.

MORIARTY:

(WHISPER) Sapristi! He knows the name of the Tower Bridge.

GRYTPYPE:

(WHISPER) Well, we couldn't keep it a secret forever.

MORIARTY:

(WHISPER) What?

GRYTPYPE:

Doctor Seagoon, come over here by this stanchion, whatever that means.

SEAGOON:

Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well? Well?

GRYTPYPE:

What *is* this stuff growing on the ironwork?

SEAGOON:

Just hold the bridge up whilst I examine it.

OMNES:

Owwwl (STRAINING NOISES), 'Heave', 'I've got it', 'Mind my tenor's friend'

SEAGOON:

Now... Great squirts of gringe.

FX:

DRAMATIC CHORD.

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners, through the cardboard lens of my kiddy's junior microscope. Send six box tops of Footo the athletes friend. Through it, I saw on the ironwork of Tower Bridge, a strange follicular growth. Whatever that means.

MORIARTY:

Well? Well? Well? Well? What does it mean?

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, I'd rather not say until I've made my laboratory tests on my dictionary.

GRYTPYPE:

You'll be taking away portions of the bridge, then?

SEAGOON:

(EAGER) May I?

GRYTPYPE:

Have any bit you fancy.

SEAGOON:

Oh, right. How about that blond policewoman sunbathing on top of the black maria.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm sorry, she's just for recruiting purposes.

MORIARTY:

I say, stop. I... No, please. No, no, don't... Stop that naughty-type police joking. We must find out what this is growing on the bridge. Sergeant yapabakarka, wrap up that forty foot span and one of the towers and post it at once to Doctor Seagoon's laboratory.

SEAGOON:

I'll post it for you, I'm going that way. I'll let you have my report within the millennium. Farewell.

MORIARTY:

Farewell.

FX:

FEET RUNNING AWAY, SPEEDING UP.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GREENSLADE:

For three days Doctor Seagoon awaited the arrival of the Tower Bridge portions. During which time, Max Geldray played a lead knee gavel from the crouch.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

FX:

BUBBLING NOISES FROM 'THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT' BEHIND:

GREENSLADE:

The Choking Horror, part two. Working through the night in his laboratory, Doctor Seagoon made a startling discovery.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens!

FX:

BUBBLES STOP

SEAGOON:

I've got egg on my lapel. Willium, pass the salt.

WILLIUM:

Right mate.

FX:

SMASH.

SEAGOON:

Ooh! Thank you. Now... (LIP SMACKING NOISES, SWALLOWS) Ah... What the devil could have happened to the parcel of Tower Bridge portions? I posted it to this address three days ago. I wonder what's holding it up.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

ECCLES:

Hullo.

SEAGOON:

Pipe down, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Hul... What do you say?

SEAGOON:

Pipe down, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Pipe down, my foot.

SEAGOON:

That's a funny place to keep a pipe.

ECCLES:

Hu ha hah ha hum. ha hah ha har.

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles. Shut up, Eccles. Shut up. Shut... ooh, wait a minute. You can't talk to me like that. Do you... do you know who I am?

SEAGOON:

No, I don't...

ECCLES:

Shut up! I'll... I'll have you... well, I... um... I'm... I'm... I'm the financial advisor to the British Government.

SEAGOON:

I thought it must be somebody like you. Now, state your business.

ECCLES:

I got a parcel for you.

SEAGOON:

It's the Tower Bridge portions! Quick, unwrap it!

FX:

TEARING, UNWRAPPING CONTINUES UNDER:

ECCLES:

Right, ~~~ that's ~~~ corner ~~~ right ~~~

SEAGOON:

Here we are... Cut the string here, that's it. Right, here we go. Right, that's it.

FX:

CLANG

ECCLES:

Oh, you... you dropped this.

SEAGOON:

I'm always dropping them. Now, get this girder under the microscope.

SEAGOON & ECCLES:

Urrghh, I got it, right... (ETC, PANTING)

SEAGOON:

Right! Now to scrutinise it with an intense scrute.

ECCLES:

Ooooh.

SEAGOON:

Hmmm. Great leaping crabs!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORD

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners, as I examined the portions of the Tower Bridge, I observed that the strange follicular growth had increased in length.

WILLIUM:

It looks like 'air, mate.

SEAGOON:

It feels like hair.

ECCLES:

It tastes like hair.

SEAGOON:

Spit that girder out at once.

FX:

CLUNK CLANG

WILLIUM:

Owww! My foot, mate!

SEAGOON:

Silence. Here, put on this record of a bandage.

FX:

KNOCKING AT DOOR.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, for heaven's sake, answer that phone.

FX:

DOOR OPENED WITH MUCH RATTLING OF DOOR KNOB.

ECCLES:

Hulllooo.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT) Is that her groin nine tocks yang fune theng?

ECCLES:

Arhh, oh, yah, yuh.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTORT) Doctor Seagoon?

ECCLES:

(QUIETLY) It's for you.

SEAGOON:

Give it to me.

FX:

MUCH RATTLING OF DOOR KNOB.

SEAGOON:

Hullo, inspector? That stuff growing on Tower Bridge.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

I think it's hair.

GRYTPYPE:

Hair? Good heavens.

SEAGOON:

Hello? Hello?

FX:

RATTLE.

SEAGOON:

Hello? Hello? Hello? Hello?

FX:

RATTLE.

SEAGOON:

Curse! He's hung up.

FX:

DOOR SLAMMED. RING OF TELEPHONE.

SEAGOON:

Come in.

FX:

PHONE BEING GRABBED OFF HANDSET.

MORIARTY:

Ah! Now then, what's this we hear about hair?

GRYTPYPE:

It's true, isn't it, Doctor?

SEAGOON:

Well, I'm not so sure, but I know the very man to consult. Bring that girder and follow me!

FX:

RAPID RUNNING OF MANY BOOTS. FADES.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORD.

FX:

SNIP, SNIP OF SCISSORS UNDER:

CRUN:

Oh, dear, dear, dear. Oh, dear. The Choking Horror part three.

MINNIE:

Never mind about that, Henry, we... Concentrate on the vital hair cutting-type customer, Henry.

CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

You nicked him you know.

CRUN:

Don't get a paddy on, Min.

MINNIE:

I'm not getting a paddy on...

CRUN:

Now, don't start that.

MINNIE:

What?

CRUN:

Just hand me the curling tongs.

MINNIE:

Okay. Here they are.

CRUN:

Arrggghhh! Thank you, Min.

MINNIE:

Pleasure.

CRUN:

Now some more kiss curls, here.

MINNIE:

Steady, steady, steady, don't ruin it.

CRUN:

And another one there. A blonde streak in the front. Now I'll just tie it in a horses tail at the back. There, Min. How do you like that?

MINNIE:

(PAUSE) It doesn't suit you, Henry.

CRUN:

No good, Min. Let's face it, business is bad, you know. There's no power. Three customers this morning and two of them were bald.

MINNIE:

Two out of three isn't bad, Henry.

CRUN:

They were women.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

CRUN:

We'd have lost money if it weren't for them needing a shave, you know. A vital... I'll tell you, Min, mnk mnk ya yooo ooh... Min... Minnie, stop that sinful Marilyn Monroe-type walking.

MINNIE:

I'm missing you already, Larry. Get this crazy melody, Crun (SINGS) Yim buda buta buta bing Yim buda da doo, yuka tuka yee, buta buta bum, yaa yooull yuh

CRUN:

Stop that sinful modern singing, Min. That sensuous veleta you're doing.

MINNIE:

Crazy corn. You're corny buddy. You're... (SINGS) Red hot rhythm, Red hot rhythm, Yyaka... brown power.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Mister Crun, back to your own bed! Miss Bannister, remove that feather duster and get dressed.

MINNIE:

Oh, oh.

MORIARTY:

Let me do the talking. Mister Crun, you see this girder? Tell us - what is this peculiar growth on it?

CRUN:

Oh, that is... um... hair.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense. It's hair!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

Come over here behind this ah... behind this horse. Not that end.

MORIARTY:

Ngg, too late. Now, what is it?

GRYTPYPE:

What is it? My dear fellow, the chemical composition of Tower Bridge is such that it can grow hair.

MORIARTY:

Well?

GRYTPYPE:

Well don't you see? If we could only grind Tower Bridge into a paste, pack it into handy two ounce jars, we could make a fortune selling it to...

MORIARTY:

Bald headed men!

GRYTPYPE:

There's a clever idiot.

MORIARTY:

That's it! That's it! Bald headed men will do. Oh, hand me something. The money! The money! Where there's money, ooh! The money, money, money, money, money, money, ar a woo ee ye wee. Money! Brown power! Money! Win, win, win, win, money, money! Oah ow! ah ow! Money, money, money, money! Ah, ow! yu ow! a we a owl. Money.

GRYTPYPE:

Stop that filling in time type dialogue. Now then, tonight I've arranged for Tower Bridge to be secretly removed and replaced by a life sized photograph.

MORIARTY:

Brilliant, they'll never notice the difference.

GRYTPYPE:

Of course.

MORIARTY:

Oh, the moolah! The money!

GRYTPYPE:

The moolah! The brown moolah!

MORIARTY:

The Tower Bridge Nut Paste Company for bald headed men.

ORCHESTRA:

VERY TINNY MUSIC HALL LINK.

OMNES:

Hay!

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. And now, here's a record of Wallace Greenslade.

GRAMS:

CLUMP OF NEEDLE AND SURFACE NOISE BEHIND

GREENSLADE:

(AS A RECORD) Good evening. The Choking Horror part four. Three months have passed.

MORIARTY:

Take that record off at once! Didn't you here what he said? Three months have passed. Ah, hoo a owwl a owwl.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen! Amazing news.

MORIARTY:

There's a gentleman with amazing news.

GRYTPYPE:

Doctor Seagoon, what's up?

SEAGOON:

(PANTS) I'm exhausted.

MORIARTY:

Here, have a chair.

SEAGOON:

(PANTS, GULPS, SMACKS LIPS) Ah, that's better. Now listen, London is in the grip of a choking horror. Hair is starting to grow on monuments and buildings.

MORIARTY:

What. Saprستي Choking Horror part six.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, part hair. We must inform Parliament of this choking horror.

MORIARTY:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Pausing only to hear Ray Ellington strumming E-flat Appian Way with coelacanth ear-mute.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'I WAS BLUE AND I WAS ALWAYS WEARING A FROWN .. THAT'S WHEN THE OLD GREY CLOUD BURST

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORD

OMNES:

SIX SECONDS OF RHUBARBS...

SEAGOON:

(ECHOING IN LARGE HALL) Yes, honourable members of Parliament, well you may murmur 'rhubarb' in Choking Horror part six, but it doesn't alter the fact that in the past ten months the following buildings have also been declared hairy: The National Gallery; St Pauls; Nelson's Column; The Windmill Theatre!

OMNES:

LOUD GRUMBLES AND MUTTERING, RHUBARBS

MP1:

(MILLIGAN, NASAL VOICE - SPRIGGS?) I tell you, please, honourable members

OMNES:

RHUBARB

MP1:

Please, silence, please

SEAGOON:

Custard.

MP1:

We must take action at once!

BLOODNOK:

I agree, I agree!

MP1:

Well said.

BLOODNOK:

The Albert Hall is a dreadful sight. Hair is hanging down its back.

MINNIE:

That's... that's nothing. Graham Sunderland's portrait of Sir Winston Churchill is completely hidden.

CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

Thank heavens for that.

SEAGOON:

Have no fear, I have taken action. I'm commencing by having the Albert Hall's hair cut, with Mister Crun supervising.

CRUN:

Yes, I'm going to give it a real military hair cut.

MP1:

Military? The Albert Hall is a civilian, sir!

CRUN:

What?

MP1:

It's a civilian. Its hair should be parted in the middle, well greased and brushed down on either side.

CRUN:

No, no, no. That style is much too young for the Albert Hall.

MP1:

Nonsense, I tell you I've seen several brown powers with them.

CRUN:

Excuse me...

FX:

GAVEL BANGED LOUDLY FIVE TIMES

MILLIGAN:

(INDIAN WOOPS)

CRUN:

Arrr ng...

MILLIGAN:

Yabababab...

SEAGOON:

Silence! The honourable Minister For War is trying to attract attention.

MP2:

[SELLERS]

Yes, yes, I... I'm... I'm... I'm sorry to interrupt but I've had a letter from Berlin, I think you all should hear. Ah, just have a read. Oh, no, that's not... yes. Ah, 'Dear England, as from midnight tonight, 1914, a state of war exists between us. Yours sincerely, Germany'. Yes I think that... that's right, yes.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Now about this hair style for the Albert Hall. How about a fringe?

MINNIE:

No, no, buddy, it wouldn't be able to see where it was going. I... du owwwwl! Did you say we were at war, young man?

MP2:

Ah, yes, yes.

MINNIE:

(GOING OFF) I'd better go and get the smalls in at once.

CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

Better not let Antony see you doing that.

OMNES:

(RHUBARBS, MUTTERING ETC)

GREENSLADE:

Three weeks passed and the House was informed of startling type news.

CRUN:

Honourable members.

MINNIE:

What, what? Speak up.

CRUN:

Startling type news of the hairy situation. St Paul's is going bald!

OMNES:

Terrible, terrible.

BLOODNOK:

This is terrible, we... we can't have St Paul's going around with a bald head.

SEAGOON:

I concur. The solution is obvious. It must be fitted with a wig!

CRUN:

Never! A wig on England's finest dome? No, Sir, never! St Paul's will have to wear a trilby, Sir!

SEAGOON:

Of course, a hat. What size does it take?

MP3:

A hundred and four and three eighths.

BLOODNOK:

Big head!

ORCHESTRA:

BRITANNIA TYPE LINK.

GREENSLADE:

The war passed into its second year.

MILLIGAN & SELLERS:

Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to...

GREENSLADE:

Will you shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles.

ALL:

(LOTS OF SHUT UPS BACK AND FORTH)

GREENSLADE:

The war passed into its second year. And a sad state of affairs existed.

SEAGOON:

Yes. One by one the hairy buildings have gone prematurely grey.

GRYTPYPE:

Obviously it's the worry of these naughty Zeppelin raids by that fiend Count Zeppelin.

SEAGOON:

Exactly. For that reason we have called in Lance Captain Hugh Jympton.

JYMPTON:

[SELLERS]

Thank you, sir. Just hold this globe of England. Gentlemen, the secret service has discovered the reason for our hairy buildings. Just before the war, German saboteurs painted them with a secret hair growing paint which turns silver grey.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi gav-on! So that's why the Zeppelins have been able to bomb them in the dark.

JYMPTON:

Exactly. But, we foiled their little plan with an ingenious counter move. Gentlemen, every grey haired building is now wearing a bowler hat.

SEAGOON:

Brilliant, I must inspect these bowlers at once. Captain, get in your car and follow me.

FX:

CAR DOOR CLOSING. FEET RUNNING, CAR DRIVING OFF. FOOTSTEPS FADING.

GRYTPYPE:

Wait! Silly boy, he's left his E-flat Appian Way behind.

MORIARTY:

Never mind, he's got the band parts for the Great North Road.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank heavens.

FX:

PHONE RINGING

MORIARTY:

That phone ringing! Hand me a gun.

GRYTPYPE:

Why?

MORIARTY:

It's ringing in German.

FX:

PHONE UP.

MORIARTY:

Hands up in German.

EIDELBURGER:

(DISTORT) Drop that gun in English. Now listen, I am Justin Eidelburger.

MORIARTY:

The famous German spy?

EIDELBURGER:

(DISTORT) Thank you for telling the listeners. Now, remove that ostrich feather from behind your ear-'ole and listen. Ten thousand Polynesian roubles or a statue of Diana Dors in cash if you remove those bowler hats tonight.

MORIARTY:

No! No! But I tell you what. We'll do it for a thousand gallons of that secret hair growing paint of yours.

EIDELBURGER:

Agreed, You'll find a large thousand gallon tank of it hidden under a bush on the Air Ministry roof.

MORIARTY:

Done!

EIDELBURGER:

You certainly have been.

MORIARTY:

Now, listen. I promise we'll remove every bowler hat from the grey haired buildings immediately.

EIDELBURGER:

Excellent, geblungen. These are the ones we bomb... tonight!

ORCHESTRA:

LINK. WA WA AT END.

GREENSLADE:

The Choking Horror, part the plinge. The Air Ministry roof.

FX:

RUMBLE OF ZEPPELIN ENGINES UNDER SCENE:

SEAGOON:

We'll watch the raid from here. How do you like being a fire watcher?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's a smashing game, captain. I will defend England 'til the last tram goes. Sucks peppermint.

FX:

RUMBLE GROWING LOUDER.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here, what is that sound?

SEAGOON:

They're Zeppelins, coming to destroy London.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I don't like this game. I'm frightened. Look, my legs have gone green.

SEAGOON:

Fear not, little defender. You'll be safe in that thousand gallon tank over there.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oer, thank you.

FX:

RUNNING FOOT STEPS. PAUSE. SPLASH.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you. It's full of smelly type drowning paint. I'll get into trouble, I've got my mums best bloomers on.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens. Eccles, open that stop cock.

ECCLES:

Right, cock.

FX:

DRAINING GURGLING WATER.

SEAGOON:

Ahh! There, that'll drain it all out. Bluebottle, grab my hand, quickly. Right... (STRAINING NOISES)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, thank you. Ohhh, look. I've got dirty great long grey hairs growing all over me. Getting all 'airy.

SEAGOON:

Think of the girls, (SINGS) They'll be wild about hairy.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, no. Look, it's growing longer.

ECCLES:

Oh, here, here, here. And this grey hair, it's growing all over the building, too.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Copycat building.

SEAGOON:

Wait, grey hair growing on the building? Run for it!

ECCLES:

Ohhhh

FX:

WHOOSH. WHOOSH. WHOOSH. RUMBLE GROWING LOUDER UNDER: CREAK OF TRAP DOOR. CLUNK OPEN.

GRYTPYPE:

(GASP) Come, frog eater, up through this trap door.

MORIARTY:

Right. (GASP)

GRYTPYPE:

There's nobody about.

MORIARTY:

Mind what you're doing.

MORIARTY:

Look!

GRYTPYPE:

(QUIETLY) What?

MORIARTY:

There's the thousand gallon tank! We're going to be rich. Ah, ho ha ha ha! Rich! All that money with the... Wait.

GRYTPYPE:

What?

MORIARTY:

Ah, ha, ho-hooow. Look! This building's covered in grey hair! Ah, hu hol. And there's a Zeppelin... right overhead.

GRYTPYPE:

And we haven't removed the bowler hats from the other buildings, have we?

FX:

RUMBLE. WHISTLING OF BOMBS (TONE GETTING LOWER AND LOWER THROUGH SCENE) UNDER:

MORIARTY:

No.

GRYTPYPE:

Then Moriarty, we're standing on the only grey haired building visible from the air.

MORIARTY:

(SADLY) Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Shall we dance?

GRAMS:

DANCE MUSIC.

GRYTPYPE:

Do you come here often?

MORIARTY:

Only during air-raids.

FX:

LOW BOMB WHISTLE. EXPLOSION. FALLING RUBBLE AND BRICKS.

SEAGOON:

And so perish all enemies of the King.

ORCHESTRA:

FINAL CHORD.

GREENSLADE:

Of course, that was forty years ago. Those years of wearing tight bowlers caused premature baldness in the buildings. And if you don't believe us, go and see St Paul's today - it hasn't got a hair on its head. Goodnight.

ORCHESTRA:

THEME TUNE START:

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show. A BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The Orchestra was conducted by Bruce Campbell, script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stephens, announcer Wallace Greenslade. The program produced by Pat Dixon.

ORCHESTRA:

THEME TUNE TO END.