

S6 E23 - The Great Tuscan Salami Scandal

Transcribed by Alan Dicey, corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

I will not appear in a show which employs musicians. Farewell!

SEAGOON:

Wallace! Wallace, what are you saying?

GREENSLADE:

I'm sorry, Mr. Seagoon. I am a member of the announcers union and we've been instructed by Mr. John Snagge. I tell you, I won't have any blacklegs in this show.

SEAGOON:

Then Ray Ellington hasn't a leg to stand on!

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO CHORDS.

GREENSLADE:

Stop it, stop it. I say, stop it. I'm leaving.

OMNES:

Just a moment, you can't go, we can't...

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS GALLOP OFF INTO THE DISTANCE.

SEAGOON:

Curse, he's gone. And we've no orchestra.

SPRIGGS:

Never mind, I say. Never mind. Let me help you. I am Adolphus Spriggs, a non-playing musician. Allow me to do all the orchestral links.

SEAGOON:

But supposing you're recognised by musicians, you'll be assassinated.

SPRIGGS:

(GURGLING SHRIEK) Don't worry. I'll disguise myself as a bale of tobacco.

SEAGOON:

Saved in the nick o'time! Very well, Spriggs.

SPRIGGS:

Yes!

SEAGOON:

You can do the orchestral links. So, now, let's start all over again, shall we?

SPRIGGS:

Fine. Fine, fine, fine, fine.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

SEAGOON:

By Jove he's right, you know. We'll have to change out of these teddy-boy's clothes. I thought we were on the Light!

GREENSLADE:

Wait a minute. What does all this mean?

SEAGOON:

Nothing at all. But I wish to make a statement.

GREENSLADE:

Speak.

SEAGOON:

The Goon Show!

SPRIGGS:

IMITATES A GRAND ORCHESTRAL LINK

SEAGOON:

Well done, Mr. Spriggs.

SPRIGGS:

Thank you, thank you.

SEAGOON:

I'm sure nobody noticed the difference.

GREENSLADE:

Look. Look, just a moment. Isn't there an easier way of getting into this show?

SEAGOON:

Of course not. It's the suspense that keeps them interested, you see. Some of our best moments in this show have been suspenses!

FX:

GUNSHOT

SPRIGGS:

OwwOowww

FX:

HEAVY DOUBLE THUMP.

SEAGOON:

There's no need to take it so hard, Wallace. Sellers?

SELLERS:

Wha...?

SEAGOON:

Fill him up with anti-freeze and lay him in the fridge. And above all, be careful of the Tuscan Salami.

SELLERS:

(DRAMATIC, ECHOEY)The Tuscan Salami? Hohohehawhehoho...

GREENSLADE:

Attention listeners. At this point we should have had four sharp, dramatic semiquavers. And, by Gad, we will. Mr. Spriggs.

SPRIGGS:

Bum, bum, bubububumm

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

SPRIGGS:

Thank you, thank you. (RASPBERRY)

SEAGOON:

It was one day during my period of office as part-time strolling Prime Minister that I was handed the ukulele parts for Lohengrin. But he was out at the time. Ha, ha ha - er, hum. However, that night, two sound-effects men knocked on the door.

FX:

DOOR KNOCKING

SEAGOON:

Come in.

FX:

DOOR OPENING

KING OF ITALY:

[SELLERS]

Buena sera, senor, I am ze King of Italy.

SEAGOON:

Splendid, Bonaspear. Have a cigarette. You will find the machine and papers in my spare boot.

KING OF ITALY:

Look, please, don't joke. I come-a to ask just-a one-a question

SEAGOON:

Well, make it quick. I've got to collect my Union Jack from the launderette.

KING OF ITALY:

Never mind about the Indian joke, mate. Whats-a happened to Gina, this-a beautiful female Tuscan salami what the Italian peoples are giving you as a goodwill present?

SEAGOON:

Ohhhh, she's in the zoo with her mate.

KING OF ITALY:

Not in the zoo with her mate. Gina! Don't you ever read the newspapers?

SEAGOON:

Not on my salary. 18 guineas for the Evening News? Ha! I'd never have given that Macmillan a job if I'd known he's going to do. Forty guineas for a pencil! (LAUGHS) It's disgusting.

KING OF ITALY:

Stop-a this! You find that so-beautiful Tuscan salami Gina, or it is war.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SPRIGGS:

Tum, tum, tum, tummm.

SEAGOON:

You're getting better, Mr. Spriggs.

SPRIGGS:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners: let me explain. This was terrible news, you understand. Gina was one of a pair of Tuscan salamis which were given to Britain by Italy and were the sole breeders of the rare Tuscan-type sandwich salami as used in all espresso bars and the well-known hors d'oeuvre. This is known to you all, I understand. But, Greenslade, let the John Snagge explain. Put the record on.

SNAGGE:

(RECORDING) Last night, over a sleepy Houndsditch, a new and secret missile of terrifying potentiality was successfully tested. It is the so-called Hot Dog. A pre-heated salami fitted with a warhead.

SEAGOON:

Yes, dear listeners. And strange to relate, these fiendish weapons were not manufactured but bred in captivity.

SPRIGGS:

Dramatic chord: lomtadayahahooomm.

FX:

DOOR KNOCKING

SEAGOON:

You were a peddle short there.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SPRIGGS:

How dare you.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES. DOOR KNOCKING. DOOR OPENS.

SCOTTISH ASSISTANT:

[MILLIGAN]

Inspector McGregorrrrrr: The parrrrt-time Prime Minister to see you, sirrrrrr.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Here's an airing-cupboard, have fun. Now, Inspector McGregor, what's the latest on the salami situation?

GRAMS:

BAGPIPES UNDER MCGREGOR'S LINES

MCGREGOR:

[SELLERS]

Sirrrr, it appears they got away with the female but the male is still safe.

SEAGOON:

Who got away?

MCGREGOR:

Weeerrr not quite certain sirrr, but there's been a leakage.

SEAGOON:

I know, it's this cold weather. My pipes have had it, too, you know.

MCGREGOR:

Evidence points to the Forrrreign Office, sirrr.

SEAGOON:

It's rude to point!

MCGREGOR:

Shut up, sirrr! Those two missing diplomats, Burrress and McTeeth.

SEAGOON:

No!

MCGREGOR:

Aye, aye, they've fooled us all. Under the pretence of going out to buy a copy of Pravda, they took a taxi from Dover to Ostende, thats what fooled us! We thought they'd take the boat.

SEAGOON:

And then?

MCGREGOR:

Then they took the rrrroad to Berrrlin.

SEAGOON:

What on earth did they take a road to Berlin for? They've got roads there, already. Where are they now?

MCGREGOR:

Nobody knows. The moment they crossed the Polish frontier into Russia and settled in Moscow in a flat on Gorky Street, we lost all trace of them, sir.

SEAGOON:

Great leaping lurgis.

MCGREGOR:

(AFFIRMATIVE GURGLE)

SEAGOON:

The British people... the British people mustn't learn a word of all this

MCGREGOR:

(AFFIRMATIVE GURGLE)

SEAGOON:

Publish a White Paper about drains and have the Albert Memorial retouched. But wait a minute - if they only have the female salami, its no good to them without the male.

MCGREGOR:

On the contrary. Professor Pavlov, the Off-White Russian scientist, (SELLERS CORPSES) is about to perfect a synthetic imitation Russian-speaking Tuscan male salami that may completely deceive the unsuspecting female.

SEAGOON:

Gad! Then there's not a moment to be lost. McGregor!

MCGREGOR:

AarrrrSirrerrr?

SEAGOON:

Take me to the launderette!

MCGREGOR:

Aarrrr - RRrrrrr – RRRrrrrRRrrrRRRrrrrr.....

GRAMS:

BAGPIPES SPEEDING UP AND AWAY

GREENSLADE:

The sound of bagpipes has been specially added for Scottish listeners. And now, the Tuscan Salami Scandal, part... erm...

LEW:

'ere, no, stop the show. Stop it, stop it. 'Ang on a minute. I got a beautiful boy singer, 'ere. 'E's got a song you never 'eard nothing like in all your natural. Its a marvellous new wonder song. It is straight from me own County Down in the old Ireland. Melody, it's got feelin', pathos, Samos, Guernsey, Rockall and Sark. Oh, I'm referrin' to the old Graham Sark, of course. This boy 'ad 'is tonsils specially sprayed with Footo, the Wonder Boot Exploder.

SPRIGGS:

(NASAL WHINE)

LEW:

Not yet, Adolphus, not yet. Save it, save it. 'E's dead keen, this boy, dead keen. North Korean Johnny Ray, I'm not kidding. Never put a tonsil wrong. 'Ere, I say, you got the cultured talkin' voice, ain't you?

SEAGOON:

Yer.

LEW:

Well... er... talk this bit what I writ 'ere. Talk that... er...

SEAGOON:

Right-oh, there.

LEW:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

Presenting Adolphus Spriggs, the voice of mediocrity. Direct from his triumph in Looe, near Leslie in Regent Street. In the wonder song, "I'm Walking Backwards for Christmas". Take it away, boy!

SPRIGGS:

Can I have my introduction, please?

(MILLIGAN PROCEEDS TO SING "I'M WALKING BACKWARDS FOR CHRISTMAS" WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT FROM SELLERS..)

I'm walking backwards for Christmas,
Across the Irish Sea.
I'm walking backwards for Christmas,
It's the finest thing for me.

I've tried walking sideways,
And walking to the front.
They just look at me,
Saying it's a publicity stunt.

I'm walking backwards for Christmas,
To prove my love for you.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, I shall walk backwards singing the song at the same time, at no extra charge. I'm walking backwards for Christmas...

FX:

SPRIGGS FALLS OFF THE STAGE

SPRIGGS:

Thank you. I'd love to give you an encore, but I'm too expensive. Thank you.

GREENSLADE:

Three months have passed away and so, fortunately, has Adolphus Spriggs. And no news yet of the missing diplomats or the kidnapped salami. With Italy threatening war...

KING OF ITALY:

Yes, yes.

GREENSLADE:

Shut up, King of Italy.

OMNES:

(VARIOUS CRIES OF "SHUT UP!" INTO...)

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Shut up!

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles. Shut up, Eccles.

GREENSLADE:

With Italy threatening war, the breeding of ground-to-ground missiles at a standstill and with Arsenal 3, Tottenham 2, the situation was desperate.

SEAGOON:

Yes. And what's more, from the Zoo itself came the Zoo Manager himself bearing grave tidings.

FX:

COCONUT-SHELLS-HOOF-BEATS

ECCLES:

Hallooo. Oooh, this is serious.

SEAGOON:

What is?

ECCLES:

I just split my leopard-skin tights. That leopard will never be able to wear 'em again.

SEAGOON:

Stop these animal-type jokes. Are you really the manager of the Zoo?

ECCLES:

Yeah. All them wild animals - I'm in charge.

SEAGOON:

No wonder they're wild. (LAUGHS)

ECCLES:

What? What? What?

SEAGOON:

Now, what's the trouble?

ECCLES:

Ah, well... um... where am I? Oh, erm... The Chairman of the Zoological Society asked me to see you.

SEAGOON:

He did?

ECCLES:

Yep. He wants you to fill a vacancy.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

ECCLES:

Step in this cage.

SEAGOON:

Don't be a Charlie. My soup's on fire.

ECCLES:

Oooh! Oh, I'm sorry. Well, he wanted me to give you this telephone.

SEAGOON:

Why?

ECCLES:

He's on the other end.

FX:

PICKS UP TELEPHONE

SEAGOON:

Hello?

CHAIRMAN:

[SELLERS]

(THROUGH TELEPHONE) I... I... I say, look here, I... I'm speaking from the elephant house.

SEAGOON:

Oh, a trunk call.

FX:

ELEPHANT TRUMPETS

CHAIRMAN:

(THROUGH TELEPHONE) The elephants don't wish to know about that. No, it's this male salami.

SEAGOON:

You mean old Fred?

CHAIRMAN:

(THROUGH TELEPHONE) Yes, yes. He's... er... starting to pine, you see. He's shrunk quite a bit already and if we don't get Gina back quick he'll be down to the size of a small frankfurter.

SEAGOON:

That's no good as a guided missile.

CHAIRMAN:

(THROUGH TELEPHONE) Yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

Leave it to me, I'll think of something.

FX:

REPLACES PHONE

SEAGOON:

I've got it. We must send two absolutely trustworthy Foreign-Office types to Russia to steal Gina back again.

FX:

PICKS UP TELEPHONE

SEAGOON:

Hello? Labour Exchange?

LABOUR EXCHANGE:

(THROUGH TELEPHONE) (VAGUE AFFIRMATIVE MUMBLING)

SEAGOON:

Can you send up two absolutely trustworthy Foreign-Office types for Top Secret duty?

LABOUR EXCHANGE:

(THROUGH TELEPHONE) (VAGUE AFFIRMATIVE MUMBLING)

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

LABOUR EXCHANGE:

(THROUGH TELEPHONE) (VAGUE AFFIRMATIVE MUMBLING)

FX:

REPLACES PHONE

GRYTPYPE:

Sorry we're late, Neddie, but we only just got the message.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi stolen salami. What do you want us for?

SEAGOON:

Just a minute. What are your names?

GRYTPYPE:

I'm Grytpype-Thynne, former gypsy saxophonist to the House of Romanoff and temporary railway saboteur of the Russian railways and my friend here is Count Serge Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

Serge?

GRYTPYPE:

Only because he couldn't afford flannel.

SEAGOON:

Oh, I see.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Now, are you sure that you're both utterly trustworthy patriotic Englishmen and unimpeachable security risks?

GRYTPYPE:

My dear sir, our Union Jacks are at the same laundrette as yours.

SEAGOON:

Proof positive.

GRYTPYPE:

(LAUGHS)

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS)

MORIARTY:

But Charlie...

SEAGOON:

But wait, dear listeners. How did these complete strangers know that my private Union Jack was at the laundrette? Is someone talking indiscreetly? Wait here, gentlemen, wait here. Help yourselves to a glass of samovar from the saucepan on the hob.

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

MORIARTY:

He's gone! He's gone, He's gone!

GRYTPYPE:

Quick. Rifle his desk, photograph the plans of the male salami, telephone the Kremlin and mind that bust of Queen Victoria.

MORIARTY:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

Meanwhile I'll play two quick choruses of "When I'm Cleaning Windows" on my leather euphonium just to cover any noise, now get going.

MORIARTY:

Right.

FX:

HAMMER BLOWS, SAWING, BREAKING GLASS ETC OVER MORIARTY'S GRUNTS AND GRYTPYPE-
THYNNE IMPERSONATING A LEATHER EUPHONIUM.

MORIARTY:

Stopstopstopstopstop! Hah! Look what I found!

GRYTPYPE:

Let me see. Moriarty, you've done a great day's work!

MORIARTY:

So that's why I'm feeling tired.

GRYTPYPE:

You Siberian spy, do you know what this paper is? It's the plans of a *female* salami!

MORIARTY:

But we don't *need* them!

GRYTPYPE:

What?

MORIARTY:

Our agents, Burgess and McTeeth, took Gina the female salami with them to Moscow.

GRYTPYPE:

That's what the world and Beaverbrook thinks. The truth is quite otherwise. Those fools Burgess and McTeeth got hungry on the way and ate the only female Tuscan salami this side of the spaghetti curtain.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi... Sapristi noodles, then... the male salami's no good!

GRYTPYPE:

Not at all. You know the fiendish Professor Pavlov has already nearly completed an artificial male salami.

MORIARTY:

(GASPS)

GRYTPYPE:

With these plans of the female he can breed a million more and bombard Soho with its own deadly kind.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi sapristi! Then this means...

GRYTPYPE:

Yes! The Tuscan Salami Scandal Part Three, which begins with a substitute for Ray Ellington.

SEAGOON:

That's me, folks! Presenting Neddie Seagoon with his 1909-type phonographic request recital, complete with a set of non-explodable records.

FX:

BANG!

SEAGOON:

Curse! A dud. Now, first of all, for Mrs Heironymous Clun of 4, The Villas, Cleethorpes Sinks, here is the very record she hasn't asked for. The Rites of Spring, by Ripsi-Korsetsoff played by the Gulf Stream Tearoom Quartet from the oblique position.

GRAMS:

WOODWIND AND BRASS EXCERPT, WITH VARIABLE SPEED (NONE CORRECT)

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Songs my mother loved. Now you know why father shot her! And now, Private Wretch of the 4th Mudguards has asked for a record of his sergeant falling down a manhole. And here it is, accompanied without orchestra, by Geraldo.

FX:

FOOTSTEPS - - - SCREAM - - - THUMP.

SEAGOON:

Ah, yes; patriots all. Now on the serious side, Elsie Sprugg and Gladys Legg of Rowton House Champagne Bar have asked for a record of Sir Gwilym Cludge conducting the Four in Jeopardy with knee-bracket accompaniment and silent dogs with the Massed Bands of the Hybrid Spahi's Banjo Society and the 4th Coolies Harmonica Chorus recorded in the natural surroundings of the living room of Jim Davidson's Saxophone Parlour and Part-Time Egg Hatchery with a solo by Rawicz and Landauer. Well, Elsie and Gladys, we haven't got it. But! Here is a record of Fred Clute and His Nubian Monsters playing cribbage!

GRAMS:

SPEEDED-UP ACCORDION SOLO, VAGUELY SWISS.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Finally, Miss Frewina Kellogg would like to hear Sabrina sing. So would I. Goodnight, Housewives and once again, a Merry Christmas!

GRAMS:

ANONYMOUS CLOSING THEME

GREENSLADE:

And so, Neddie Seagoon packs his horn-type phonograph and collection of chipped cardboard records. Leaving behind his plasticene needle, he hurries to consult the head of M.I.5, Sir Henry Crun, to make a double security check on Gryttype-Thynne and Moriarty.

FX:

KNOCKING AT DOOR, FADING INTO SNORING. KNOCKING PERSISTS, UNDER MIN AND HENRY

CRUN:

Ah, dear, dear, dear. Why must people call in the middle of the night? Why can't they come at a reasonable time? Min?

MINNIE:

What? What? What? What? Yes, Buddy?

CRUN:

There's... somebody knocking, Min.

MINNIE:

Yes, Henry, yes. Somebody knocking.

CRUN:

One of us will have to answer the door, Min.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear. You answer it, Henry. I can't find my boot in the dark.

CRUN:

Well then, turn on the light, Min.

MINNIE:

I can't, Henry.

CRUN:

Why not?

MINNIE:

When it's dark I can't find the light.

CRUN:

I've just had a clever idea, Minnie.

MINNIE:

What, er... Have you, Henry?

CRUN:

Yes, Min, dear. It is a very clever idea.

MINNIE:

OoOoooOooOOOoooooh! How did you come to think of it, Henry?

CRUN:

You know, it came to me when I was thinking about... thinking... er... Min!

MINNIE:

Yes, Henry?

CRUN:

I've forgotten what it was I was thinking about when I got the idea.

MINNIE:

Oh. Never mind, Henry. What was the idea?

CRUN:

Forgotten, Min.

MINNIE:

Oh. (LIP SMACKING)

CRUN:

Min?

MINNIE:

Ye... yes, Henry?

CRUN:

He's stopped knocking, Min.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear. Perhaps he's gone away, buddy.

CRUN:

Oh, dear, what a pity.

MINNIE:

Why, Henry?

CRUN:

I've just remembered the clever idea I had.

MINNIE:

Oh. What was it, Henry?

CRUN:

Well, we should throw the key out of the window, Min.

MINNIE:

Oh. That *was* a clever idea, Henry.

CRUN:

Yes, it was, wasn't it, yes.

MINNIE:

Yes. Yes, yes.

CRUN:

(MORE LIP SMACKING) Oh, dear. Dear, dear, dear.

MINNIE:

Henry?

CRUN:

Mmmm?

MINNIE:

Supposing he comes back?

CRUN:

He won't be able to get in, Min. You can't get in without the key, you know. You must have the key to get in.

MINNIE:

But he hasn't got the key, Henry.

CRUN:

What key, Min?

MINNIE:

The key to the door.

CRUN:

Well, then, he won't be able to get in.

MINNIE:

No, no, Henry. I know that.

CRUN:

He must have the key, Min, otherwise he can't get through the door.

MINNIE:

No, I know, I know. But you've got the key, Henry.

CRUN:

Yes, then he can't get in. He must have the key, you know. You can't get in without keys, you can't get...

MINNIE:

Why, yes. (GURGLE) Why don't you throw the key out of the window, Henry?

CRUN:

Oh, that's an idea, isn't it?

MINNIE:

It's a clever idea.

CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

A clever one.

CRUN:

How did you ever think of such a clever idea?

MINNIE:

What idea, Henry?

CRUN:

The idea that... what... What... what *was* the idea?

MINNIE:

I don't know, I've no idea, Henry.

CRUN:

But you said you had one, Min.

MINNIE:

Had one what?

CRUN:

What I'm asking you!

MINNIE:

What are you asking me about!

CRUN:

You stupid old...

MINNIE:

What...?

CRUN:

I was asking you...

MINNIE:

Don't you start shouting at me, again, I'm... oooaaahhhh...

FX:

KNOCKING STARTS AGAIN

CRUN:

Once round the room does me good, you know.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear.

CRUN:

He's knocking again.

MINNIE:

I know, Henry, I know.

CRUN:

One of us will have to answer the door, Min.

MINNIE:

You answer it, Henry, I can't find my boot in the dark.

SEAGOON:

(OUTSIDE AND ECHOEY) Hey! Hey in there! If you don't want to come down, throw me the key and I'll let myself in.

MINNIE:

Throw him the key, Henry.

CRUN:

That's a very clever idea, Min. I'll just open the window.

FX:

CREAKY WINDOW OPENS.

CRUN:

Watch out, here it comes.

FX:

KEY DROPS ON PAVEMENT. GLUG.

SEAGOON:

Curses. I missed it. It's gone down the drain.

CRUN:

Oh, dear, they've fallen down the drain. Now he can't get in, Min.

MINNIE:

Oh.

CRUN:

He can't get in without the key, you know. I wish he hadn't come. Why did he have to come, Min?

MINNIE:

I don't know, Crun, you'd better ask him, I don't know.

CRUN:

I don't... That's an idea, I'll ask him, yes. I say! Why did you come?

SEAGOON:

Well, aren't you Sir Henry Crun, the Head of M.I.5?

CRUN:

He wants to know if I'm Henry Crun, Min. Yes.

MINNIE:

Well, tell him, tell him.

CRUN:

I've got to tell you, I'm Henry Crun, Head of M.I.5. What do you want, sir?

SEAGOON:

Do you know anything about two men called Grytpype-Thynne and Moriarty?

CRUN:

Do I know anything about two men called Grytpype-Thynne and Moriarty, Min?

MINNIE:

Yes, you do, Henry, yes.

CRUN:

Yes I do, Henry.

SEAGOON:

Well. Do you consider them absolutely trustworthy?

CRUN:

I can't hear him.

MINNIE:

No, it must...

CRUN:

We should never have come to live here at the top of the Albert Hall, you know.

MINNIE:

Well... ahhh... give him an evasive answer. Tell him to clear off, buddy!

CRUN:

Clear off, Buddy!

MINNIE:

Clear off!

SEAGOON:

The fool! Can anyone here tell me anything about Grytpype-Thynne and Moriarty?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I can, my Captain! Enter Bluebottle with large bounding strides. Springs into air. Spring!

GRAMS:

SPLASH!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aaiiiiie! Who left that manhole cover off?

SEAGOON:

Never mind, tiny nerk, I'll join you.

GRAMS:

SPLASH!

SEAGOON:

Now wring out those wet socks and tell me what you know.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I bear terrible news, my Captain. Them two naughty mens, Mr Thynne and Mr. Morinanty are wicked-type, Russian-style spies. They've stolen your plans of Mrs. Salami and are fleeing the country in a captive balloon. Look, there it is now!

SEAGOON:

Quick, after them!

OMNES:

VOCAL SIMULATION OF DRAMATIC CHASE LINK

GREENSLADE:

Bicycling rapidly to Victoria Coach Station, Seagoon hired a self-drive charabanc with anti-spy hook and forced-jet salami gun. In a matter of weeks they had reached the Chiswick Alps and the balloon was directly below them.

FX:

HIGH-ALTITUDE WIND

SEAGOON:

Look! Look, that balloon. There's something suspicious about it. Hand me my binoculars. Yes. The envelope is addressed to Moscow. Hah, hah, hah, you can't fool me. That's no balloon, its a MIG fighter in bloomers! Driver!

BLOODNOK:

What do you want? I'm in the bath.

SEAGOON:

We must attract their attention. Send up a smoke signal and tell them to come out with their hands up.

BLOODNOK:

I'm sorry, no smoke signals. This charabanc's a fumeless carriage, madam.

SEAGOON:

I'm not madam.

BLOODNOK:

At your age it doesn't really matter, does it. Pass the soap, would you?

SEAGOON:

Then load the salami gun with this ground-to-ground explosive sausage.

BLOODNOK:

I'm sorry, we haven't got any explosive sausages in stock.

SEAGOON:

Cardboard courier Bluebottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, Captain!

SEAGOON:

Take your socks off and slide these rockets up your boots.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here, mind what you're doing with them. Harm can come to a young lad like that. Eeeheehee! They tickle!

SEAGOON:

Right. Now get into this long barrel.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, right-oh, then. Ahh. It's all dark in here. Just like Piccadilly Underground...

SEAGOON:

Quick! Close the breech.

FX:

CLUNK

SEAGOON:

Fire!

FX:

WHOOSH OF AN ARTILLERY SHELL. DOOR OPENING.

MILLIGAN:

Record for you.

SEAGOON:

Quick, put it on.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you!

SEAGOON:

Curse it, missed. We've wasted an entire Bluebottle. Wait a minute. Where's that balloon? It's not ahead. It's not astern. It's not on either side of us?

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, directly above them...

GRYTPYPE:

They're right underneath, Moriarty. Release the piano.

MORIARTY:

Piano away!

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, directly below...

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, have you ever had the feeling that you were going to be struck by a piano?

BLOODNOK:

What? Oh, what nonsense. We're not the type.

FX:

CRASH OF PIANO

SEAGOON:

Oooowooowooow.

FX:

JANGLING OF PIANO STRINGS.

ORCHESTRA:

MOURNFUL TROMBONE

GREENSLADE:

We found him lying prostrate in the ditch, amid the ruins of a bent Bloodnok and a piano. Gently, we raised his feet.

SEAGOON:

Oooowooowooow. Have they escaped?

GREENSLADE:

No, sir. They were shot by the customs for leaving the country without a piano.

SEAGOON:

Ah. Good work. Then, there's just one question left. Has my Union Jack come back from the laundrette?

GREENSLADE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Good. Lay it over me. This floors parky.

GREENSLADE:

And so, we laid him on a parquet floor. And over him we raised this simple inscription: - Sleeping. Call me in time for the next Goon Show.

(GREENSLADE IMITATES GOON SHOW SIGNATURE TUNE)

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, who also wrote the script. We also heard from Adolphus Spriggs, the North Korean Johnny Ray and the Three in Jeopardy, unaccompanied by the orchestra, not conducted by the conductor. The announcer was Wallace Greenslade, the program produced by Pat Dixon. Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, will you please stand for the signature tune. Mr Norwich?

PLAYOUT - SELLERS SINGS "WE'RE RIDING ALONG ON THE CREST OF A WAVE" TO PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT.

NOTES:

No band, Max Geldray or Ray Ellington on this show due to a musicians strike. Spike had to write enough dialog to fill in - hence Min and Henry's even-more-extended-than-usual wittering.