

S7 E23 - Ill met by Goonlight

Transcription by John Koster. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

SEAGOON:

Joke number one. What did the elder statesman say when he read the Sunday Times?

CHURCHILL:

[SELLERS]

I'll kill that fellow Alanbrooke one of these...

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD.

GREENSLADE:

Good heavens! That sounds like the Goon Show chord in C.

SEAGOON:

It is, Mister Greenslade, with the whole might of the BBC poised behind it.

GREENSLADE:

Gad, it all sounds so romantic.

SEAGOON:

Romantic's the word. You should see Broadcasting House at dawn and see those bright-eyed typists rolling in at the crack of half past ten.

GREENSLADE:

A little late, isn't it?

SEAGOON:

Perhaps. But once they're in, those girls don't waste a moment. Hhuhuhum! It's coats off, sleeves up and straight down to the canteen!

GREENSLADE:

Ohhhh! Ohhhh, per ardua.

SEAGOON:

So, you've got a touch of the old arduas, eh? Hahaha. Ohhhh, it's March. Well, as I was saying, by eleven-thirty the BBC is a hive of inactivity.

GREENSLADE:

What a life that must be! Do you think / could become a typist?

SEAGOON:

Only if you change your shape. Ahem. Now then Wal, the old posh announcement, the old posh radio chat, there! Come on, Wal. Go on! He's a lovely talker!

GREENSLADE:

Ladies... Ladies...

SEAGOON:

Pull 'em out, Wal. Pull the old mouth out.

MILLIGAN:

Give it some...

SEAGOON:

Look at that.

MILLIGAN:

[UNCLEAR] the old news. Lovely delivery.

SEAGOON:

Give us the full facts, Wal.

MILLIGAN:

In the media.

SEAGOON:

Give us the old posh chat, there.

GREENSLADE:

Liddies and...

SEAGOON:

Keep yer [UNCLEAR], keep goin', there, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and...

SEAGOON:

Kick yer shoes off at the end, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlebong, tonight with the aid of the new steam leather microphone, we tell of yet another of those remarkable war stories: "Ill met by Goonlight".

ORCHESTRA:

DEUTSCHLAND, DEUTSCHLAND ÜBER ALLES.

GRAMS:

TYPEWRITER.

MILLIGAN:

The War Office, 1942. Or if you're in the Navy: the Admiralty, 1944.

SEAGOON:

Ah, good morning, Major Splad.

MAJOR SPLAD:

[MILLIGAN]

Er, morning, Lieutenant Seagoon, sir.

SEAGOON:

Now then...

AMERICAN OFFICER:

[SELLERS]

Sir, the American Sixth Fleet is ready, sir.

SEAGOON:

Right, put it on the mantelpiece. I'll smoke it later.

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGING.

SEAGOON:

Six bells! Must be the phone.

FX:

TELEPHONE BEING PICKED UP.

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks!

GENERAL MONTGOONERY:

[MILLIGAN]

(SPRIGGS-TYPE VOICE) Hello Seagoon. (SINGING) Hello Seagooon.

SEAGOON:

(SINGING) Helloo!

GENERAL MONTGOONERY:

Er, General Montgoonery here. I want you to come over to Combined Ops at once. (SINGING) At onnnnnce! I'll have a... I'll have a crane pick you up.

FX:

TELEPHONE DOWN.

SEAGOON:

Scran? Keep my pyjamas in the oven and my wife in the fridge. I might be late.

THROAT:

Right, mate.

ORCHESTRA:

LINK CHORDS.

GRAMS:

LIFT GOING UP, STOPPING

LIFTBOY:

[SELLERS]

Admiralty, third floor. Battleships, submarines, Combined Ops and a rotten beast of a WREN called Frida Brottle.

FX:

DOOR OPENING, CLOSING

SEAGOON:

Seagoon RN, reporting sir.

OFFICER 1:

[SELLERS]

Seagoon, something big has just come up.

SEAGOON:

What?

OFFICER 1:

You!

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? It's a lie, I tell you! I've lost a stone. I took my boot off.

OFFICER 2:

[MILLIGAN]

Lieutenant Seagoon...

SEAGOON:

Wee, wee, wee...

OFFICER 2:

...do sit down, will you.

GRAMS:

WOOD CRUMBLING.

OFFICER 2:

Curse! Dry rot! I didn't know you had it. Now then, tell me, this is general Platt.

SEAGOON:

Humhumhum

OFFICER 2:

BRIGADIER Coyspon.

BRIGADIER & SEAGOON:

How do you do.

OFFICER 2:

Admiral Plin-Thurdsby.

SEAGOON:

How do you do.

OFFICER 2:

And Wollington Foo-Scrampson,

SCRAMPSON:

How do you do.

OFFICER 2:

And that's Scromson Scramson awe.

SEAGOON:

Hello.

OFFICER 2:

And Scremsonawee and Scripi I ho a wee.

SEAGOON:

Hello. Hello, folks!

OFFICER 1:

Seagoon, we've sent for you for quite a reason, lad. Have you ever heard of a place called Crete?

SEAGOON:

No, but any good taxi driver will take me there.

OFFICER 1:

(AGITATED) I don't think you're quite with it Seagoon, humph. (NORMAL VOICE AGAIN) Crete is in the Mediterranean, you know.

SEAGOON:

Won't it get wet?

OFFICER 1:

What? It's got an umbrella, you idiot!

SEAGOON:

Good!

OFFICER 1:

Commander Greenslade, explain your infallible plot.

GREENSLADE:

Jove, yes. Seagoon, the isle of Crete is held by a series of naughty-type Germans. Now, it's about their commander, General Von Guttern.

OFFICER 1:

Yes, we want you to get him.

SEAGOON:

You want me to get him what?

OFFICER 1:

You want a punch up the conk?

SEAGOON:

No, thanks, I'm driving.

OFFICER 1:

What?

OFFICER 2:

Seagoon, you see, Seagoon, (SINGING) you see Seagoooon. You see, Seagoon, we want you to capture General Von Guttern.

SEAGOON:

Me? Capture a dirty big German?

OFFICER 2:

Yes.

OFFICER 1:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

What? I'm off!

GRAMS:

SEAGOON SINGING "WE'LL SEE A WELCOME IN THE HILLSIDE..." ACCOMPANIED BY RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, SPED UP UNDER...

OFFICER 1:

Quick! Stop him before he gets back to Wales!

OFFICER 2:

Right! Get 'im!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK, MILLIGAN SINGING THE LAST NOTES

GREENSLADE:

They gave chase and finally caught Seagoon...

SEAGOON:

Yes! But I made them come to me on their knees.

GREENSLADE:

Why?

SEAGOON:

I was hiding in a drain.

GRAMS:

SOLDIERS BEING DRILLED, UNDER...

SEAGOON:

The following December on the third of January I was send to the Marine Commando Spaghetti Hurling Depot at Rhyll.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Ohohow! Ohhhhh, that's better. Did you know, I was inspecting me knees for storm damage when suddenly in walks that singing Welshman, Neddies "Where Are Me Legs" Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry to butt in during knee inspection, Bloodnok, but...

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

I'm the volunteer for the Crete job.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, I see, right. Unchain him, sergeant.

FX:

CHAINS RATTLING, UNDER...

SERGEANT THROAT:

Right, mate.

SEAGOON:

Ooh. Now Major, what's all this spaghetti hurling about?

BLOODNOK:

Well, you see, lad, it's the Bloodnok method of ending the war, you see.

SEAGOON:

I see.

BLOODNOK:

Each commando... oohhoo... is issued... with an army sock full of lukewarm spaghetti, you see. Then when he meets a Hun full-face, it's Whoosh! Putt! Nuk! M'nooooo! Right in the square-head's mush. And by the time the Jerries have scraped it off, it's too late! The pubs are all shut, lad!

SEAGOON:

But why use spaghetti?

BLOODNOK:

But don't you see, you military fool? When a German is struck with the full force of spaghetti, he'll think the Italians have turned on them, you see!

SEAGOON:

What a brilliantly mediocre idea!

BLOODNOK:

Ohohoho.

SEAGOON:

You'll get an OBE for this.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, good. My last one died.

SEAGOON:

Well, we've all got to go sometime.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I went this morning, it was hell in there, you know! Oh! Ohoho, dear.

SEAGOON:

Well, Major...

BLOODNOK:

Ohooo!

SEAGOON:

Well, Major, I'll see you at the briefing room at 0600 hours.

BLOODNOK:

Ohoho!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

ALL:

Rhubarbs, custard, cheddar cheese.

GLADYS:

[ELLINGTON]

Eyes front there! Put those Wrens out! Commanding officer?

OFFICER 1:

Thank you, Gladys, at ease. Now are we all here?

ECCLES:

I'm not all here. (MUMBLED SINGING) Ta, ta, ta.

OFFICER 1:

What did you say?

ECCLES:

I said ta, ta, ta.

OFFICER 1:

Then would you mind putting your head on this table?

ECCLES:

Right.

FX:

BANG!

ECCLES:

Aaahooow! Awahuwahuwaaaaw!

OFFICER 1:

Say "Sir" when you go "Auwhuahua" to me.

ECCLES:

Auhuahuaaw. Sir.

OFFICER 1:

Thank you. Now Lieutenant Seagoon, you have been chosen to lead the raid on Crete. So let's put you in the picture. Quiet, Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

Too late, Dirk Bogarde's already in it.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD.

GELDRAY:

Hi!

OFFICER 1:

Seagoon, stop those brilliant Movietone jokes, you. Now listen... You'll be put ashore from the submarine alone with three men with blackened faces.

SEAGOON:

Three? I've only been given enough blacking for two.

OFFICER 1:

One of the men is Ray Ellington. Any questions?

ELLINGTON:

It ain't fair, just because I've got a sunlamp!

OFFICER 1:

Well I... well, that's how it goes, Ellington.

ELLINGTON:

Yeah? And this is how *this* goes...

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA"

GREENSLADE:

Ill met by Goonlight, part two. Part two? Gosh, doesn't time fly?

ECCLES:

(MUMBLED SINGING)

GRAMS:

TRAIN

SEAGOON:

With others on the Crete mission we entrained at midnight for Portsmouth.

GRAMS:

TRAIN COMPARTMENT DOOR OPENING, CLOSING

WILLIUM:

(TICKET COLLECTOR) All tickets, please, all tickets. 'Ere, you three under the seat. Tickets?

SEAGOON:

Curse! He spotted us! HUUUAHUM.

WILLIUM:

Come on, now, what you 'idin' hunder the seat for?

SEAGOON:

Well, hahohehahohii. We're on a secret mission and we thought you were a German spy.

WILLIUM:

Me, a German spy, mate? I come from Clapham South, mate.

SEAGOON:

Well, we've got to be careful, you see. We're going to Crete to capture General Von Guttern.

WILLIUM:

Good luck, mate, good luck. But I still want to see your ticket, mate.

SEAGOON:

I'd like to see my ticket, too, hahaha.

GRAMS:

TRAIN WHISTLE, TRAIN STOPPING, TRAIN ANNOUNCEMENTS IN BACKGROUND.

SEAGOON:

At two in the morning we arrived at Portsmouth. We were all heavily disguised and sworn to secrecy.

FLOWERDEW:

[SELLERS]

(STATION ANNOUNCEMENT) Will the party of commandos due for the secret trip to Crete please remove their beards so that they can be recognised.

SEAGOON:

Gad. The wonders of British wartime security.

MORIARTY:

Aha, Lieutenant Seajuone. I am the submarine ace commander, Count Jim "Knees Naboolah" Moriarty, of the Fried French Forces, ohihooo!

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks! Am terribly eased to pleet you.

ECCLES:

Com-ment-allez-vooz.

SEAGOON:

This is private Eccles.

MORIARTY:

Sappristy groins of leather. You can't take a raving idiot like that with you!

SEAGOON:

Take him and don't bring him back.

AMERICAN OFFICER:

[SELLERS]

Oh, Lieutenant Seagoon, sir.

SEAGOON:

Yes?

AMERICAN OFFICER:

The American seventh fleet is ready, sir.

SEAGOON:

Good, leave it at lost property. I'll pick it up later.

MORIARTY:

Come, Lieutenant, the submarine "La Grippe" is waiting.

SEAGOON:

Is that a French submarine?

MORIARTY:

I don't now, I've never heard it speak.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GRAMS:

WAVES. SOMEONE IN CAST SINGING IN BACKGROUND.

GREENSLADE:

At four in the morning the Crete party went aboard and received their final instructions from a British agent.

LEW:

Now then, you got everything? Er, lokshen soup, Bibles, motsers, all the lot?

SEAGOON:

Yes. One more thing, though. Where are the sealed orders?

LEW:

I've seen them, I've seen them somewhere, I've seen them. On the back of a fag packet.

SEAGOON:

Are you sure this mission is secret? I mean, could the Germans know I'm in Portsmouth?

LEW:

You got nothing to worry about at all. I've had Portsmouth change its name change to Berlin.

SEAGOON:

Splendid! Splendid, the Germans wouldn't bomb us with a name like that.

GRAMS:

BOMB WHISTLING DOWN, EXPLOSION.

SEAGOON:

What's that!?

LEW:

The RAF! The ROF! The RAF! I don't know. My life! Oh, this'll ruin business, I'm telling you.

MORIARTY:

Never mind, [UNCLEAR]. Must make for the sea at once! All aboard!

SEAGOON:

What about security?

LEW:

Leave your watch and five knicker, it'll be alright.

FX:

TILL.

LEW:

Good luck.

ORCHESTRA:

NAUTICAL MUSIC.

GRAMS:

SUBMARINE SOUNDS

GREENSLADE:

At midnight on January the 2nd, the submarine surfaced off Crete.

GRAMS:

WAVES, WIND UNDER...

SEAGOON:

In rubber dinghies we made for the dark outline of the shore.

ECCLES:

Ohhh! Oohhh! Ooooh!

ELLINGTON:

Lieutenant Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Shhh. What?

ELLINGTON:

You know, I don't fancy this fellow Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Never mind.

ELLINGTON:

You know when you just said "Start paddling"?

SEAGOON:

Yes?

ELLINGTON:

Well, he took his shoes and socks off and went over the side.

SEAGOON:

You fool, Eccles. How deep is it?

ECCLES:

(INCOMPREHENSIBLE BUBBLING SPEECH) This water is taller than me!

SEAGOON:

Well, it's older.

ECCLES:

Ohohow.

BLOODNOK:

My line says we're coming into the beach.

GRAMS:

RUNNING AGROUND ON PEBBLE BEACH

SEAGOON:

All ashore. Lads, we're on Crete!

BLOODNOK:

Ach, this beach is hard.

SEAGOON:

Then we must be on concrete! hup! Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

Shut up!

ELLINGTON:

Look, there's someone coming down the beach.

ECCLES:

Ohowoow.

SEAGOON:

Give me my sock full of spaghetti.

ECCLES:

Here.

SEAGOON:

Now... One! Two!

FX:

WHOOSH, SPLUDGE

BLUEBOTTLE:

EEEEEE! Eeeh. You rotten swine, you. Who threw them warm worms at me? I bet it's them playtime rotters Eric Swooge and Bert Prod.

SEAGOON:

Hands up! Are you General Von Guttern?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, I'm not. I'm Bluebottle in the East Finchley's greatest authority on re-conditioned bloomers.

SEAGOON:

At this time of night, why aren't you at school?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I been playing truant.

SEAGOON:

Play it again.

ORCHESTRA:

SAXOPHONE TUNE

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hoi! Now I shall play the "Ill Met By Moonlight" game.

SEAGOON:

You'll get a clout on nut with a fanlight game.

ECCLES:

Don't you be a fool, my good man. Do-not-be-a-foooool-my-gooood-man. I been planted here to show you the way to the guerrilla's hideout.

SEAGOON:

Right! But first: Max Geldray! Round the back for the old Marlin Brando!

GRAMS:

STAMPEDE, FEET RUNNING AWAY, SHOUTING.

MAX GELDRAI:

"BASIN STREET BLUES"

GREENSLADE:

Ill Met By Goonlight, part three. The capture. Ooh, I'd better get out of the way.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GRAMS:

WALKING FEET, BIRDS.

ALL:

(MOANING, STRAINING, UNDER...)

SEAGOON:

We marched all night. At dawn we marched all dawn. Finally we met up with the leader of the resistance.

RESISTANCE LEADER:

[SELLERS]

Welcome English commandos. I'm Bibelodo Corblimos.

SEAGOON:

Good. Now where is General Von Guttern?

RESISTANCE LEADER:

Every night at ten his staff car pass through the coast road south of Yarebonsemate

SEAGOON:

Where is yah-bonce-mate?

RESISTANCE LEADER:

Under your hat, chum.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What?

ECCLES:

'Ere. We're in that... innit cold up these mountains. I'd freeze to death up here.

SEAGOON:

Right! You stop here, then.

ECCLES:

What?

SEAGOON:

You and Bluebottle keep your eyes on the road. When you see Von Guttern's car lights coming stop it. That'll give the rest of us time to dynamite the bridge further down. Right. Action stations!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GRAMS:

FROGS, CRICKETS

ECCLES:

(LIP SMACKING, YAWNING)

BLUEBOTTLE:

You got your sock full of spaghetti ready, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah. I'm keeping mine warm.

BLUEBOTTLE:

How?

ECCLES:

I got it on.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aah.

ECCLES:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Are all your family brainy?

ECCLES:

Well, um... myyyyy... my father was clever.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhhh. What did he do?

ECCLES:

Nottin', he was *really* clever.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh. It's fine when they're clever, isn't it?

ECCLES:

Aah, yeah. Yeah, yeah. What did you say?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I said, that it is fine when they're clever like that. Is fine.

ECCLES:

Yes. Yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Huh?

BLUEBOTTLE:

What...? Shall I tell you something?

ECCLES:

Yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, my good man. For no reason at all I'm gonna to tell you that... I once knew an English girl who could speak French. "Ooh, lala", she said. "Oi wee, oi wee", she said.

ECCLES:

Waaa! Stop it, stop it!

BLUEBOTTLE:

And she used to dance the can-can for me.

ECCLES:

Ahaha! Ooh, you naughty man.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yees!

ECCLES:

Oh, dear! Oh, you know. Yeah, well, how did she dance the can-can?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, she... shall I tell you what she did?

ECCLES:

Don't keep me waiting. My socks are burning. Haha! Look, the spaghetti's boiling.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, I tell you she used to put an oil can on each foot and jump up and down.

ECCLES:

Hahahaha, Oooh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SINGING) Tadamtadam... (ETC)

ECCLES:

You sinful man, you! Oh, that's livin'!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah!

GRAMS:

CAR APPROACHING, UNDER...

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

Yewwee haha how

ECCLES:

Ooh, what? Howwaw – look!

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's a car.

ECCLES:

Eeh, Ooow. Who's gonna stop it?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Let draw a lots for it. We'll both close our eyes and when we open them whoever's left stops the motorcar.

ECCLES:

OK, mine are closed. (SMACKS LIPS) Well, are... are yours closed?

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OFF) Yes!

ECCLES:

He's gone. He thinks I'm mad, folks. He thinks I'll open my eyes and find him gone. Well, I ain't gonna open them.

GRAMS:

CAR STOPS, BRAKES SCREECH. DOOR OPENS.

ECCLES:

I [UNCLEAR] fooled me.

FX:

BOOTS ON GRAVEL.

GERMAN 1:

[SECOMBE]

Open your eyes, Englander!

ECCLES:

Ahahahooo! You silly man, Bluebottle. I'm not gonna open my eyes and you can't fool me with that phoney German acc...

FX:

THUD.

ECCLES:

AHAHAAAOWOW! Sir.

ORCHESTRA:

DEUTSCHLAND, DEUTSCHLAND ÜBER ALLES.

GRAMS:

CAR DRIVING WITH FOOTSTEPS FOLLOWING, UNDER...

VON GUTTERN:

[SELLERS]

Who vas zat you clubbed?

GERMAN 1:

And idiot vis his eyes closed. Ach Himmel! He's running alongside the car. Faster, driver!

DRIVER:

[MILLIGAN]

Jawohl!

GRAMS:

CAR DRIVING FASTER, FOOTSTEPS FASTER AS WELL.

VON GUTTERN:

Gerblunden, he's still keeping up with us! Faster, driver, faster.

DRIVER:

Jawohl.

GRAMS:

CAR AND FOOTSTEPS EVEN FASTER.

GERMAN 1:

Great gerblunden, he's stil alongside and we're doing hundred miles an hour.

VON GUTTERN:

Lower the window.

FX:

WINDOW SLID DOWN.

ECCLES:

Ohohow!

VON GUTTERN:

Look, go away you, stop running after us.

ECCLES:

I can't. [UNCLEAR] I got my coat caught in the door!

VON GUTTERN:

Stop the car!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS AND CAR STOP.

SEAGOON:

Hands up and good evening, general.

VON GUTTERN:

Gerblungen verschitts garrimmen! Right steamer, here, Herr Harry Secomben. A British commando.

SEAGOON:

Move over. Eccles, where's Bluebottle?

ECCLES:

He's back there.

SEAGOON:

Right. Ray, turn the car round.

ELLINGTON:

(AS THROAT) Right-oh.

GRAMS:

CAR SPEEDING UP., UNDER...

SEAGOON:

Now, General Von Guttern, say one word and you're dead.

VON GUTTERN:

Then... give me the word and I won't say it.

SEAGOON:

What's the disposition of your troops?

VON GUTTERN:

Hoho, they're pretty nice fellows, you know, really.

FX:

CLONK.

VON GUTTERN:

Ahohoho!

BLOODNOK:

There, lads, old Bloodnok's spaghetti socks silenced him. One good clout on Von Guttern's big steaming nut sufficed.

SEAGOON:

Clout him again.

BLOODNOK:

But I've already hit him once.

SEAGOON:

Yes, but Von Guttern deserves another!

Geldray:

Hoi!

SEAGOON:

I thought we'd never get to that gag. My life!

GRAMS:

CAR SPEEDING UP (RECORDING SPED UP).

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GRAMS:

FROGS, UNDER...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles! Eccles? You can open your eyes now, Eccles? Eccles! Eccles!? Where are you? I don't like it in the dark. Eccles! I can't see where I'm going, I...heehee!

FX:

SPLASH.

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Naughty Little Jim! Did you put that water there?

LITTLE JIM:

Yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Are you sorry?

LITTLE JIM:

Yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

All right, then. Look! The car's coming back! Quick, Little Jim, put this dynamite in the road and light the fuse.

LITTLE JIM:

Light the fuse.

FX:

CAR APPROACHING, EXPLOSION, SHOUTS (GOING OFF).

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hooray! We got them!

LITTLE JIM:

We got them!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'll get a cardboard medal for this.

SEAGOON:

You'll get a cracker up your shirt. *We* were in that car.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, oh! Oh, it's my captain, all rags and no eyebrows. That's a good costume for explosions, that is.

ECCLES:

'Ere! Can I open my eyes now?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh! What's that bread pudding stuck on the wall?

ECCLES:

That's me!

SEAGOON:

Shut up! Where's General Von Guttern?

BLOODNOK:

He... he's unconcious, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Are you sure?

BLOODNOK:

Here's his wallet.

SEAGOON:

Let me see. Gad, it's full of Deutsche Marks.

BLOODNOK:

He must be a German.

SEAGOON:

Gad good! Good gad.

BLOODNOK:

Look at the time by the General's wristwatch which I've got on my wrist.

SEAGOON:

Nearly dawn. The submarine "La Grippe" should be appearing any minute.

WILLIUM:

You won't be on it, mate. Hands up-zuns.

SEAGOON:

Heavens! It's the old ticket collector!

ECCLES:

Quick, under the seat!

WILLIUM:

You was right, you know. I was a German spy.

SEAGOON:

You? What's your name?

WILLIUM:

Von Gutterns, mate.

SEAGOON:

Then who's this German we've got tied up?

WILLIUM:

He's a ticket collector, comes from Clapham, mate.

SEAGOON:

You know, folks, I sometimes wonder how we won the war.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD.

GREENSLADE:

And with that stirring chord in C, you'll realise we've bluffed our way through another Goon Show. Why not write your MP about it today?

ECCLES:

Yeah, why not?

ORCHESTRA:

PLAY OUT.

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan. With the Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray and the orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Pat Dixon.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAY OUT.

Notes:

1) Wrens = members of the Women's Royal Naval Service (WRNS)