

S8 E01 - Spon

Transcribed by Darius Pranckunas. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme.

FX:

SAW SAWING THROUGH WOOD. MAN CLEARS THROAT.

SAW SAWING THROUGH WOOD. MAN CLEARS THROAT.

SAW SAWING THROUGH WOOD.

SPRIGGS:

(OFF, SINGING) My melody divine. Which...

FX:

MAN CLEARS THROAT.

SPRIGGS:

(CARRIES ON SINGING UNDER:)

FX:

SAW SAWING THROUGH WOOD. MAN CLEARS THROAT.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, you're perfectly right. It's the new all-leather Goon Show.

GRAMS:

PIANO PLAYING IN C MAJOR, SPED UP TO C# MAJOR, SLOWED DOWN

GREENSLADE:

That was a chord in C by Johann Sebastian Bach, arranged Doris Arnold. As an encore, Arthur Rubinstein will play Mendelssohn's Sonata in F in the key of G.

GRAMS:

PIANO PLAYING MENDELSSOHN'S SONATA

SELLERS:

Go on, there, Arthur. Play it there, boy.

EMERY:

Oh, lovely player, 'e is, isn't 'e? Go on, Art. The old left hand, there. Go on, boy. Lovely, there.

SELLERS:

We're just in the mood, Art. Go on, now.

EMERY:

Oh, beautiful, innit. Eh? Specially now.

SELLERS:

Go on, Arthur. Blow it out.

MILLIGAN:

Look at 'em [UNCLEAR].

SELLERS:

Get some of the old beer down there, Arthur.

GRAMS:

MENDELSSOHN'S SONATA SPEEDS UP AND STOPS

GREENSLADE:

Oh, please! Please, gentlemen, gentlemen, please! The BBC would rather you forget the vicissitudes of the summer layoff and refer to the new collodion on leather process Goon Show.

EMERY:

Well, if this is what England wants, we present the drama of a time when England was under the yoke and alderman of a certain brown terror.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SELLERS:

Spon!

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

EMERY:

Did you hear that dear listeners?

GRAMS:

SHEEP

EMERY:

Remember it, Spon!

GREENSLADE:

Spon. First came to England that fateful new years dawn in Greek Street. It was three in the morning and two in the afternoon making a grand total of five in the evening.

FX:

GROUP OF TIRED PEOPLE AT A PARTY

EMERY:

Good evening, Constable.

WILLIUM:

Oh, er, evening, Inspector. Happy new-type year.

EMERY:

Happy new year? With the conservatives in?

WILLIUM:

I'll, er... I'll tell 'em to move on. Come on, there, move along, there, you conservatives.

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

Pardon me, pardon me, European-type constabule of London.

WILLIUM:

What?

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

I... I've... they've just found a... yeah... yeah... a British-type body in the gutter. Terrible.

WILLIUM:

Nobody claims it in three days it's yours.

EMERY:

Just a moment, just a moment, I'll take charge here.

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

Taking the charge, he's taking the charge, what?

EMERY:

Just a moment.

WILLIUM:

Waaaay!

EMERY:

Listen. Hold these wardrobes and let's examine this inert form.

WILLIUM:

He looks like a man, sir.

EMERY:

Right! Take this down. Contents of pockets. A wallet, empty.

WILLIUM:

Nationality: English.

EMERY:

Wearing a very expensive suit. (PAUSE) How's that?

WILLIUM:

Fits yer lovely, I'll 'ave 'is boots.

EMERY:

Back... back, constable! I'm senior.

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

Wait a... wait a minute, what about this body in the gutter? [UNCLEAR]... (CONTINUES MUMBLING UNDER:)

EMERY:

We're coming to him. We're coming to him, I'm telling you! Shine your torch on him.

WILLIUM:

Right. Click.

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

Click.

WILLIUM:

Stroofy-matey-oh! Look! 'E's been sponned!

EMERY:

Sponned?

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

Sponned, man?

EMERY:

Let me see. You're right. He bears the marks of a severe sponning. Constable, this is a job for the police.

WILLIUM:

Oh, yes. I'll blow 999 on me whistle.

FX:

PUFFER WHISTLE BLOWS SHORT 13 TIMES. DRAMATIC MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

The news of the sponning was in every morning paper.

FX:

NEWSPAPER RATTLING. TEAPOT ON SAUCER. TEASPOON ON SAUCER

MINNIE:

Ohhhh.

FX:

TEASPOON ON FLOOR

MINNIE:

Oh!

FX:

TEAPOT. NEWSPAPER

MINNIE AND CRUN:

Ooh....

FX:

TEAPOT. TEASPOON ON FLOOR

MINNIE:

Oh, ho, ho, ho.

FX:

TEASPOON ON FLOOR THEN SACER. TEAPOT. CUP ON SAUCER

MINNIE:

Come on, boy. Beg for your supper. Up! Up! Sit up, sit up. Put this sausage on your nose. There, there, that a clever boy.

CRUN:

Minnie.

MINNIE:

What?

CRUN:

I'm fed up having my breakfast like this.

MINNIE:

Down, boy, down, down.

FX:

RATTLING NEWSPAPER

CRUN:

Min?

MINNIE:

What is it Henry?

CRUN:

I see that a man was sponed last night.

MINNIE:

S... oh! Oh! Oh! We'll all be sponed in our beds, oh, dear.

CRUN:

Don't...

MINNIE:

The horrors of spon.

CRUN:

Don't worry, Min.

MINNIE:

Your grandmother had it in the Crimean War.

CRUN:

I'll...

MINNIE:

Spon!

CRUN:

...burn some sulphur under the bed.

MINNIE:

Oh, the power.

CRUN:

And then we'd better rub some thin peoples' herbs into our legs, Min.

MINNIE:

Yes, yes. And we'd better take a spoonful of Indian brandy... as an added precaution.

FX:

DOOR BLASTS OPEN

MINNIE AND CRUN:

Aieough

GRAMS:

GALLOPING HORSE APPROACHING

EMERY:

Whoah! Is this your house?

CRUN:

Here's the receipt.

MINNIE:

Did your horse wipe its feet?

EMERY:

No need to, he came on another horse.

MINNIE:

Ohh...

EMERY:

Now, last night a man was spunned not far from here.

CRUN:

We are non-spon people.

MINNIE:

Non-spon, [UNCLEAR]!

CRUN:

We are respectable...

MINNIE:

Respectable.

CRUN:

...people.

MINNIE:

...people. (OVER NEXT LINE) Non-spon.

EMERY:

Now, then, now then, now then.

MINNIE:

What? What?

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

What he say?

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

What did you say?

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

[UNCLEAR] No, I tell you.

CRUN:

I said, Okay.

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

CRUN:

Ohhh!

EMERY:

Listen, don't get excited.

CRUN:

What?

EMERY:

I just wanted to know did you hear anything at about three 'o clock this morning?

CRUN:

Yes, sir. Shall I tell him?

MINNIE:

Tell him what you like.

EMERY:

Just tell me, come along, what?

MINNIE:

Tell him what happened at three 'o clock this morning, you naughty man, you.

CRUN:

I heard a clock strike two.

EMERY:

Gad! At last, a clue.

MINNIE:

Bowwww!

EMERY:

How many times did it strike two?

CRUN:

I don't know, sir, I fell asleep after it stuck one twice.

EMERY:

One twice? I'll put that in the adding machine.

GRAMS:

FLATULENCE EFFECTS (FRED THE OYSTER)

EMERY:

Just as I thought! Goodbye! Tally-ho! Yoiks! Hay... Hay- ho, Silver, and a blinding flash! A white horse and a cry of, 'Hay-ho, Silver', and the Lone Ranger is on the trail of... SPON!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Lickety-split!

GRAMS:

HORSE SHOES GALLOPING AWAY

ELLINGTON:

Well, listen, what's going on here?

EMERY:

A leather Goon Show. Care to join us?

ELLINGTON:

(AS ELLINGA) Gor, blimey, yes, mate. Me got wife and kid. And Asian flu.

GRAMS:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS DISAPPEARING

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"SONNY BOY"

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC

FX:

DOOR OPENS. 3 FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING

MILLIGAN:

(OLD VOICE) Spon!

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

GREENSLADE:

After a week's of fruitless search - success!

EMERY:

I found an apple! My search is no longer fruitless.

ORCHESTRA:

WOODWIND CHORD, SYMBOL CRASH

EMERY:

Apple!

OMNES:

Ha-Ha! Hoi! (ETC)

EMERY:

Just a moment. I was confronted by a tall cadiverous man wearing a nude bicycle shed. Another man let me in.

MORIARTY:

Commmme this way, please.

GRYTPYPE:

Inspector, I am Mr. Grytpype Thynne.

EMERY:

I'm chim to mont you.

GRYTPYPE:

I happen to have a photo of a spon.

EMERY:

A spon? Ha, I don't believe you.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, show the gentlemen the receipt for the camera.

FX:

PAPER RATTLING

EMERY:

Gad, this is genuine.

GRYTPYPE:

And that's only the receipt. The spon photo is even more genuiner. Moriarty, time for your oow.

MORIARTY:

Ooioww.

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid. He's just been oowed.

EMERY:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

Because he had to go oow.

EMERY:

Good luck. Right now look.

MORIARTY:

He let me go oow, even though I [UNCLEAR] go owwww...

EMERY:

This photo will be a great value to the police. I must ask you to hand it over feet first by the wrists.

GRYTPYPE:

(LAUGHS) Oh, no, Inspector. First there is a little matter of money.

MORIARTY:

Money?! Money?!

FX:

THUD

MORIARTY:

Oooow!

GRYTPYPE:

Quiet, Moriarty. Keep your powers down.

MORIARTY:

My powers are down.

GRYTPYPE:

Stop steaming.

MORIARTY:

[UNCLEAR].

GRYTPYPE:

Money, Inspector. Yes. (ALMOST CORPSES) The spon photo is yours for a mere £500.

EMERY:

Supposing the photo is a forgery?

GRYTPYPE:

Well that is a risk I shall have to take.

EMERY:

Very well. Veeeery well. Here's £500.

FX:

COIN HITTING FLOOR

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you. Now here, in this sealed envelope, is the spon photo not to be opened 'till Christmas.

EMERY:

I waited 'till Christmas. Put on a white leather beard. Then, tore open the linen envelope from the outside. Ohh! Foiled by foil! This isn't a photo of a spon.

GRYTPYPE:

How dare you prove us to be liars! Moriarty, hurl this man in the direction of out.

MORIARTY:

Right! Hup!

GRAMS:

SHATTERING GLASS

GRYTPYPE:

Right through the window.

EMERY:

Yes, that taught him a lesson! A French lesson. It was a French window!

ORCHESTRA:

WOODWIND CHORD, SYMBOL CRASH

OMNES:

Hoy!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) More to come, folks!

GRYTPYPE:

Emery-type-Seagoon, stop these BBC audience-losing jokes.

GRAMS:

TELEPHONE RINGS SPEEDING UP THEN SLOWING DOWN AGAIN

EMERY:

Hello, Emery-type-Seagoon, here.

GRYTPYPE:

Grytpype, here.

MORIARTY:

Moriarty, here.

GREENSLADE:

(ON PHONE) This is Dr. Greenslade of St. Hampton's Hospital for the Fit and Healthy. The spon victim is now conscious.

EMERY:

Strap him to a thermometer till I arrive or vice-versa.

FX:

HANGS UP PHONE

EMERY:

What's the quickest way to St. Hampton's Hospital?

GRYTPYPE:

Hold this rocket.

EMERY:

But I...

GRAMS:

WHOOSH. SPED UP VOICE OF EMERY SAYING 'WHAT ARE YOU DOING THIS FOR? HOW DARE YOU...?'

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, during the broadcast you might've experienced some crackling on your radio.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) She's mine!

GREENSLADE:

This is due to atmospherics, so do not interfere with your set or any ladies in the room. Part three - a National Health Hospital.

FX:

SCREAMS, SOUND OF HITTING

DOCTOR:

Say 'Aaahh'.

PATIENT:

Aahhhhhh! (SCREAMS)

FX:

OBJECTS HITTING FLOOR

DOCTOR:

Stand by your beds.

FX:

DISORGANISED RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

EMERY:

Ah, Dr. Greenslade, where's the spon man?

GREENSLADE:

On this hatstand. Though, we did our best, he's much better.

EMERY:

And how are you feeling now, my poor man?

GREENSLADE:

I'm fine, thank you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

He means me, you nit!

EMERY:

So you were the victim of the sponning. A Finchley child, of no fixed trousers.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I was heavily sponned in all areas below the knees. Spon, it went! Spon! Spon! Spon! Up it came, spon! And down it went, spuggy! (SINGING TO THE TUNE OF 'MAMMEE')

Ho-neyyyy!

How I love you,

How I love you,

My dear old honeyyyy!

EMERY:

Tell me the whole story.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I was told you the whole story.

EMERY:

From the beginning.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, I did not know that.

EMERY:

Right.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, I was... I was coming back from morning classes one evening in Hyde Park and I was brushing the grass off my knees, when, suddenly...

EMERY:

Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Here, there's some smashing nurses there, inn't there.

EMERY:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? Remove those evil thoughts from your mind, to mine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Never! I can get them free on the National Health.

EMERY:

Gad, I must vote labour next time.

BLUEBOTTLE:

They're all red-hot labour in this ward.

EMERY:

So this is the labour ward! Hup!

ORCHESTRA:

WOODWIND CHORD, SYMBOL CRASH

OMNES:

Hoy!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, look, here comes someone on a stretcher.

EMERY:

So, they stretch people here. Poor man. Bandaged from head to throat. A victim of some fool. What happened, my good man?

MORIARTY:

You threw me through a window, you fool.

EMERY:

That reminds me, this photo you sold me is not of a spon but a military gentleman in Africa. Who is he? (SHOUTS) Speak up, or I'll confiscate your teeth!

MORIARTY:

No, no! I... I... I... I'll tell you, I'll tell you. It's Major Dennis Bloodnok. He owns the film rights of The Walton Report.

EMERY:

What?! Walt Disney will never forgive him. After him!

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Aeough! Aeough! Oh, me arles, me arles!

GRAMS:

FLIES

BLOODNOK:

The heat and the flies. I... I should never've come to Timbuktu in the mating season, you know. Abdul? My military saxophone.

ORCHESTRA:

SAXOPHONE PLAYING START OF 'COMRADES MARCH' FINISHING WITH ONE LOW LOUD NOTE

BLOODNOK:

Aeough!

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS, MACHINE

EMERY:

I'm Emery-type-Seagoon. I've just arrived in Africa.

BLOODNOK:

I'm Major Bloodnok and I've been here all the time.

EMERY:

So you beat me here.

BLOODNOK:

Bend down and I'll beat you there.

FX:

CRACKING WHIP

EMERY:

OOOWWW, you fool, Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

What?

EMERY:

I must warn you I am here on police business.

BLOODNOK:

Warn me, then.

EMERY:

First, a few questions.

BLOODNOK:

Yes?

EMERY:

One. Are you naked?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I'm training to take a bath.

EMERY:

What a funny place to keep the soap.

BLOODNOK:

How dare you!

EMERY:

Is this a photograph of you?

BLOODNOK:

I felt no pain. Yes!

EMERY:

I paid £500 for it.

BLOODNOK:

A bargain, a genuine Bloodnok.

EMERY:

I bought it believing it to be a photograph of a spon.

BLOODNOK:

A spon? You've been swindled.

EMERY:

Bloodnok, I must ask you to be a witness in the spon case.

BLOODNOK:

I refuse to testify, sir.

EMERY:

Then I'll subpoena you.

BLOODNOK:

You filthy swine! Oooh! Aooohoh!

EMERY:

Tie this railway engine round your waist and swallow this lump of coal.

BLOODNOK:

And so saying, we left for England!

GRAMS:

TWO SHORT TRAIN WHISTLES

EMERY:

Here we are back in England.

MILLIGAN:

I'm sorry we're closed.

EMERY:

Curse! It must be Thursday.

BURKE:

[SELLERS]

(TALKING WITH BAGPIPE MUSIC) Er, sir, no sir, I'm sorry, welcome home to Unland, sir. While you was away there was another case of sponnin', sir.

EMERY:

Where?

BURKE:

(TALKING WITH BAGPIPE MUSIC) At the London Zoo, sir.

EMERY:

A ZOO sponning, the worst type.

BURKE:

(TALKING WITH BAGPIPE MUSIC) Aarrrr... aarrrr...

EMERY:

How do I get there?

BURKE:

(TALKING WITH BAGPIPE MUSIC) Ye have to take a 39 greenline elephant, sir. But first of all, I would like you to hear this [UNCLEAR].

ORCHESTRA:

BURKE SINGING 'HAIRY ME' ACCOMPANIED BY PIANO

BURKE:

(TALKING WITH BAGPIPE MUSIC) Well, I hope you like it, sir. It's my first composition.

FX:

GUNSHOT, BURKE IN PAIN

GRAMS:

DYING BAGPIPES

EMERY:

Got him in the haggis! Geldray? Play a lament while I hold these chickens at bay. Back, you devils!

GRAMS:

CHICKEN BLEATS

MAX GELDRAY:

"IT HAPPENED IN MONTEREY"

GREENSLADE:

Spon - part three.

EMERY:

Is this the zoo?

SPRIGGS:

Yes, Jim. Welcome to captivity.

EMERY:

I'm not here as a specimen. I believe a fish was sponned.

SPRIGGS:

Yes, Jim.

EMERY:

Were there any witnesses to the sponning?

SPRIGGS:

Oh, yes, Jim. Harold Blun.

EMERY:

Where's he?

SPRIGGS:

In there, Jim. (SINGING) lliinnn therrre.

EMERY:

Right!

SPRIGGS:

(OFF) You're alone, Jim.

EMERY:

I'll question this Harold Blun.

SPRIGGS:

Well, [UNCLEAR].

FX:

DOOR OPENS, THEN CLOSES, RUNNING FOOTSTEPS AND MANIACAL CRYING

GREENSLADE:

We had better explain that Harold Blun is a gorilla. Height, 10 foot 3, Chest, normal, 82 inches. Weight, 800 pounds. We leave him being questioned by Inspector Emery.

GRAMS:

SHATTERING GLASS

EMERY:

Ohh!

SPRIGGS:

Any luck, Jim?

EMERY:

Yes, I got out alive.

SPRIGGS:

Oh.

GRAMS:

MORE SHATTERING GLASS

EMERY:

Thank heaven, he's thrown me legs out.

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGING

EMERY:

Hello? Emery speaking from the zoo.

AMERICAN:

[SELLERS]

(ON PHONE) I got some news, sir. Police records have found an actual recording of a spon.

EMERY:

What luck! Mr Spriggs, hold this telephone.

SPRIGGS:

Right, Jim.

EMERY:

(ON PHONE) Hello, Spriggs?

SPRIGGS:

Yes?

EMERY:

(ON PHONE) You can hang up now.

SPRIGGS:

OK.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC

OMNES:

RHUBARBS

EMERY:

Gentlemen, silence! Silence while we hear this recording of a spon. William, play the record.

GRAMS:

VIBRATO HIGH VOICE, POPS, PFF, VOICE GOING UP AND DOWN FOLLOWED BY HIGH NOTE, BURP, FAST CLICKING, ENDS WITH A FEW SHORT NOTES

EMERY:

So that's a spon. *Now* we know what we're looking for. Action!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC

OMNES:

Hoy!

GREENSLADE:

To... to trap the sponner, roadblocks were set up. Special men were put on duty. (SINGING AS PER SPRIGGS) On dutyyyyy!

GRAMS:

BOAT BELL CLANGING TWICE. MARCHING BOOTS FADING IN

EMERY:

Left, left, left-left-left. Now your right. Halt!

GRAMS:

BOOTS STOP

EMERY:

Now, Colonel. Sorry to put a man of such high rank on guard but only men of high intellect can be trusted. So I leave *you* to trap the spon. See you later.

FX:

FOOTSTEPS FADING OUT

ECCLES:

(SINGING SOFTLY) Hey, little hen, when? When? when...? Love letters in the street...

FX:

'FRED THE OYSTER'

ECCLES:

What's that sound effect that shouldn't be there that wasn't? What's that?

FX:

FRED THE OYSTER

ECCLES:

What's that? What's that? What's that?

FX:

FRED FARTS

ECCLES:

Oooohhh! What's that, then? What's that? What?

FX:

WIND

ECCLES:

Whooooooo... who's that? What's that going oooooohhhh? What that... that... um... Halt, who goes there?

FX:

GIBBERISH TALK

ECCLES:

Advance and be recognised.

EMERY:

Don't shoot! It's me! Great news!

ECCLES:

We're getting near the end.

EMERY:

I've heard that there's a...

ECCLES:

What did you say, there?

GREENSLADE:

Even now, Emery tells Eccles that a third sponning has been traced to the Canadian Rockies.

ECCLES:

What? What?

GREENSLADE:

Part four - the Canadian Rockies.

ORCHESTRA:

WOODWIND CHORD, SYMBOL CRASH

OMNES:

Hoy!

EMERY:

Look! The Canadian Rockies!

OMNES:

Hurray!

EMERY:

Didn't take long.

ECCLES:

It didn't hurt.

EMERY:

Now let's speak to this typical native of Canada who happens to be a stranger around here.

CYRIL:

[SELLERS]

Um, hello partner, buddy. Um, so ah, what can I do for you?

FX:

SPIT, OBJECT HITTING BUCKET

CYRIL:

That's alright that bit, wasn't it?

EMERY:

Very nice.

CYRIL:

Good.

EMERY:

We need a guide.

CYRIL:

Here, I've got the, er, I've got the very fella for you. Um, Chief Wurriguts.

WURRIGUTS:

[ELLINGTON]

Yim, boom balabuya bomb.

CYRIL:

This man here is a genuine fake Red Indian available for Ray Ellington parts.

WURRIGUTS:

Here. My card.

EMERY:

This card is blank.

WURRIGUTS:

Got writing on the back.

EMERY:

That's a damn silly place to write, on the back.

WURRIGUTS:

Look, me tell you. Chief Wurriguts, MGM child star, expert hunter, traps set, smoke signals. Nine words per shilling, swear words extra.

BLOODNOK:

Don't pay it, sir. I can do all your swearing at half the price. It's the off season, you know.

ECCLES:

Is this the off season?

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Well, I'm off, then.

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

EMERY:

Come back at once! Remember, you're all here as suspects.

ECCLES:

All of us?

EMERY:

Yes.

CYRIL:

Well, you'd better get off before it gets dark then, hadn't you?

WURRIGUTS:

OK, white men.

ECCLES:

You all ready?

WURRIGUTS:

All ready for the trek?

EMERY:

Right, I'll get my trek suit on. Fill up the huskies with petrol and harness them to the charabanc. Forward!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GRAMS:

GALE WIND, CHICKEN BLEATS...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Mush! Mush! Get up, there! Flicks leather-type whip.

ORCHESTRA:

CRACKING WHIP

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aeough, my ear hole!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Take a bow! Take a bow!

EMERY:

Bluebottle, tell those dogs to stop doing impressions of chickens.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Naughty dogs! Stop them chicken impressions.

GRAMS:

CHICKEN BLEATS STOP

WURRIGUTS:

Paleface, we'd better travel on foot.

EMERY:

Right, I'll unpack one.

WURRIGUTS:

But what about your luggage? Me got three wives in suitcase.

BLOODNOK:

Carry your bags, sir?

EMERY:

Down, Bloodnok! Put evil thoughts behind you.

BLOODNOK:

They are behind me, that's why I'm first in the queue, you know.

EMERY:

Military fool.

BLOODNOK:

(LAUGHS)

EMERY:

Ohhh! Now everybody will have to help carry my luggage. Now to find that dreaded spon! I'll...

GREENSLADE:

I'm sorry to interrupt you, Mr. Emery, but you've only got thirty seconds left.

EMERY:

I can't search Canada for a spon in thirty seconds! Oh! Oh, no! It's...

GREENSLADE:

Very well. Ladies and gentlemen, you've been listening to an incomplete Goon Show. Goodnight!

ORCHESTRA:

START OF END THEME

GREENSLADE:

Alright, Wally! Whoah, Wal, whoah, hold it, Wally, hold it. Yes, yes, yes, yes. For dissatisfied customers, here is a happy ending:

ORCHESTRA:

ROMANTIC MUSIC

MILLIGAN:

Cynthia.

CYNTHIA:

[SELLERS]

Yes, darling.

MILLIGAN:

Marry me, Cynthia.

CYNTHIA:

Darling, I'd love to.

GRAMS:

ORGAN PLAYING BRIDAL PRECESSION, CHURCH BELLS CLANGING

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show. A BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Dick Emery 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 Charles Chilton!