

S8 E03 - The Burning Embassy

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

OMNES:

(HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER)

GREENSLADE:

A Merry Christmas to all our readers.

OMNES:

MORE HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER

GREENSLADE:

And now, the new all-leather Goon Show.

SELLERS:

(AMERICAN JIVE SHOW HOST) All right, kids, come on. Let's make with the music, kids.

GRAMS:

OLD FASHIONED GRAMOPHONE RECORDING OF DANCE BAND CIRCA 1929. END WITH EXPLOSION ON FINAL CHORD.

GREENSLADE:

Part two. An early Gainsborough landscape depicting dawn over Wandsworth fire station. Lying in bed is a small lithograph of fireman Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

(WAKING UP, SMACKING LIPS, YAWNING, ETC) Where's my speaking trumpet? Ah, there it is. I'll... I'll just empty it. Ah-hem. (MEGAPHONE) Hello, folks! Calling, folks! This is Fire Chief Seagoon speaking, folks. Well, folks, it's a beautiful day here at Wandsworth Fire Station, folks. The firemen will start their day by unrolling their hoses and watering the flowers. That's all, folks. That's all, folks! (NORMAL) Fireman Willium?

WILLIUM:

Oh, er, morning, Chiefy. I, er, fed the pigeons.

SEAGOON:

Good. And don't forget to stamp a lion on their eggs.

WILLIUM:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Now, er... any outstanding fire calls for 1957?

WILLIUM:

Yeah, well, I got one 'ere, matey, yes.

SEAGOON:

I see.

WILLIUM:

I'm not, er, too 'appy about this. It says 'ere, 'Urgent,' it says 'ere. 'Ker... Ker-ystal Palace is on fire'.

SEAGOON:

A hoax! An absolute hoax, I tell you! I was up there yesterday morning and there's no such building as Crystal Palace at Crystal Palace. Right. Now, then.

FX:

FIREMAN'S WHISTLE. TWO BLASTS.

SEAGOON:

Fire drill! Light the fire and put the kettle on.

FX:

HURRIED BOOTS RUNNING UP STAIRS. DOOR OPENS.

GRYTPYPE:

Gentlemen. Bad news. Jane Mansfield is on fire.

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUNNING, NEDDIES SCREAMING, FIRE ENGINE BELL, CROWD. SPEEDS UP TO WARDS END.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, that got rid of them, Moriarty. Quick, stick these auction labels on the furniture and let the crowd in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

OMNES & GRAMS:

SERIOUS AUCTION HOUSE RHUBARBS.

GRYTPYPE:

Gentlemen!

OMNES:

SINGLE GRUNTED 'RHUBARB' FROM THE BACK. AUDIENCE LAUGH.

GRYTPYPE:

Control your rhubarbs. Gentlemen, what am I bid for lot one?

BIDDER 1:

[MILLIGAN]

Two shillings.

FX:

GAVEL ON BENCH

GRYTPYPE:

Sold! One auctioneer's mallet.

MORIARTY:

Argghh! (ASIDE) I got off my line. (NORMAL) We're off to a good start.

GRYTPYPE:

Lot two. Complete set of Louis Quinze fireman's furniture. Plus... marble statues of fire-engine travelling at speed.

BIDDER 2:

[MILLIGAN]

Two shillings.

FX:

GAVEL ON BENCH.

GRYTPYPE:

Sold for the second time, one auctioneer's mallet! And now we come to lot three. One cannon shell.

THROAT:

Two shillings.

GRYTPYPE:

Will you take it, sir, or do you want it sent?

THROAT:

Sent.

GRYTPYPE:

Fire!

GRAMS:

CANNON SHOT.

GRYTPYPE:

It'll be there when you get home, sir. And finally, gentlemen... finally, for the musical connoisseur. What am I bid for the original bedroom of fire chief Seagoon, comprising walls, roof, ceiling and one flock mattress?

BIDDER 3:

[MILLIGAN]

Two shillings.

FX:

GAVEL ON BENCH

GRYTPYPE:

Sold to the gentleman who keeps changing his voice. Moriarty, time for your owwww.

MORIARTY:

Owwwwww.

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid. Now, what am I bid for this auctioneer's mallet?

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

What's going on, here? Eh? Hey? What's going on? I just passed a man on the stairs carrying my room.

GRYTPYPE:

He's taking it to be repaired. It's... got a puncture.

SEAGOON:

My room's got a puncture? But it... it's only done two thousand miles. And another thing, Jane Mansfield was *not* on fire. It was the man with her.

GRYTPYPE:

Did you extinguish him?

SEAGOON:

Too late. By the time we arrived, he'd burnt himself out. But wait! Oh, horrors of horrors!

GRYTPYPE:

What?

SEAGOON:

Get my... speaking trumpet. Hello, folks! (WITH MEGAPHONE) Hello, folks! Calling folks. Standing from where I am, I can see that my entire set of Louis Quinze fireman's furniture has been stolen. A lifetime's work - ruined!

GRAMS:

JEWISH FUNERAL WEEPING. SLIGHTLY HIGHER SPEED.

GRYTPYPE:

There, there, there, there, Neddie and fans. Now all of you stand in this bucket of water and let me explain. You see, this is all part of a great plan.

MORIARTY:

Owww!

GRYTPYPE:

(ANGRILY) Shut up, Moriarty! There's a time and place for owww-ing.

MORIARTY:

(AD LIB) Where?

GRYTPYPE:

(AD LIB) I'll think of it next week. (SCRIPTED) Neddie, we are from the Ministry of Psychological.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

GRYTPYPE:

The government are testing people's reactions to sudden disaster.

SEAGOON:

They've been doing that ever since they got in.

GRYTPYPE:

(ECHOEY) Steady now. This microphone may be tapped.

FX:

DISTANT TAPS ON MIC SURFACE.

MORIARTY:

There's somebody tapping it now.

SEAGOON:

What's going to happen? I'm ruined!

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, and that's where we, the government officials, come in, Neddie. With the aid of this war surplus piano we bring you the official government answer to national ruin.

PIANO:

G7 INTRODUCTION.

MORIARTY:

(SINGS)

You got to face disaster with a smile.
Keep on laughing all the while
When you're shot through the head
Don't fall down dead -
Just pick up your bed and smile, smile, smile,
Pick up your bed and smile.

GRAMS:

WILD APPLAUSE. STOPS ABRUPTLY.

MORIARTY:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you. Thank you. Gentlemen, you were right. That government type song has completely restored my confidence.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Neddie. And in your hour of need let us offer you the government's full employment scheme. Two pound ten a week and free laundry.

SEAGOON:

Free laundry?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes - you wash our clothes for nothing.

MORIARTY:

And better still, you pay us two pound ten a week for the privilege!

SEAGOON:

Eureka! When do we start?

GRYTPYPE:

Now. Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Take off those hessian underclothes.

MORIARTY:

Right.

GRAMS:

BOOTS DEPARTING AT SPEED.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISTANT) Neddie. Scrub those and return the barge pole.

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

SAWING ON LUMP OF WOOD.

SEAGOON:

(ECHOEY) I'll just saw through the crust on his hat. Don't worry. I'll soon have these nicotane stains out.

GREENSLADE:

And what more ideal moment to bring in Max Geldray who has consented to play his teeth.

SEAGOON:

Right, lads, round the back for the old water!

MAX GELDRAY

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

And now, part two. And if anyone wants me, I shall be in the corner of some foreign field that is forever John Snagge's office.

SEAGOON:

Hardly had I got Moriarty's underpants back to running order and oiled the hinges on his socks when the phone rang.

FX:

PHONE RINGS. RECEIVER PICKED UP.

SEAGOON:

Hello? Wandsworth fire station here.

CHINAMAN:

[MILLIGAN]

(AT END OF LINE) Ah. This, ah, Chinese Amb'lassador speaking. Ah, can I, ah... come in prrease?

SEAGOON:

Certainly.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

CHINAMAN:

Ah, thank you. Thank you, Mister Sealoin. I have misf'lortune to inflorm you that B'litish Embassy... I say again... B'litish Embassy in China has caught fire and are blazing mellily away. Oh, boy, what fun we are have.

SEAGOON:

I'm innocent, I tell you. I was nowhere near the place. My grandmother keeps a duck farm in Kent!

CHINAMAN:

Ah!

SEAGOON:

I was stamping eggs at the time.

CHINAMAN:

Ah, ya! Ya.

SEAGOON:

Bad leg. I...

CHINAMAN:

Please understand. Chinese government anxious that you B'litish f'lire-men put... put B'litish... put B'litish Embassy flire ou-lout.

SEAGOON:

What?

CHINAMAN:

Spelt ou-lout.

SEAGOON:

And freeze 'em to death? In any case we... why... why can't the Chinese fire brigade put it out?

CHINAMAN:

Velly solly. Chinese fire b'ligade got Eulopean flu.

SEAGOON:

There must be more than one Chinese fire brigade.

CHINAMAN:

Yes. But all look alike.

SEAGOON:

Alright...

CHINAMAN:

Abstract Chinese gag.

SEAGOON:

Well, we'll do it. How far is it to Peking, lads?

WILLIUM:

Ah, ten thousand miles.

SEAGOON:

Right, get the long hose out.

WILLIUM:

It's only thirty foot long, mate.

SEAGOON:

Oh, then, we'll have to form a bucket chain from there on.

WILLIUM:

Can't... can't use the bucket, it's had a puncture, mate.

SEAGOON:

Curse, another disaster!

WILLIUM:

You've got to face disaster with a smile,
Keep on laughing all the while...

SEAGOON:

Stop, you singing fool!

WILLIUM:

What! A chance ruined!

SEAGOON:

I've had an idea.

GREENSLADE:

Seagoon has just had the following idea. The water for the fire in China will be wrapped in brown paper parcels marked 'Water. This way up' and posted to Peking.

GRYTPYPE:

Curse, Moriarty. Did you hear that?

MORIARTY:

Owww.

GRYTPYPE:

You know very well we can't collect the insurance money on the British Embassy until it's burned to the ground.

MORIARTY:

Huzzah! At last - a plot!

GRYTPYPE:

We've got to stop those parcels of water getting there alive. Link music, please!

MORIARTY:

Where's my banjo?

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

SEAGOON:

All went well. The water parcels started to flow out of England like water. But then - bad tidings.

GREENSLADE:

(ON THE RADIO) This is the BBC Spon service and here is the news. On reaching the middle east, parcels of British water intended for the blazing embassy in China have completely evaporated.

SEAGOON:

Evaporated! Are you sure?

GREENSLADE:

(ON THE RADIO) Positive. Division one: Arsenal, 3; Manchester City, 682. Rain stop play.

SEAGOON:

My parcels of water evaporated. Sending a radiogram to the British Embassy, Peking.

GRAMS:

MORSE SIGNAL (CONTINUE UNDER)

SEAGOON:

(DICTATING) 'Water supplies held up. Try to keep fire going till it arrives'. Now, I must catch a plane. Hand me that butterfly net.

GREENSLADE:

And so saying, Seagoon, collecting an ice pick and a life jacket, set off on a defrosting flight to the middle east. The above of course is a reference to the de-icing difficulties of the Bristol Britannia, the mention of which is intended as a topicality.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Very good.

GREENSLADE:

And now over to the British Military Advisor to the Abyssinian Girl's School in Addis Ababa.

ORCHESTRA:

STARTS PLAYING BLOODNOK THEME BUT...

BLOODNOK:

(INTERRUPTING HIS THEME) Oh! Woah! Woah! Wait a minute! I haven't got my trousers on yet, please. Aahhhh! Ohhh, that's better. Now.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Ooooohh!

GRAMS:

CLOUDS OF FLIES.

BLOODNOK:

Blast these flies. Get out of it! Get out of it, you flies! Schumm! Kebel O'Tour! Singhiz! Singhiz Thing!

SINGHIZ THING:

I am coming, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Take these flies out and sell them.

SINGHIZ THING:

Alright. Come on boys, break's over. Come on, boys, out you go, now.

BLOODNOK:

Now. Having got that matter over, now to my private matters of the day.

FX:

SCRATCHY NIB ON PAPER.

BLOODNOK:

Dear Madam, reference your advert in shop window... and well-known photography magazine. As a keen student of photography, I should like the...

SINGHIZ THING:

Pardon... pardon me.

What?

I... I... There is a European fireman waiting in the waiting room.

BLOODNOK:

What! Well, tell him to wait in the hiding room while I paste these photographs in my hat. (ECHOEY)
Paste! Paste! (NORMAL) Well, there's no sound effect for paste, is there?

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

SEAGOON:

No, there isn't. But there is one for doors opening. Good morning. Are you Major Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

How dare you mention that name in this house. Step outside!

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

Well, *are* you Major Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Come in.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. I'm Neddie Seagoon.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, of course. One of the Queen's beasts! Welcome to Abyssinia.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Major, the British Embassy in China is on fire.

BLOODNOK:

What!! I must have a look.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

BLOODNOK:

Gad, so it is.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens. Could you see it?

BLOODNOK:

Of course not. I take your word for it. And now, to the burning Embassy part three.

ORCHESTRA:

THIN CHORD.

SEAGOON:

Didn't take long, did it?

BLOODNOK:

I don't know who you are sir, or where you come from, but it did me a power of good, that - a power of good. Now, I suppose... (MILLIGAN LAUGHS IN BACKGROUND) I... I suppose you're worried about... these parcels of water evaporating. (SELLERS ALMOST CRACKS UP)

SEAGOON:

Not really. I'm just acting, you know.

BLOODNOK:

You're acting?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

So that's what it is. Don't worry, lad, your secret is safe with me. Now...

SEAGOON:

You're in condition tonight, Major.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Now, there's only one way to stop evaporation in this heat. Send your water by a cooler route.

SEAGOON:

For instance?

BLOODNOK:

Over the north pole, through the white hell of Fitz-felloo, across outer Mongolia and finally a three - four - nine tram to the Embassy.

SEAGOON:

But by the time we took that route the fire would be out.

BLOODNOK:

You see? Success from the start! Eight guineas, please.

FX:

CASH REGISTER. BELL RINGS. COIN INTO TRAY.

BLOODNOK:

I thank you. And the next, please.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

BLOODNOK:

Now, my dear, what's your problem?

SEAGOON:

These parcels of water, what causes the evaporation?

BLOODNOK:

The sun! The sun!

SEAGOON:

The sun?

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

We must get rid of it. I know, I shall scampton-screed the scrounds-screw and... (SELF-FADES
MUMBLING NONSENSE)

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Did you hear that Grytpype? Another part of the plot.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't worry, Moriarty, the sun is safe.

MORIARTY:

Are you sure?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, I put fire-guard in front of it.

MORIARTY:

Suppose... supposing the sun is attacked?

GRYTPYPE:

Not a hope, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

It's guarded by two Interpol sun-worshippers!

I'll get my [UNCLEAR]... (FADE)

GRAMS:

FIRE CRACKLING. CONTINUE UNDER ENTIRE SCENE.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles? Throw another twig on the sun. We don't want it to go out on us, do we.

ECCLES:

Yeah, you got to be careful.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah.

ECCLES:

It... the sun went out last night. And it... and it stayed out all night.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhh. It must be a Tom.

ECCLES:

Oooh! So that... that's what his name is - Tom Sun.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes!

ECCLES:

Well, well.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooheeghe!

ECCLES:

I wish I knew all them clever things that *you* know, Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, it all takes time, you know, my good man. Did you know that... Don't do that Eccles, it's not nice.

ECCLES:

I don't [UNCLEAR].

BLUEBOTTLE:

Did you know, Eccles...?

ECCLES:

I knew Eccles. Oh, that's me!

BLUEBOTTLE:

We mens are growing older all the time.

ECCLES:

What! What! What! What!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I said, we're growing older all the time.

ECCLES:

What, er... even when we're standing still?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Well, it... it's not fair. I didn't know anything about this.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, you have got to face up to it, my good man.

ECCLES:

I don't... I don't believe it. I... I don't believe we're getting old all the time. I tell you what...

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's true.

ECCLES:

Ah, owwh. Let me 'ave a little... 'ave a little... test.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Alright then.

ECCLES:

You stand there and I'll watch and see if you get any older.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Fair dos. Fair dos.

ECCLES:

Alright then. Ready?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Go. (PAUSE) Still look the same to me. There's no difference at all, my good man.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I know why.

ECCLES:

You don't...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cos... That's cos you been getting older as well. Thinks to self.

ECCLES:

Oh, I better go away then.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. I must admit I didn't notice Eccles getting older, either. I will experiment. Says aloud. Eccles!

ECCLES:

A-yah? Yah?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do you know what I will do? I will time us getting old with my Tiger Tim watch. Ready?

ECCLES:

I'll just... I'll just put my hat on. Ok, ready.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Go! (LONG PAUSE) There! You just got ten seconds older.

ECCLES:

Oooh! Did I?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

It didn't hurt at all. Here, this is fun!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ye-ess!

ECCLES:

[UNCLEAR]... Here, let's go and stand...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah!

ECCLES:

...over there and get old, now.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Let's get older...

ECCLES:

Over there.

BLUEBOTTLE:

...over there.

ECCLES:

Let's stand over there. Ok, ready?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

One! Two!

BLUEBOTTLE & ECCLES:

(CONTINUE UNDER...)

GREENSLADE:

And here to make everyone old is Ray 'Do-it yourself' Ellington and his rapidly decaying quartet.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

And now, if listeners will set fire to their Radio Times they'll be able to re-enact this next scene - a smoke-filled room at the British Embassy, Peking.

GRAMS:

FLAMES CRACKLING.

MINNIE:

(SINGING HOT RHYTHM) Ooooh. Yim bum biddle doh! They're driving me crazy. I've got onions on my bunions. The rocking through the hot house with you. Dibba dibba dub bum...

CRUN:

Stop it! Stop... Stop it! Stop that sinful singing Min. How can you perform those sensuous gyrations in those revealing low cut brown elastic sided boots, I'll never know!

MINNIE:

I was... I was born to dance, Henry! Heeyipa pupa pipa pupa...

CRUN:

Naughty. Naughty.

MINNIE:

Yipa bupa pupa boo! Diriribaba bapa bapum. Ch, ch, ch ch, ch, ch ch, ch ch ch ch ch! I've got the measurements for dancing, buddy - 41, 18, 36!

CRUN:

Ooaaauugh! What a figure, Min!

MINNIE:

Those are my leg measurements.

CRUN:

What!

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

CRUN:

(ACCUSINGLY) Who did you allow to measure your legs?

MINNIE:

I'll tell you. (SINGS) I'll tell you, tonight!

CRUN:

(ANGRILY) Who?!

MINNIE:

Mrs. Millie Toolie. (PAUSE FOR LAUGHTER) Go on.

CRUN:

(ANGRILY) Mrs. Millie Toolie!? I'll kill him. I'll put an end to your brown leather rhythms.

MINNIE:

Pooooooooooooow!

CRUN:

Now, I'll just get this gas stove under my head. Ahhh! And put these lead pipes down my trousers. There! (ANGRILY) Let that be a lesson to you... you... you sinful... (SNIFFS) What's burning, Min? What's burning?

MINNIE:

Oooh! It's... the soles of my boots are on fire.

CRUN:

You shouldn't stand with your back to the Embassy. Swallow this tablet of water.

GRAMS:

HISS OF STEAM

MINNIE:

Ohhhh, that's better, buddy. Ooooooooo! Ooooooh, that's better.

CRUN:

Be careful, Min, careful. Don't let that steam get up your legs.

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

CRUN:

Or you'll get the dreaded Manchu knee-cramp.

MINNIE:

Listen, Henry, we can't keep this Embassy burning much longer, buddy. The neighbours are starting to talk.

CRUN:

Oh! Then we'd better pull the curtains, Min.

MINNIE:

Ok, buddy. I'll...

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR.

BOTH:

Oh! Ohhh!

MINNIE:

Answer that burning door.

CRUN:

What?

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

MORIARTY:

Ha, meowwww. Pardon me, honourable sir. Chinese postal service. A parcel of water for you.

CRUN:

At last. (SNIFFS) Wait a moment, sir. This water smells like petrol.

MORIARTY:

(PANICKING NOISES) Yes, it... it was disguised as petrol to get it through the customs. Chop, chop.

CRUN:

Thank you. Chop, chop.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

CRUN:

Now, Min, let us throw this parcel on...

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Stop! Saved in the nick of time! The forces of evil are foiled.

OMNES:

PANTOMIME CHEERING.

SEAGOON:

Give me that parcel. Pour it in the tank of this car.

CRUN:

What?

SEAGOON:

Right.

GRAMS:

CAR SPEEDS OFF AND RETURNS. SKIDS TO A HALT.

SEAGOON:

Just as I thought. This car runs on water. But apart from that, that parcel contained petrol.

GRYTPYPE:

We've got him worried, Moriarty. (SELLERS LAUGHS AS HE SAYS...) He's fluffing his lines.

SEAGOON:

(TO SELLERS) You should talk, my life. (BACK TO THE SCRIPT) Mr. Crun, we're having difficulty getting the water to this fire. It would help if you could load the Embassy onto a lorry and meet us in Addis Ababa outside the Odeon at seven o'clock Thursday night.

CRUN:

Ohh! How can we recognise you?

SEAGOON:

I shall be driving a red fire engine. Goodbye!

MINNIE:

Goodbye.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK. RESOLVE INTO OMINOUS AFRICAN CHORDS WITH SPRIGGS ON LEAD VOCALS.

SEAGOON:

All of which means I've arrived back in Africa.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, Neddie. And we've solved the evaporation problem.

SEAGOON:

You mean you've frozen the water into ice blocks which have been placed in that giant cold storage van?

BLOODNOK:

Yes. And it saved me saying it. Now, put these furs on becise... because inside that van it's forty below.

SEAGOON:

Gad, yes! And three foot of snow and the entire cast dressed in furs.

BLOODNOK:

Gad, what a sight. If only this were coloured radio.

SEAGOON:

Right. Willium, insert this steering wheel under your dentures. And drive.

WILLIUM:

I ain't never driv before, mate.

SEAGOON:

I'll give you a quick British-type driving test. Now, um... um... spell 'car'.

WILLIUM:

K - A - R - E.

SEAGOON:

Right! You've passed.

WILLIUM:

Good.

SEAGOON:

Now hang this oil painting of an 'L' plate around your neck and away we goooooo.....!

GRAMS:

LORRY PULLS AWAY.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GRAMS:

LORRY TRAVELLING ON HIGHWAY.

SPRIGGS:

As the refrigeration van bumped along, folks, the heat outside was a hundred and thirty degrees. But inside the van...

GRAMS:

HOWLING ARCTIC WIND. HUSKIES BARKING.

CYRIL:

[SELLERS]

Mush! Mush! Must keep the dogs at the gallop.

SEAGOON:

Whatever for?

CYRIL:

We don't want to be left behind.

SEAGOON:

Left behind? But we're inside the lorry.

CYRIL:

Yes, but what if it goes faster than we do?

SEAGOON:

Gad, you're right. Mush! Mush!

BLOODNOK:

Ooooo! It's too cold in this van, I'm freezing. Forty degrees of frost.

SEAGOON:

It is a bit parky, isn't it. I'll get the temperature turned up. Eccles! Turn it up!

ECCLES:

I ain't done nothing. Oooo. Turn the thermometer up. Right.

GRAMS:

SUDANESE NATIVE DRUMMERS.

BLOODNOK:

Ooh, houhouhouhouho! We're being attacked by Zulus.

SEAGOON:

The temperature's up too high!

ECCLES:

Ok, I'll turn it down.

GRAMS:

TIMBER WOLVES HOWLING.

BLOODNOK:

Too low! We're being attacked by timber wolves.

ECCLES:

I'll throw 'em some timber.

SEAGOON:

You fool. Turn the temperature up again.

GRAMS:

NATIVE DRUMMERS

BLOODNOK:

Too lowwww.....

GRAMS:

WIND HOWLING.

BLOODNOK:

Too hiiiiigh.....

GRAMS:

NATIVE DRUMMERS

BLOODNOK:

(DEVELOPING A RHYTHM) Too lowwww.....

GRAMS:

WIND HOWLING.

BLOODNOK:

Too high!

GRAMS:

NATIVE DRUMMERS

BLOODNOK:

Too low!

BLOODNOK:

Too high!

GRAMS:

NATIVE DRUMMERS

BLOODNOK:

Too low!

ORCHESTRA:

FOXTROT. SMALL COMBO WITH SAXOPHONE ON LEAD

GRAMS:

EXTENSIVE EXPLOSION STRENGTH 7

GREENSLADE:

There was an accident this morning at the crossroads, High Street, Addis Ababa. A lorry with a blazing British Embassy on the back was in collision with a cold storage van containing twenty-three sunburnt and frost bitten men. Would anyone who witnessed it please contact...

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT

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 and Larry Stephens, announcer Wallace Greenslade - the programme produced by Charles Chilton.