

S8 E25 - The Evils of Bushy Spon

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. By Jove, it smells good! And now, creaking in every joint, the well-turned knees of The Goon Show.

ORCHESTRA:

RANDOM ARPEGGIOS FROM A SELECTION OF INSTRUMENTS WITH 'TA-DAA' CHORD AT THE END.

SECOMBE:

Yes! And it's 842 on the hit parade! Next, The Evils of Bushy Spon, part one. A meeting of the council.

OMNES:

MUTTERS, RHUBARBS, CHICKENS, ETC.

SEAGOON:

Now then... Now then... Settle down. Now then...

MILLIGAN:

Urrgghurrdurghher...(ETC)

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

MILLIGAN:

Urrgghurdueergheeerr.

SELLERS:

Here, here.

SEAGOON:

Now then, what's next on the council agenda?

SECRETARY:

[MILLIGAN]

(DERANGED) I... er... I'd like... I'd like to bring the committee's report on the proposed lamp-post, first submitted in 1919.

SEAGOON:

Oh, good!

SECRETARY:

Oh, it is good, isn't it. (MURMURS IN BACKGROUND) What? The position chosen for the lamp-post is 53 spon-yards north of the kerbside.

SEAGOON:

Why? Is it very dark there?

SECRETARY:

Only at night time.

SEAGOON:

Ah! So you found that out, too?

SECRETARY:

Ah, yes...

SEAGOON:

Ha ha... You can't say we don't do our best.

ECCLES:

I can say it.

FX:

PUNCH

ECCLES:

Oowoow!

GRAMS:

CHICKENS.

SEAGOON:

Has anyone commissioned the building of this lamp-post?

FLOWERDEW:

Good heavens, no! We haven't decided what colour it's going to be.

SEAGOON:

Any... suggestions?

FLOWERDEW:

Well, I have heard that green is an un sinful colour.

SEAGOON:

Green?

MILLIGAN:

(MUTTERING) Just said that...

SEAGOON:

Yes, that... that... that... that would mean... wouldn't that mean painting it?

FLOWERDEW:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Yes, well, that... that would mean the compulsory purchase of a pot of paint. All those in favour...

GRAMS:

GURGLING SHEEP, CHICKENS, ETC.

SEAGOON:

Splendid. Splendid, chaps! Now then, we shall have to find a *designer* for the lamp-post.

GREENSLADE:

I think my brother can help us there.

SEAGOON:

Oh, yes? Oh, well, let's go and see him. Hold on to my foot.

ORCHESTRA:

WALKING OFF SOMEWHERE MUSIC.

FX:

DOOR KNOCKER. DOOR OPENS.

JAKE:

[SELLERS]

Mornin! Maarrgh, mornin! Ha haaarghh! Orr-hargh! Orrr-ha-haaagh!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Who are you?

SEAGOON:

We're from the Bushy Spon Council.

JAKE:

Orr! Marrrnaarrn faargenoo erpthwearrgghhh! Maaaargghhh!

SEAGOON:

How very nice for you. We would like you to design a lamp-post for us.

JAKE:

Oo arrggghh, hnaarrgh! I'll run out and buy a pencil. Arnhaarrghhhaa!

GRAMS:

SPEEDED UP FOOTSTEPS RUNNING OFF.

SEAGOON:

Gad! There's enterprise for you!

GREENSLADE:

Yes. Mind you, it runs in the family.

GRAMS:

SPEEDED UP FOOTSTEPS RETURNING.

JAKE:

Ha-ha, a-ha, a-ha! I gotten... I got a pencil! Aha haargh!

SEAGOON:

That's a steamroller.

JAKE:

Is it? I'll kill that blasted store-keeper! Arrrggghhhhhhh!

SEAGOON:

And he did!

JAKE:

I al... I always play them little jokes. Aaaaa, ahahahaarrrgghhhh!

SEAGOON:

(NERVOUSLY) Aha, ha, ha... What a grand chap! Ahaha! Much as I hate to say it, he... he doesn't seem the man for the job.

GREENSLADE:

Well, there's his brother, Mad Dan.

ECCLES:

Hallo! You like animals?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Ok, you can pat my head.

SEAGOON:

Do you know anything about lamp-posts?

ECCLES:

Ohahahoo! Yeah! Um, er... Go on, go on! 'Ere! 'Ere! Go on. Ask me a question about a lamp-post. Ask me a question!

SEAGOON:

Ok. What *is* a lamp-post?

ECCLES:

Oho! The hard ones first, eh? (GOES MAD)

SEAGOON:

Mr. Greenslade, Mr. Greenslade. Mr. Greenslade. Somehow, I don't think this... this... this gentleman here...

ECCLES:

What? What? What? Gentlem... you... Ah! Gentleman! You be careful what you call me! You, erm... you heard of Hyde Park?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Well, you just watch out, then.

SEAGOON:

We'll have to advertise for a man. We'll write one on a cigarette and put it in a tabacconist's window.

ORCHESTRA:

TA DA!

GREENSLADE:

Part Two. The Great Ormesrod Refuse Tip at Filthmuck-on-Sea.

GRAMS:

FLIES, DUSTBINS BEING SEARCHED.

MORIARTY:

(SINGS) Oh, oh, oh, hooo! I lost my heart in an English dustbin. Oh, I num diddle ahh! Ohh! (SLAPS GUMS) Ohohohooo...

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Well, then... Hoi! What? What? What?

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, listen...

MORIARTY:

You interrupted me at luncheon!

GRYTPYPE:

Listen to this. It says here "Wanted, high-grade lamp-post designer, all money found."

MORIARTY:

Money! (RANTS INSANELY)

GRYTPYPE:

We're going to be rich! Pack up the swill bags and put the banana skins on ice. Taxi!

GRAMS:

SHORT EXPLOSION.

THROAT:

Where to, mate?

GRYTPYPE:

Follow the direction of that pointed finger.

THROAT:

Right, mate.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH, DOOR KNOCKER, DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Ah, you must be the men in answer to the lamp-post.

GRYTPYPE:

Can we come in?

SEAGOON:

No, I'll come out.

GRYTPYPE:

Ha, ha, ha, ha. Thank you for your kind, stinking English hospitality. Yes.

SEAGOON:

Olé.

GRYTPYPE:

The gentleman with me here, in the paper sack, is the well-known continental steamer, Count Jim "Oddman"...

GRAMS:

MANY PIECES OF METAL FALL ON THE FLOOR.

MORIARTY:

Ohhh!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty. Husband extraordinary by appointment to the House of Rita Hayworth.

SEAGOON:

What muscular teeth!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, he's had offers, you know. He's known... (WAY OFF) He's known as the old love-muscle! (BACK AGAIN) Now the reverse of this Nubian Quinge is our proposed design for a lamp-post.

SEAGOON:

Gad! And it's got a light at the top! What a novel idea!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. We got the idea from a novel. Er, before we talk money, may I introduce Dutch Max Jim Geldray to make certain thin sounds.

MAX:

Thin ploogie!

MAX GELDRAI:

"GOON SHOW THEME TUNE"

GREENSLADE:

The part two of part three: The pie po poo-poo pappy pie-pie. The scene outside a quiet cottage in Bushey Spon.

GRAMS:

PICK-AXE DIGGING-TYPE NOISES.

WILLIUM:

Ah! Is this 'ole big enough, mate?

SEAGOON:

Let me see. Yes, it... it appears to be big enough.

WILLIUM:

I see. Er, what's it big enough for?

SEAGOON:

Well, hahaha! There you have me. Oh, wait! Yes, I... I have a note written on my secretary here. Come in Maud. Ah, yes. It's... it... Oh, Maud! It's, um... It's for a lamp-post.

WILLIUM:

Oh, a lamp-post. Lovely. Lovely. What flavour?

SEAGOON:

Concrete.

WILLIUM:

Concrete? Ohhooohh! Flavour of the month. Lovely! You know they say that concrete lamp-posts never go deaf.

SEAGOON:

Ahaha. You can't rely on those old country superstitions, you know. (LAUGHS STUPIDLY)

WILLIUM:

Anyhow, matey, this lamp-post's going to be a boon. You see, at the present I has to walk ten mile every night to the one in the village.

SEAGOON:

Eh?

WILLIUM:

Well, I... I keep a dog, you see.

SEAGOON:

Ah, yes. You... you had me worried for a moment, there!

WILLIUM:

Ha-ho! Oh...

SEAGOON:

Tell me, have you ever been sprayed with green glue, inscribed with indelible saffron ink and bound with luke-warm string bearing invisible venua-knots?

WILLIUM:

No.

SEAGOON:

Gad, this *is* an uninteresting place, I must say.

WILLIUM:

Don't you believe it, matie. 'Ere...

SEAGOON:

What?

WILLIUM:

They do say at about ten to seven every night, a man with flannels and sport coat walks slowly down the street and goes in that house there.

SEAGOON:

A ghost!

WILLIUM:

No, it's old Tom Bollow coming home from work.

SEAGOON:

End of cross-talk, there! Hup!

ORCHESTRA:

RAUCOUS CAN-CAN-TYPE MUSIC.

GREENSLADE:

Day after day the hole grew deeper, which is the right direction for holes. Inside the little cottage, fear had spread.

GRAMS:

DIGGING SOUNDS FROM OUTSIDE.

MINNIE:

(SINGS) Ying tong niddle naddle noo... Pi pa pa pa pa pa pa po. Ya pa pa pa pa pa pa pee pa pa pa po...

HENRY:

Min...

MINNIE:

Pow!

HENRY:

Min...

MINNIE:

Pow?

HENRY:

Come away from the window, Min.

MINNIE:

Ohhh! I'm only watching them dig that... that hole... the hole, Henry. The hole, Henry cocky!

HENRY:

You were watching a *man* digging a hole.

MINNIE:

Oh, is that a man?

HENRY:

It's sinful, Min.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhh...

HENRY:

Do you want people to start talking?

MINNIE:

Oh!

HENRY:

Looking at a man you don't even know?

MINNIE:

Ohhh. I don't know what's come over you lately, Henry. You're not the man I used to know.

HENRY:

Oh? And who is this man you used to know, then?

MINNIE:

It was you!

HENRY:

You used to know me?

MINNIE:

Yes, yes.

HENRY:

I'll get even with him!

GRAMS:

PHONE RINGING WITH BELL SMOTHERED.

BOTH:

(ASSORTED OOS AND PANICKING)

HENRY:

Was that you, Min?

MINNIE:

I... I don't think so, Henry. I'll... I'll just look at my knees. No.

GRAMS:

PHONE AGAIN.

MINNIE:

Oh! Ohhhh!

HENRY:

Ohh!

MINNIE:

Ohhhh. What is that strange midnight power?

HENRY:

I've just seen it. it's coming from that leather telephone.

MINNIE:

Oh! It's... it's *magic*, I tell you! Oh-ho! Oh!

HENRY:

Hand... hand me the lead blunderbuss with the screenshot. Now then, sir...

GRAMS:

DOUBLE-BARREL GUNSHOT.

HENRY:

Got it, right in the crin!

GRAMS:

SEAGOON CHATTERING AND FARTING SPEEDED UP OVER PHONE.

HENRY:

Oh! There's a man inside the ear listening piece. Hello man.

MINNIE:

Hello!

HENRY:

Hello man? Oh, yes. Yes, master, yes.

MINNIE:

Oh! Well, what does it say, Henry?

HENRY:

I heard our master's voice on the telephone.

MINNIE:

Poooow! Witchcraft!

HENRY:

He says he's coming back for the weekend.

MINNIE:

We'd better get his bath full.

HENRY:

Yes, don't forget he likes half water and half gin.

MINNIE:

No. He likes it half full and the other half empty, Henry.

HENRY:

Shhhh - shhhtoooo!

MINNIE:

(SINGS) Oh, the master's coming home today! (SPEAKS) I'll lay out my new frock.

HENRY:

He won't wear it, you know.

MINNIE:

What do you mean...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC SCENE-CHANGE CHORDS.

GREENSLADE:

The lamp-post, part three. A lamp-post foundry in Rhodesia, Africa, W12.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME.

GRAMS:

ENGINES, WHIPS, BANGS, EXPLOSIONS, ETC.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh! (ETC) Oh, dear. Oh, it's... it's hell in there, you know.

TOM:

[ELLINGTON]

Major Bloodnok, safari has arrived from England.

BLOODNOK:

England? Englishmen, Tom. We must give our guests a real British welcome.

TOM:

Right, I'll hide all the food and drink.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, yes. And Tom? Put the cat out.

TOM:

Why?

BLOODNOK:

It's on fire. You know... I shall have to have him seen to, he's got a cross-eyed tail, you know.

TOM:

Erm... shall I lay out the red carpet?

BLOODNOK:

Yes and put the price ticket on it.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Ahoy there, ahoy!

BLOODNOK:

It's ahoy-there-ahoy! Welcome to Africa, Ahoy, sir. Let me play you the primitive music of Africa.

FX:

CASH REGISTER.

BLOODNOK:

The next dance, please.

SEAGOON:

Major, your fame as a lamp-post builder has reached England.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, you want to buy one? What size, darling?

SEAGOON:

38 chest, darling.

BLOODNOK:

I've just got one left. And I've got one right.

SEAGOON:

I'll buy the right one.

BLOODNOK:

Good.

SEAGOON:

The street it's going in is facing away from Clochemerle.

BLOODNOK:

They're all the rage, you know, yes. Anyway, I... I admire your choice, sir. You can't beat a concrete lamp-post, you know.

SEAGOON:

Rubbish, I beat mine every morning! I show it who is the master.

BLOODNOK:

I'll tell you what... (THEY BOTH CRACK UP HERE!) I'll let you have this twenty-guinea lamp-post free, entirely free for ninety-nine pounds.

SEAGOON:

How much is that in English? You see... I can't count.

BLOODNOK:

What! Ohohoho! Oh, just open your naughty old naughty wallet and let dear little Dennis have a look in, I can count it for you. Ohh! All in gold sovereigns! Right.

FX:

COINS START TO BE COUNTED, THEN Poured.

GREENSLADE:

And all through the night, Bloodnok carefully counted out the naughty money with a shovel.

FX:

COUNTING STOPS.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh. One shilling. There. Now, carry those fifty sacks containing one shilling to my hut...

JYMPTON:

[MILLIGAN]

Ahhhh, ahhhhh, aaaaaaahhhh... Major, the la... aaahhhaa, lamp-post is aaahhh all ahhhh all packed and ready ahhh ready.

BLOODNOK:

Are you quite sure, Hugh?

HUGH:

Ahhhh, well, I... ahhhhhh I suppose, ahhhhh, aaaahhhhhhhhh...

BLOODNOK:

Well, look here, if you're not sure, say so. Oh, well, Ned, bon voyage and bin viyuge. See you off, here is a flock of dogs and one Ray Ellington.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"YOU'D BETTER KNOW IT (FROM A DREAM IS A WOMAN - COMP. DUKE ELLINGTON)"

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS.

GRAMS:

CRICKETS CHIRP UNDER FOLLOWING.

SEAGOON:

That night we camped near the great Zambesi falls. It was nearly midnight, twelve o'clock yet, when we heard that dreaded cry...

GRAMS:

SPLOOSH, THEN SPEEDY FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.

SEAGOON:

What is it, lad?

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

SEAGOON:

Gad! Someone drowning! Anybody got a rope?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I've got one, I've got one!

SEAGOON:

Throw it here!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Catch...

SEAGOON:

(STRAINS) Thank you. Now, who's drowning?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I am!

SEAGOON:

Good! Where are you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

In the river! Help me! Help me, I'm drowning! I... Ohh. Sees audience. Hello everybody.

GRAMS:

MASSIVE CHEERING FROM ENORMOUS CROWD.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooh, ta. Now back to my dramatic drowning scene. Help! Spelled H-E-L-P, pronounced...

GRAMS:

MULTI-SPEED GURGLING "HELPS".

SEAGOON:

Here, swallow this rope, pronounced...

GRAMS:

RRRRRRRRRRRRROOOOPE!

SEAGOON:

Spriggs, this river's full of water.

SPRIGGS:

And it's soaking wet. (SINGS) It's soaking wet it i-iiiiis! Thank you, Jim fans. Thank you, Jims. Thank you, Jims. (SINGS) Thank you, Ji-iiiiims.

SEAGOON:

It'll catch its death of cold. Help me get it into bed.

SPRIGGS:

What kind of bed does a river sleep in Jim?

SEAGOON:

A river bed!

SEAGOON & SPRIGGS:

Hup...

ORCHESTRA:

TA-DA.

SEAGOON:

Pronounced...

GRAMS:

TA-DA SLIGHTLY HIGHER AND SPEEDED UP.

SEAGOON:

Or in a higher key...

GRAMS:

TA-DA VERY FAST AND HIGH.

GREENSLADE:

Ta. On return to England, the contract for putting up the lamp-post went to India.

FX:

THUMPS ON THE FLOOR, VARIOUS INDIAN-TYPE STRAINS.

LALKAKA:

Mind it, Mr. Bannerjee. Mind it, man! Mind it man, what do...

BANERJEE:

Wait... wait... wait.... wait a moment. Wait... wait a moment. Would you put... put your hand under here.

LALKAKA:

Oh! Steady, man!

BANERJEE:

What? What?

LALKAKA:

Nearly had it on my foot, then. My poor old paw!

BANERJEE:

Don't argue with me, Babbu, don't argue man.

LALKAKA:

Man, it is too heavy for my poor old legs, man.

BANERJEE:

Chut! Chut! Chut!

LALKAKA:

You chut yourself, man.

BANERJEE:

Please listen... listen to me, will you?

LALKAKA:

Listening.

BANERJEE:

Please, you are considering the job before considering ourselves, you must understand that, you see.

LALKAKA:

I'm understanding it, man. I...

BANERJEE:

What do you...

LALKAKA:

Listen! I...

BANERJEE:

Ah...

LALKAKA:

I am... I am considering it but I'm considering it when I don't like it! I don't *like* it, man. Stop acting like a (herefin?).

BANERJEE:

You are accusing me of acting like a (herefin?)!

LALKAKA & BANERJEE:

(STOP AND START SPEAKING TOGETHER A FEW TIMES AND SAY "WHAT?" A LOT)

LALKAKA:

Alright, alright, alright...

BANERJEE:

My fine fellow, this lamp-post is no good lying on the ground. We must get it in the little hole, you see.

LALKAKA:

Well, hurry, daddy.

SEAGOON:

(IN A BAD INDIAN ACCENT) How are we getting on? Spelled O-N, pronounced...

GRAMS:

SPEEDED-UP "OOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNN!", ACTUALLY COMING IN BEFORE PREVIOUS LINE FINISHES.

SEAGOON:

That was it!

MINNIE:

You, there!

BLOODNOK:

What?

MINNIE:

You men, go away! Shoo! Shoo!

SEAGOON:

It's a poor old man from the cottage.

MINNIE:

What are you putting up there?

BLOODNOK:

A concrete lamp-post, sir.

MINNIE:

Don't call me sir. I'm a woman!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, dear, what a target! And I haven't got me gun!

MINNIE:

What!

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, stop making those terrible gestures!

BLOODNOK:

They're not gestures, sir, they're me old finger-snapping tricks. Look at this one, here.

GRAMS:

MUCH SPEEDED UP FINGER-SNAPPING, WITH A POP-THUDGE AT THE END.

BLOODNOK:

Oy! Oh, yes!

GRAMS:

(HENRY CRUN) COME AWAY FROM THAT MILITARY MAN!

BLOODNOK:

What!

GRAMS:

(STILL HENRY CRUN, GETTING FASTER) HE'S GOT ANTS IN HIS PANTS AND CERTAIN RASPUTIN-LIKE POWERS. AND, I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT HE IS NOW THE OWNER OF THE SIBERIAN (FOREIGN SECRETARY?), MIN!

BLOODNOK:

You filthy swine! Give me that stone. (STRAINS)

FX:

STONE THROWN WITH AN OWWWWW FROM GRAMS HENRY!

BLOODNOK:

Got him! Right on Miss Bannister's nose! Now let's get this blasted lamp-post in. Bring that hole over here.

SEAGOON:

Lift...

FX:

RIPS

SEAGOON:

Ahh! Ooo! Me trousers have gone!

HENRY:

Min, come away from that window!

MINNIE:

They're putting a lamp-post up, Henry.

HENRY:

Oh! The Master won't like that, there, Min, I'm telling you.

MINNIE:

Ohhh! Oh, dear, dear.

SEAGOON:

Who *is* the Master?

MINNIE:

Now, then. He's... just coming in now across the road now.

HENRY:

Yes, there's the Master, there he is.

OMNES:

CHEERS AND APPLAUSE AS A. E. MATTHEWS ENTERS

MATTHEWS:

Anyone got a match?

HENRY:

Here you are, sir.

MINNIE:

Give the Master a match.

HENRY:

Here... here you are, sir. There we are, sir.

MATTHEWS:

Who are you?

HENRY:

Mr. Crun, sir, your retainer.

MATTHEWS:

Who are you?

MINISTER:

[MILLIGAN]

I'm... I'm from the Ministry of Lamp-posts, sir.

MATTHEWS:

Who are you?

SEAGOON:

I'm the lamp-post they want to put up, sir.

MATTHEWS:

Haven't any of you got a name?

OMNES:

(MUMBLES)

SEAGOON:

I'm Fred Lamp-post, sir.

MATTHEWS:

Now, wait a (MUMBLES). Where am I?

HENRY:

...waiting for you...

MATTHEWS:

Do you know... What? Alright, wait a moment, don't interrupt, don't interrupt. I've never seen, in... well, I've been on the stage, two or three years. Look at this audience. Tell me, have they paid?

MINNIE:

Not a penny. Not a penny, sir!

MATTHEWS:

Don't cry about it. D'you know... Camden Theatre.

HENRY:

Camden, yes, um...

MATTHEWS:

It's a bit of a thrill to me because...

HENRY:

Yes?

MATTHEWS:

...in er... I messed that up, didn't I. Anyhow... I played... I'm going to tell you about myself but I like [UNCLEAR], you don't mind?

HENRY:

[UNCLEAR], carry on!

MINISTER:

About this lamp-post, sir. We're very worried about where to put it.

MATTHEWS:

I'd like to get rid about this lamp-post, excepting one thing.

BLOODNOK:

What? What?

MATTHEWS:

It's... it's... it's given me a lot of... well, I've met a lot of people through it in this way. Night before... what... what is tonight?

BLOODNOK:

Ee, er...

SEAGOON:

Friday.

MILLIGAN:

Sunday

MATTHEWS:

Sunday, you open on Sundays! No wonder you get a good house. You know...

BLOODNOK:

It's all free, sir, it's all free.

MATTHEWS:

Oh, is it?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes.

MATTHEWS:

Yes. I... you told me that a little while ago.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes.

MATTHEWS:

Now, d'you know, er, night before last, I was on the television.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhhh!

MATTHEWS:

You know.

MINNIE:

Oh, sir, we told you before,...

MATTHEWS:

I was there for half... what?

MINNIE:

...it's very cold at night, you shouldn't have gone out, buddy.

HENRY:

You shouldn't have gone out, sir.

MATTHEWS:

You're over-acting, leave it to me. (AUDIENCE CHEER AND CLAP) Anyhow, I was there for half an hour. And it was all through that lamp-post otherwise I shouldn't have been there. They'd pay me for it. Last night... Ah!

SELLERS:

Oh!

MATTHEWS:

What? I tell you, you act too much.

HENRY:

You've given her the vapours, sir.

MATTHEWS:

What?

HENRY:

You've given her the vapours.

MATTHEWS:

I didn't quite get it.

HENRY:

Your outburst gave her the vapours.

MATTHEWS:

Oh, we'll leave that, I can't quite understand it. Anyhow, last night... now what?

MINISTER:

What about the hole in the road, sir?

HENRY:

Yes.

MINISTER:

We... from the council are very worried about the hole, we want to know what to do with the lamp-post hole.

HENRY:

Yes, sir.

MINISTER:

Can you, er... would you like to take charge of it?

MATTHEWS:

Well, at the present moment it isn't worrying me so much because...

MINISTER:

Didn't you fall in it, sir?

MATTHEWS:

I put me foot in it, it's painful. That's nothing. On the whole, it's done me a lot of good, it's got me two or three jobs.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAY OUT MUSIC.

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme, featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Spike Milligan and our guest, Mr. A. E. Matthews. With the Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray and the orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The program produced by Charles Chilton.

MINNIE:

We go home now, buddy.

MATTHEWS:

Well, I haven't started yet! What do you mean? You don't mean I've finished?

HENRY:

We're very worried, it's a cold night, sir.

MATTHEWS:

You know this is the shortest appearance I've ever made in my life!

HENRY:

Come on, sir, our guest is waiting for you.

LALKAKA:

(MILLIGAN CAN BARELY GET THIS LINE OUT FOR LAUGHING) Our guest is waiting for you, sir.

MATTHEWS:

Can I have a drink now?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, sir! Come along!

MATTHEWS:

Thank you. God bless.

ORCHESTRA:

DING DONG THE WITCH IS DEAD (COMP. ARLEN)