

S8 E26 - The Great Statue Debate

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC.

FX:

PENNY IN MUG.

GREENSLADE:

Even the smallest contributions will be gratefully received. Cheques should be made out to Mr. W. Greenslade in the plain wrappers.

SEAGOON:

Greenslade, take off those dark glasses and put that match tray down.

GREENSLADE:

I'm sorry Mr. Seagoon, it's the recession, you know. It's not my fault.

SEAGOON:

I'll tell you what *is* your fault.

GREENSLADE:

What's that, sir?

SEAGOON:

That big fat steaming belly of yours.

GREENSLADE:

There is *no* steam in my belly, sir.

SEAGOON:

No steam in your belly? Unbutton your waistcoat.

GRAMS:

SUDDEN BURST OF STEAM.

GREENSLADE:

Good heavens!

SEAGOON:

And... sing this well-known phrase.

GREENSLADE:

(SINGS) I'm a little daffodil. (SPEAKING) And it's pronounced -

GRAMS:

SINGS SPED UP - "I'M A LITTLE DAFFODIL".

SEAGOON:

Next... Read the Sanskrit writing-writting on this piece of [UNCLEAR].

GREENSLADE:

Well it's awfully long. Could I have some music behind it, please?

SEAGOON:

My dear friend Webster Smogule will oblige.

SMOGULE:

[MILLIGAN]

Thank you. (MEGAPHONE) (SINGS) Ohh oh, eohhh. (&c CONTINUE UNDER)

GREENSLADE:

An excerpt from the daily press dated the fourth of March. 'A statue of King James 2nd is to be removed from Trafalgar Square to make way for a statue of Sir Walter Raleigh. The move was announced in the House of Commons by the Minister of Works'. Ladies and gentlemen, we present 'The Goon Show'.

OMNES:

POLITICAL RHUBARBS

MINISTER 1:

[MILLIGAN]

Thank you. Erm, the establishment of the drains in Hackney and the one percent on the leather supports for...

MINISTER 2:

[SECOMBE]

What about the drains?

MINISTER 1:

The one percent on the leather supports for aged gentlemen.

MINISTER 3:

[SELLERS]

Don't do it in here, go outside.

MINISTER 1:

Oh, if only he'd have said that sooner.

MINISTER 2:

Disgusting!

MINISTER 1:

Is the mangle factory along the Volga with its heavy... and so... and here... in the river aye... aaugh... the aye the no.

MINISTER 2:

Splendid maiden speech.

MINISTER 1:

Thank you.

MINISTER 4:

[SELLERS]

Are you questioning his sex, madam?

MINISTER 5:

[MILLIGAN]

Please gentlemen, don't spon the splue. I have to clean up afterwards.

MINISTER 2:

Proles!

MINISTER 5:

[MILLIGAN]

What?

MINISTER 4:

Please remember where you are.

MINISTER 2:

I'm afraid I can't.

MINISTER 4:

This is the House of Commons.

MINISTER 2:

Oh, dear. I'd better get out.

MINISTER 4:

Why?

MINISTER 2:

I'm only an assistant draper in Kensington.

MINISTER 6:

[MILLIGAN]

Oh! Have you any oddments? I mean...

MINISTER 2:

Do I? Aha, ha, ha.

MINISTER 6:

Yes? Oh, dear.

GRAMS:

POLITICAL HUBBUB.

GREENSLADE:

(OVER) Silence, please. Silence, please! Please, silence! Oh, silence, I... Please, I insist. I insist. I'm trying to get some sleep. S-L-double-E-P. Pronounced...

GRAMS MILLIGAN:

SLEEEEEEEEEEP!

WEST COUNTRY YOKEL:

[SELLERS]

Me 'orn arn nikka-noo. Conn lawlyn quardle cupkey lard dic parganoo. Oh, ahh-ar-arrgh! Argh! Dick set black get Bristol up for the 'airy on the market black. Tic tac tai, tikkie too argh. Nikkie nacks ark nack nightmare steam dung. Ah-ha.

MINISTER 2:

We should have been told sooner!

MINISTER 7:

[SELLERS]

Don't worry, sir. You soon will be.

MINISTER 2:

Gad!

MINISTER 7:

Ta!

MINISTER 8:

[MILLIGAN]

Yabukkakarkka! Pronounced...

GRAMS MINISTER 8:

RECORDING. HIGHER SPEED "YABUKKAKARKKA!"

MINISTER 2:

There seems to be some strong feeling about this. The house will divide.

GRAMS:

SPLITTING NOISE.

MINISTER 2:

The ayes have it. The no's don't. The legs are unsupported.

MINISTER 9:

[MILLIGAN]

(MEGAPHONE) Hello, folks, hello! With the debates like this England's future was safe. Even now as I stand here I see the Minister of Statues is getting out of his bath to speak.

FX:

WATER SPLASHING.

MINISTER OF STATUES:

[SELLERS]

Honourable members, after several years of careful planning, plonning and plinning which includes the publication of ten white papers, two brown papers, three puce and a leather volume on nothing part three. In view of this, I resign. Taxi! Drive me to the House of Lords.

GRAMS:

TAXI SPEEDS AWAY. CRASH OF BRICK WALL FALLING. TAXI SPEEDS OFF.

MINISTER 2:

Gentlemen, bad news. The leather statue of James the second is to be replaced with a compressed tobacco one of Walter Raleigh.

GRAMS:

ENORMOUS RASPBERRY. (FRED THE OYSTER)

MINISTER 2:

Get that ginger group out of here.

MINISTER 10:

[MILLIGAN]

As independent member for Tom Nurgler's hat I must know, what is the reason for removing James the second?

MINISTER 11:

[SELLERS]

He is dead, sir.

MINISTER 10:

I was referring to his statue, which is still alive.

MINISTER 11:

Long live the statue of James the second.

MINISTER 10:

You'll get a...

MINISTER 2:

Gentlemen, please. We're getting away from the subject. Namely, the statue of Walter Raleigh.

MINISTER 12:

[MILLIGAN]

I don't see the point of putting a statue of Prince [UNCLEAR] in Trafalgar Station.

MINISTER 2:

I keep telling you, Madam, the statue is of Sir Walter Raleigh.

MINISTER 12:

Subtleties will get you nowhere.

MINISTER 2:

I never travel by subtleties so I wouldn't know where they get you. Ha ha ha ha ha! (LAUGHS) "I wouldn't know where they..." A-hem. Now, sir. Whoop! Next week... Next week, for one week only, England's glorious hour will be the unveiling of a tobacco statue of Sir Walter Raleigh – cork-tipped.

MINISTER 13:

[SELLERS]

Well, I should like to tell you as leader for the opposition, I would like to do all in my brown power to have it removed, sir. I'd like to say that here and now. Thanks.

MINISTER 2:

What? I insist it be put back. Are you trying to do me out of a job? What's the matter with you, then?

GREENSLADE:

The House will adjourn.

MINISTER 14:

[MILLIGAN]

Oh, good. Tea. Come on, let's go.

GREENSLADE:

And members are advised to do likewise. And through a rent in the seat of his trousers, I see Max 'Conk' Geldray attempting to escape into the foyer.

GELDRAY:

Ploogie!

MAX GELDRAY

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GELDRAY:

Ploogie! Ploogie!

GREENSLADE:

And now the Great Statue debate part two. One-two! Like that!

SEAGOON:

During the recess I sat in my chamber fuming, one of the few luxuries I still allowed myself. Sir Hock?

THROAT:

Yes, sir.

SEAGOON:

How dare they oppose a statue of Sir Walter Raleigh. Or to put it another way, how dare they oppose a statue of Walter Raleigh. Now you can go.

THROAT:

Ta.

FX:

DOOR SLAMS.

SEAGOON:

Now, being a member of the ginger group I must take my pound of ginger. (GULPS)

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION. STRENGTH 5

FX:

DOOR OPENS QUICKLY.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh! Was that you?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Thank heavens, I thought it was me. Oh!

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok. Everyone stand for the anthem.

ORCHESTRA:

SUDDEN TIMPANI NOTE. HOLD UNDER. SOLEMN HYMN-LIKE VERSION OF BLOODNOK THEME.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSIONS. STRENGTH 7

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Thank you. Now, Neddie, just hold the other end of this military sock, would you?

FX:

BLACKSMITH HAMMERING ON IRON PIECES.

BLOODNOK:

(SINGING) Ah, la-dee-dee-dee. Oh, dear, they... they do take some straightening out, don't they.

SEAGOON:

What's this arrow on the sole?

BLOODNOK:

That's the direction they go. I trust them implicitly. They were in the mutiny, you know. Wait a moment! Wait! Oh, ah oough! Where's me old photographs? Wait. There's somebody inside them! Hand me that tree.

FX:

SWISH OF BRANCH.

MORIARTY:

Awwww! I've been socked.

BLOODNOK:

Great leaping crabs! It's a... What... what... what is it?!

MORIARTY:

You've struck the last of a long line of Thynne - Moriarty. I challenge you to a dual. Ten paces and fire.

FX:

TWO RAPID PISTOL SHOTS.

MORIARTY:

Ahh! Honour is satisfied.

BLOODNOK:

And so am I.

MORIARTY:

Ta. Allow me to present my latest credentials.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, they're a bit cruddy, aren't they? However, I'll play them on this new hygienic gramophone.

GRAMS GRYPYPE:

(RECORDING - SLIGHTLY SPEEDED UP) "HELLO. HELLO. HELLO. MORIARTY RECORD. MORIARTY RECORD. THE OWNER OF THESE CREDENTIALS IS THE GREAT FRENCH STEAMER COUNT JIM 'TIGER-NUTS'..."

GRAMS:

SPRING BONNNNG.

GRAMS GRYPYPE:

"... MORIARTY, DUSTBIN EXTRAORDINARY AND LADY IN WAITING TO [UNCLEAR]."

SEAGOON:

The voice came from a tall handsome nut-strewn man carrying a tin grudge and wheeling a tom cat.

GRYPYPE:

And this is me off the record.

SEAGOON:

What?! State your business.

GRYPYPE:

I am, sir, Hercules Grytpype-et-cetera-et-cetera, owner of the Houses of Parliament.

SEAGOON:

Ha! Our landlord. Well, I'm very pleased to meet you.

GRYTPYPE:

Good, good, good. Here's an eviction notice.

SEAGOON:

No thanks. I'm trying to give them up.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm giving you seven doors to get out. O - U - T pronounced,

GRAMS GRYTPYPE:

(RECORDING - SPEEDED UP) "OUT!"

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, back in the House of Commons.

GRAMS:

PUB BRAWL. SCREAMS. SMASHING GLASS. POLICE CARS SCREECHING UP. POLICE WHISTLES. A MILLIGAN MINISTER DRONING ON.

SEAGOON:

Stop!

GRAMS:

BRAWL STOPS IMMEDIATELY.

SEAGOON:

Members of Parliament, we've been given notice to quit.

MINISTER 14:

Quick! Repeal the rent act!

GRYTPYPE:

Too late. Out you go!

GRAMS:

CHOPIN FUNERAL MARCH. HEAVY FOOTSTEPS OF MASSED FUNERAL CORTEGE.

McGOONIGAL:

[SELLERS]

Oooooooooo!

OMNES:

(IN IMITATION) OOOOOOOOOO!

McGOONIGAL:

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!

OMNES:

(IN IMITATION) OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH, OH!

McGOONIGAL:

(LAME JAZZ) Oh, oh, oh, oh, ohoh, oh, oh, oh, ohoh, oh!

OMNES:

(IN IMITATION) OH, OH, OH, OH, OHOH, OH, OH, OH, OHOH, OH!

McGOONIGAL:

Oooh! They're with me tonight.
What a terrible sight to see
The houses of parliament without an MP.
And oh, how they wandered through the snowy night.
It was enough to give of them a fright.
And so they reached Hyde Park
Where they were stopped by a copper's nark.
And...

SEAGOON:

Carry on members, the position is this...

WILLIUM:

Come on, now, come along! Move along there, mates. No kipping in the park allowed.

SEAGOON:

I say. Alright, lads. Alright, settle down. I'll speak to him. A-hem. Now constable, how dare you...

FX:

FIST INTO PUNCHING BAG.

SEAGOON:

Ohherrrgh!

WILLIUM:

Got 'im, right on his old conservative nut. Now, move along there.

GRAMS:

MOURNFUL WAILING

WILLIUM:

No singing allowed, I tell 'ee. Alright, I'll have to take your names. Now where's me 'airy notebook, 'ere? Here it is under this guardsman. Now then, name?

SEAGOON:

Sir Harold McSeagoon MP.

WILLIUM:

Ain't you got a full signed job then? Cor, funny that. Ha ha!

SEAGOON:

(UNIMPRESSED) Ha ha ha!

WILLIUM:

Now, that's done it, now, that has, mate. In you goes, all on yer. To the old station!

GRAMS:

FURTHER WAILING. HORSE HOOVES GALLOP OFF.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK DETERIORATES INTO CORNY OFF-KEY CHORD.

CRUN:

Thank you, C division band. And now...

FX:

GAVEL ON BENCH

CRUN:

The first case, the Crown verses Charlie Crippen.

MINNIE:

We've done him, legal Crun.

CRUN:

Oh!

MINNIE:

He's been done.

CRUN:

Have we legal, Min? Oh, well, next: the Crown verses the Houses of Parliament.

MINNIE:

What's the charge?

GREENSLADE:

Loittery with intent to govern, me 'lud.

CRUN:

Where is the calcitrant?

SEAGOON:

Over here.

CRUN:

Oh. Yoo hoo!

SEAGOON:

Yoo hoo!

GREENSLADE:

Members of the jury, you have just heard the evidence 'Yoo hoo'. Have you reached a decision?

JURY MEMBER:

[SECOMBE]

Yes, we want to go home.

GREENSLADE:

Oh, but what of the prisoners?

GRYTPYPE:

Guilty, me 'lud.

SEAGOON:

You swine, Grytpype. You made England's government homeless.

GRYTPYPE:

You passed the act, chum.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, folks. Hello, folks. Don't worry, folks. I'm over here, folks.

CRUN:

Yoo hoo!

SEAGOON:

Yoo hoo!

MINNIE:

Morning.

SEAGOON:

It's alright, folks. The Minister of Transport made available to us a number one hundred and thirty-eight tram, which the government boarded at the Elephant and Castle.

GREENSLADE:

And so Parliament was reassembled.

SEAGOON:

Yes. It was wonderful to hear the opening speech.

VERY OLD MINISTER:

[MILLIGAN]

Members of Parliament...

FX:

TRAM BELL

VERY OLD MINISTER:

Hold tight.

GRAMS:

RACING CAR ROARING OFF AT SPEED.

SPRIGGS:

Hon... Hon' members. Hon' mem-berrrrrs! Hello, Jims. We'll take up the agenda where we left off. Left offffff!

SEAGOON:

Thank you. The statue of the leather statue will be removed tomorrow and the hand rolled tobacco statue of Raleigh will be unveiled by Barbara Keller's fiftieth cousin, Jim Fedder of Leeds, Ontario. A camel. The colour... of the dustmen's uniforms...

CONDUCTRESS:

[SELLERS]

Fares, please!

SEAGOON:

The dustmen's uniforms will be...

CONDUCTRESS:

Fares, please. Do you mind, cheeky?

SEAGOON:

See the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

SPRIGGS:

Yes, Jim. Now, five hundred and thirty-three tickets to Trafalgar Square.

CONDUCTRESS:

Five hundred and forty-three tickets did you say?

SPRIGGS:

Yes, please.

GRAMS CONDUCTRESS:

(RECORDING. START AT NORMAL SPEED AND GRADUALLY SPEED UP) 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 (ETC AND FADE)

ECCLES:

Anybody sitting here?

SEAGOON:

Get off, ya spotty Herbert. This is a private tram.

ECCLES:

Ooh, good, I like travelling in private.

SEAGOON:

Hurl this man in the direction of out.

ECCLES:

You touch me and you'll see what you'll get.

SEAGOON:

What?

ECCLES:

Measles!

SEAGOON:

Run for it! He's got measles!

ECCLES:

Come back, I tell you!

GRAMS:

SHRIEKING CROWD. DEPARTING BOOTS. FADE INTO DISTANCE.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

The scene: the measles ward of the Battersea Dog's Hospital.

ECCLES:

'Ello!

GRAMS:

MASSED DOGS.

BLOODNOK:

Nurse! Nurse! Oh, nurse! The screens! The screens, nurse! Oh, oh-oh! Get that tree away from my bed, will you!

MINNIE:

Coming. Coming. Coming.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, hooough! Oh, hooooough! Oh, dear!

MINNIE:

Oh, no!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, ho hooooooo!

MINNIE:

Hold it!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, hohohohoho! Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh, that's better.

SEAGOON:

Please, Major, do you mind?

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

We're trying to hold a meeting of Parliament over here. Now, gentlemen, about this statue.

GREENSLADE:

Mister Seagoon. The show is under running. Could we spread it out a bit more?

SEAGOON:

Spread it. Okay.

GREENSLADE:

Oh, splendid, yes, yes, do spread it.

SEAGOON:

(VERY SLOWLY) Gen - tle - men! Wee'rre haaaaviiing aaaa moooomeeeent at oooour lou-ouuuuur...

SPRIGGS:

(VERY, VERY SLOWLY) Yeeeeeeeeesss. Yoooooouuu're riiiiiiiiight. Yoooooouuu arrrrrrrre rrrrrrriiiiiiight, Jiiiiimmmmm!

SEAGOON:

Whhhhhooooooo oooootherrrrrr...(DISAPPEARS INTO OBSCURITY)

GRAMS:

SOUND OF ENORMOUS WOODEN WALL GROANING AND SAGGING. SLOW FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL APPROACHING. (HOLD UNDER)

GREENSLADE:

I say, we weren't *really* behind time. I told them a fib. And I must say, I did enjoy it. And just to show the mood I'm in, I'm going to pop this paper bag.

FX:

PAPER BAG BURSTS.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hey, you swine, I was in there. Hello everybody.

GREENSLADE:

What were you doing in my paper bag?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I was doing my world-famous impressions of wrapped fruit. Now for my encore, I would like to do my well-known impression of Major Bloodnok.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION - STRENGTH 5. MIX IN ENORMOUS BURST OF AIR ESCAPING. (HOLD UNDER)

BLOODNOK:

Oh, hoo ho ho ho hough! The screens, nurse, quick! The screens. Oh!

GRAMS:

ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you. I'm glad that you like the classics.

ECCLES:

'Ello, Bottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, hello, Eccles.

ECCLES:

'Ello...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh. Where have you been all the week, then? I didn't... you wasn't there at school, was you.

ECCLES:

No, I... no, I know... I know that, yep. I know dat.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Who told you?

ECCLES:

I... I went and looked through the school window and I wasn't there. So, I went home. And when I... when I got back home, guess what I happened.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Erm... oh! You saw Irene Groinge holding a twig.

ECCLES:

Er. No. No.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Erm... I give up. I don't know, what happened?

ECCLES:

Ohhh! Now I'll *never* know.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You twit of a child, you. Just for that I give you Ray Ellington right in your lug 'ole! Splunnie! Ray Ellington.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

The Great Statue Debate, part three. The - if you'll pardon the expression - unveiling.

GRAMS:

BRASS BAND RECORDING OF 'LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY' AT WILDLY VARYING SPEEDS. APPLAUSE AT END.

SEAGOON:

My dear friends, frands and fronds. Owing to a sculptor's error, I name this statue Mrs. Sir Walter Raleigh. And may all who sail in her... Wait a minute! There's somebody under the unveiling sheet.

LALKAKA:

Please do not arouse yourself. It is only those two sons of fun, Lalkaka and Banerjee transport company. Hooray.

BANERJEE:

Hooray. This is indeed a very graphic description of the nature of our vocational activity, you see.

LALKAKA:

Chut chup.

SEAGOON:

Chut chup to you, too.

LALKAKA:

What?

SEAGOON:

Why have... why have you got the statue in a push cart?

LALKAKA:

Oh, dear, man.

BANERJEE:

Oh, dear.

LALKAKA:

Oh, dear. We were orrrrrdered to do it.

BANERJEE:

Yes, we were definitely orrrrrdered to do it, you see.

WILLIUM:

'Ere.

LALKAKA:

Good job.

WILLIUM:

You'll all get run in if you don't get a move on.

SEAGOON:

It's a copper!

WILLIUM:

Aough! It's the strolling politicians lot. Take that!

GRAMS:

BELTS ON NUT AT VARYING PITCHES. SHOUTING IN BACKGROUND.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

McGOONIGAL:

[SELLERS]

And so the great trek began

Five hundred and thirty politicians and one man

Tramping the country and at their head

An ordinary tobacco statue which was believed to be dead.

SEAGOON:

Oh, Hon' members.

OLD MINISTER:

[MILLIGAN]

Ooo yes.

SEAGOON:

Ooo, it's no good. The plates! The plates! Oh! We must force an entry back into the houses of parliament.

MACMILLAN:

[SELLERS]

Yes, you're quite right of course. Here we are, the government of England showing the countryside we're rich, living off the fat of the land and the thin of the sea.

GRYTPYPE:

Did you hear that, Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Only the words.

GRYTPYPE:

Curse and we don't know the formula. Here, hold this piece of burnt rubber.

MORIARTY:

Ach!

GRYTPYPE:

Now, stand on your head in this bowl of knee-cap soup. Keep these stale fish bones clenched between your French knees. And tie this cheese knife to your ear. At the same time strapping these glucose pencils around your ankles.

MORIARTY:

Awwwwah.

GRYTPYPE:

Got it?

MORIARTY:

Yeah.

GRYTPYPE:

There. I shall always remember you like that.

MORIARTY:

Awwwwah! It's wonderful to be in love again. Wait a minute, look!

GRYTPYPE:

What?

MORIARTY:

Here comes Neddie Seajoon on the British Government.

GRYTPYPE:

Quick! Unroll this luxury cardboard lounge.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww....

GRAMS:

CREAKING CARDBOARD UNROLLING.

GRYTPYPE:

Hello, Neddie.

MORIARTY:

Helloooooooo!

GRYTPYPE:

Inflate these rubber trousers and sit down.

SEAGOON:

No thank you. I'm perfectly comfortable on this razorblade.

GRYTPYPE:

Ho, ho, ho, ho! I have decided that you can have the Houses of Parliament back provided you give us the uncooked portion of England.

SEAGOON:

But... but *none* of it's cooked.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh. Then we shall have to eat it raw. Moriarty, the spoons!

MORIARTY:

Alright.

GRAMS:

(RECORDING) BRISK PIANO AND SPOONS MUSIC HALL NUMBER, WITH MORIARTY ON VOCALS.

SEAGOON:

Thank you! And here in return is the uncooked portion of England.

FX:

TRASH, (BOTTLES, CANS ETC) BEING SHOVELLED INTO CONTAINER.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, that's it, Hon. Mems. Just shovel it into this American safe deposit. And here in return are the keys to Parliament.

GRAMS:

ECHOEY TURNING OF OLD FASHIONED KEY IN LOCK.

SEAGOON:

Ah! It's great to be back.

MINISTER 1:

[SELLERS]

Yes. That little sojourn taught all us politicians a lesson - no more wasting public time and money.

SEAGOON:

Hear! Hear!

MINISTER 2:

[MILLIGAN]

Yes, quite right - no more wasting public time and money. Now gentlemen, about this leather statue. I think it ought to face east.

SEAGOON:

Don't be silly, think of where the moss would grow. Very uncomfortable...

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, 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, John Antrobus and Rabelais, announcer Wallace Greenslade; the programme was produced by Charles Chilton.