

Vintage E06 - The Vanishing Room

Transcribed by Moriarty. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

The BBC presents Vintage Goons, another in the series of programmes first broadcast to British listeners in 1954.

ORCHESTRA:

SHORT FANFARE IN G.

GRAMS:

CHEERING.

SELLERS:

(WIMPILY) Ta. (THESPIANICALLY) In the county of Sissex lies the Hamlet of Brodley-on-Cleat, known locally as Brodley-on-Cleat from the village of the same name.

MILLIGAN:

(IRISH ACCENT) Population in 1889: 4,862.

SECOMBE:

Population in 1954: 87.

SELLERS:

Principle exports: population.

GREENSLADE:

Brodley-on-Cleat bore one famous son, the Poet Sprund. He wrote but one sonnet.

SPRUND:

[SELLERS]

(YOKEL) An art and glued, the clued and garly by. Arnd du full fargen dypen crackley glarn. Be near the clated Brodley bicent down. Ahahahar, ahahahar. Brodley-on-Cleat, by ripple slipped gyzee down. Oohohar.

GREENSLADE:

On hearing this, the villagers erected a tombstone and placed the poet under it.

ORCHESTRA:

START OF 'GREENSLEEVES'

SECOMBE:

Thus the villagers slept through the centuries. Its rural simplicity broken only by moments of simple fun such as...

SELLERS:

The dreaded werewolf murders of 1776.

THROAT:

The black agonised stranglings of '77.

SECOMBE:

The ghastly massacres of '78.

SELLERS:

(NASAL VOICE) The two-headed axe murders of '79.

MILLIGAN:

The case of the Walding regiment murders and then... and then there was...

ORCHESTRA:

TIMPANI ROLL.

SELLERS:

(GAY) The Vicker's garden party.

GREENSLADE:

Can one wonder, then, at the horror that beset those peaceful villagers when, in 1953, they found themselves inextricably embroiled in...

SECOMBE:

The Case of the Vanishing Room.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

SELLERS:

Indeed, the Case of the Vanishing Room. There was only one man to call in.

SEAGOON:

There was only one man available. Me. Inspector Ned Seagoon. I well recall that morning when I was taken in my dustbin to Scotland Yard.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, LID OF DUSTBIN TAKEN OFF.

SCOTTISH CHIEF:

[SELLERS]

Ah, Secombe, get out of that dustbin and sit down. Things are happenin' and happenin' fast. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if the phone didn't ring.

(PAUSE)

SEAGOON:

You're right, it didn't.

SCOTTISH CHIEF:

Secombe, you've got a police dog's certificate?

SEAGOON:

I have.

SCOTTISH CHIEF:

Then why aren't you wearing your spike collar?

SEAGOON:

Well, it was a bit warm this morning, I... I left it in the oven last night you see I... (LAUGHS)

SCOTTISH CHIEF:

Oh, you silly little doggy, you.

SEAGOON:

(MAKES DOG NOISES)

SCOTTISH CHIEF:

Oh, you are a silly little doggy.

SEAGOON:

(MAKES SHORT DOG NOISE) Poo-poo. Ahowww..

SCOTTISH CHIEF:

However, there's been a diabolical mur..... (CORPSES) There's been a diabolical murder at Brodley-on-Cleat. I want you to find out a few things. Ha-a-mu-ow.

SEAGOON:

Right! Sergeant Ellington, spread out and follow me.

ORCHESTRA:

FAST-TEMPO LINK.

GREENSLADE:

So, Secombe and his hordes arrived at Brodley-on-Cleat.

SELLERS:

(MONOTONE) Brodley-on-Cleat in the county of Sissex lies in the Hamlet of Brodley-on-Cleat, known locally as Brodley-on-cleat...

SEAGOON:

Thank you, thank you, we've had all that before.

SELLERS:

(EFFEMINATE) Oh, you made me hurt myself! I'm... uh-owwl

SEAGOON:

Come on, lads, this is the police station.

FX:

DOOR KNOCKER KNOCKING ON DOOR.

HENRY CRUN:

(SNORING)

MINNIE:

Ooohh. Oh, yooooou.... Hen... Henry? Henry?

SEAGOON:

Ssh! Flatten against the wall, someone's coming.

MINNIE:

Hen... Henry? Nicky-nucky-noo! Heenryyyyyy?

HENRY CRUN:

What? What is...?

MINNIE:

Phish tooo! Henryyyy?

HENRY CRUN:

I've had two fish, Min, what do you want?

MINNIE:

I heard a.... (PAUSE) I heard a knock on the door, Henry.

MINNIE:

Oooohhh!

HENRY CRUN:

Knick, knack, knock...

MINNIE:

Ohhhh, did you hear that...?

HENRY CRUN:

What? What? What? What? What?

MINNIE:

Ohhhh, the knocking.

HENRY CRUN AND MINNIE:

Knicky, knocky... (ETC)

MINNIE:

There's someone knocking at the door, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

What? What? What? What? It *is* knocking, Min, on the door, I think.

MINNIE:

Answer it, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

I can't find it, Min.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear. Where did you leave that door last?

HENRY CRUN:

I... I found it, I found the door, Min.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh....

FX:

DOOR KNOCKER KNOCKING ON DOOR.

SEAGOON:

Open up in the name of the law!

MIN BANNISTER AND HENRY CRUN:

Phish tooo!

HENRY CRUN:

Min, someone's found the brown door from the other side.

MINNIE:

What?

HENRY CRUN:

It must reach both ways.

MINNIE:

Oh, mercy, save us! We'll all be murdered in our beds, I tell you. Oh, god, we'll all be murdered!

HENRY CRUN:

Don't worry, Min, don't worry.

MINNIE:

Oooh, the powers are leaving me, the powers are leaving me.

HENRY CRUN:

Min, defend your legs, Min. I'll take cover and defend you. Give me that loaded dish cloth.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

And about time, too.

MINNIE:

Phish-tooo!

HENRY CRUN:

Hands up, you devil.

MINNIE:

Hands up!

HENRY CRUN:

Don't force me to use this eiderdown.

SEAGOON:

Calm down. Calm down, please. I'm... I'm Inspector Seagoon.

HENRY CRUN:

Is this an official visit?

SEAGOON:

I'm afraid you'll have to put your helmet on.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, dear, that'll mean re-potting the geraniums.

MINNIE:

And the baby, too.

SEAGOON:

Yes (LAUGHS). Now, lads.

HENRY CRUN:

Phish too!

SEAGOON:

Where's the criminal record book? Meantime, Max Geldray will play a blunt instrument.

MINNIE:

Heelp!

MAX GELDRAY:

'ONE, TWO, BUTTON YOUR SHOE'

GREENSLADE:

From Crun, Secombe learnt that the murder had been committed at the home of Lord Cretinby.

SEAGOON:

Ooh.

GREENSLADE:

And in no time, he was knocking at the door.

MINNIE:

Knicky-knocky-noo!

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRYTPYPE:

(WHISPER) Yes, who is it?

SEAGOON:

(WHISPER) Is this the place where there's been a murder?

GRYTPYPE:

(WHISPER) Yes. Which murder are you inquiring about?

SEAGOON:

(WHISPER) Which murder? How many have there been?

GRYTPYPE:

(WHISPER) One.

SEAGOON:

(WHISPER) That's the one. Now, I'm Inspector Seagoon and I...

BUTLER:

[SELLERS]

(OFF, LOUD, NASAL VOICE) Close the door, will you? The snow's drifting over the body and you know what a weak chest he has!

SEAGOON:

(WHISPER) Here, why isn't *he* whispering?

GRYTPYPE:

(WHISPER) He hasn't got laryngitis.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

BUTLER:

[MILLIGAN as SPRIGGS]

Hello, Jim. I said... ohhhh. The police. The poliiiiice!

SEAGOON:

Yes, the poliiiiice!

BUTLER:

Ohoho! I... I... I am Willoughby the butler. I found the body. Namely, Lord Cretinby. Come in.

(SINGING) Come iiiiiin!

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

Now, so you found the body.

BUTLER:

I did, sir. I did. When I entered the library to serve the poisoned coffee.

SEAGOON:

Ah. Oh. The library, you say.

BUTLER:

(SINGS) The library I saaaayyyy!

SEAGOON:

Mm-hmm.

BUTLER:

That hurts.

SEAGOON:

Did you... did you see him fall?

BUTLER:

No, sir, I was too busy wiping the blood-stained knife.

SEAGOON:

Mmm. The library, you say?

BUTLER:

The library, I say.

SEAGOON:

Mm-hmm.

BUTLER:

Mm-hmm.

SEAGOON:

Did anyone else come into the room?

BUTLER:

Impossible, sir. I never left the table save to dissolve the pistol in an acid bath.

SEAGOON:

The library, you say?

GRYTPYPE:

The library, I say.

BUTLER:

He didn't let *me* say it.

GRYTPYPE:

It wasn't your say.

GREENSLADE:

During the course of this mystery, certain heavily disguised clues will be planted giving a key to the real murderer. Now, read on.

SEAGOON:

You are Lord Cretinby's secretary.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

So, Lord Cretinby was shot, poisoned and stabbed.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, sir, yes.

SEAGOON:

I see. Did he give any explanation of this?

GRYTPYPE:

Not a word, sir, no.

SEAGOON:

He won't get away with this.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, I wouldn't be too confident, sir, Lord Cretinby is a difficult man to handle.

SEAGOON:

Why?

GRYTPYPE:

He's frozen solid, sir

SEAGOON:

What did you do next?

GRYTPYPE:

I called the doctor, of course.

SEAGOON:

Why?

GRYTPYPE:

That's his name, Ofcourse. Terrence Ofcourse, you must've heard of him.

SEAGOON:

Why should I?

GRYTPYPE:

I've just told you about him.

SEAGOON:

Oohh, yes. I'll make a note of that.

ORCHESTRA:

PIANO PLAYING HIGH A NOTE

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Now photographs of the scene of the crime. Eccles?

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

ECCLES:

Ah, yeah, did I hear yer, hallo?

SEAGOON:

Have you got your camera?

ECCLES:

Yeah, I got it.

SEAGOON:

That's a bit of luck.

ECCLES:

Why?

SEAGOON:

I want you to take some photographs.

ECCLES:

What a coincidence!

SEAGOON:

Why?

ECCLES:

I've got my camera!

SEAGOON:

Good! We'll be able to take some photographs.

ECCLES:

Well, I'm glad I brought my camera.

SEAGOON:

Right, you're the very one to take some photos.

ECCLES:

Right, I'll get set up. (LAUGHS)

SEAGOON:

You'd never think he was a Duke's son, would you?

GRYTPYPE:

No.

SEAGOON:

Well don't 'cause he's not. (CLEARS THROAT)

ECCLES:

OK, all ready. Who's it to be?

SEAGOON:

I want a photograph of that body lying in the corner.

ECCLES:

Oooh. Ain't he gonna stand up?

SEAGOON:

He can't, he's had it.

ECCLES:

Ooh. Well, ok, but these pictures won't look very lifelike.

SEAGOON:

Have you got a dark room?

ECCLES:

Yeah, I got a... (SOFTER VOICE) Here! I got a dark room that will revolutionise *all* dark rooms.

SEAGOON:

How come?

ECCLES:

(NORMAL VOICE) It's got a light in it! (LAUGHS)

SEAGOON:

Get on with it.

ECCLES:

OK now then, ready? One... two...

SEAGOON:

Hold it, hold it, you've got the camera pointing at yourself.

ECCLES:

Oooh, I wondered why all the pictures had been coming out like me. I've got a million photographs of me.

SEAGOON:

Get on with it, get on, lad, get on.

ECCLES:

OK, OK. Now, come on, Lordship. Come on, little body. Look at the dicky birds. Come on, smile!

FX:

CAMERA SHUTTER.

ECCLES:

Oh! That's it! I took him!

SEAGOON:

Well, well, well, we'll have to seal the room. Eccles, you seal all the windows.

ECCLES:

OK.

SEAGOON:

Grytpype, you're doing nothing.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Come with me. We'll seal the main door.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

Right, now we'll just nail these boards over.

GRAMS:

FAST NAILING

SEAGOON:

Now a few locks and chains.

FX:

RATTLING CHAINS.

SEAGOON:

That's it. Now the final touch. I'll just spread this micro dust to pick up fingerprints.

FX:

TAPPING OF SOME SORT.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha. Now no-one can get in that room until I open this door. And believe me, that'll take some opening. (LAUGHS)

ECCLES:

(MUFFLED) OK, open up, I've sealed all the windows in here.

SEAGOON:

Ah, no! I've left him inside. It'll all have to come down again. Come on, lend me a hand. Grytpype...

GRAMS:

BRICKS FALLING TO GROUND.

SEAGOON:

(OVER GRAMS) I don't know why I brought him in the first place. Proper Nelly. Police photographer? He should never have left the Eastbourne beach.

GRYTPYPE:

Right, it's all done, sir.

SEAGOON:

Well done, I'll go in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

GRAMS:

(FAINT) DOOR BELL RINGS.

GRYTPYPE:

Inspector?

SEAGOON:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

There's somebody at the front door.

SEAGOON:

For heaven's sake, go down and answer it.

GRYTPYPE:

Right, sir.

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS ON FLOORBOARDS, THEN TILES, DOOR BELL RINGS.

GRYTPYPE:

(HUMMING) Coming, I'm coming. I'm coming!

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

You took your time!

MILLIGAN:

(ASIDE) He took his, too, didn't he!

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) I don't wish to know.

GRYTPYPE:

(ASIDE) Well, someone did. (BACK IN CHARACTER) Inspector, I thought you were upstairs in the library.

SEAGOON:

It's gone, the library's gone. I went in and I walked into thin air.

GRYTPYPE:

The room is gone?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

But the photographer and Lord Cretinby.

SEAGOON:

Yes, (PANICKING) they've gone, too! Ellington! Follow that room!

ELLINGTON:

Right, hold tight.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Well done, well done.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'WILL YOU STILL BE MINE?'

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile in Paris, where he had been driven by the music you've just heard, Major Bloodnok, a well-known army absentee, was checking into a typical Montmartre pension, the Hotel Fred, little knowing what was in store.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Aaeoouugghh!

FRENCH HOTEL SECRETARY:

[SECOMBE]

Oui, Monsieur?

BLOODNOK:

I want a single room with adjoining doors, please.

FRENCH HOTEL SECRETARY:

Our speciality, Monsieur.

BLOODNOK:

Good, good.

FRENCH HOTEL SECRETARY:

Sign the register, please.

BLOODNOK:

Right, certainly, certainly.

FX:

PEN SCRATCHING ON PAPER.

BLOODNOK:

(OVER FX) Mr. & Mrs. Smith.

FRENCH HOTEL SECRETARY:

But Monsieur is alone.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, yes, pardon me, I thought I was on holiday, I beg your pardon. Major Bloodnok, Indian Army, retired. Now come along you naughty Frenchman, where's me room?

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

FRENCH HOTEL SECRETARY:

Voici le chamber.

BLOODNOK:

Right, well here's something for your trouble.

FRENCH HOTEL SECRETARY:

It was no trouble.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, well, in that case I'll have it back again. Get out of here!

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

BLOODNOK:

Now, where's the bathroom? Ah, here it is. Thud me crodger and split me thradera! The blasted door has recently been sealed and unsealed.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

ECCLES:

Oh, Inspector Seagoon... ooh? Inspector Seagoon, you're in disguise.

BLOODNOK:

Flip me dongler and lower me groblers! Who in blazes is this ragged goon?

ECCLES:

Oh, don't fool around, Inspector Seagoon, I've sealed all the windows like you told me.

BLOODNOK:

What the devil are you talking about, you... you Neolithic, naughty boy, you? What are you doing with that naughty camera?

ECCLES:

I was taking pictures of the body.

BLOODNOK:

Filthy postcards!

ECCLES:

No... No, no! I ain't been taking...

BLOODNOK:

Don't lie to me. How much do you want for the lot, then?

ECCLES:

I... I ain't got any of them postcards.

BLOODNOK:

Then get out of here, you clean postcarder you. You.... Wait a...! What? Aahaha ooh! Who's that disgusting boulder lying on the floor?

ECCLES:

I was taking his photograph.

BLOODNOK:

Lying down?

ECCLES:

No, I was standing up, *he* was lying down.

BLOODNOK:

You felt no pain, of course?

ECCLES:

No, but you've done me a power of good.

BLOODNOK:

Good. Who is... who is this infernal man, anyway?

ECCLES:

Well, er, um, that's Lord Cretinby.

BLOODNOK:

Rubbish.

ECCLES:

No, that's not rubbish, that's Lord Cretinby.

BLOODNOK:

But look here, this is impossible. I know for a fact that Lord Cretinby was murdered yesterday at Brodley-on-Cleat.

ECCLES:

I know, I... I... I've *been* here since yesterday.

BLOODNOK:

But this is Paris.

ECCLES:

(GULPS) Paris? (SHOCKED) This is... this is Paris???

BLOODNOK:

Yes, Paris. Clud me thudder!

ECCLES:

Wallop!

BLOODNOK:

Ow. Look out of the window there. Look, I mean look, there's the Eiffel Tower,...

ECCLES:

Yeah?

BLOODNOK:

...Montmartre, Arc de Triomphe!

ECCLES:

Ooh. What's Paris doing in Brodley-on-Cleat?

BLOODNOK:

What *are* you talking about?

ECCLES:

I tell you that man...

BLOODNOK:

(OVER ECCLES) No, look here! Don't...

ECCLES:

...Brodley-on-Cleat and I took a dicky bird photograph of him...

ORCHESTRA:

MYSTERIOUS LINK.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in Brodley-on-Cleat, Inspector Seagoon suddenly hit a clue.

SEAGOON:

I've got it! When we opened that door the library had disappeared, right?

GRYTPYPE:

So right.

SEAGOON:

There was a phone in that room, wasn't there?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Brodley 391.

SEAGOON:

So, if I phone that number, I should get through to that room. Give me that phone.

FX:

PHONE TAKEN OFF HOOK, DIALS NUMBER.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha. They don't call me brainless Seagoon for nothing, you know.

GRYTPYPE:

I'm sure they don't, sir.

GRAMS:

OUTGOING RING, PHONE PICKED UP ON OTHER END.

ECCLES:

(OTHER END) Um (CLEARS THROAT) Hello? Brodley 391, here.

SEAGOON:

Eccles? Is that you, Eccles?

ECCLES:

(OTHER END) Um, just a minute. (PAUSE) Yeah, it's me.

SEAGOON:

Where did you go?

ECCLES:

(OTHER END) Look in the mirror.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, where are you?

ECCLES:

(OTHER END) I'm in Paris (CHUCKLES).

SEAGOON:

Good heavens, the missing room's in Paris. Eccles wait there, I'll catch the next train to Paris!

ECCLES:

(OTHER END) Right.

GRAMS:

STEAMING TRAIN, GUARD'S WHISTLE, CHUG OF STEAM TRAIN FADING.

SEAGOON:

I should've been on that train. Never mind, I'll catch the next pair of Paris bound boots. I'll leave for Dover at once!

GRAMS:

SPLASH.

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah. (AFTER APPLAUSE) Ta.

SELLERS:

Thank you, lad. Meantime, in the Hotel Fred, the manager had made two startling discoveries. A British room was staying at his hotel. And Bloodnok had been concealing two unpaid guests, one living, one dead.

ECCLES:

I'm the living one, folks.

BLOODNOK:

This blasted manager's locked me in my room and I...

FX:

FAST KNOCKS ON DOOR.

BLOODNOK:

Yeough! It's that fiendish Frenchman, again.

ECCLES:

How do you know?

BLOODNOK:

He's knocking in French.

FRENCH HOTEL MANAGER:

[GREENSLADE]

Ouvre le port, (SOMETHING IN FRENCH).

ECCLES:

Ooh, it's a foreigner!

BLOODNOK:

What, do you mean they've even got them in France? Oh, well, entrée.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

FRENCH HOTEL MANAGER:

Now, Monsieur, ze bill. If you do not pay it, we will throw you out.

BLOODNOK:

One more threat like that and I'll leave.

FRENCH HOTEL MANAGER:

Monsieur must pay for the extra British room he brought in.

BLOODNOK:

But I didn't bring it here.

FRENCH HOTEL MANAGER:

Maybe not, but your friend is lying down in it.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, he's dead.

FRENCH HOTEL MANAGER:

Oh, pardon! Then we'll make a reduction. We always make a reduction for dead person.

BLOODNOK:

How kind, how kind.

FRENCH HOTEL MANAGER:

There only remains, let me see now, 5,000 francs for the extra room.

BLOODNOK:

What? But I'm not living in the extra room!

FRENCH HOTEL MANAGER:

We are not charging you for *living* in the room.

BLOODNOK:

Then what are you charging for?

FRENCH HOTEL MANAGER:

We are charging for the room staying at this hotel.

BLOODNOK:

Clud me thudderer and frauder me zallibet! Get out of here, you fiend. We're Britishers, do you hear?

ECCLES:

Yeah, just remember, just remember... What am I talking about, remember what?

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Alright, you French devil, drop that tray. Bluebottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you call, I heard you call me, captain. Hooray! Hooray! Give your orders, I will work 'til I drop!
I always drop when I work. Moves left stage, strikes policeman pose with truncheon out ready.
Remains alert.

SEAGOON:

Have you done?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Right, Bluebottle, arrest that corpse.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I will arrest him! I will... corpse? Did you say arrest the corpse, my captain? Ehium. Turns white, ears turn green, hairs fall out, legs drop off, feels faint, but manages to hold onto drainpipe.

SEAGOON:

Arrest him, I said, arrest that corpse!

BLUEBOTTLE:

What is the charge? Name the charge against that corpse, man.

SEAGOON:

Leaving the country without a passport.

ECCLES:

Ooh, but he ain't done nothing, that's Lord Cretinby. It's him that's been done in.

SEAGOON:

Is that true, Lord Cretinby? Have you been murdered? So you won't answer, eh? This'll go hard on you at the trial. Bluebottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Speak, captain! Let your orders ring out to my welcoming ears. Crime does not pay, I say! Crime does not pay! If it did, I would've joined it. Strikes heroic 'McClusky of the Mounties' pose.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, you've finished have you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I have.

SEAGOON:

Right, now we'll reconstruct the crime. Bluebottle, you'll sit in that chair and take the place of the late Lord Cretinby. Eccles, you take the murder gun, walk in here and pretend to shoot Bluebottle three times like they do in the pictures, right?

ECCLES:

Goodie, goodie, this is fun. Where's that pistol? Now I'll go outside.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

ECCLES:

(OFF) Now then, are you ready?

SEAGOON:

Righto, let's be having you.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

ECCLES:

Ahahahaha ha! So, Lord Cretinby, your time has come! Take that!

GRAMS:

GUNSHOTS.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You swine, you rotten swine! You have shotted me. Farewell, cruel world! Eihii! Slumps to floor in death agony, does quick twitch, auee... Oh! There's a nail in the floor.

SEAGOON:

That's it, that's how the murder was done! Eccles.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

I arrest you for the murder.

ECCLES:

I didn't kill Lord Cretinby.

SEAGOON:

In that case I arrest you for the murder of Constable Bluebottle.

ECCLES:

I didn't know this gun was...

GRAMS:

GUNSHOT.

ECCLES:

Aeough!

SEAGOON:

Look out, you fool!

GRAMS:

GUNSHOT.

ECCLES:

Ow!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, you deaded me, again!

GRAMS:

GUNSHOT.

SEAGOON:

Why are you doing that...?

ECCLES:

I don't know.

ECCLES, SEAGOON AND BLUEBOTTLE:

Aeough, ow! (MORE GUNSHOTS) Etc.

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME.

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott, script by Spike Milligan, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Roy Speer.

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME CONTINUES.