

Vintage E14 - The First Albert Memorial to the Moon

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC.

GRAMS:

STRANGE SPACE AGE MUSIC.

SELLERS:

(REVERB) 'When he has conquered all the depths of space, when he has ridden all the oceans of the sky then man will have only just begun'.

GRAMS:

CRESCENDO AND HOLD UNDER...

SECOMBE:

So spake H.G. Wells, prophet of our time. And so man, the restless one, strains at the bonds which tie him to him to his own planet. Space... What lies beyond? What lies beyond... spaaaaace?

GRAMS:

RECORDING: CRESCENDO AND FADE OUT.

NUGENT DIRT:

[SELLERS]

Mum! Mum! Oh, mum!

MRS DIRT:

[SECOMBE]

What is it Nugent? Can't you see I'm busy ironing your father's head?

NUGENT DIRT:

Mum! 'Ere, what's that up in the sky there, Mum?

MRS DIRT:

[UNCLEAR]

NUGENT DIRT:

No, Mum, not that. What's that up in the ol' 'eaven up there?

MRS DIRT:

None of our family, dear. Now run along and play young murderers like a good little boy.

NUGENT DIRT:

No, mum. Look up! Cor, look at dat dere. Up in de sky!

MRS DIRT:

What's the matter with you?

NUGENT DIRT:

No, look! Look at it!

MRS DIRT:

What?

NUGENT DIRT:

There! Look!!

MRS DIRT:

Ahhhhhgh! Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhrgh!

SELLERS:

At the self same moment at Mount Palomar Observatory two professors see it.

PROFESSOR 1:

[MILLIGAN]

I say, Professor Plugg. Lo-ooouk, lo-lo-ooouk, lo-lo-loouk, look through the telescope. Professor, look!

PROFESSOR 2:

[SECOMBE]

(GERMAN ACCENT) It's something heading for the moon.

PROFESSOR 1:

Yes. Looks like a large ornamental statue.

PROFESSOR 2:

It can't be.

SELLERS:

But it was. Here then is the story of it entitled;

SECOMBE:

The First Albert Memorial to the Moon.

THROAT:

Corrrr!

GRAMS:

DRAMATIC CHORD

SEAGOON:

My name is Seagoon, Professor Seagoon. Why my parents christened me 'Professor' I'll never know. But that's a horse of a different colour. My story is unusual. Here then first is Cyril Shin-stick.

CYRIL SHIN-STICK:

[MILLIGAN]

(AHM) Thank you. Could I have a...?

(SINGING WITH NASAL VIBRATO) I find you here... (LONG, GARBLED SONG). Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Cyril Shin-Stick has no bearing on my story. I included him for one reason. He was cheap. But... but that's a horse of different colour. As I was saying before, and I'll say it again, but that's a horse of a different colour. Ha ha ha ha ha! Ahem.

SELLERS:

The date, August the 3rd of June, May 1950-12-11. Seagoon, then a young man of two, hurried into the offices of the British Interplanetary Society clutching vital plans.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

MORIARTY:

Ooooh. Hah hah hah hauegh! Come in, nice Professor Seagoon.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, come in, Professor Seagoon. Come in, I say! Hello, everybody. Thinks: Cor! Unthinks. A greeting loud and true, I give you. Let the welcome ring!

FX:

MULTIPLE BELTS ON NUT. (WOODBLOCKS OF DIFFERENT TONES)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oohie! Ooo. Unscrews lump off nut. Thank you. Moves backstage, sits down.

MORIARTY:

Now listen, Neddie. This is Bluebottle, an unusual boy.

SEAGOON:

In what way?

MORIARTY:

He's older than his parents.

SEAGOON:

Mm-hmm. Nasty. However, I have here, gentlemen, the plans of my spaceship, the B2.

MORIARTY:

Let's have a look at them noo!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, let's have a look.

FX:

MULTIPLE BELTS ON NUT.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Owiee!

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

LARGE SHEETS OF PAPER UNROLLING.

SEAGOON:

There you are, gentlemen.

BLUEBOTTLE:

We know where we are, there's no need to tell us. Hue hee hee! A jest! A jest, I say!

FX:

MULTIPLE BELTS ON NUT.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oooowh! Thank you.

MORIARTY:

Now then, Seagoon. This rocket, why is it shaped like a sausage machine?

SEAGOON:

I'll tell you. I like sausages!

OMNES:

IMPRESSED MURMURS.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Yes, but that's a horse of a different colour.

MORIARTY:

Is it?

SEAGOON:

This rocket will give England a clear lead of a hundred years over Julius Caesar.

OLD PROFESSOR:

[SELLERS]

Julius Caesar? He... Surely he's been dead two thousand years?

SEAGOON:

Then... that puts us even *further* ahead of him. Ha ha ha! He'll never catch us up, now. With this rocket space ship we'll be the first men... on the sun!

PROFESSOR SELLERS:

Land on the sun? But what about the heat?

SEAGOON:

We'll be wearing topees.

PROFESSOR SELLERS:

Seagoon, Seagoon. On entering the sun's corona, or cigar, the heat is a million degrees centigrade and low-grade and the flames are two thousand miles high.

SEAGOON:

Fear not. I'm taking something to deal with all that.

PROFESSOR SELLERS:

What?

SEAGOON:

The London Fire brigade.

PROFESSOR MILLIGAN:

Ah, but are they good at really big fires?

SEAGOON:

Of course. They started seven last week.

PROFESSOR MILLIGAN:

The whole idea is preposterous.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, preposterous.

SEAGOON:

You think I'm mad, don't you?

PROFESSOR MILLIGAN:

Ah, yes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Good day to you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

GRAMS:

FOOTSTEPS PACING ON LOOSE GRAVEL.

SEAGOON:

Heartbroken, I walked the streets through the thick London fog. About midnight I climbed the stairs to my bedroom. It was in complete darkness.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

MOLLY:

[SELLERS]

(SULTRY VOICE) Oh, is that you darling?

SEAGOON:

Yes - it's me.

MOLLY:

Oh, darling. (KISS) Dearest, I thought you'd never get home.

SEAGOON:

It was the fog, dearest. (KISS. KISS)

MOLLY:

Oh, you poor darling. (KISS. KISS) Mmmm.

SEAGOON:

It was wonderful being in her arms. For two blissful hours we kissed. But the rocket played on my mind.

MOLLY:

Is something wrong darling?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Bad news.

MOLLY:

What?

SEAGOON:

I'm in the wrong flat.

FX:

DOOR OPENS SUDDENLY.

SEAGOON:

The door opened. The light switched on.

RAOUL:

[ELLINGTON]

(UPPER CLASS ENGLISH ACCENT) I say, Molly, what the deuce is going on hyar?

MOLLY:

Raoul, darling! I thought this man was you.

RAOUL:

This could only have happened in the dark. You boulder and cad!

SEAGOON:

Have a care. Do you know who I am?

RAOUL:

No.

SEAGOON:

Thank heavens, I'm safe.

RAOUL:

I suppose you're waiting for a bus.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRAMS:

OMNIBUS BELL. BUS DRAWS AWAY.

SEAGOON:

Finally, at two o'clock, I arrived home.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

ECCLES:

(SINGING) Der de dum doh, ylorw dum dur de...

SEAGOON:

Anybody in?

ECCLES:

Dum der der dum...

SEAGOON:

Is that you, Eccles?

ECCLES:

I don't know, it's too dark to see. Oh, ho ho!

SEAGOON:

I'm in no mood for your... nattering, Eccles. You see, they've turned down my space ship to the sun. Do you know what they said to me?

ECCLES:

How could I? I wasn't there. Were you?

SEAGOON:

Yes. After five minutes they said I was mad.

ECCLES:

Didn't take 'em long to find out, did it?

SEAGOON:

Oh, it's terrible. But that's a horse of a different colour.

ECCLES:

You shouldn't have brought it with you.

SEAGOON:

Neigh-ghghghgh!

ECCLES:

There, there, professor. Don't cry.

SEAGOON:

(WEEPING)

ECCLES:

Don't cry professor. Don't cry. You see, after you're dead people will look up to you.

SEAGOON:

Why?

ECCLES:

I'm going to bury you up a tree. Oh, they even might make a statue for you. You know, like the Albert Memorial. Something big like that, you know.

SEAGOON:

The Albert Memorial? The Albert Memorial, of course! Why didn't I think of it before, that's the very thing! If they won't sponsor my rocket, I'll try the Albert Memorial instead. Headstone!

HEADSTONE:

[SELLERS]

Yes, sir, I'm coming, I'm coming.

SEAGOON:

Headstone, harness the horse to the car. We're going out.

HEADSTONE:

Right, sir. Giddup, there, Dobbin!

GRAMS:

SLOW CART HORSE HOOVES ON COBBLE STONES. VERY STEADY.

SEAGOON:

So we galloped through the night.

HEADSTONE:

Giddy-up, dobbin!

SEAGOON:

What's the horse got pyjamas on for?

HEADSTONE:

I dragged him out of his bed.

SEAGOON:

Oh, for a moment I thought it was the horse of a different colour. Aha, ha, ha, ha! A-hem. Slow up here, Headstone. The house I'm looking for is at the end of this lane. There, I think that's it with the candle burning in the window. (FADE)

GRAMS:

WHIRRING OF CLOCKWORK. LARGE GRANDFATHER CLOCK STRIKES 2AM.

CRUN:

Ah. Two o'clock.

MINNIE:

(DISTANT) Ooooh. Heeeenry. Ooooh! Ooooh! Ooooh, Henry, Henry!

CRUN:

What? What? What?

MINNIE:

(DISTANT) Henry Crun.

CRUN:

What, Min? What, Min?

MINNIE:

(DISTANT) What... what was that, Henry?

CRUN:

It was the grandfather clock striking two.

MINNIE:

(DISTANT) Ooooh! Could you come upstairs and move it?

CRUN:

Move it? What for, Min?

MINNIE:

(DISTANT) It's fallen on top of me.

CRUN:

I'm coming, Min.

MINNIE:

What?

CRUN:

Just as soon as I've finished what I'm doing.

MINNIE:

(DISTANT) What are you doing?

CRUN:

Nothing dear, but I'm doing it slowly.

MINNIE:

(DISTANT) Hurry up, Henry, or it's cracking my quingels.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR.

CRUN:

Ahhhgh-oooww!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Good evening, are you Mr. Crun?

CRUN:

Yes, yes. Come in.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Are you the secretary for the preservation of ancient monuments?

CRUN:

I'm much more importanter than that.

SEAGOON:

Why?

CRUN:

I'm one of the ancient monuments.

SEAGOON:

Mr. Crun, I've come to talk to you about the Albert Memorial.

CRUN:

Oh, that's very, very kind of you. No one ever talks to *me* about the Albert Memorial. And I *love* talking about it. You know, I often...

MINNIE:

(DISTANT) Henryyyyy!

CRUN:

What dear?

MINNIE:

(DISTANT) Getting very heavy, Henry. Oh! Owwww!

CRUN:

Yes, alright, Min.

MINNIE:

Oooh! Ooooh! Phish-tooo! Phish-tooo! (EXTENDED)

SEAGOON:

Mr. Crun?

CRUN:

What?

SEAGOON:

The Albert Memorial.

CRUN:

Yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

I'd like to hire it.

CRUN:

Ah, we don't want it any higher, it... high enough as...

MINNIE:

(DISTANT) Ooooooh!

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

The pendulum's banging my... nooooo...

SEAGOON:

Mr. Crun, what I meant was I...

CRUN:

Uh?

SEAGOON:

I'd like to borrow the Albert Memorial for a few months.

CRUN:

No... what? Lend it to a stranger? I don't know you from Adam, sir. You...

SEAGOON:

Well, I'm... I'm better dressed than 'im.

CRUN:

So you are, yes. But that's not the point, you see.

MINNIE:

Henry,...

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

...the bed's collapsing under the weight of the clock, Henry.

CRUN:

Yes, dear, yes, Min.

MINNIE:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

But I must have the memorial. Look, what would you say to twenty pounds?

CRUN:

Nothing, I never talk to strangers.

SEAGOON:

Can you keep a secret?

CRUN:

Well, erm...

SEAGOON:

Lend me the Albert Memorial and I'll pilot it to the sun. Or the moon, whichever you like. You'll be famous!

CRUN:

Ohhh. Well, I suppose it'd be alright but I should have to come along as caretaker. You see it's in my charge.

SEAGOON:

Then you'll lend it to me?

CRUN:

Er, yes.

SEAGOON:

Eureka! Ellington, let there be music.

MINNIE:

Never mind about music, I'm in the bed under this thing...

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

SEAGOON:

The following week saw work begin on the Albert Memorial. Hyde Park was transformed into a vast camp consisting of the following;

SELLERS:

Ten thousand workmen.

MILLIGAN:

A quodge of parrots called 'Mips'.

SEAGOON:

Seventy iron grabs.

SELLERS:

One thin thing with lumps on.

MILLIGAN:

Four gringel clurds and a ppphnuff!

SEAGOON:

Six hundred excavators.

SELLERS:

One thurlan glea!

MILLIGAN:

One sponton glea!

SEAGOON:

One thin thing with lumps on.

SELLERS:

Four hundred and eight pairs of 'toof'.

MILLIGAN:

Sixty six nibblits brackets and punchon-purchase and a gny-y-y-yakkakoo!

SEAGOON:

Ten sacks of Peruvian and Abyssinian haddock pipes with illuminated toop crusher.

SELLERS:

One thin thing with lump on.

MILLIGAN:

One - (MOUTH SEQUENCE)

SEAGOON:

One phhnudd, shop soiled.

SELLERS:

One phish, too, too.

MILLIGAN:

Too, too, phish, one ping phol tahh.

SEAGOON:

Sixty lengths of smokeless alabaster scaffolding.

CRUN:

That's the lot, Professor?

SEAGOON:

Right. To work. Foreman!

FOREMAN:

[MILLIGAN]

Er, yeah. Yerp, yerp.

SEAGOON:

Lower the grab over the top of the Memorial then raise it ten feet in the air.

FOREMAN:

Right-oh, there. Right, up w'it dere.

GRAMS:

HIGH POWERED INDUSTRIAL ENGINE.

SEAGOON:

There she goes, Crun. Up in the air. Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Mmm? What? What? What?

SEAGOON:

Major, as soon as they've raised the Memorial get six men underneath, drill ten holes in the base and fit in the rocket loaders. Right?

BLOODNOK:

Anything for a lady.

SEAGOON:

Lady? I'm not a lady.

BLOODNOK:

I admire your confidence, sir. Charrrrrrrge!

SEAGOON:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yer, yer.

SEAGOON:

Get that lorry back, will you?

ECCLES:

Ok. Come on den, mate.

GRAMS:

LORRY REVVING.

ECCLES:

Ok, now. Come on. Back. Plenty of time...plenty of space. Come on. (REVS) Back. Right end. Right - steady now. Down with your left. Ok, hard over. Come on. Back, back, back, back, back, back! Come on. Straighten up, now. Straighten up, come on. Right, as you are. I'll tell you when. Come on now, then.

GRAMS:

ENORMOUS CRASH. HUGE PILE OF BRICKS FALLING.

ECCLES:

Ok. That's enough. Right.

LORRY DRIVER:

[SECOMBE]

(WELSH ACCENT) You dull idiot. You backed me straight into that wall over there.

ECCLES:

Oooh-ooo-ooer.

LORRY DRIVER:

I'll give you oohh-ooohhh! What's the matter with you? Y'must be off your nut, man.

ECCLES:

Oh, no I ain't.

LORRY DRIVER:

Then why did you back me into the wall?

ECCLES:

Well, I'll tell you why. Because I'm...er. You're right, I must be off my nut.

GRAMS:

CLOUDS ON NUT. VARY THE SIZE OF WOODBLOCKS.

ECCLES:

Aow! Aow! Aow! Aow! Aow! Aow! Eee-er aow!

CRUN:

What's wrong, Eccles?

ECCLES:

He banged my heads together.

CRUN:

Well, you shouldn't stand so close to yourself.

ELLINGTON:

(DISTANT) Ok, stand clear over there!

ECCLES:

Right-oh!

ELLINGTON:

Mind the crane, there.

ECCLES:

Right-oh!

ELLINGTON:

Ok, Theophilous. Let yer grab down.

GRAMS:

INDUSTRIAL WINCH UNWINDING.

ELLINGTON:

Right. Up with it.

CRUN:

Coming up. Yes.

SEAGOON:

Now Crun, I want the statue of Prince Albert moved out to a place of safety. And in the space we'll fit the cabin.

CRUN:

Good, yes, I've got some candles to light the interior.

SEAGOON:

Candles? Ah, ha, ha, Mr. Crun. Candles!

CRUN:

What, what, what?

SEAGOON:

This is the twentieth century, Mr. Crun.

CRUN:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

We have different methods of lighting these days. One that will flood the cabin with light. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

Show Mr. Crun our oil lamps.

ECCLES:

Ok.

CRUN:

Oil lamps? Wonder upon wonders, oil lamps.

SEAGOON:

(GLOATING) He he he! We must move with the times, Mr. Crun.

ELLINGTON:

Seagoon, sir. We've drilled all the holes in the base of the memorial.

SEAGOON:

That's wonderful.

ELLINGTON:

Woooah, it ain't.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

ELLINGTON:

The whole thing split up in two.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! The Albert Memorial split in two! Thin things with lumps on!

CRUN:

Don't worry, don't worry. Just by chance I happen to have in my pocket a sixty ton tin of Doctor Zonbroan's Frog and Toad glue.

SEAGOON:

Oh. Ellington, bind the whole Memorial with iron bands, ones that won't break up.

ELLINGTON:

Me got 'em.

SEAGOON:

Good.

SINGHIZ THING:

Can we have a word with you, sir?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

SINGHIZ THING:

Well, we checked the cabin space that will be available. And you will only have room for a crew of six.

SEAGOON:

Curse! I wanted to take four. So, we'll have to cut it down to six. Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

(SHOCKED) Did I see you lying down, then?

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Er, yes I was.

SEAGOON:

I don't tolerate people lying down on the job.

BLOODNOK:

I wasn't lying down on the job.

SEAGOON:

Then what are you doing?

BLOODNOK:

I was fighting a midget, if you must know. See, the little boulder did something that made my old military blood boil.

SEAGOON:

What?

BLOODNOK:

He set fire to me. Charrrrrrge!!!

SEAGOON:

So the work went on. I watched the shape of the Albert Memorial gradually change. The cabin took shape. And then the intricate work of fixing the controls, radar, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera.

ECCLES:

(SINGING) Dubba dub dubba dub dubba dub dubba dub dubba dub dubba dub bhooh! Peeda dubba dub dub, peeda dubba dub dub, peeda dubba dub dub doha...

CRUN:

Yes, that's it Eccles. Just hold the ends of these two wires, would you?

ECCLES:

Ok. I'm not electrician but I'll do it . Ok.

CRUN:

Just wait there a moment.

ECCLES:

Ok. Ok, folks. Da de de de dum...

GRAMS:

ENORMOUS SHORTING OF ELECTRICITY CABLES.

ECCLES:

OWWW! Oo... OWW OWW OWW!

CRUN:

(DISTANT) Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yeah?

CRUN:

Let me know when the electricity comes on.

ECCLES:

Are you trying to kill me?

CRUN:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Well, keep... keep going, I ain't gone yet.

SEAGOON:

So it went on, the merry work. April the hundred and second. A final check was made on the Memorial's stone-work.

GRAMS:

SHOVELS SCRAPPING ON STONE.

OMNES:

DISTANT WORKMEN'S MURMURS.

CRUN:

Well, Mr. McNabs, what do you think?

McNABS:

[SECOMBE]

(SCOTTISH) Well, sir, it's in excellent condition and I must congratulate you on your choice.

CRUN:

Thank you, thank you.

McNABS:

I can think of nothing better to send to the moon than the Albert Memorial.

CRUN:

Yes, yes. I mean after all, where is there a better example of English sculpture, eh? Name one! That's all, name one. I... I defy you to name one. Go on, name one.

McNABS:

Well, er, there's the horse trough in Commercial Road.

CRUN:

Ha, ha, ha, yes! But name *another*!

McNABS:

I never reveal horse trough's names. You see... they belonged to my mother.

CRUN:

Er, yes, well, er, better get on with Max Geldray, then.

MINNIE:

Ohhh, get the splun!

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

SEAGOON:

For three months we worked like Trojans. And, as you know, Trojans are a lazy lot. Like the story of the Trojan horse, that's a horse of a different colour.

SELLERS:

The Albert Memorial finally converted into a rocket, was finally ready for launching in an outlandish spot where no human being ever visited - Glasgow.

MILLIGAN:

Dawn! June the 9th was zero hour. Inside the Albert Memorial rocket we stood waiting Professor Seagoon's orders.

SEAGOON:

All ready?

OMNES:

(VARIOUSLY) Yeah.

ECCLES:

Can I... er, can I ride on top?

SEAGOON:

Why?

ECCLES:

I want to smoke.

SEAGOON:

Silence. Now close the hydraulic doors.

GRAMS:

HUM OF MACHINERY. DOOR SLAMS.

SEAGOON:

Crun! Stand by the splicing noodlebug plug.

ECCLES:

Ok.

SEAGOON:

Eccles. Check the yakka bak-kakka gauges.

ECCLES:

Ok, the yakka bak-kakka gauges.

SEAGOON:

Flowerdew, stand by the thermostatic gyroscope. Check the map current compression of the internal diathermics across the cornernik radar on the [UNCLEAR]! Release the afterstore burners. Raise the hydrostatic elements and whole lock in the [UNCLEAR].

FLOWERDEW:

Do it yourself!

SEAGOON:

Mutiny! Eccles, arrest that man!

ECCLES:

Ok, come on!

FLOWERDEW:

Take your dirty hand off my filthy arm!

GRAMS:

MULTIPLE BELTS ON NUT.

ECCLES:

What! What? Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! (EXTENDED) You had enough?

CRUN:

Yes, but it wasn't me.

SEAGOON:

Never mind. We're coming to take-off time.

CRUN:

Oh, dear. Poor Min, I left her with that grandfather clock on her head.

MINNIE:

Ohhh. Ohhhhh!

SEAGOON:

Quiet. We're taking off in ten seconds from now.

MINNIE:

(DISTANT) Help, cockie!

SEAGOON:

Nine, eight, seven, six... um, seven, six. Let's have a look at that list. Alright - seven, six, five, four, three, two, one - NOW!

ECCLES:

Fire!

GRAMS:

CAPE CANAVERAL LAUNCH SEQUENCE. ROCKET BLAST, AFTER BURNERS ETC.

ORCHESTRA:

TRIUMPHANT SPACE MISSION LINK

GRAMS:

HIGH PITCHED ELECTRONIC SIGNALS.

SEAGOON:

Men, we're off the earth.

ECCLES:

Oh, good!

SEAGOON:

We've been off the earth for five minutes. We're heading for a mist-shrouded planet.

CRUN:

Hold tight.

SEAGOON:

We're coming in! Hold on.

GRAMS:

ENORMOUS CRASH. SHEETS OF METAL, ROCKS, BRICKS ETC.

ECCLES:

Owww!

CRUN:

Owwwww!

SEAGOON:

Everyone alright? Good. Well, we've landed on a planet. Which one, I don't know. But whichever it be, we've made history.

ECCLES:

(FAINT) Oooh!

CRUN:

(FEEBLY) Good. Good.

SEAGOON:

No hysteria, please.

CRUN:

Well, I think we'd better go out and explore.

SEAGOON:

Right. Fasten your pressurised helmets. Follow me!

GRAMS:

HUM OF AIR LOCK OPENING.

FX:

BOOTS WALKING ON RUBBLE.

SEAGOON:

Heavens! What a terrible astral mist.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, I... I can't see a thing. I wonder what planet this is.

SEAGOON:

I think it must be Pluto. Listen.

GRAMS:

WHIRRING OF COGS. CLOCK STRIKES.

MINNIE:

(DISTANT) Help! Henry, get me out from under this clock.

SEAGOON:

No, nooooo.....!

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, announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Charles Chilton.