

S3 E17 - The Mystery of the Monkey's Paw

Transcribed by Helen.

TIMOTHY:

We present Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan in...

SECOMBE:

The Goon Show!

ORCHESTRA:

GOON SHOW THEME

TIMOTHY:

Good evening, listeners. We begin tonight's programme with The Mystery of the Monkey's Paw.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC

SECOMBE:

The monkey's paw. Huh! I remember how it all started. It was an unusual day. The 42nd of April. Everywhere, the English summer flowers were blooming - under six feet of snow. As I said on the fire, reading a book and smoking a haddock, cork-tipped, of course! Aha, ha, ha! Ahem. The phone rang.

FX:

PHONE RINGING

SECOMBE:

Odium! Odium!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ODIUM:

[MILLIGAN]

You called?

SECOMBE:

Yes. Answer the phone, will you?

ODIUM:

(UNINTELLIGIBLE)

FX:

Phone Picked Up

ODIUM:

(CLEARS THROAT) (UNINTELLIGIBLE)?

MORIARTY:

Hello. Is that Filthmuck 6784?

ODIUM:

(UNINTELLIGIBLE).

MORIARTY:

Good! This is Moriarty. I want to speak to Mr Secombe.

ODIUM:

(INTELLIGIBLE). (UNINTELLIGIBLE).

SECOMBE:

Who is it, Odium?

ODIUM:

(UNINTELLIGIBLE).

SECOMBE:

Who does he want?

ODIUM:

He wants to speak with you on the telephone.

SECOMBE:

Oh. Give me the phone.

ODIUM:

(UNINTELLIGIBLE).

SECOMBE:

Hello?

MORIARTY:

Hello?

SECOMBE:

Who's speaking?

MORIARTY:

Moriarty speaking, why do you ask?

SECOMBE:

Why? I just want to find out what the blazes this idiot's been talking about.

MORIARTY:

Never mind, Secombe. Now, how would you like to make a lot of money?

SECOMBE:

Money? Do you think that's all I think of?

MORIARTY:

Yes.

SECOMBE:

What a splendid judge of character you are.

MORIARTY:

[UNCLEAR] I'm pretty hard up.

SECOMBE:

You are?

MORIARTY:

Yes, things are so bad I'm having to sew collars on my wife's bloomers and wear them as shirts. Anyway, this is the plan. I have lots of forged francs. We take them to France and do business with the British tourists. The safest way to go there is by yacht. Now, do you know where we can get one?

SECOMBE:

A yacht? Let me see. Who's got a yacht? (LAUGHS) No, He would lend me His. Besides, by the end of the week he might have to flog it.

MORIARTY:

Yes. Ah, but wait! I know there is a yacht hire firm on the dockside at Dover.

SECOMBE:

Right, I'll get down there right away.

MORIARTY:

(SPEAKS FRENCH).

SECOMBE:

What's that?

MORIARTY:

That's French.

SECOMBE:

What's it mean?

MORIARTY:

How should I know? I'm Greek.

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

GRAMS:

SEAGULLS

SECOMBE:

Ah, here we are. 'The Poor Man's Yachting Hire Service'.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE:

Come in, Errol[?].

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SECOMBE:

Good morning! I am Harry Secombe.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE:

I spit in your face, sit down.

SECOMBE:

Thank you. I want to hire a yacht.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE:

Right. Here's a picture of one of our fleet of two. The SS (GIBBERISH), taken some time ago.

SECOMBE:

Mm-hmm. Who's that standing on the bridge?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE:

Nelson. The crew, they're all French.

SECOMBE:

Oh, but I don't speak French.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE:

Don't you worry, the French speak it fluently.

SECOMBE:

Ha, ho. What a bit of luck!

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE:

Then there's the woman doctor on board.

SECOMBE:

Is she good?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE:

Unfortunately, yes.

SECOMBE:

No, I mean, is she any good as a doctor?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE:

Well, the... the Captain swears by her.

SECOMBE:

He does?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE:

Yes. Of course, she puts her finger in her ears.

SECOMBE:

Now, this yacht. How fast can she go?

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE:

As fast as you can say to the crew, 'In, out, in, out'. Oh. What does that remind me of? Oh yes, of course, Wally Peterson. Yes, well, that's the yacht you can see through the window, the SS (UNINTELLIGIBLE). So, goodbye.

SECOMBE:

Goodbye.

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE:

See you at Bow Street.

FX:

SEAGULLS

SECOMBE:

Ahh. There's the yacht the SS (UNINTELLIGIBLE).

KING OF BLONXIPHON:

Pardon me. Are you Harry Secombe?

SECOMBE:

Yes.

KING OF BLONXIPHON:

Follow me. Mr Moriarty is waiting for you on board the SS (UNINTELLIGIBLE).

SECOMBE:

Good. And, er, who are you?

KING OF BLONXIPHON:

I am the King of Blonxiphon.

SECOMBE:

The King of Blonxiphon?

KING OF BLONXIPHON:

Yes.

SECOMBE:

But there's no such place as Blonxiphon.

KING OF BLONXIPHON:

I know. But if ever there is, there's a King already for them. Ha, ha, ha! A-ha, ha, ha, ha, ho! A-ha, ha, ha, ho. A-ha, ha, ha, ha, ho. Ahem. Well, here's the captain's cabin.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

CAPTAIN:

(GERMAN ACCENT) Ah, Secombe. I spit in your face. we are ready to sail. Here, put these overalls on.

SECOMBE:

Overalls? Why?

CAPTAIN:

They'll hide that filthy old suit of yours. Cast off! Full speed ahead!

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

SECOMBE:

And so we arrived at Cote d'Azur. That's a famous resort for rheumatism – everybody who goes there gets it. Ha! Ha! Ha! We went ashore with our pockets crammed with counterfeit money, looking for tourists.

CAPTAIN:

Seen anybody?

SECOMBE:

Hey, look! Here comes a British tourist now.

CAPTAIN:

How do you know he's British?

SECOMBE:

He's selling matches. Leave him to me. (CLEARS THROAT) Pardon me.

MacDOUGAL:

[SELLERS]

Aye?

SECOMBE:

You're British, aren't you?

MacDOUGAL:

No, I'm from Scotland.

SECOMBE:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, yes. The old £25 allowance doesn't go very far, does it?

MacDOUGAL:

Aye, you're right, there. (SCOTTISH-SOUNDING NOISES) Aye.

SECOMBE:

Would you... would you be interested in a few thousand French francs?

MacDOUGAL:

Interested? Aye. Very... interested.

SECOMBE:

Good. Now, er... Let's have your name and address in England.

MacDOUGAL:

Inspector MacDougal.

SECOMBE:

Yeeeeeeeeeeeeees?

MacDOUGAL:

Scotland Yard.

SECOMBE:

Scotland Y... Sc...? Heeeeeeeeeeeeeelp! Heeeeeeeeeeeeeelp!

ORCHESTRA:

END OF SKETCH MUSIC. MUSICAL INTERLUDE INTRO MUSIC.

TIMOTHY:

Presenting Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

TIMOTHY:

That was Max Geldray, of whom it has often been said. Now, the goons bring you a documentary drama, a true story based on documents discovered in an abandoned wash stand near Arnos Grove.

SECOMBE:

Translated into English by Agnes Fitzroy-Club. And adapted for radio by [UNCLEAR] Charlie.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC

SELLERS:

The Quest for Brigadier Winchmole!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MUSIC

TIMOTHY:

In 1940, Brigadier Bernard Winchmole led an archaeological expedition deep into the heart of the Brazilian jungle, and never returned. Sometime later, at a meeting of the British Archaeological Society in London...

OMNES:

VARIOUS MURMURINGS

McSECOMBE:

(SCOTTISH ACCENT) Gentlemen, gentlemen! Quiet, now, quiet, please. It is quite evident that we must take some action to find Brigadier Winchmole. Surely, with so many excellent minds present we can think of a plan? The best brains among us must be brought to bear upon this problem. And so I shall now call upon our president to say a few words.

OMNES:

VARIOUS MURMURINGS

McSECOMBE:

Gentlemen, gentlemen.

FX:

GAVEL ON WOOD

McSECOMBE:

The president!

ECCLES:

(SINGS STUPIDLY)

McSECOMBE:

Er, excuse me, sir.

ECCLES:

(STOPS SINGING) You want me?

McSECOMBE:

Yes, it's about this explorer, Brigadier Winchmole. He's lost in the Amazon jungle. What do you suggest we do?

ECCLES:

Um. Send him a map?

McSECOMBE:

Aye, aye, I will. Surely, someone has some idea of how to find him?

ECCLES:

Well, you can search me.

McSECOMBE:

Don't be silly, sir. Surely you don't carry explorers around in your pockets?

ECCLES:

Oh, no. Ha, ha, ha, ho. Oh, no, no, no. Spoil the shape of my shoes. Ah, huh-hum!

McSECOMBE:

Yes, well.

ECCLES:

[Unclear]. Spoil the shape of the shoe.

McSECOMBE:

[unclear]. Aye. Aye, well, can – we'll leave it at that for the moment. Meanwhile, there's a gentleman waiting outside for an interview who has, I think, the qualifications to be made a fellow of this society. I'll call him in. Mr Crun!

FX:

Door opens

HENRY CRUN:

Mnk? Mnmn....

McSECOMBE:

Ah, Mr Crun. Now, is it a fact that you are an expert and learned archaeologist?

MILLIGAN:

Yes, and are you versed in the [UNCLEAR] dynasties?

McSECOMBE:

And are also fully acquainted with exploratory archaeology concerning the deciphering of Babylonian tablets?

MILLIGAN:

And the chronological [UNCLEAR] periods of Toltec, Aztec and Mayan origin?

McSECOMBE:

And all types of prehistoric anthropological excavation? Mmmmmm?

HENRY CRUN:

Mnk... mnk... Merry Christmas.

McSECOMBE:

Merry Christmas, Mr Crun? But it's January the 1st.

HENRY CRUN:

And a happy New Year!

MILLIGAN:

Well, Mr Crun, we of the Archaeological Society feel that you have the necessary qualifications.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, yes.

MILLIGAN:

And we are going to make you a fellow.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh. What do you think I am now, a girl?

McSECOMBE:

Well, gentlemen. Any questions?

SELLERS:

Yes, I've got one, big 'ead. Yer finished with Mr Crun, what about this geezer, Winchmole? Ain't nobody got any ideas or nothing?

HENRY CRUN:

Well, what is the problem?

SELLERS:

Well, he's lost in the Brazilian jungle.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, well, well, why don't you go and look for him?

SELLERS:

A good idea... (OMNES IN UNISON) ...Crun!

McSECOMBE:

Yes, I think Britain should send out a team of jungle experts.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, but we sent out a team last year.

McSECOMBE:

Really? What was the result?

HENRY CRUN:

Seven-nil. Aha, ha, ha! Aha, ha, ha!

McSECOMBE:

But do you realise that if we adopt this suggestion it means not only going to Brazil, but travelling inland by train for at least 10 days.

ECCLES:

Ohhh? Ohhh! Oh, that's nothing. I was on a train journey once that lasted for *six months*!

McSECOMBE:

Really? And what line was that?

ECCLES:

Um... The Inner Circle.

HENRY CRUN:

Eccles, you're out of your mind.

ECCLES:

Of course I am. Who'd be in a mind like mine? (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) They're laughing. I use my head, you know.

HENRY CRUN:

Mm. You got a point, there.

ECCLES:

Yes, all my family have pointed heads.

McSECOMBE:

Now the question is, who will lead the expedition?

ECCLES:

I think we should send Mr Clunkenboot.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, don't be ridiculous. There's no such person as Mr Clunkenboot.

ECCLES:

No?

HENRY CRUN:

No.

ECCLES:

Ohhh. Who's going to break the news to *Mrs* Clunkenboot?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, well, we shall need a man with brains. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yer?

HENRY CRUN:

Er... um... No.

ECCLES:

No, no.

HENRY CRUN:

No, I think the ideal person for the job is my nephew, Lord Handjunk. I'll get in touch with him right away.

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

HANDJUNK:

[SECOMBE]

Yes, uncle Crun phoned me that afternoon and explained the whole affair. The following morning I was up bright and early. The moment I heard the cock crow...

COCK:

Cock-a-doodle-dooooo....

HANDJUNK:

I leapt from my bed and...

COCK:

Cock-a-doodle...

FX:

GUNSHOT

COCK:

Urgh!

HANDJUNK:

And leapt back into bed again.

FX:

RATTLE OF DOOR HANDLE

ABDUL:

Ahhhhhhhh, good morning, sir. Wake up, sir. Wake up, there, wake up, hooray.

HANDJUNK:

(WAKING UP NOISES) Oh! What is it, Abdul?

ABDUL:

Time to you to get up, hooray, sir. Long live Rule Britannia. Hooray for Blackpool. Poor old Arsenal.

HANDJUNK:

(YAWNS) Have you brought the papers?

ABDUL:

Yes, here you are, sir. Cup of tea and the papers. And ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!
Ohhhh, the papers are very sad this morning, sir. Make you cry.

HANDJUNK:

They will?

ABDUL:

Yes. They're all call-up papers.

HANDJUNK:

Oh, I... I can't be bothered with that nonsense. We're going to Brazil to look for a lost explorer.
Now, up we get. Well, what shall I wear today?

ABDUL:

Well, sir, under the circumstances I think you should wear the brown suit with the leather elbow and the patch on the trousers.

HANDJUNK:

Why?

ABDUL:

The only suit you've got.

HANDJUNK:

Well, help me on with it. Ahhhh, what a beautiful morning, eh?

ABDUL:

Yes, sir. Make me wish I was alive. (AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) Don't talk, they're still laughing. Okay, go ahead now.

HANDJUNK:

Now, I must go and see the wife of this lost explorer. Has my chauffeur brought the car round?

ABDUL:

Yes, sir. It's outside. This way, come on, hooray.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

HANDJUNK:

Thank you. Ahhh, good morning, Ellington.

ELLINGTON:

Mornin', sir.

HANDJUNK:

I want to go to 18 Hindenburg Villas.

ELLINGTON:

Right, sir. In you get.

FX:

CAR DOOR

GRAMS:

CAR DRIVING OFF

HANDJUNK:

I say, Ellington. You're going rather fast, aren't you? You know I always worry about the brakes.

ELLINGTON:

Lord Handjunk, on this car, you ain't got nothin' to worry about.

HANDJUNK:

I haven't?

ELLINGTON:

No. It ain't *got* any brakes.

HANDJUNK:

But what shall we do when we get to this corner?

ELLINGTON:

Just do what I *always* do.

HANDJUNK:

What's that?

ELLINGTON:

Jump out!

HANDJUNK:

Look out! We're heading straight for a brick wall! Ellington, stop! You can't go through it! Ellington!

GRAMS:

CRASH

ELLINGTON:

Thick, wasn't it. Ah, here's the place.

GRAMS

CAR STOPS, DOOR OPENS

ELLINGTON:

I'll, er, I'll ring the bell for you, sir.

FX:

DOORBELL

ELLINGTON:

(SINGS IDLY) The night that I found you...

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MRS WINCHMOLE:

[SELLERS]

I'll take two hundredweight of selected nuts, please.

ELLINGTON:

No, ma'am. I ain't a coalman. Lord Handjunk here has come to see you.

MRS WINCHMOLE:

Oh, come in, Lord Handjunk.

HANDJUNK:

Thank you. It's about your husband, ma'am. Brigadier Bernard Winchmole.

MRS WINCHMOLE:

Oh, Lord Handjunk. Since my husband left, the warmth has gone out of my life.

HANDJUNK:

It has?

MRS WINCHMOLE:

Yes. He used to keep the boilers in.

HANDJUNK:

Well, I'm leading an expedition to try and find him, Mrs Winchmole.

MRS WINCHMOLE:

Oh! Wonderful, Lord Handjunk. You know, he used to give me the most wonderful presents. And you know, when I was naughty... Oh-ho! Do you know what he used to do?

HANDJUNK:

No. What?

MRS WINCHMOLE:

He used to belt me with a meat axe. Oh! But why... why did he leave me? Oh, Lord Handjunk. Look me in the face and tell me - *why* did he leave me?

HANDJUNK:

Yes. Well, I must be going. Come on, Ellington.

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

TIMOTHY:

A few months later found the brave explorers aboard the expedition ship, and nearing the Brazilian coast.

GRAMS:

SHIP'S HORN

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, we shall be landing in a few moments.

HANDJUNK:

Yes, uncle. But I daren't take any risks. Eccles!

ECCLES:

Yer?

HANDJUNK:

Blow up the rubber escape raft.

ECCLES:

Okay.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

HENRY CRUN:

Splendid! Now then, make fast forrard.

ECCLES:

(CALLING) Okaaaaay!

HENRY CRUN:

Make fast aft.

ECCLES:

Why don't you make up your mind?

HANDJUNK:

Come on, everybody ashore!

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, yes, we're just going down [UNCLEAR]...

ECCLES:

Oh, yer, [UNCLEAR], oh, yes...

HANDJUNK:

I say. This is sinister-looking jungle, isn't it? Listen to that.

ORCHESTRA

SOFT JAZZ-TYPE DRUM RHYTHM

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, yes, yes. Ellington, I don't like the sound of those drums.

ELLINGTON:

You don't?

HENRY CRUN:

No, I don't, you'd better send them back to England and have them tuned.

ELLINGTON:

They don't need tuning, Mr Crun. Listen...

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

HENRY CRUN:

Mnk... mnk... mnk... Ellington, I don't like the sound of those drums. Yes, I still think you'd better go back to England.

ELLINGTON:

But why? There's nothin' wrong with these drums.

HENRY CRUN:

No, no, to see a throat specialist.

HANDJUNK:

Well, come on, everyone. We must get moving. But be careful. Remember, we're foreigners. And I know that here in Brazil there are men who would be willing to drive us out of the country.

HENRY CRUN:

Who?

HANDJUNK:

Brazilian taxi drivers. Now, have you checked the map, uncle?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes. And unfortunately I find that we have to pass through the country of the Mack-bar-lig-lig-mmm-weh-akaka-choo-choo-lika-koo-koo tribe.

HANDJUNK:

Is that difficult?

HENRY CRUN:

Have you tried saying it?

HANDJUNK:

Well, come on. Let's not waste time.

ECCLES AND HENRY CRUN:

(VARIOUS MURMURS)

HANDJUNK:

What's going on there?

HENRY CRUN:

No.

HANDJUNK:

What's going on?

HENRY CRUN:

Oh... erm...

ECCLES:

Ohum, here! (VARIOUS MURMURS)

HANDJUNK:

Where's Eccles and the gun bearer? What are you arguing about? You're in a terrible temper.

FLOWERDEW:

[SELLERS]

Oh, I shall stamp my foot in a minute.

FX:

FOOT STAMP

FLOWERDEW:

I will.

HANDJUNK:

Come here, you two. Let's have none of this mamby-pamby stuff. You'll settle this like two Englishman. Now, form a circle, men.

ECCLES AND HENRY CRUN:

(VARIOUS MURMURS)

HANDJUNK:

You two, strip off to the waist.

ECCLES:

Okay.

HENRY CRUN:

[UNCLEAR].

HANDJUNK:

Now, put up your hands. Ready? Go!

ECCLES AND HENRY CRUN:

Patty-cake,
Patty-cake,
Baker's man...

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC BASED ON 'PATTYCAKE, PATTYCAKE, BAKER'S MAN'

TIMOTHY:

Finally, however, the long march inland began. Thirty days later, Lord Handjunk's party were still on the march and nearing the area where Brigadier Winchmold had last been seen, deep in the heart of the jungle.

FX:

TROPICAL BIRDS CALLING, MACHETES CUTTING THROUGH UNDERGROWTH

HANDJUNK:

Keep up, men. I say. Uncle Crun. Where are we now?

HENRY CRUN:

We're nearing the M'Gaga territory.

HANDJUNK:

The M'Gaga?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, haven't you heard of the M'Gaga?

HANDJUNK:

M'no. I say! I say! Look at that elephant coming towards us.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh! Mnah! Mn...

HANDJUNK:

Hasn't he got a thin trunk!

HENRY CRUN:

No.

HANDJUNK:

No?

HENRY CRUN:

No, and he isn't coming, he's going.

ABDUL:

Oh, Sahib, look, look!

HANDJUNK:

What is it, Abdul?

ABDUL:

A notice board, sir. It says, "Do not going past here because of the Mahlu-Pahli".

HANDJUNK:

Mahlu-Pahli?

ABDUL:

Mahlu-Pahli.

HANDJUNK:

Ha, ha, ha, ha! Nonsense. I don't believe in these native superstitions. Mulgraven[?]?

MULGRAVEN:

[SELLERS]

Ooh, yes?

HANDJUNK:

Ooh, lead the way.

MULGRAVEN:

Ooh, right. Forward, men!

FX:

MARCHING BOOTS

MULGRAVEN:

(SINGS THEN FALLS DOWN HOLE) Ahhhhhhhhhhh.....

HANDJUNK:

Abdul?

ABDUL:

Yes, sir?

HANDJUNK:

What does Mahlu-Pahli mean?

ABDUL:

"Two thousand foot drop", sir.

HENRY CRUN:

Anyway, I think this is about the right spot. We may as well set up camp here.

HANDJUNK:

Right, uncle. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Duh, ya?

HANDJUNK:

Pitch the tent, will you?

ECCLES:

Dum, okay.

HANDJUNK:

And then make sure the men are issued with the special vitamins.

ECCLES:

Um... vitamins?

HANDJUNK:

Yes. Surely you know what they are? Vitamins A, B, C, E.

ECCLES:

That's a funny way to spell vitamins.

HANDJUNK:

Now, what time is it?

ECCLES:

Duh, just a minute. I'll get my calendar.

HANDJUNK:

Calendar? That's no use.

ECCLES:

Oh, it is, it's a very good calendar.

HANDJUNK:

It is?

ECCLES:

Duh, yeah. It's been right every month so far.

HENRY CRUN:

(SCREECHES) Oh! Look! Look! A native watching us from the jungle.

HANDJUNK:

Where? What tribe is he?

HENRY CRUN:

Oh! There! And I think he's one of the matabul-lig-lig-yama... tig... mnk! La.... (FALTERS) It doesn't matter, he's gone now.

HANDJUNK:

Well, let's get settled in and prepare some defences. These M'Gaga natives are reputed to be terribly fierce and war-like. What? Eccles! Where did you...? Aha, ha, ha. Be careful how you answer this, Eccles. Where did you pitch the tent?

ECCLES:

Ummmmm.... In the river.

HANDJUNK:

You idiot. Now we shall have to...

ELLINGTON:

(APPROACHING) Lord Handjunk! Lord Handjunk!

HANDJUNK:

What is it, Ellington?

ELLINGTON:

I was looking for a waterhole over there and I ran right into a bunch of natives.

HANDJUNK:

What happened?

ELLINGTON:

They just turned and ran away.

HANDJUNK:

Really? I wonder why.

ELLINGTON:

Well, I suppose they've never seen a white man, before.

HANDJUNK:

You may be right. (CLEARS THROAT) Nevertheless, we must issue guns and ammunition immediately.

FX:

GROWL

HANDJUNK:

Listen! A tiger!

HENRY CRUN:

Oh! Mnk... No, no, no. These tribesmen are very clever. That is a native imitating a tiger.

OMNES:

RANDOM NATIVE CALL

HENRY CRUN:

That is even cleverer.

HANDJUNK:

Why?

HENRY CRUN:

That's a tiger imitating a native.

HANDJUNK:

No, you're wrong. It's a M'Gaga. And a girl, too. She's coming over.

M'GAGA GIRL:

[MILLIGAN]

(RANDOM NATIVE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH – SOUNDS LIKE MINNIE)

HANDJUNK:

(RANDOM NATIVE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

M'GAGA GIRL:

(RANDOM NATIVE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

HANDJUNK:

(RANDOM NATIVE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

HENRY CRUN:

Oh! I didn't know you spoke the language, Handjunk.

HANDJUNK:

I don't.

HENRY CRUN:

Then why are you answering her?

HANDJUNK:

I've got to be polite, haven't I?

HENRY CRUN:

Mnk.... Mnk... Let me talk to her. (RANDOM NATIVE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

M'GAGA GIRL:

(RANDOM NATIVE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

HENRY CRUN:

All right, then. Eight o'clock outside the Astoria.

M'GAGA GIRL:

Ohhhhhh!

ELLINGTON:

Lord Handjunk? Look, Lord Handjunk! Here comes a male native. Perhaps it's her husband.

HANDJUNK:

Yes. Let's see if we can get any sense out of *him*. Er, you! You um-M'Gaga. You-um guide us um-white men quick chop-chop to King of M'Gagas, or else we um-white men get killed chop-chop, fall dead.

NATIVE:

[TIMOTHY]

(UPPER CLASS ENGLISH ACCENT) Oh, I say, what a frightful bore.

HANDJUNK:

Oh. You speak English.

NATIVE:

Yes, do you?

HANDJUNK:

Yes. Well, can you guide us to the village of the King of the M'Gagas?

NATIVE:

Certainly. Just through the trees, there.

HANDJUNK:

Just through...? Let me see. You're right. What's that large white building, there?

NATIVE:

That's his Majesty's prison.

HANDJUNK:

And who's inside?

NATIVE:

His Majesty.

HANDJUNK:

Anyone else?

NATIVE:

Yes, some English chap called Winchmole.

HANDJUNK:

What! Did you hear that, uncle?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, yes, we must rescue him at once. Come along.

HANDJUNK:

Yes, forward, men!

OMNES:

HOORAY!

HENRY CRUN:

Forward, this way!

FX:

SHOTS

HANDJUNK:

We're being fired on. It's that man on the roof, there.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, don't you worry. Mnk... Give me the lurgi rifle. "Dead shot Crun", they call me. Mnk, mnk, mnk, mnk. Now, then. Take aim!

FX:

SIX GUNSHOTS

HANDJUNK:

Shall I try, now? Thank you, I... I'd better reload. Ooh! Ooh! These magazines are red hot.

HENRY CRUN:

I know, I've been reading some of them.

ECCLES:

Ah! Look! Look! They're all running away!

HANDJUNK:

You're right! Quick! To the prison! Now, force the door open.

FX:

BANGING ON DOOR

OMNES:

STRAINING AGAINST DOOR

FX:

DOOR OPENS

HENRY CRUN:

There!

HANDJUNK:

Now... now, where is he? Winchmole! Brigadier Winchmole!

Winchmold:

[SELLERS]

Ohh! Ohhhh! What is it? What is it?

HANDJUNK:

Brigadier, as last! We've come to take you back to England.

Winchmold:

Take me back to England? Not likely! Come here. (WHISPERS)

HANDJUNK:

Oh, ho, ho. Oh, no, sir. There's been a coronation amnesty.

Winchmold:

What? You mean, all deserters are pardoned?

HANDJUNK:

Yes.

Winchmold:

My dear fellow, nice to see you. Back to dear old England!

HANDJUNK:

(TALKS OVER WINCHMOLD) and the very best of luck in that.

Winchmold:

Yes, yes, [UNCLEAR]...

ORCHESTRA:

GOON SHOW THEME

TIMOTHY:

That was the Goon Show, a recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan. With Max Geldray and Ray Ellington And His Quartet. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. The script written by Larry Stephens and Spike Milligan, edited by Jimmy Grafton. Announcer, Andrew Timothy. Producer, Peter Eaton.