

S4 E23 - The Greatest Mountain in the World

Transcribed by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

ORCHESTRA:

'ONLY A ROSE'

WEBSTER SMOGPULE:

[SELLERS]

(SINGS) I bring along, a smile and a song, for anyooooonnnnnnnne...

SECOMBE:

(AMERICAN ACCENT) Yes, it's song time with Webster Smogpule.

WEBSTER SMOGPULE:

(SINGS) Only a rose, for youuuu...

GREENSLADE:

Once again welcome to 'Your Song Parade'. Half an hour of glorious musical boredom with songs that your mother loved and everyone else hated.

WEBSTER SMOGPULE:

(IRISH ACCENT) Thank you, Dennis Main. Tonight I am includin' in my repertoire Schubert's violin sonata, guest soloist Billy 'uke' Scott. And now, request spot. My first request comes from Jack Blonger, a two-headed Mongolian criminal tram driver who is under treatment for the dreaded emulsion of the legs and the green lurgi. Cheer up Jack, I'm alright. And here is your song and it's called... (SINGS)

One alone, to be my own, alone my love, to find your caressing songs divine and you are mine, I wonder how my love...

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION FOLLOWED BY METAL HITTING GROUND

GREENSLADE:

We regret to announce the sudden death of the well-known BBC tenor... the well-known BBC tenor Webster Smogpule. The programme and the death were recorded. The next programme follows in one second.

SEAGOON:

Here is the next programme.

SELLERS:

With Patrick Sellers, Isaac Secombe and Tom Milligan we present:

SEAGOON:

The Greatest Mountain in the World, or...

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

SEAGOON:

I knew Fred Crute, or...

BLUEBOTTLE:

The Greatest Mountain in the World!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC INTRODUCTION

GREENSLADE:

This story opens in the basement of a disused fish-squirting factory. There, during a meeting being held by the Royal Geographical and Archaeological Society, a member is concluding his speech...
(FADES)

SIR MORTIMER:

[MILLIGAN]

(FADE IN) He's got one digging, one covering up and one looking for fresh places. And that's how King Tutankamun's Tomb was discovered, I thank you.

SELLERS:

Thank you, Sir Mortimer Wheeler.

SIR MORTIMER:

I don't wish to know that.

SELLERS:

And now pray silence for the right and left honourable Sir Hairy Seagoon, President of the Yong-Tid-Tiddle-I-Po, Honorary Parole Prisoner and twice winner of the Dartmoor Escape Medal.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, gentlemen. Members, in view of Sir Edmund Hilary and Tiger Tenzing's great achievement last year, I have decided to go one better. I intend to climb the highest mountain in the world.

SELLERS:

(POLITICIAN VOICE) But it's already been climbed.

SEAGOON:

Ah, ha, ha, haaa. You're thinking of the one Hilary and Tenzing climbed. Well now, I have news for you.

ECCLES:

Ooh?

SEAGOON:

I have discovered a higher one.

SELLERS:

What is its name?

SEAGOON:

Well, I can't keep this mountain a secret for ever, it's bound to leak out eventually. I'll tell and you're the first men to hear it. It's called (DRAMATIC VOICE) Mount Everest!

ABDUL:

[MILLIGAN]

Pardon, pardon sir. But the mountain has already been climbed, hooray.

SEAGOON:

Climbed? Climbed? By whom?

ABDUL:

Hilary and Tenzing. Hooray.

LAKAGEE:

My goodness, man.

SEAGOON:

So, they've climbed Mount Everest as well. What a dirty trick! Never mind, I'll not be defeated by this dishonest stratagem. I will find a higher mountain.

POLITICIAN:

[MILLIGAN]

(LAUGHS WILDLY PRONOUNCING EACH LAUGH INDIVIDUALLY) And where are we going to find this higher mountain?

SEAGOON:

Where? Well, er... I... er...

ELLINGTON:

Boss, boss.

SEAGOON:

What Ellington?

ELLINGTON:

Why don't we build a higher mountain?

SEAGOON:

Build our own mountain?

ELLINGTON:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

What rubbish, get out!

GRAMS:

DOOR SHUTS

SEAGOON:

Has he gone?

MILLIGAN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Good. Gentlemen, I have a brilliant idea. Why don't we build our own mountain?

MINNIE:

Bravo, buddy. Yeah, buddy!

SEAGOON:

Thank you, buddy.

MINNIE:

Okay, buddy.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Yes. Now where... where will we build this mountain?

CRUN:

(INCOHERENT UMMMMMS)

SEAGOON:

Yes, Mr. Crun?

CRUN:

I think we should build it in Hyde Park.

SEAGOON:

Why Hyde Park?

CRUN:

Well, it's handy for the buses and shops.

SEAGOON:

Hyde, er... yes... Hyde Park... er... ummm... Any objections?

McGOONIGAL:

[MILLIGAN]

Ohhh, yes! If we build this mountain on England, England would sink under the weight.

SEAGOON:

Sink? In that case, this mountain would be invaluable. People could climb up the side and save themselves from drowning.

McGOONIGAL:

Mercy, you're right. Hurry and build it, before we all drown!

SEAGOON:

Splendid. Who will second Mr. Crun's idea?

CRUN:

I will.

SEAGOON:

Anyone else?

CRUN:

Yes, me.

SEAGOON:

Excellent. Mr. Crun, your idea has won support.

CRUN:

I thank them. (SINGS) I walk in the shadow.

SEAGOON:

Yes, I can see that. On Monday, then, we start clearing Hyde Park. Failing that, we'll start on Monday. If not, in Hyde Park on Monday. Meeting adjourned.

ORCHESTRA:

(DRAMATIC LINK)

GRAMS:

(BULLDOZER SOUNDS)

GREENSLADE:

Work began and a great area in the park was cleared. The method was very simple: one digging, one filling in and one looking for fresh places.

SEAGOON:

Foreman Scrumply!

SCRUMPLY:

[SELLERS]

(JOVIAL LAUGHTER, COUNTRY FARM FASHION)

SEAGOON:

Glad to hear it. Now, did you drain the water from the Serpentine?

SCRUMPLY:

Arrrr, an' we filled it in with solid concrete.

SEAGOON:

Concrete, good. That's very good!

ECCLES:

(SINGING) Oh, what a beautiful morning, oh, de dum de dum de dum, be my love, then would your kisses set me burning, oh, what a beautiful morning...

SEAGOON:

Eccles!

ECCLES:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

What are you doing?

ECCLES:

Having a good time. Oho ho!

SEAGOON:

Having a good time? How did you get that lump on your head?

ECCLES:

I just dived in the Serpentine.

SEAGOON:

Dived in? Didn't you know it was solid concrete?

ECCLES:

No, but I know now. In any case, I wouldn't dare dive in a pool with water in it.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

ECCLES:

Can't swim.

CRUN:

Oh, hello Lord Seagoon.

ECCLES:

Hello.

CRUN:

Look, look what I've got in this little box.

SEAGOON:

Oh, it's a little lump.

CRUN:

Yes, a lump. I'll put it on the ground, there. Now, I'm going to make a mountain out of that.

SEAGOON:

What is it?

CRUN:

(LAUGHING) A mole-hill!

(ECCLES AND SEAGOON JOIN IN LAUGHTER)

GRAMS:

LORRY NOISES

ELLINGTON:

Anyone about here?

CRUN:

Yes, us.

ELLINGTON:

What are you three laying down for?

CRUN:

A very good reason.

ELLINGTON:

What's that?

CRUN:

You just ran over us.

ELLINGTON:

Er... are you Mr. Crun?

CRUN:

Only just.

ELLINGTON:

Well, this parcel on my lorry is for you.

CRUN:

Oh. That will be the mole for my mole-hill. Come on, help me lift it down.

FX:

BOX BEING MOVED, CRUN AND ECCLES STRUGGLE WITH IT

ECCLES:

I got the old belt on. Good luck! Ooh!

CRUN:

Good grief, it weighs a ton. Now, let's get the string cut. Eccles, the scissors.

ECCLES:

Okay, here we go.

FX:

STRING BEING CUT BEHIND ECCLES SPEAKING

ECCLES:

Oh, de dum de dum de dum, a snip there, a snip there and a bit there and a bit there and a bit there and a bit there and one there. How's that?

CRUN:

Very good, but I didn't want a haircut!

FX:

BOX BEING OPENED

SEAGOON:

Ah, here he is. The mole.

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah, look at him. He must be hungry.

CRUN:

Yes. Here boy, here's a nice worm for you.

ECCLES:

(GULPS) Thanks, any more?

SEAGOON:

You idiot, Eccles. That was for the mole ya...

GRAMS:

LION ROARS

SEAGOON:

I say, are you... are you sure he's a mole?

CRUN:

Of course he's a mole. Look, here's the letter: "With Love to our dear British friends from your pals, the Egyptians". There!

SEAGOON:

Hmmm.

GRAMS:

LION ROARS

CRUN:

If you don't believe me, read the label around its neck as proof.

SEAGOON:

Alright, yes. It says: "L. I. O. N.". Mm. "L. I. O. N."? Mole? "L. I. O..."

CRUN:

Well, what does it say?

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTS IN FEAR FROM A FAR DISTANCE) Lion! It's a lion!

CRUN:

Oh, you silly man, you. Ellington, do you think it's a lion?

ELLINGTON:

(SHOUTS IN FEAR FROM A FAR DISTANCE) Yes!

GRAMS:

(LION ROARS DURING FOLLOWING SPEECHES)

CRUN:

Ahhhhhhh!

ECCLES:

Ooooooooooooooh.

CRUN:

Nice pussy! Pussy, puss, puss! Pussy, wussy, puss, puss! Here pussy, eat this, it's all for you.

ECCLES:

Put me down! Help!

GRAMS:

FEET RUNNING AWAY INTO THE DISTANCE

GREENSLADE:

The Greatest Mountain In The World, end of Part One. Ices, chocolates and Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAI:

'CARNIVALITE'

SELLERS:

The Greatest Mountain In The World, part Two. Now, read on.

GREENSLADE:

Having escaped from the lion, work went ahead on building the mountain. Then, when it had reached a height of ten thousand feet, disaster. At midnight, Crun was awakened.

FRED BOGG:

[SECOMBE]

Pardon me, is this your mountain, sir?

CRUN:

Yes, I am part owner of it.

FRED BOGG:

It'll have to come down, you know.

CRUN:

What?

FRED BOGG:

It'll have to come down. It'll have to be dismantled.

CRUN:

But... what... who are you?

FRED BOGG:

Sex: Male. Name: Bogg F. Superintendent, Ministry of Works and Housing, section 9: "No mountain weighing more than 8 pounds 10 ounces and measuring more than 20 feet may be built within a radius of Nelson's Column."

CRUN:

What are you going to do?

FRED BOGG:

Well, I'll just put these little sticks at the base of the mountain and light the fuses, so.

FX:

MATCH BEING LIT

CRUN:

Is that all?

FRED BOGG:

Yes, that's all, thank you. Well, I'd better be going now.

CRUN:

Well, goodnight and a Merry Christmas.

FRED BOGG:

Thank you and a Happy New Year to you.

CRUN:

What a nice fellow. Now, what are these two red sticks he's stuck in here? Mm? Oh, there's writing on them. Er.... Aaaaaaaaah! Dynamite! Heeeeelp! Heeeeelp! (FADES AWAY INTO DISTANCE)

GRAMS:

(DYNAMITE FUSE SIZZLING)

ECCLES:

Hello? Hello ho ho ho? Did I hear someone calling? (SNIFFS) Hmmm, something burning around here. Oooh, what a bit of luck! Two big cigars and they're both lit. Hmmm, let me see, what brand are they, now? TNT brand. Hmmm, must be a new make. I'll take a puff on one. (SUCKS) Hmmm!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

ECCLES:

Ummm, strong! I'd better nip the other one out and save it for later.

CRUN:

Ahhh! The mountain's all gone! Ooooooh, Ellington!

ECCLES:

I ain't Ellington.

CRUN:

Hmmm? Oh, no, you're not. Yours wipes off.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

CRUN:

Oh, it's Eccles! You're Eccles.

ECCLES:

Yeahh, oh, pleased to meet you, Eccles.

CRUN:

But the mountain, blown to pieces!

SEAGOON:

Oh, what's happened? Where's my mountain?

CRUN:

Gone! Destroyed! Smashed to pieces by the Ministry of Works.

SEAGOON:

We'll call an immediate meeting of the Royal Alpine Society.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSICAL LINK AND ALPINE SOCIETY THEME TUNE

LORD ELPUS:

[MILLIGAN]

(INCOHERENT SPEECH, SUCH PHRASES AS "I HAVE NEVER... HAVE NOT THE TIME...")

OMNES:

Bravo! Bravo! Hear! Hear!

SEAGOON:

Well gentlemen, Lord Elpus has made it quite clear. We have no option. We have to start building another mountain in another country. I therefore call upon Major Bloodnok for advice.

BLOODNOK:

Ah Ha Ha! Ha Ha Ha! (GRUNT)S Ha Ha Ha! And other disgusting noises! Gentlemen, I have the answer to this problem.

MINNIE:

Bravo, buddy!

BLOODNOK:

Silence, Miss Bannister, or I'll muggle your crampons with me griff club.

MINNIE:

Ooooooooooooh!

BLOODNOK:

Now to biz. Mount Everest. It's 5 miles high, isn't it? Yes?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

But it measures 12 miles across the bottom.

SEAGOON:

Well?

BLOODNOK:

Well? All we need to do is tip Mount Everest on its side and we'll have a mountain 12 miles high.

SEAGOON:

How do you intend tipping Mount Everest on its side?

BLOODNOK:

Well, isn't it obvious?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

(SHORT PAUSE) Then I have another idea. Why don't we saw the top off Everest, insert a portion of some other mountain underneath, thus raising Everest another hundred feet.

SEAGOON:

Uuuuum, no. That would be cheating and against the International Alpine law.

BLOODNOK:

Gentlemen.

SELLERS:

Ooooooh! Might I interpose? (HARRY DOES A RASPBERRY) Thank you. I know of a mountain that is *higher* than Mount Everest.

ECCLES:

Ooooooooh!

SEAGOON:

Well said, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Thank you.

SELLERS:

This mountain is 33,000 feet high.

SEAGOON:

And it's name?

SELLERS:

Fred. Mount Fred. There is, however, one snag. It is under the sea, 300 kilguri fathoms down.

SEAGOON:

Well, it's worth a try. Hands up those in favour. Well now, gentlemen, it is decided we sail on an expedition ship to locate the sunken mountain. Ellington?

ELLINGTON:

(LANGUID POSH) Er, yes, dear boy?

SEAGOON:

Clear the decks.

ELLINGTON:

At your leisure.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'I GOT A GIRL IN KALAMAZOO'

SELLERS:

The Mighty Mountain, part three. Read on.

SEAGOON:

We fitted out a magnificent expedition vessel. To make the ship safe, we sent it by boat. And soon we hove to above the mighty Mount Fred.

GRAMS:

OARS IN WATER

CRUN:

Lower the anchor.

ECCLES:

Okay.

GRAMS:

SPLASH

CRUN:

Shouldn't it have had a chain attached to it?

ECCLES:

Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah. But it couldn't have been a very good anchor.

CRUN:

Why not?

ECCLES:

It sank, didn't it?

GREENSLADE:

Ah, Major, sir. Your secret deep sea observation bathosphere, the X9, is ready to be lowered over the side.

BLOODNOK:

Well, I'm afraid we can't use it. You see, there's a slight technical fault.

GREENSLADE:

What's that?

BLOODNOK:

The whole thing's useless. However I found another method of making forced meat balls.

SEAGOON:

Forced meat balls?

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok, we have not come 6,000 miles out here with all this ultra-modern submarine equipment and diving apparatus equipped for deep sea mountain climbing to make forced meat balls.

BLOODNOK:

And why not?

SEAGOON:

Because we've come to climb the highest undersea mountain in the world.

BLOODNOK:

Slice me dongler and hell me iron thudders! What blasted idiot thought of that?

SEAGOON:

You did, sir.

BLOODNOK:

What a brilliant idea!

ELLINGTON:

Er, may I interrupt you for a second?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, what do you want?

ELLINGTON:

Nothing, I just want to interrupt.

BLOODNOK:

Get out of here, you naughty little boy, you!

SEAGOON:

Major?

BLOODNOK:

Oh, you naughty little thing!

SEAGOON:

Mage?

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

According to our calculations we're almost above Mount Fred.

BLOODNOK:

Then... action!

OMNES:

MUMBLES AND TALKS AMONGST THEMSELVES.

BLOODNOK:

Men, to climb this under water giant we shall need the following: Alpine stocks, skis, rope, crampons, crevices, grappling irons and tents.

SEAGOON:

Tents? But this climb is under water!

BLOODNOK:

Thud me, you're right! Include umbrellas, raincoats and Miss Myrtle Penelope Dimple.

SEAGOON:

What's she for?

BLOODNOK:

I *like* the woman.

SEAGOON:

How are we going to carry all the heavy equipment?

BLOODNOK:

Camels.

SEAGOON:

Camels? Camels live under water? That's mad!

BLOODNOK:

Of course, only mad camels could live under water. We're in condition tonight. Do you think I'm crazy?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

What a splendid judge of character this fellow is. Now, what next? Ah! Yes! Provisions. Most important, paraffin cookers for cooking paraffin.

SEAGOON:

You can't cook under water.

BLOODNOK:

Of course not, we shall surface for all meals, you understand. And now, how far is it to the base of the mountain? Er, get ready all you climbers!

MILLIGAN:

(GURGLES)

SEAGOON:

Er... how do you intend getting down to the mountain.

BLOODNOK:

Quite simple: one digging, one filling in and one - no, no, no, I mean, er, I mean my famous fireman system. We lower a greasy pole over the ship's side and we all slide down to the mountain top and plant the British flag.

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

[MILLIGAN]

Hooray.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no. That will never do.

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

That would be a foul. You can't climb down to get to the top of a mountain. The International Alpine Club state categorically that all mountains must be climbed up to get to the top.

BLOODNOK:

Flood me cistern with galloping crabs! You mean we've got to climb to the bottom and then climb up again?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

(GASPS) Thud. How far is it to the very bottom?

SEAGOON:

Approximately 3 miles. To be exact - 3 miles.

BLOODNOK:

Much too far to walk. Everybody in the car, we'll drive down. Ellington, away we go.

ELLINGTON:

Right.

GRAMS:

CAR STARTS AND ZOOMS AWAY FOLLOWED BY SPLASH AND BUBBLING

GREENSLADE:

To enable the story of the underwater epic to be continued, the BBC have installed microphones at the base camp of Mount Fred on the North Col and at the summit. Now, read on.

MINNIE:

Bravo!

GRAMS:

CAR RUNNING SMOOTHLY AS BLOODNOK SPEAKS

BLOODNOK:

Stop the car!

GRAMS:

CAR BRAKES AS CAR SCREECHES TO A HALT

BLOODNOK:

We're lost, lost! Lord Seagoon, ask a native where we are.

SEAGOON:

Right, sir. I'll knock on this oyster.

FX:

KNOCKING FOLLOWED BY FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING

GRAMS:

OYSTER OPENS LIKE A RUSTY DOOR

MINNIE:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Oh. Is Pearl in?

MINNIE:

No, no, no. Pearl isn't in, but I'm her mother.

SEAGOON:

Of course, you must be Mother of Pearl! (MINNIE AND SEAGOON LAUGH) Mother of Pearl!
(CONTINUES TO LAUGH)

MINNIE:

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, that's it, yes, yes. What do you want, buddy?

SEAGOON:

Could you direct me to Mount Fred?

MINNIE:

I'm a stranger down here buddy.

SEAGOON:

You'll regret this, buddy, (MINNIE ARGUES DURING THIS SPEECH) you can't trifle with the British Empire buddy... (BOTH GO ON ARGUING ENDING EACH SENTENCE WITH 'BUDDY')

BLOODNOK:

Come on, Seagoon, stop arguing, don't argue. Get in. Drive on, Ray.

ELLINGTON:

Okay.

ECCLES:

Hey, look what I met, an octopus.

BLOODNOK:

Well, don't stop to shake hands or we'll be here all day. Drive on, Ray!

ELLINGTON:

Okay, again.

GRAMS:

CAR STARTS AND ZOOMS OFF INTO DISTANCE FADING AWAY

BLOODNOK:

He should have waited for us!

SEAGOON:

Yes, now we're hopelessly lost.

BLOODNOK:

Lost? Rubbish! I know exactly where we are.

SEAGOON:

Where?

BLOODNOK:

Here.

SEAGOON:

I do believe you're right, I do believe so. Nevertheless someone must surface and see where we are. Now let me see, who shall it be... (CALLING) Bluebottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you call me my Cap-i-tain. I heard you call me. England expects. Sticks hand up jumper in Lord Nelson pose. Moves left, stage way.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, I want you to get to the surface.

BLUEBOTTLE:

And surface it shall be, I shall sur-face. Quickly puts on Elsie Seamen's night only bathing drawers. I am ready, captain! Pray tell me, how do I get to the surface?

SEAGOON:

Just grab the horns of this submerged mine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, jolly good. (STRUGGLES AND GULPS) 'Ere, do not mines go off bang?

SEAGOON:

Of course not. Do your duty, Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I knew it was safe for me to do my duty, Bluebottle. Moves forward over to mine. Grabs hold of horns, very gently. Ahhh, it is safe. I did not believe you at first, but now I know that...

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION FOLLOWED BY TELEPHONE RINGING

SEAGOON:

Hello?

BLUEBOTTLE:

(ON OTHER END OF PHONE) You rotten swine, you! Oh, you have deaded me again. Oh, I die in my prime. Farewell, I say. Pushes button B, gets money back, exits to NAAFI for tea.

SEAGOON:

I've... I've deaded him.

ECCLES:

Ooooooooooh!

SEAGOON:

I'll have to tell his mother.

ECCLES:

Yeah, that will cheer her up, yeah.

CRUN:

Lord Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Oh, it's Marilyn Monroe!

ECCLES:

Ooooooooooooooh! Here, here! Ooooooh!

CRUN:

Take your hands away from me, Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Mr. Crun! How can I mistake you for Marilyn Monroe?

CRUN:

I got air bubbles in the seat of my trousers.

SEAGOON:

I see.

CRUN:

Now, I've come down to tell you that the explosion has blown Mount Fred to bits.

SEAGOON:

What? Oh, curse! The only mountain taller than Everest and wee Georgie Wood! Oh, that's ruined our chances. (SOBBING)

ECCLES:

Oh, never mind. Never mind. Never mind. Here, here, here, oh, steady, have a cigar.

SEAGOON:

Thanks.

ECCLES:

It's one I got from that Ministry of Works fellow.

SEAGOON:

Hmmmm, strong aren't they?

ECCLES:

Yeah.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

GREENSLADE:

We regret to announce the death of Lord Seagoon, Mr. Crun and Eccles. The programme was recorded. Good night.

ECCLES:

Yep, good night, folks. Have a good time.

GREENSLADE:

You're supposed to be deaded.

ECCLES:

No, I'm not deaded.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hurry up and be deaded then you can go home for tea.

SEAGOON:

Yeah, come on Eccles, be deaded.

ECCLES:

No, I'm not going to be deaded!

BLUEBOTTLE:

You are deaded!

ECCLES:

I'm not deaded!

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

(ARGUE FIERCELY UNTIL THE MUSIC OVERPOWERS THEM)

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a 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 Peter Eton.

It is now proven that the cast were all deaded. The London Palladium is now appearing in Argyll Street. Argyll Street is also appearing there. Philip Harbon has not been properly deaded, neither has Kay Hammond. Now read on.

ORCHESTRA:

OUTRO

NOTES:

Sir Mortimer Wheeler was a well-known archaeologist of the day.