

S5 E08 - The Mystery of the Marie Celeste (Solved!)

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

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. Oooh!

GRAMS:

GIANT SPLASH

SEAGOON:

Let that be a lesson to him (LAUGHS TO HIMSELF). He was about to refer to the highly esteemed Goon Show!

ORCHESTRA:

PATHETIC CHORD

SEAGOON:

Listeners, what does that short, brief chord indicate? It indicates that Mr. Wally Stott has forgotten the music again (LAUGHS TO HIMSELF). Therefore, (STRUGGLING) hmhhh

GRAMS:

GIANT SPLASH

SEAGOON:

He'll be company for Mr. Greenslade. Now then, Mister reserve announcer...

JEWISH BUSINESSMAN:

[SELLERS]

What is it, nut?

SEAGOON:

Ah, Mr. Snagge. Tell the British Empire and East Acton what... what we have decided is good for them. Let the joy bells ring!

JEWISH BUSINESSMAN:

Muzeltoff. Ladies and gentlemen, we have been and got a lot of geezers and schpeelers and we... ohhhh!

GRAMS:

GIANT SPLASH

SEAGOON:

(CLEARS HIS THROAT) Ladies and gentlemen, on my own responsibility I present, the Mystery of the Marie Celeste - Solved!

ORCHESTRA:

SEA FARING THEME

SELLERS:

(AMERICAN) Unsolved in the nautical annals of sea mysteries is that of the brigantine Marie Celeste. But more of that later. Let us trace the thread of a rather unique experiment.

MILLIGAN:

One spring afternoon in December Ned Seagoon, a handsome young young buck about town, decided to dine out.

SEAGOON:

Yes. As I sat in my usual place I opened the Financial Times and carefully noted the number of chips I had left. I turned to the gossip page and helped myself to some fish. It was then... it was then a small notice caught my eye. It read:

GRYTPYPE:

Author of sea-stories will pay five thousand pounds to any person furnishing conclusive proof as to the fate of those who manned the Marie Celeste.

SEAGOON:

I read no further.

GRYTPYPE:

But you don't know my address.

SEAGOON:

I read on.

GRYTPYPE:

Apply: Captain Grytpype-Thynne, First Mate, The Buildings, Hackney.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

GRYTPYPE:

Come in!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Captain Grytpype-Thynne?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, matey?

SEAGOON:

So this was the author of a thousand sea sagas. He was a tall, vile man dressed in the naval uniform of a sea-going sailor. Under his left arm he held a neatly rolled anchor while, with his right, he scanned the horizon with a pair of powerful kippers.

GRYTPYPE:

Ahoy!

SEAGOON:

Ahoy!

GRYTPYPE:

Ahoy! Pull up a bollard!

SEAGOON:

Pardon?

GRYTPYPE:

That thing there is a bollard.

SEAGOON:

Oh-ho-ho. Oh. Is that what you tie ships to?

GRYTPYPE:

Well said. Now, matey, what can I do for you?

SEAGOON:

I've just read your offer in the paper about the Marie Celeste.

GRYTPYPE:

Little Matelot! That was inserted in 1910, 44 years ago!

SEAGOON:

My paperman has a big round.

GRYTPYPE:

Your paperman has a big round what?

SEAGOON:

Ahoy!

GRYTPYPE:

Ahoy! Pull up a bollard. Little Bosun, what do you know about the Marie Celeste?

SEAGOON:

You're offering £5,000 reward for the mystery of it.

GRYTPYPE:

Hmm. Do you come here often?

SEAGOON:

No.

GRYTPYPE:

Good. Powder-Monkey, let me tell you about the Marie Celeste. Ahoy!

SEAGOON:

Ahoy!

GRYTPYPE:

Ahoy! At 3 o'clock on the afternoon of December the 5th 1872, 'twixt the Azores and 'twixt the coast of Portugal, the Marie Celeste was sighted.

SEAGOON:

Ahoy!

GRYTPYPE:

Ahoy! On board her there was no sign of life and yet...

SEAGOON:

You're offering £5,000 reward?

GRYTPYPE:

Have you ever been ship-wrecked?

SEAGOON:

No.

GRYTPYPE:

I'll arrange for it.

SEAGOON:

Ahoy!

GRYTPYPE:

Ahoy! Aboard the Marie Celeste, all was ship-shape and Bristol fashion. Food freshly laid, no signs of a strudgle and yet... and yet... not a soul aboard her. Any questions?

SEAGOON:

Yes. What's a bollard?

GRYTPYPE:

Ahoy!

SEAGOON:

Thank you!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes, yes. The crew disappeared without trace. Now, if you can furnish a satisfactory explanation as to what happened to them - £5,000!

SEAGOON:

Right. I'm your man.

GRYTPYPE:

You silly twisted boy, you.

SEAGOON:

Give me a month and I'll have the answer by hook or by crook.

ORCHESTRA:

SEA FARING THEME

SELLERS:

(AMERICAN) And now...

GREENSLADE:

On the first stage of investigations Ned Seagoon hurried round to the office of a large shipping magnate.

FX:

KNOCKS ON DOOR

SEAGOON:

Come in.

FX:

KNOCKS ON DOOR

SEAGOON:

Come in!

BLOODNOK:

It's you that's knocking!

SEAGOON:

Oh! Then I'll come in!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

My name is Ned Seagoon.

BLOODNOK:

I find no joy.

SEAGOON:

Are you Leading Admiral Dennis Bloodnok, Chief for the International Shipping Line?

BLOODNOK:

I have that privilege.

SEAGOON:

I never knew there were shipping offices on the serpentine!

BLOODNOK:

Oh, yes, yes. I do all my business from here. What's the time?

SEAGOON:

Quarter to five.

BLOODNOK:

Good Heavens!

FX:

WOODEN PANEL BEING SLID OPEN, WHISTLE

BLOODNOK:

Come in, Number 49!

FX:

WOODEN PANEL BEING SHUT

BLOODNOK:

Now, then... Well, now, what can I do for you?

SEAGOON:

Admiral Bloodnok, I wish to know...

BLOODNOK:

Just one moment!

FX:

WOODEN PANEL BEING SLID OPEN, WHISTLE

BLOODNOK:

I shan't tell you again, 49!

FX:

WOODEN PANEL BEING SHUT

BLOODNOK:

Some of these people think I run these pleasure boats for pleasure! Now, lad, pull up a bollard.

SEAGOON:

Admiral, I was told that you had associations with the ill-fated Marie Celeste.

BLOODNOK:

All lies, do you hear me? Lies! I was in Bangalore at the time. I deny every word! She's lying, I tell you! Lying! And so is Alice Girth and Mary Thula and all the other women I molested! They're all after my piggy-bank, do you hear me? Oh!

SEAGOON:

Admiral, please. Marie Celeste was found abandoned at sea.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, poor girl! How she must have suffered!

SEAGOON:

The Marie Celeste is a ship!

BLOODNOK:

Of course! Wait a minute! Of course! The Marie Celeste! I... I'd almost forgotten!

SEAGOON:

Right. Now, can you tell me anything about her?

BLOODNOK:

Of course, I have the record here.

SEAGOON:

Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po!

BLOODNOK:

Good! Now I'd like to tell you all about the Marie Celeste, but unfortunately lad, I'm... I'm sworn to secrecy. Absolutely mum. Yes, I'm afraid it would take a lot to make me talk.

SEAGOON:

£5,000?

BLOODNOK:

That's a lot! The entire documents are at your service.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. For nights I poured over vital documents. Then, when all seemed lost, Admiral Bloodnok suddenly remembered a vital map reference.

BLOODNOK:

Latitude 38 29 North, Longitude 17 15 West. Off you go, lad!

SEAGOON:

Right, taxi! And now...

ORCHESTRA:

SEA FARING THEME

BLOODNOK:

I waited for Seagoon's return. And then, at dawn...

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

(PANTING) Admiral, I've just returned from Latitude 38 20 North, Longitude 17 15 West.

BLOODNOK:

Your soaking wet!

SEAGOON:

You didn't tell me it was at sea!

BLOODNOK:

Then it's true, the Marie Celeste was found at sea. Look, lad, here.

SEAGOON:

Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes?

BLOODNOK:

Here, laddy.

SEAGOON:

Yes? Yes? Yes?

BLOODNOK:

Here's the name of a ship yard, the very one that built her. Now, um, why don't you go along and see if they can give you any information?

SEAGOON:

Aye, aye!

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

BLOODNOK:

Aye, aye...

FX:

PHONE BEING DIALLED

BLOODNOK:

(SINGING) Sharing your gladness, my life's desire. Sharing your - Hello? Hello? Bloodnok here. Listen Mr. Crun, what we've planned for has happened. Yes, Ned Seagoon's the name. Yes, I... yes, I've sent him to you and he's offering 5 - (COUGHS) - £4,000 reward for any information. All right. Good-bye Mr. Crun.

FX:

PHONE PUT DOWN ON HOOK

BLOODNOK:

Seaman Geldray? Bring 49 in and play us a horn-mouth on your pipe-organ in the C of key shanty!

MAX GELDRAIY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

The Marie Celeste Mystery Solved, part Two. And now...

ORCHESTRA:

SEA FARING THEME PLAYED A BIT FASTER

MILLIGAN:

While Max Geldray was playing that old English bollard how many listeners noticed that Ned Seagoon had gone to a certain shipwrights at Deptford Creek? Hm? You must watch these points.

GRAMS:

SHIP BUILDING MACHINES

HENRY:

(TO THE TUNE OF 'WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE DRUNKEN SAILOR?')

Put him in the barrel until he's sober

Put him in the barrel until he's sober

(CALLS) Minnie?

MINNIE:

(HUMS JAZZY TUNE)

HENRY:

Minnie? Stop that mad, crazy, modern rhythm style singing.

MINNIE:

Why should I stop my modern, crazy, rhythm... style singing, buddy?

HENRY:

Because we are sea-faring folk. If you must sing, sing a shanty!

MINNIE:

Ooooooh! Henry, a shanty! (HUMS JAZZY TUNE)

HENRY:

Minnie!?

MINNIE:

Yes?

HENRY:

I shall come down there in a minute!

MINNIE:

(HUMS JAZZY TUNE)

HENRY:

(SINGING) Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves, Britains never never never shall be slaves!

MINNIE:

(HUMS JAZZY TUNE)

HENRY:

(SINGING) Fifteen men on a dead man's chest, yo ho hum and a bottle of rum!

SEAGOON:

Ahoy there!

HENRY:

Ahoy!

SEAGOON:

Ahoy! My name is Ned Seagoon.

HENRY:

Oh, Minnie, it's him, Ned Seagoon.

MINNIE:

(STARTS HUMMING JAZZ)

HENRY:

(TRIES TO OVERPOWER MINNIE'S SINGING WITH "RULE BRITANNIA")

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Anne Ziegler and Webster Booth. Is this the shipyard of Crun, Bannister and Crun?

HENRY:

Yes.

MINNIE:

Yes.

HENRY:

And yes.

SEAGOON:

Then, this firm built the Marie Celeste!

HENRY:

Yes, I did.

SEAGOON:

You did? Oh, come now, the Marie Celeste was built over a hundred years ago!

HENRY:

Oh, then it must be my day off. Ahoy!

SEAGOON:

Ahoy! Mr. Crun!

HENRY:

Ahoy!

SEAGOON:

I want you to build and man a second Marie Celeste.

HENRY:

Mnnnnnnnk...

SEAGOON:

Don't you see? The idea is to re-sail the ill-fated voyage and reconstruct the mystery.

HENRY:

Build another Marie Celeste? Oh, dear.

SEAGOON:

Yes, I want you to build a replica.

HENRY:

Oh, I'm sorry, I'm a ship-builder, I'm no good at replicas.

MINNIE:

Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po

HENRY AND SEAGOON:

Good!

SEAGOON:

Now, how long to build it?

HENRY:

Oh, well, there's a lot of work, you know. The...

MINNIE:

Yes.

HENRY:

A lot of... isn't there, Min?

MINNIE:

There is, yes.

HENRY:

The old plans will have to be modernised.

MINNIE:

In the modern style, buddy.

HENRY:

Yes, got to have the crazy plans you know. Then there's the wood. Very difficult to get the wood, you know...

MINNIE:

Yes.

HENRY:

And the rope, oh, the rope.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes. Now give me a rough date.

HENRY:

Deck-timbers, oh, that's... And the canvas to go aloft...

SEAGOON:

When will the boat be finished?

HENRY:

Mmmmmm, after dinner.

SEAGOON:

You'll have the whole ship completed after dinner?

HENRY:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

What's the delay?

HENRY:

The wood, you can't get the wood you know.

SEAGOON:

All right, I'll just have to be patient. After dinner, then. Ahoy!

HENRY:

Ahoy!

SEAGOON:

(GOES OFF SINGING)

ORCHESTRA:

SEA FARING THEME PLAYED A BIT FASTER

SELLERS:

(AMERICAN) And now...

GREENSLADE:

No sooner had young Ned Seagoon left the shipyard than Mr. Crun hurriedly spoke to a sea-faring man.

HENRY:

Commodore! Commodore! It's happened at last!

ECCLES:

Oooh! Oh, well. So it's happened at last, eh? Well, well, well, well, Ooooooh! So it's happened at last! Well! It happened at last, eh? Well! It happened, you said? It happened!

HENRY:

Yes, yes.

ECCLES:

Oooooh! It happened at last, eh? Oooooh! What's happened?

HENRY:

Admiral Bloodnok sent him to us and he's here.

ECCLES:

Oooooooh! Here? You mean he? He is really here? It's him?

HENRY:

Yes, yes. He's here.

ECCLES:

He's here!

ECCLES AND HENRY:

(LAUGH TOGETHER)

ECCLES:

He's here!

ECCLES AND HENRY:

(LAUGH TOGETHER)

ECCLES:

Who's here?

HENRY:

Him, Ned Seagoon. You know, the plan that we all worked on, the Marie Celeste plan.

ECCLES:

Ooh, that one!

HENRY:

Yes. And there's a reward for four (COUGHS) - £3,000.

ECCLES:

Oh! Well, I'll go... I'll go and get the original crew.

HENRY:

Yes, it's simple. All we have to do is to get.... (FADES)

ECCLES:

Yeah? (FADES)

ORCHESTRA:

MYSTIC HARP TUNE

OMNES:

CROWD NOISES

ECCLES:

Listen, fellers, okay? It's happened, fellers, it's happened. And he's offering a reward of two (COUGHS)... £1,000.

CORNISH SAILOR:

[SELLERS] Did you hear that Secombe, Yakamoto? He's offering a reward of one (COUGHS)... £500.

YORKSHIRE SAILOR:

[SECOMBE]

What's he say?

YAKAMOTO:

[SELLERS]

Honourable man is offering reward of five (COUGHS)... £250.

YORKSHIRE SAILOR:

Is he? £250, eh? (LAUGHS TO HIMSELF) I'll tell cabin-boy Bluebottle!

YAKAMOTO:

Ah, yes.

ORCHESTRA:

MYSTIC HARP TUNE

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hee-hee-hee. I have just been told-ed there's a reward of 17 and nine-pence and an extra bob a week, if we live.

MILLIGAN:

Listeners, have you noticed a slight drop in the reward? You must watch these little points!

ORCHESTRA:

SEA FARING THEME PLAYED A BIT FASTER

SELLERS:

(AMERICAN) And now...

GREENSLADE:

Ned Seagoon hurried back to the author who was offering £4,000 reward...

SEAGOON:

£5,000!

GREENSLADE:

I've got to live as well. Anyway, Ned Seagoon informed Admiral Grytpype-Thynne of the progress he had made and that he, Ned Seagoon, was preparing to re-sail the ill-fated voyage again.

SEAGOON:

Correct, we sail today.

GREENSLADE:

Now here is a gale warning.

SEAGOON:

We sail tomorrow. We should reach the exact spot in five days.

BLOODNOK:

In the meantime, Ray Ellington? Pull up a bollard! Ahoy!

ELLINGTON:

Ahoy!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'ABC (WITH RHYTHM AND EASE)'

ORCHESTRA:

SEA FARING THEME PLAYED A BIT FASTER

SELLERS:

(AMERICAN) And now...

GREENSLADE:

The Mystery of the Marie Celeste Solved, part three. Exactly as in 1872, the Brigantine Marie Celeste the second slid gracefully out of harbour...

GRAMS:

SEAGULLS CONTINUE OVER SPEECH

GREENSLADE:

...past the boom and in to the open sea.

GRAMS:

WAVES BREAKING ON SHIPS BOW

SEAGOON:

Heh, heh, heh, heh, Well, we're under way, Capt'n.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes. Put your hand out Seagoon, we turn left here, lad.

SEAGOON:

Some time later I gave a last glance at land. It gave one a strange feeling to see the Beachy Head lighthouse pass our stern - we were at anchor! But soon we were on the open sea.

ORCHESTRA:

SEA FARING THEME PLAYED A BIT FASTER

SEAGOON:

After five days at sea, I was having dinner in the crow's nest when suddenly...

ECCLES:

Ahoy! You up there, Mr. Seagoon

SEAGOON:

(IN THE DISTANCE) Yes?

ECCLES:

Admiral Bloodnok's cwimplimonts. He wants you in his cabin right away!

SEAGOON:

Right away?

ECCLES:

Yeah, but first I want to tell you something!

SEAGOON:

Coming! Ahhhhhh... (QUICKLY GETTING NEARER)

FX:

LARGE HEAVY OBJECT HITTING WOODEN FLOOR

SEAGOON:

Oh! Oh, dear! That's a nasty fall, that is!

ECCLES:

Are you okay?

SEAGOON:

I think so. Ooh! Ow! Ah! Now, what did you want to tell me?

ECCLES:

I've taken the ladder away. (LAUGHS TO HIMSELF) You're still my friend? You're still my friend?

SEAGOON:

I don't know about that, Eccles.

HENRY:

Mr. Seagoon, we're nearly there. Then we can re-enact the mystery for you.

SEAGOON:

Good... Wait a minute! Do *you* know what happened to the original crew of the Marie Celeste?

HENRY:

(GOES OFF SINGING TO HIMSELF)

SEAGOON:

Mr. Crun! Mr. Cr..! Oh, I'll go and ask the Admiral, perhaps he'll explain. Er, excuse me.

CHINESE SAILOR:

[SELLERS]

Yes, what does most honourable Neddie Sleagoon want?

SEAGOON:

Where is Admiral Bloodnok's cabin?

CHINESE SAILOR:

That door there, marked "Ladies only".

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

CHINESE SAILOR:

Chip chop chap chop

SEAGOON:

Chop chip. I strolled towards the cabin, determined to get to the bottom of the mystery.

FX:

QUAINT 'DING DONG' ON DOORBELL, DOOR OPENED

SEDUCTIVE WOMAN:

[SELLERS]

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Oh, I'm terribly sorry. I thought this was the Admiral's cabin.

SEDUCTIVE WOMAN:

Just one moment.

FX:

DOOR SHUTS

BLOODNOK:

(CLEARS HIS THROAT, OTHER SIDE OF DOOR) Come in!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Admiral Bloodnok, you said you wanted to see me.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, yes, yes, yes, yes. Young Neddie, yes. You haven't met my sister, have you?

SEAGOON:

You told me you were an only child.

BLOODNOK:

In that case, meet my mother.

SEAGOON:

How do you do?

BLOODNOK:

I'll see you later, mother dear.

SEDUCTIVE WOMAN:

Oh, Dennis, all right then. (LAUGHS TO HERSELF)

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

But Admiral, you look twenty years older than she does.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, yes, lad, but then I've had a lot of worry, you know. Now, Ned, to business. What about the... erm... money?

SEAGOON:

When we arrive at the rendezvous tomorrow a naval vessel will be present with the author aboard.

BLOODNOK:

Author? I don't wish to know any authors!

SEAGOON:

He's the man with the money.

BLOODNOK:

Introduce me at once!

SEAGOON:

He will not furnish the money until he receives a satisfactory explanation as to what happened to the crew...

BLOODNOK:

Thud me marling-spikes! I know what happened, this is the true story. On the way...

FX:

DOOR OPENED

BLUEBOTTLE:

Pardon me, my little hairy Cap-I-Tain. Enter Bluebottle in rough seaman's itchy jersey and with a patch over one eye and a dirty big stocking on my head. Holé! Not a sausinge.

SEAGOON:

Curse, just as I was about to find the answer. What's going on here, little ragged pants?

BLUEBOTTLE:

We have sighted a British man-o-war, HMS Gladys. Points with finger out to sea. Doot-doot-doot-doot-doot-doot. We are getting ready to act the mystery. Stands by cannyon to fire salute.

SEAGOON:

What... what is the mystery of the Marie Celeste?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Nay! Nay! There's a 17 and nine-pence reward. And until I get it, not a word shall pass my lips. Ties himself to mast and waits for 50 lashes.

SEAGOON:

Here's your 17 shillings and nine-pence. Now... out with it!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hee-hee-hee! Thank you. Takes out 17 and nine-penny piece which is no bigger than a tanner. Puts it in rough seaman's purse. Prepares to tell mystery (CLEARS THROAT). When we were... eee! Sees Admiral out of corner of eye, good job that I have got square eyes.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

SEAGOON:

I say, little knobbly actor! I say! Where's he gone?

BLOODNOK:

Where's that naughty little powder-monkey gone? It's time to fire a salute. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Okay. Give me the match and stand back!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION OF CANNON BEING FIRED, PAUSE, BIG SPLASH

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you! I was hiding in the cannon! And now I'm drowning! Eaugh! Waves arms about as if in panic. Eaugh! Goes down for third time, then remembers 17 and nine-pence in purse. Climbs back on ship to spend same, exit left to NAAFI.

SEAGOON:

Perhaps someone will tell me what's going on here.

BLOODNOK:

I'll tell you. We are the original crew of the Marie Celeste.

SEAGOON:

Good Heavens, ghosts!

ECCLES:

We ain't ghosts.

SEAGOON:

But you can't be human.

ECCLES:

Well, that's different.

BLOODNOK:

I'll... I'll tell you what happened. When we sailed the original Marie Celeste, we made rafts.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes?

BLOODNOK:

Please, don't do that! Then we set the table, left everything as it was, then we quietly slipped over the side. And thud me gripkins, that's really what happened. Isn't that right, me hearties?

OMNES:

AYE!

SEAGOON:

But why did you do it?

BLOODNOK:

Because we knew that one day someone would offer a reward for the solution of the mystery. And by thunder, it's happened. Hasn't it, me hearties?

OMNES:

AYE!

SEAGOON:

But why couldn't you have just told me? Why come all this way?

BLOODNOK:

They'd never believe us, lad. How some people can doubt me, me the very soul of honesty! Isn't that right, me hearties?

OMNES:

SILENCE

GREENSLADE:

HMS Gladys on the port-bow, sir.

SEAGOON:

Splendid. Ha-Ha. On board is Captain Grytpype-Thynne with the £5,000.

BLOODNOK:

Right, stand by to re-enact the mystery, lads.

ECCLES:

Okay, okay.

GRAMS:

WAVE SOUNDS UNDER:

BLOODNOK:

(SHOUTING) Ahoy, there! HMS Gladys! Captain Grytpype-Thynne? Are you ready with the money?

(NORMAL VOICE) That's funny! (SHOUTING) Ahoy, there! HMS Gladys!

ECCLES:

(SHOUTING) HMS Gladys? Ahoooooooooy!

SEAGOON:

Stand back, Eccles, let me try. I used to be in the choir. (HIGH VOICE) Ahoy there Captain Grytpype-Thynne! (GULP)

GREENSLADE:

(ON WIRELESS) Here is the news. Two days ago a crew under the command of Admiral Bloodnok in the Marie Celeste the 2nd boarded a British sloop, HMS Gladys. On board all was ship-shape, but there was no sign of life. Mr. Neddie Seagoon is offering £5,000 for a solution to the mystery of HMS Gladys.

GRAMS:

KNOCK ON DOOR

SEAGOON:

Come in!

GRAMS:

DOOR OPENS

GRYTPYPE:

Ahoy, there, matey!

SEAGOON:

Ahoy!

GRYTPYPE:

About the reward money for the solution of HMS Gladys.

ORCHESTRA:

THEME TUNE

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 Eric Sykes and Spike Milligan. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

'CRAZY RHYTHM' OUTRO