

S6 E01 - Seagoon MCC

Transcribed by Digby Green. Corrections by Tony Wills, Paul Winalski and others. Additional corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

GRAMS:

FRED THE OYSTER – DONKEY BRAY FOLLOWED BY RASPBERRY

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. In the last three years, war books have had the highest sales in the world, but nowhere else. Among the best sellers were:

SECOMBE:

'Reach for the Sky'.

SELLERS:

'The Cruel Sea'.

MILLIGAN:

'I Flew for the Fuehrer'.

SECOMBE:

'The Colditz Story'.

MILLIGAN:

'The Hotditz Story'. And now...!

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

GRAMS:

FRED THE OYSTER

SELLERS:

The story we tell tonight is one of courage, heroism, tenacity. Of a man gifted with a great intellect, his name was...

ECCLES:

Hello.

SELLERS:

No, not him. It was Seagoon MCC.

SEAGOON:

Yes, Seagoon MCC. I was a batman. Get it? Seagoon MCC? Batman? (LAUGHS)

GREENSLADE:

The Book, 'Seagoon MCC', is available in leather, paper or book form. All in all, sixteen brass and porridge bound volumes, complete with colour plates, words, pages and needle nardle noo.

SELLERS:

The foreword for this massive tome...

ECCLES:

Tome? What's a tome?

FLOWERDEW:

Nobody, I live with myself.

GREENSLADE:

The foreword for this tome was written by Field Marshal Eccles, who also wrote the backward. We proudly present...

SEAGOON:

Seagoon MCC!

ORCHESTRA:

LONG FANFARE MILITARY TRUMPETS

SEAGOON:

Chapter 1. 1939, I joined the colours.

ELLINGTON:

Man, welcome to the regiment.

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

GREENSLADE:

Chapter 4, in which Neddie Seagoon is transferred to a more suitable regiment.

FX:

CLANK OF MANACLES UNDER:

SEAGOON:

No! No! Put me down. Help! You can't do this to me. Help!

SERGEANT:

[MILLIGAN]

Shut up!

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, now, what have we got here?

SERGEANT:

A volunteer, sir.

SEAGOON:

It's all a mistake, sir. It's all a mistake, I can't join. You can't take me. I'm... (WELSH ACCENT) I'm an American, buddy, you see? I'm an American. I... I... I'm from the prairie. Yeah, I'm from the prairie. I'm... er... I'm from New York.

GRYTPYPE:

New York?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, do you know the Bronx?

SEAGOON:

(WELSH ACCENT) I know them well, I married their daughter Gladys Bronk.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh. You'd better report to the American army authorities, just through there.

SEAGOON:

(WELSH ACCENT) Oh, thank you, buddy.

FX:

DOOR OPENS. DOOR CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

Ah. Good morning.

GRYTPYPE:

Good morning, buddy. You want to join the American army, buddy?

SEAGOON:

No, no, I can't join. You see I... I'm... I'm... I'm British.

GRYTPYPE:

I knew you weren't American the moment you mentioned your marriage to Gladys Bronk.

SEAGOON:

Why?

GRYTPYPE:

I am Gladys Bronk.

SEAGOON:

Darling! Together again.

GRYTPYPE:

Shall we dance?

SEAGOON:

Of course.

ORCHESTRA:

WALTZ MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

That was the special happy ending for housewives. Now, here is what *really* happened.

GRYTPYPE:

Sergeant, arrest that fat bladder of lard.

SEAGOON:

Oh! Buddy, darling, no. I... I... I can't join the army. You see, I'm only sixteen.

GRYTPYPE:

Then you'll have to lie about your age.

SEAGOON:

I am lying about my age.

GRYTPYPE:

Huh. Congratulations, you're the first man to lie his way into the army. Next, please?

SEAGOON:

Curses, dear listeners. Dear listeners, all my cunning: skirt; urchin cut; high heeled shoes, have availed me naught. Never mind, dear listeners. No army can hold a Seagoon for long. Ha ha. I had ideas. After all, money talks.

MILLIGAN:

I'm a thrupenny bit.

SEAGOON:

Silence! Or I'll put the coppers on yer.

GRYTPYPE:

Seagoon? Why are you hanging around?

SEAGOON:

I'll tell you why. (ASIDE) I took out a roll of pound notes and tossed the rubber band into his lap.

GRYTPYPE:

Wait. This rubber band is empty.

SERGEANT:

Volunteer!

FX:

ARMY MARCHING.

SERGEANT:

Left! Right! Left! Right! (CONTINUES WITH SEAGOON YELLING IN BACKGROUND)

GREENSLADE:

Chapter 5, in which Seagoon tries to work his ticket.

SEAGOON:

Yes. As I sat in my padded cell chained to the wall in a double straight jacket, I thought: I know what I'll do. I'll act mad. (LAUGHS MANIACALLY) Yes! (LAUGHS MANIACALLY) Warder! I want to join the lovely British army!

FX:

WHOOSH.

GRYTPYPE:

Sign here, please.

FX:

PEN SCRIBBLING

GREENSLADE:

Chapter 6, in which Private Seagoon tries to work his ticket.

SEAGOON:

Yes. When the Blitz came, England was under a very heavy aerial bombardment, mainly from the air. I thought up a mad hare-brained scheme that would surely prove I was unfit for military service.

FX:

SOUND OF TROOPS MARCHING OVER...

SERGEANT:

Left! Right! Left! Right! Left! Right! Left! Right! Left! Right! Private Seagooooon... Halt! Private Seagoon, from the right, number!

SEAGOON:

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten!

SERGEANT:

Private Seagoon all correct and present, sir.

GRYTPYPE:

Stand easy.

FX:

STANDS EASY.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie. You know that idea you submitted?

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS MANIACALLY) The one about filling bags of skin with gas and... and letting them up on pieces of string above London to frighten enemy aircraft?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, that one.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS MANIACALLY) That one! (LAUGHS MANIACALLY) Anyone thinking of an idea like that should be thrown out of the army, eh? (LAUGHS MANIACALLY)

GRYTPYPE:

Look up there in the sky.

SEAGOON:

Ahhhh! Bags of skin on pieces of string. My idea!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, barrage balloons. And as a token of gratitude, the War Office has granted you... promotion.

SEAGOON:

Ahhhh.

FX:

TROOPS MARCHING AWAY.

SERGEANT:

Left! Right! Left! Right! Left! Right...!

GREENSLADE:

Chapter 7, in which Lance Corporal Seagoon tries to work his ticket.

SEAGOON:

This time, I decided to take my crazy scheme to another quarter. To some *real* idiot.

BLOODNOK:

At the time, I was heavily engaged in the defence of London. See also 'The War Memoirs of Major Dennis Bloodnok, Professional Coward', price two shillings.

SEAGOON:

I'd expected to find the Major in a sumptuous Whitehall office.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, but no. I was a simple soldier and content to defend London from a quiet country field in a little iron room five hundred feet below ground.

FX:

POUNDING ON BUNKER DOOR

BLOODNOK:

I surrender! I surrender! (SINGS) Deutschland Deutschland, über alles.

SEAGOON:

It's Corporal Seagoon.

BLOODNOK:

What? (SINGS) There'll always be an England. (NORMAL) Oh! Oh! Ha, ha, ha. Come in, lad.

FX:

METAL DOOR BEING DRAGGED OPEN.

BLOODNOK:

Have they invaded yet?

SEAGOON:

No, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Sergeant?

THROAT:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Haul down that German flag.

THROAT:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Major, you're not thinking of surrender?

BLOODNOK:

What? A Bloodnok never surrenders. I never get near enough. See also my war biography 'A Bloodnok Never Surrenders' by Major Dennis Bloodnok, P.O.W. Now, would you care to... care to join me in a small shot of schnapps?

SEAGOON:

I don't like small schnapp shots sir.

BLOODNOK:

Say that again.

SEAGOON:

I daren't risk it.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Personally, I don't blame you. However. Now... To whom do I owe the honour of this visit?

SEAGOON:

Me!

BLOODNOK:

What a brilliant description.

SEAGOON:

Needle nardle noo.

BLOODNOK:

[UNCLEAR] please, yes.

SEAGOON:

I crept into a concrete safe with him.

BLOODNOK:

I'll just put on my on my eight steel hats, three gas masks and strap on this stirrup pump. Ah! There. Now, let them come. Now, what is it?

SEAGOON:

Major, did you do know England is under a heavy air offensive?

BLOODNOK:

I had heard rumours, yes.

SEAGOON:

Major, I have a brilliant plan.

BLOODNOK:

That sounds like a brilliant plan! (ASIDE) If it works, I shall accept the responsibility. If it fails, it was all his idea in the first place.

SEAGOON:

Aside. Good. If it went wrong, I'll be blamed. Huh, huh, huh! And then I'd get my ticket. (LAUGHS) Normal. (CLEARS THROAT) Aloud. Ah, this is the idea: build cardboard tanks, put them on Salisbury plain and the Germans will waste thousand of bombs on them.

BLOODNOK:

Grab me scalibers and thud me gringes. You... you... you must be mad.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Yes, that's it. I'm mad. You'll tell my C.O., won't you? I'm mad. Ha! Ha! I'm mad. (BARKS THEN YELPS LIKE A DOG)

BLOODNOK:

Get out of here, you naughty doggy! Get out of here!

FX:

HEAVY DOOR SLID BACK. PHONE PICKED UP AND DIALED.

BLOODNOK:

(SINGS) I'll follow my secret heart till I find you. (NORMAL) Hello? The war office? Ah, yes. I've had a brilliant idea! Look, why don't we build cardboard tanks and (FADES)

GRAMS:

AIRCRAFT HIGH IN THE SKY UNDER:

SEAGOON:

So my plan was put into operation. Three weeks later, the air over Salisbury Plain was vibrant with the sound of German aircraft.

BLOODNOK:

What a sight it was! I saw it all on the newsreel. The silly Germans swallowed the bait and bombed the cardboard tanks.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. Last night, fleets of German bombers dropped cardboard bombs on Salisbury Plain.

BLOODNOK:

What! What! What! Ooooh, oph, oph. See also my book 'It Wasn't My Idea in the First Place', price one and nine.

SEAGOON:

See also my book, 'Then Why Did Bloodnok Take the Credit?', price a shilling.

BLOODNOK:

See also It, 'It Looked Good On Paper', price sixpence.

SEAGOON:

See also 'Bloodnok Tried To Deceive Me', price thruppence.

BLOODNOK:

See also 'Why Don't You Shut Up!', price tuppence.

SEAGOON:

See also 'How Dare You Speak to Me Like That!', a penny.

BLOODNOK:

See also 'Take That!'

FX:

SLAP.

SEAGOON:

Ooooh!

BLOODNOK:

Post free.

SEAGOON:

See also my sequel, 'Take That!'

BLOODNOK:

Arh!

FX:

SEAGOON AND BLOODNOK TRADING SLAPS AND YELLING UNDER:

GREENSLADE:

See also 'I was Tito's Pianist' by Max Geldray in the plain wrappers.

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERVAL

FX:

SOUND OF TROOPS MARCHING.

SERGEANT:

Left! Right! Left! Right! Left! Right! Left! Right! Left! Right! Corporal Seagoon... (ASIDE) See also 'I Marched Him In', price ten shillings. (NORMAL) Corporal Seagoon... Halt! Corporal Seagoon, from the right, number, there.

SEAGOON:

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten!

SERGEANT:

(SLURRED) Seagoon all correct and present, sir.

GRYTPYPE:

Seajune, Bloodnok accuses you of initiating the cardboard tank idea.

SEAGOON:

That's right. All mine. All my crazy idea. (MANIC LAUGH) Anyone who comes out with an idea like that should be thrown out of the army, eh? (MANIC LAUGH) Shouldn't they? (MANIC LAUGH) hmm... hm...

GRYTPYPE:

Look out of the window.

SEAGOON:

Aaaaaaaaah! Cardboard tanks!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. We were able to build them out of all those lovely cardboard bombs the Germans dropped. Thanks to you.

FX:

SLAPS STRIPES INTO HIS HAND.

GRYTPYPE:

Sergeant Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Sergeant! No, oh, no, no, no! Before I sew the tapes on, Sir, I... I have another idea.

GRYTPYPE:

You have? What?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Just a moment. I'll... I'll have to think of it. (MANIC) Ha ha. Yes, yes, yes aha yes, yes ha hum hmm hmm hmm. The Germans, the Germans are only separated from us by the channel eh? Which is only twenty-one miles wide.

FX:

SPLASH, SWIMMING - FADES TO DISTANCE THEN BACK IN AGAIN). MAN CLIMBS OUT OF WATER (23 SECS LONG)

GRYTPYPE:

(GASP OF BREATH) Actually it's twenty-two.

SEAGOON:

I knew it was twenty-two all the time. I was keeping the real distance a secret.

GRYTPYPE:

Were you?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Have a grenade.

FX:

SMALL EXPLOSION.

SERGEANT:

Number!

SEAGOON:

One, two, three, four, five, six,seven, eight, nine!

GRYTPYPE:

Now Seagoon, what is this brilliant plan of yours?

SEAGOON:

Captain, supposing the channel was a hundred miles across.

GRYTPYPE:

Er?

SEAGOON:

Wouldn't that make the Germans think twice about invading us?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, that would certainly deter them.

SEAGOON:

Yes. They'd have to make a detour, get it? Ha ha ha! A detour! Ha ha ha.

GRYTPYPE:

Have a grenade.

FX:

SMALL EXPLOSION.

SERGEANT:

Number!

SEAGOON:

One, two, three, four, five, six,seven, eight!

MORIARTY:

Oh, sapristi, Yakabakaka boo. One moment, Captain Grytpype, one moment please. As commander of the Fried French Forces, I think... I think that this lad's idea is very good. Tell me, little nation of shopkeepers, how do you intend making the channel a hundred miles wide?

SEAGOON:

That, gentlemen, is your worry.

MORIARTY:

And this is yours.

FX:

SMALL EXPLOSION.

SERGEANT:

Number!

SEAGOON:

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!

GRYTPYPE:

We're wearing him down, dear listeners.

SEAGOON:

Very well. See also my book, 'I Said Very Well', price eight pounds. Gentlemen... gentlemen I'll lay my cards on the table. I'll give you an idea that will win the war, provided you give me my discharge from the army.

MORIARTY:

It's a deal. As soon as the war is over, you will be discharged from the army.

SEAGOON:

Right. Now, this is it. Build a full scale cardboard replica of England.

MORIARTY:

(GASP) Oh.

SEAGOON:

Anchor it off the coast of Germany. Then, when the Germans have invaded it, we tow it out to sea - and pull the plug out.

MORIARTY:

Build a replica, you say?

SEAGOON:

Build a replica.

GRYTPYPE:

Wait a moment. I don't know the meaning of the word 'replica'.

SEAGOON:

That's your pigeon.

FX:

COOING PIGEON.

MORIARTY:

So it is! And it's got a dictionary strapped to its leg! And here. Here. Here under the R is the word replica, meaning Replica, meaning model of.

GRYTPYPE:

Who could build this replica?

SEAGOON:

Before I answer, that may I ask a question?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Who can build this replica?

FX:

SMALL EXPLOSION.

SERGEANT:

Number!

SEAGOON:

One, two, three, four, five, six!

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in the house of the well-known cardboard contractor, on the coast of Eastbourne.

CRUN:

Dear, oh, dear, dear. You can't get the wood you know.

MINNIE:

It'll all be over by Christmas, buddy.

OSCAR:

[SECOMBE]

Have you seen my teeth, Henry?

FX:

RATTLING AROUND, DROPPING OF NAILS UNDER...

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, oh, dear. Uncle lost his... lost his teeth.

OSCAR:

I had them this morning.

FX:

SOMETHING TINNY DROPPING TO GROUND.

MINNIE:

Ooh.

CRUN:

Ohhh. You...

OSCAR:

I had them first thing this morning and er...

FX:

LOUD JINGLE OF SOMETHING ELSE DROPPING

CRUN:

Released all my pigeons. You...

OSCAR:

I... I...

MINNIE:

You shouldn't stop in there so long.

OSCAR:

I had them when I... erm...

CRUN:

What is it? Oh, no, no.

OSCAR:

Here they are.

FX:

SOMETHING BREAKING.

MINNIE:

Ohhh...

OSCAR:

I lost my teeth.

MINNIE:

I know...

GREENSLADE:

This went on for some time.

FX:

FOUR KNOCKS ON WOODEN DOOR

MINNIE:

Oooh! Ooooooh! Ooaah! It's the invasion! We'll all be invaded in our beds! Ohh...

FX:

KNOCKING ON WOODEN DOOR

SEAGOON:

Anybody in?

MINNIE:

Arhh, oowll!

CRUN:

He speaks English!

MINNIE:

These Germans are very clever. They speak German as well, you know.

FX:

HARD KNOCKING.

MINNIE:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

Let me in!

MINNIE:

One step nearer and we'll take off our gas masks.

CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Dear patriotic old couple, I'm British! I can prove it by the horse I'm riding.

CRUN:

How?

SEAGOON:

Go on, tell 'em.

HORSE:

[MILLIGAN]

Yeh, he's British.

CRUN:

How do I know the horse is telling the truth?

SEAGOON:

Have you ever heard of a horse telling a lie?

MINNIE:

He's got you there, Henry.

CRUN:

Yes.

MINNIE:

You better uncouple the locks and let him in.

CRUN:

Yes, yes, I 'd better let him in.

FX:

DOOR OPENING.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Now, which one of you two is Mr Crun?

MINNIE:

I'm Miss Banister.

SEAGOON:

Never mind who you are. Which one is Henry Crun?

MINNIE:

Don't tell him, Henry.

CRUN:

No. I'm.... mmm... mmm... I'm not going to tell him Min. In any case... (BLOWS RASPBERRY)

MINNIE:

Ooh!

CRUN:

Oh! In any case, why do you want to know my name?

SEAGOON:

Mr Crun. You make cardboard models and scenery.

CRUN:

If I was Mr Crun, which I'm not admitting, yes I do.

SEAGOON:

Well, I'm Neddie Seagoon and I'm acting for Captain Grytpype-Thynne.

CRUN:

Why?

SEAGOON:

He's a very bad actor.

HORSE:

He's British.

SEAGOON:

So is the Ray Ellington Quartet!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

'EVERYBODY RAZZLE DAZZLE'

CRUN:

See also 'You Can't Get the Musicians', price three Shillings.

SEAGOON:

Mr Crun, as I was saying, have you a full scale cardboard replica of England?

CRUN:

Oh, I'm sorry. The last one was sold this morning.

SEAGOON:

Curses. Who bought it?

CRUN:

Oh, dear, um, mmm, mmm. A military-looking gentleman called Major Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok? Bloodnok. Bloodnok.

FX:

BELL

SEAGOON:

The name rings a bell.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. I'm a bell ringer. Ooh!

SEAGOON:

You, you naughty bell ringer.

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

What have you done with that full scale cardboard replica of England?

BLOODNOK:

Ooohhh ooh.

SEAGOON:

Open your coat.

BLOODNOK:

(GASP)

SEAGOON:

Mmmm...

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh!

SEAGOON:

It's not there.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh, ohhhh.

SEAGOON:

Now, you're hiding it somewhere else.

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Lift up your hat.

BLOODNOK:

Right.

ECCLES:

Hello.

SEAGOON:

Mad Dan Eccles, what are you doing under his hat?

ECCLES:

I'm his barber.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. He's the black sheep of the family.

ECCLES:

Yes, I'm barber black sheep!

SEAGOON:

Eccles, lift up *your* hat.

ECCLES:

OK.

GRAMS:

GRAMOPHONE RECORD PLAYS.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! A hat band!

ECCLES:

Now you know why I sleep with my hat on.

BLOODNOK:

I... I can't lie to you, Neddie. Look here, I'll... I'll tell you where the replica is. It's already being assembled off Liverpool in the river Mersey, ready for convoy

SEAGOON:

Ah. I realised that *my* great plan was being put into operation and, unless I intercepted Colonel Grytpype-Thynne and General Fried French Moriaty, they would claim the idea as theirs. I planned to capture them and force them to sign a document that would give me claim as the inventor and thus enable me to buy my freedom from the army.

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE.

SEAGOON:

(NASAL) Thank you. (NORMAL) To help me capture my two enemies, I hired two stalwart men. I was to meet them just outside Liverpool.

FX:

WHINING WIND, UNDER...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shall I tell you something, Eccles? After the war, I'm going to write a book called 'I was a Commando'.

ECCLES:

Fine, Fine, Fine.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Yah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

We are brave commandos, aren't we, Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You are a brave commando. And I am a brave commando.

ECCLES:

Yah. Fine. Yah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yer.

ECCLES:

Bo' da, bo' da. Yeah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

We're both brave.

ECCLES:

Yer. Being brave, it is fine. 'Ere!

ECCLES:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

There's a spider crawling up my leg. Oh, I'm frightened. I don't like this game. Moves right, shows first class coward's badge.

FX:

WHOOSH. RATTLING OF DUSTBIN LID.

SEAGOON:

It's me, you fools. Come out of that dustbin.

FX:

POUNDING ON LID.

ECCLES:

We were just having dinner. Care to join us?

SEAGOON:

I raised the lid of the invitation.

FX:

RAISES LID.

GRAMS:

STRING QUARTET MUSIC.

WAITER:

[SELLERS]

(FRENCH ACCENT) Your hat and coat, sir?

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

WAITER:

Sit here, sir.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

FX:

DUSTBIN LID STUCK BACK ON.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, got you!

SEAGOON:

Quick! Somebody's put the lid on.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, you're not going to get away.

SEAGOON:

Trapped in the dustbin. Quick, pay off the band.

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE. LINK MUSIC.

FX:

WATER LAPPING.

SEAGOON:

Ooah, arrgh. I awoke with a pain in my neck.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, it was me.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, where are we?

BLOODNOK:

Oooh! That swine Moriarty kidnapped us in the dustbin and set us adrift on the cardboard replica of England. We're floating towards Germany, lad.

ECCLES:

Oooh. See also my book 'Oooh'.

SEAGOON:

We'll all be killed.

BLOODNOK:

Killed? A fate worse than death.

MINNIE:

Ooorh oooh, eeooh eeooh. What's happened?

BLOODNOK:

Minnie! You here, as well! Oooh. Let me help you up, my little flower.

MINNIE:

I can get up myself.

BLOODNOK:

My little self-raising flower!

FX:

DISTANT AIRCRAFT. UNDER:

SEAGOON:

I see it all, now. Grytpype is making sure we're all killed by German bombers so that he can claim the idea is his. But he won't get away with it. I'm too clever.

FX:

WHISTLE OF DROPPING BOMB

SEAGOON:

He won't get away with it, I tell you. He...

FX:

EXPLOSIONS. RUBBLE FALLING.

GRYTPYPE:

But I did. Next show, please.

ECCLES:

You've been listening to the Goon Show.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

ECCLES:

Oh!

GRYTPYPE:

Next announcer, please.

ORCHESTRA:

THEME MUSIC.

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon show, a recorded program 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 and Eric Sykes, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT MUSIC

NOTES:

The MCC is Marylebone Cricket Club, based at the famous Lord's Cricket Ground.

A 'batman' is an military term for an assistant or orderly.

C.O. is an abbreviation of 'commanding officer'.