

S6 E10 - The Pevensy Bay Disaster

Transcribed by Darius Pranckunas. Corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

GRAMS:

SHORT SHARP TRAIN WHISTLE.

GREENSLADE:

I would like to...

GRAMS:

TRAIN CHUGS OFF AT CARTOON SPEED.

SECOMBE:

Well, ha ha, that got rid of him. In the meantime, here is...THEGS!! Yes, THEGS. That's the short way of saying The Highly Esteemed Goon Show. Hum, hum, THEGS!!!

GRAMS:

SOLO CHINESE WOMAN SINGING HIGH-PITCHED WAILING SONG - SPEED IT UP TO GET A HIGH VIBRATO.

MILLIGAN:

Gad - how our Gracie has changed.

SELLERS:

Yes - I tell you that Isle of Capri is a sinful place.

SECOMBE:

Don't interrupt, Ned. Ned, don't interrupt. Rest your head on this razor blade and listen to the story of 'The Pevensy Bay Disaster'.

ORCHESTRA:

GREAT BUILDING TYMPANY ROLL. ANTI-CLIMAXED BY A DEMI-SEMI-QUAVER CHORD.

SECOMBE:

Thank you. Here to open the tale of the great disaster is Poet and Tragedian William J. MacGoonagle.

ORCHESTRA:

MACGOONAGLE THEME (PLAYED VERY SOFTLY).

MACGOONAGLE:

[SELLERS]

Ooooooooooh!

'Twas in the month of December

In the year of 1882.

The railways lines near Pevensey Bay

Were buried under the snoo.

ECCLES:

Ooo.

MACGOONAGLE:

All through the night the blizzard fiend.

Did like a lion roar.

The snow rose up from inches three,

To inches three foot four...

And ooooo the snowwww...

GRAMS:

WIND UP AND OUT.

SEAGOON:

My name is Neddie Seagoon, engine driver extraordinary. On the night of the great English blizzard I was dragged from a warm seat in Leicester Square and taken before the director of the famed Filthmuck and Scrampsons Railway.

LEW:

Neddie, little tittle Neddie. Sit down. Here, have a chopped liver cigarette.

SEAGOON:

No, thanks. I always chop my own.

LEW:

Good luck. Listen, Schlapper, listen. The lines between the Hastings and Pevensey Bay station are under twenty feet of schnow. Neddie... Neddie, we want you to drive a schnow-plough and clear the line before midnight.

SEAGOON:

I'll do it.

LEW:

Good, Schlapper. Here's a kosher wine gum. Off you go!

SEAGOON:

Thank you and goodbye.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

My duty was obvious - free the line at Pevensey Bay before midnight, leaving it clear for the Hastings Flyer to come through. Having given listeners the plot (BLOWS RASPBERRY), I... (CORPSES) What about a working song? Having given the listeners the plot, I made my way towards Euston Station.

MORIARTY:

Pardon me, little low suit-type man.

SEAGOON:

The stranger had stepped out of a dark overcoat. Another man stood at his shoulder.

GRYTPYPE:

Have you a match?

SEAGOON:

Only my own private one.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't look so worried, my friend and I here are members of parliament.

SEAGOON:

If you're politicians, why are you begging in the gutter?

GRYTPYPE:

Liberals.

SEAGOON:

I understand. Can I help?

MORIARTY:

Yes. Are you walking Euston station way?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, little nurke. Have a gorilla.

SEAGOON:

No thanks, this street is a non-smoker.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, my heavily oiled friend here and I are rather anxious to get to Pevensey Bay station tonight.

SEAGOON:

You'll never do it. There are no trains.

GRYTPYPE:

We know. Perhaps a lift on your snowplough?

SEAGOON:

Out of the question - it's against the rules.

GRYTPYPE:

We have money.

SEAGOON:

Money?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. To prove we're not lying, here's a photograph of a shilling.

SEAGOON:

(GASP) What wealth!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, and there are more photographs where that came from.

SEAGOON:

Gad! With that treasure hoard I could buy another match. No! I will not be tempted.

GRYTPYPE:

Very well. Moriarty, plan two. I'll play the violin.

ORCHESTRA:

VIOLIN - 'HEARTS AND FLOWERS'.

MORIARTY:

Neddie, little Neddie. Have a heart, lad. We must get to Pevensey Bay station tonight. Pevensey Bay station tonight or we get killed. You see, Neddie, at midnight the Hastings Flyer is coming through. All we want to do is derail it, blow it up, open the mail van and take the gold bullion inside.

SEAGOON:

Stop! You're breaking my heart. I cannot refuse so simple a request. Be at platform 3 in 10 minutes or platform 10 in 3 minutes, whichever suits you best. But remember, bring me my photographs of the money.

ORCHESTRA:

MACGOONAGLE THEME.

MACGOONAGLE:

Ooooooooo!

Through the night the blizzard raged,
It covered Pevensy Bay station.
Inside the ticket office there,
The staff were in charge of the situation.
Ooooo.

GRAMS:

WIND HOWLING.

MINNIE:

Bim born biddle deee bim born I do dee...

HENRY CRUN:

Min, Min, Minnie, Minnie. Stop that... that sinful singing.

MINNIE:

It's not sinful, it's the modern-style singing, buddy.

HENRY CRUN:

I'm not interested in the modern styles, Min. I'm more worried why we haven't sold any tickets today.

MINNIE:

I know, I know. I can't understand it.

HENRY CRUN:

Neither can I. It's the peak of our winter tourist season. I...

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, yes I know.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, yes.

MINNIE:

What... what's the weather like outside?

HENRY CRUN:

I can't see for all this snow coming down.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear. I think we'd better lock up for the night, Henry.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, yes, yes. Only an idiot would come out on a night like this.

MINNIE:

Yes, I...

FX:

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

MINNIE:

Oh.

HENRY CRUN:

Ohhh.

FX:

DOOR OPENS - GALE - WIND UP.

ECCLES:

Hallooooo.

HENRY CRUN:

Ohhh. How do you do sir?

ECCLES:

Fine, fine, fine. I'm the famous Eccles.

HENRY CRUN:

It's the famous Eccles, Min.

MINNIE:

Ooh!

ECCLES:

Well, I'd better be getting along now.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh. Goodnight.

FX:

DOOR CLOSSES. WIND DOWN.

HENRY CRUN:

What a nice man to come a-visiting on such a night.

MINNIE:

A lovely man, Henry, lovely.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes. Did you see that beautiful brown paper suit he was wearing?

MINNIE:

I did, Henry, I did. There's a lot of money around these days, you know.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, yes, there is, there must be. Well, off you go to bed, Min.

MINNIE:

Okay.

HENRY CRUN:

I think I'll keep the ticket office open a little longer just in case there's a sudden rush from the Continent.

MINNIE:

Okay, buddy.

HENRY CRUN:

You never know.

GRAMS:

WINDS UP AND UNDER:-

MACGOONAGLE:

Ooooooooo

And through the night, the snow-plough train
was racing doon the line.

A lonely spectator who saw it pass
Looked up and said...

ECCLES:

Fine, fine.

GRAMS:

OLD TRAIN CHUGGING ALONG. FADE UNDER:-

SEAGOON:

Gad! Race on, steel juggernaut. Hahaha. It's a wonder men can live at this speed.

GRYTPYPE:

Can't we go any faster?

SEAGOON:

Faster? Ha ha, you mad fool, we're doing eight miles an hour now.

GRYTPYPE:

Come on, be a devil.

SEAGOON:

Right. Stoker?

THROAT:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Take another twig out of the safe and hurl it on the furnace.

THROAT:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Now, what's the steam boiler pressure?

THROAT:

Ninety eight degrees.

SEAGOON:

Right. Run my bath.

MORIARTY:

Don't be a fool! This is no time to take a bath, it's getting late.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense, plenty of time. According to the hairs on my wrist it's only half past ten.

GRYTPYPE:

(DISBELIEF) The hairs on your wrist say half past ten?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

You must be mad.

SEAGOON:

Why?

GRYTPYPE:

The hairs on my wrist say eleven-thirty.

SEAGOON:

Still time for a bath *and* Max Geldray!

MAX GELDRAI:

"ONE TWO BUTTON MY SHOE"

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC RETURN TO STORY LINK.

GRAMS:

TRAIN CHUGGING THROUGH THE DRIVING BLIZZARD.

SEAGOON:

As I sat having my bath in the back of the snowplough, a foul trick was played.

GRYTPYPE:

Hands up, Neddle! Drop that soap. Moriarty, tie his hands then hide them where he can't find them.

SEAGOON:

What a fiendish move. You naughty men! I'll write to The Times about this!

FX:

FURIOUS PEN SCRATCHING ON VELLUM OR PAPER.

SEAGOON:

Dear Sir, I wish to complain about an outbreak of hand-tying on snow-ploughs whilst taking hip baths.

GRYTPYPE:

(FURIOUS) Give me that letter! You'll not send that. Now then, lad.

FX:

FURIOUS WRITING.

GRYTPYPE:

Dear sir, today I heard the first cuckoo. There, sign that.

FX:

PEN.

SEAGOON:

You swine!

GRYTPYPE:

Good! Moriarty, post it. That'll put them off the perfume.

MORIARTY:

Yes. I'll just tie his hands again. Ahhh! There.

GRYTPYPE:

Good. Now cut the knot off so he can't untie it.

MORIARTY:

Right. Right, here.

SEAGOON:

Steady with that scissors. Ooh!

MORIARTY:

Here put it in your pocket. Now, together... One! Two!

SEAGOON:

Don't throw me out!

MORIARTY:

Three.

SEAGOON:

HeIIIIppppppp...

GRAMS:

UPWARD RUSH OF TRAIN - STEAM - ROAR OF THE WHEELS GOING INTO DISTANCE (PAUSE) THEN JUST THE HOWL OF THE BLIZZARD.

SEAGOON:

(GASPS) I lay gasping on the railway bank. With the knot of my bonds in Grytpype-Thynne's pocket, it looked pretty hopeless for me.

ORCHESTRA:

(APPROACHING) BIG DRUM BEATING IN MARCH TIME.

BLOODNOK:

OooOoooh! I say, I say, have you seen a band go this way?

SEAGOON:

No, I'm sorry, I've only just arrived here.

BLOODNOK:

I must find them! They might be playing a different tune from me by now. Wait a minute. I know you. Aren't you Neddie Seagoon, the singing dwarf and current number one with the Grades?

SEAGOON:

If you put it that way, I am.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

And you, aren't you the blaggard embezzler, no-good soak and layabout, Denis Bloodnok?

BLOODNOK:

If you put it that way, I am.

SEAGOON:

Pleased to meet you.

BLOODNOK:

And what are you doing here?

SEAGOON:

I've just been thrown off a train.

BLOODNOK:

Any decent driver would have done the same!

SEAGOON:

If my hands weren't tied I'd strike you down with my mackerel pie and thunder straw.

BLOODNOK:

Your hands are tied?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Ooo.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, take your hands off my wallet!

BLOODNOK:

(GOING OFF) Three pound ten - four pound, four pounds -

SEAGOON:

Come back with my wallet! That devil, he's gone. Thank heaven he didn't find my money belt.

GRAMS:

APPROACHING WHOOSH.

BLOODNOK:

Aeioughh.

SEAGOON:

Take your hands off my money belt! The devil - taken all the money I stole from the kiddies' bank. But time was wasting. I had to warn the approaching Hastings Flyer of the plot to derail her. So thinking, I stumbled forwards through the blizzard. I made a pair of snow shoes but the heat of my feet melted them. Suddenly, from a nearby frozen pool I heard...

GRAMS:

SPLASH. MAN SWIMMING ON BACK, KICKING LEGS.

ECCLES:

(SINGING) In the good old summer tiiiiime. In the good old summer tiiiiime. I love swimmin'...

SEAGOON:

I say, you with the concrete underpants. Don't you feel cold in there?

ECCLES:

Nope, I got my overcoat on.

SEAGOON:

Listen, I've got to get to Pevensey Bay Station as soon as possible.

ECCLES:

Oh, you better get there as soon as possible. I'm the famous Eccles.

SEAGOON:

I don't wish do know that. Hey! That tricycle against the wall, whose is it?

ECCLES:

Mine. A present from an admirer.

SEAGOON:

Could you drive me to town on it?

ECCLES:

Oh, the tricycle isn't mine, the wall was the present.

SEAGOON:

Well, drive me there on that.

ECCLES:

Right, hold tight.

GRAMS:

SERIES OF MAD SOUNDS PLAYED AT SPEED TO SOUND LIKE SOME KIND OF COMBUSTION ENGINE.

GREENSLADE:

The sound you are hearing is Neddie and Eccles driving a wall at speed. We thought you ought to know. Meantime, at Pevensey Bay station.

FX:

PHONE RINGS. PHONE OFF HOOK.

HENRY CRUN:

Hello? Pevensey Bay station here.

GRAMS:

DISTORTED LONG MAD UNINTELLIGIBLE SPEECH.

HENRY CRUN:

I'm sorry, he's not in.

FX:

PHONE DOWN. DOOR BURSTS OPEN. DOOR CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

(GASPING) Mr. Crun - has the snowplough been through yet?

HENRY CRUN:

No, I've had the door locked all day.

SEAGOON:

Thank yuckakabakkas we're still in time.

HENRY CRUN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

First I must get these bonds untied. Have you got a knot?

HENRY CRUN:

Yes, several.

SEAGOON:

Right, quick, glue one onto my bonds and then untie them.

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, yes.

GREENSLADE:

Listeners, as knot gluing and untying has no audible sound we suggest you make your own. Within reason, that is.

GRAMS:

FRED THE OYSTER.

SEAGOON:

(DRY) I knew someone would spoil it. But now... now my hands were free, now for action.

HENRY CRUN:

What is all this about, may I ask?

SEAGOON:

Shhh, listen! Listen!

HENRY CRUN:

What? What?

SEAGOON:

What's that noise?

GRAMS:

VERY OBVIOUS TRAIN PULLING UP AT STATION.

HENRY CRUN:

What noise?

SEAGOON:

Listen!

HENRY CRUN:

Huh?

SEAGOON:

Yes, it is! It is!

HENRY CRUN:

It's the snow-plough come to clear the line!

SEAGOON:

No. No. The two men on that snow-plough are train robbers!

HENRY CRUN:

What?

SEAGOON:

We must stop them.

HENRY CRUN:

Don't you worry, niki-niki-noo. The moment they step through that door, I'll shall let them have it with this leather blunderbuss.

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR.

SEAGOON:

(WHISPER) It's them! (ALoud) Ahem - come in, nice men.

FX:

DOOR OPENS. BLAST OF BLUNDERBUSS. METAL BITS FALL ON FLOOR.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swines, you!!! What are you trying to do to Blunebottle? I was walking along collecting numbers like a happy boy train spotter when – blange! There was a blinding flash. I reeled backwards clutching my forehead. I looked down and my knees had gone. You swines, you!

SEAGOON:

Little cross-eyed hairless pipe-cleaner. Were you followed up the platform by two men?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm not going to tell you, shooting at me like that.

SEAGOON:

Come, come, now, little two-stone Hercules. Tell me... tell me... tell me if you saw two men and you can have this quarter of dolly mixture.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor, dolly mixtures? Thinks: With those-type sweets I could influence certain girls at playtime. That Brenda Pugh might be another Rita Hayworth.

SEAGOON:

Then you'll tell me?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes! I saw the two nice mens walking up the line towards the signal box, yes.

SEAGOON:

We must stop them.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

But we'll pause first to hear Ray Ellington.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"I WANT YOU TO BE MY BABY"

GREENSLADE:

Thank you, Ray Ellington, I'm sure you mean well. Well now, we rejoin 'The Great Pevensey Bay Disaster' inside the signal box west of Pevensey Bay station. Which will play a vitally unimportant part in the story.

GRAMS:

WIND.

WILLIUM:

Zzzzzzz, mate.

FX:

PHONE BELL RINGS.

WILLIUM:

Oh, struth! Cor, stone-the-blind-crow-stone, mate.

FX:

PHONE BELL RINGS.

WILLIUM:

Ow ow ow ow, wossat, mate?

FX:

PHONE RINGS.

WILLIUM:

Oh, it's the talking telephone a-ringing, mate.

FX:

PHONE RINGS.

WILLIUM:

Oh, there it goes agin, mate.

FX:

PHONE RINGS.

WILLIUM:

And agin. And unless I'm mistooked, it's a-gonna go...

FX:

PHONE RINGS.

WILLIUM:

...again, mate.

FX:

PHONE OFF HOOK.

WILLIUM:

Hello, hello? Pevensey Bay signal box here, mate.

SEAGOON:

Listen mate, put the signals to danger. Stop the Hasting Flyer.

WILLIUM:

Oh! I'll do that, mate.

FX:

WALLOP ON HEAD.

WILLIUM:

Aaaaaeeoooouuuggghhh, mate!

SEAGOON:

(DISTORT) Hello? Hello? Hello, hello, mate. Hello, mate. Hello, hello, mate. Mate, hello.

FX:

PHONE IS DROPPED INTO PLACE ON HOOK.

GRYTPYPE:

All very nicely done, Moriarty mate. Now lets see, there's a bridge to the right – good. Take these sticks of dynamite, place them in the centre of the span, run the wires back here and when the Hastings Flyer comes across we just press the plunger.

MORIARTY:

Ha he ho har har. Then the money, the bullion van. Ho ho har...

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Money!

GRYTPYPE:

The moolah!

MORIARTY:

April... Yes!

GRYTPYPE AND MORIARTY:

April in Paris, we found a Charlie...

FX:

RATTLING OF PHONE HOOK.

SEAGOON:

Hello, signal box? Hello, hello, signal box? He's hung up.

ECCLES:

We'd better go and cut him down.

SEAGOON:

You're right. Eccles, get your wall started.

ECCLES:

Okay.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What about me, Captain? Can't I come in this game?

SEAGOON:

Yes, only an idiot would leave you behind.

ECCLES:

Leave him behind!

SEAGOON:

Silence, the famous Eccles.

ECCLES:

Silence, the famous Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Take this photograph of a red flag.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Go and stand on the bridge near the signal box.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, yes and yes.

SEAGOON:

And if the Hastings Flyer approaches - stop it at all costs.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, good, I will! I will! I will be a hero! My picture will be in the East Finchley Chronicles. 'Boy hero Blunebottles saves train from crashing' He he! Here, that will make that Muriel Bates run after me. But I will play hard to get. 'I'm sorry, Miss Bates. Shall I tell you that I am a busy boy hero? I have certain matters to attend to. Do you know that I have to be photographed with Sabrina?' He he! Yes, that is what I'll say, yes. 'Ere, thinks: That Sabrina's a nice big...

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, stop those thinks! Thinks: He's right, though, that Sabrina is a fine big girl.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, he he! I'd better start wearin' long trousers, soon.

SEAGOON:

Thinks: It's about time I started wearing them, too!

MINNIE:

Ohh, you... Oh, Mr. Seagoon. Don't leave us alone with those two train robbers about. We'll all be murdered in our long trousers.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, Miss Bannister. Here, take this copy of the Nursing Mother. If you're attacked, don't hesitate to use it.

MINNIE:

Ooooh! Safe at last. Ooooooh!

SEAGOON:

My dear madam, with your face you'd be safe in Portsmouth on pay night.

MINNIE:

Oooo.

SEAGOON:

Come men, we must hurry. The hairs on my wrist say it's quarter to needle nardle noo.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, forward to the bridge!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY, UNCO-ORDINATED, OUT OF TUNE VERSION OF "YOU'RE IN THE ARMY, NOW / YOU'RE NOT BEHIND A PLOUGH..." INTO:

GRAMS:

FADE UP BLIZZARD AND DOWN.

WILLIUM:

Ow ow ow, you hit me on me head and tied me up, mate.

MORIARTY:

Shut up, mate!

WILLIUM:

Oh, mate.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi yuk yuk kuk kukoo. Grytpype, the hairs on my wrist say it's midnight o'clock and there's no signs of the Hastings Flyer.

GRYTPYPE:

Steady, frog-eater, steady. Obviously the blizzard's delayed the train.

MORIARTY:

Well, I'm not going to wait any longer. My nerves are strained to breaking point.

FX:

VIOLIN STRING SNAPS.

MORIARTY:

There goes one now! I tell you, Grytpype, I can't stand the strain.

GRYTPYPE:

Shut up, will you, shut up! Open your mouth.

MORIARTY:

Ahhh.

GRYTPYPE:

Close it.

MORIARTY:

Mmmm.

GRAMS:

GRENADE EXPLODES IN MOUTH. TEETH FALL ON THE FLOOR.

MORIARTY:

You swine! My teeth! You put a grenade in my mouth! All my choppers have gone. My teeth!

GRYTPYPE:

Napoleonic swine. Frog-eating fiend, now control yourself.

MORIARTY:

Wha...? Listen!

GRAMS:

SOUND OF BLOODNOK BEARING HIS BASS DRUM.

GRYTPYPE:

Great goose hooks!

MORIARTY:

Where?

GRYTPYPE:

Look, it's a military gentleman walking up the line, banging a drum.

MORIARTY:

You English are so musical.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, the woods are full of them, you know. Now let's sit quietly and wait for the Hastings Flyer.

MORIARTY:

But my teeth, I must have my... (FADES OUT)

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD UP. THEN UNDER.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Captain, captain, look what I found in the bridge.

SEAGOON:

Dynamite! Thank heavens you found it.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you, heavens.

SEAGOON:

Good. Now, put it somewhere for safety.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I will. Moves right, puts dreaded dynamite under signal box for safety. Does not notice dreaded wires leading to plunger in signal cabin. Thinks: I'm in for the dreaded deading this week, alright.

SEAGOON:

Men, our two train robbers are up in that signal cabin.

ECCLES:

Oooh.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, you go up the line and try to stop the Hastings Flyer. I'll try and put the signals to danger.

ECCLES:

Okay.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, you keep me covered with this photograph of a gun.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Right - let's go in!

FX:

DOOR KICKED.

SEAGOON:

Hands up!

GRYTPYPE:

So, Neddie, you managed to get your hands free.

SEAGOON:

Yes, they never cost me a penny, thanks to National Health!

GRAMS:

DISTANT TOOT OF TRAIN APPROACHING.

MORIARTY:

Listen, quiet, listen.

GRYTPYPE:

What?

MORIARTY:

It's the Hastings Flyer - with all the money on board. Oh, we've been foiled!

SEAGOON:

Yes! I've got to stop it or it'll crash into the snow plough at Pevensey Bay station.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, er, look, you can easily stop it. Just press this little plunger with the wires leading out of the window.

SEAGOON:

Right - ugh!

GRYTPYPE:

Here goes the bridge, Moriar...

GRAMS:

TREMENDOUS CRACKING EXPLOSION. RUBBLE HITS THE DECK.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotton swines, you! You deaded Bottle-me again!

GREENSLADE:

Yes, they were all deaded. But, who got the money in the bullion van from the Hastings Flyer?

GRAMS:

DRUMS.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh, I'm in...

ORCHESTRA:

SIGNATURE TUNE: UP AND DOWN FOR:-

GREENSLADE:

That was The Goon Show - a BBC 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 was produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

'CRAZY RHYTHM' PLAYOUT.

Notes:

Pevensey Bay is a coastal town in East Sussex, UK.

On the day the show was recorded there was a serious train crash. Due to the fact that the show contains a train crash, the episode was not broadcast until two weeks after the end of the series. The script was also reused for episode 15 under the title 'The Hastings Flyer - Robbed'.

'Our Gracie' refers to Gracie Fields, an English singer and comedian who became one of the greatest stars of both cinema and music hall.

The Isle of Capri is an island off the Italian coast near Naples. In the 1950s, Capri became a popular destination for the international jet set.

Rita Hayworth was a film star and sex symbol.

Sabrina was a famous British ample-bosomed glamour model and actress.