

S6 E13 - The Lost Year

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Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. Gee-yup!

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS - HORSE GALLOPING AWAY.

SECOMBE:

He'll be back.

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS - HORSE GALLOPING BACK.

GREENSLADE:

Woah! Woah, woah, woah, woah, woah. (GASPING FOR BREATH) I'm... I'm... I'm awfully sorry. I omitted to say this is the highly esteemed Goon Show. Gee-yup there, gidup!

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS - HORSE GALLOPING AWAY.

SECOMBE:

There he goes, riding the Minister of Transport's Horse. Ha, ha, ha. Crazy Wallace Greenslade. The only BBC announcer the ITA won't take. And after all those presents he sent them! Ha, ha! Still... *mine* apparently did the trick. Ha, ha, ho-hum.

MILLIGAN:

Stop! Stop this sinful talk, you crazy people and let me tell you the story of... "The Lost Year". Oh, ho, ho, ho.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

HERN:

Yes, "The Lost Year". The greatest motion-picture of all time. You will want to see this film the moment you see the X certificate.

ECCLES:

Fine, fine.

HERN:

Yes, "The Lost Year" made at a cost of thirty-three billion dollars and filmed on the very spot in Spain, Madrid, Africa, Jersey, Gurnsey and socks. A cast of thousands. Ten years in the making. See handsome midget Harry Secombe with a singing voice of Mario Lanza and the body of Owen Bowels. See the voluptuous Minnie Bannister dance the sensuous sinful "Knees Up Mother Brown"

MINNIE:

Ahhh ha ha.

HERN:

See the famous Eccles in his greatest role to date. His *only* role to date. See it all on the new insanitary stethoscope four sided screen. Made in glorious three dimensional hysterical gorilla colour, with the new explodable multi-gringe sound process. You saw them in "Dustbins At Dawn". You saw "The Son Of Lassie's Owner". You saw "They Died With Their Boots Reversed". Then see them in "The Lost Year" and prove you're still an idiot when it comes to pictures. Here, then, like all the other Hollywood... is "The Lost Year"

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK. HARP.

GRAMS:

BELLS - THREE STRIKES AT VARYING SPEED GOING UP THEN DOWN IN TONE.

FX:

TROTting HORSE SLOWING DOWN AS GREENSLADE STARTS SPEAKING:

GREENSLADE:

Woah, woah, woah, woah, woah. (GASPING FOR BREATH) London, 1955. The scene, Pebble Lane off Fleet Street. Gee-yup there, gidup.

FX:

COCONUT SHELL - HORSE SPEEDING UP INTO DISTANCE.

SEAGOON:

Ah, here we are. "Crun and Company - Stationers at Large"

FX:

DOOR OPENED. DOOR BELL TINKLE. DOOR CLOSED.

SEAGOON:

Service! Shop! Anyone about? Hmm.

FX:

SMALL SHOP HAND BELL RAPIDLY SHAKEN.

SEAGOON:

Come, come, good shop keeper. Where are you? I'm in a hurry, you understand, I'm in a hurry. This delay will go hard with you, ho, ho, ho. I tell you I'm an MP and an honest citizen who desires a purchase. I have certain monies in my belt that I...

FX:

SHOP DOOR BELL. DOOR CLOSED.

ECCLES:

Hullo.

SEAGOON:

Good morning.

ECCLES:

You can't fool me with them big words.

SEAGOON:

Stand a-both-sides, man. Now, come, come along, anybody about?

ECCLES:

Yeah me!

SEAGOON:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

Shut up! Hey, you goin' ta buy somethin'?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Mind if I watch?

SEAGOON:

Certainly. Here, sit in this photograph of a chair.

ECCLES:

Oh, thanks. I'll just put this photograph of me on it.

SEAGOON:

Good. Now, where's the proprietor? I want service, you understand! This is no way to run a shop. I tell you...

FX:

RATTLE OF DOOR. DOOR OPENS.

CRUN:

Oh, dear, dear, dear. Oh, dear, oh, dear. Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear, dear.

FX:

BUGLE SOUNDS.

MINNIE:

Oh!

CRUN:

Minnie? Stop playing your ear trumpet.

MINNIE:

I always play by ear, Henry.

SEAGOON:

I say, how about some service here? I've... I... I've been here five minutes.

CRUN:

I've been here fifty-two years.

SEAGOON:

Congratulations. Now then, do you keep stationery?

CRUN:

Only when I'm tired.

GRAMS:

MASSED CHEER.

CRUN:

Thank you. Now then, what... er... what do you... um... Oh, dear, dear. Um... what do you... er...

SEAGOON:

I want to buy a calendar.

CRUN:

(ANGRY) Let me finish what I was going to say, do you mind!? (NORMAL) Um... now... um... what did you want, sir?

SEAGOON:

I want a calendar.

CRUN:

You said that before.

SEAGOON:

I know.

CRUN:

You haven't changed your mind, then?

SEAGOON:

No, I'm a man of iron will and wooden knees.

ECCLES:

Fine, fine.

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Now, look. Here's a map of the North Pole.

ECCLES:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

Go and find it.

ECCLES:

Ohh, thanks. Goodbye.

FX:

MULTIPLE RUNNING BOOTS, FADE INTO DISTANCE. DOOR CLOSED.

SEAGOON:

There goes the only man in the world to win a three-legged race... alone.

CRUN:

Yes, yes. Now, sir, um... what year calendar do you want?

SEAGOON:

What's the cheapest?

CRUN:

Oh, the year before last. One penny each.

SEAGOON:

A penny each?

CRUN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha. There's some catch in it somewhere.

SEAGOON:

No, no, no. I want next year's.

CRUN:

I see, yes. Min? Minnie?

MINNIE:

Ohhhhh! Don't keep me long, Henry. I've got to put the cat out.

CRUN:

Why?

MINNIE:

It's on fire.

CRUN:

Have we got any 1956 calendars, Min?

MINNIE:

No, you can't get them, Henry.

CRUN:

You can't get them, you know.

MINNIE:

You can't get the calendars.

CRUN:

You can't get the calendars.

SEAGOON:

'What nonsense', I thought. But after many efforts, I discovered, that in the length, length and length of England there were no calendars for the year 1956. Absolutely none at all. The whole of England was puzzled. Then, late one midnight morning at seven in the afternoon, a statement on the radio from our own Prime Minister, Sir Antony.

PRIME MINISTER:

[ELLINGTON]

Folks, I tell you the year 1956 is missin'. Mmmm mmm!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS - GALLOPING HORSE SLOWING DOWN, RECORDING SLOWED DOWN.

GREENSLADE:

Woah, woah, woah woah, there. Woah, there. "The Lost Year" part two - Parliament is assembled.

GRAMS:

DRUNKEN SINGING OF "PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES" WITH WHISTLES ETC.

SEAGOON:

(OVER SINGING) Silence, honourable members. Silence, please.

GRAMS:

SINGING STOPS ABRUPTLY.

SEAGOON:

Silence! Oh! Thank you. I must say though, sir, it's time you stopped celebrating your birthday. Yes, quite, sir. Well now, gentlemen. As you now know, England is without a year 1956. It is missing. We'll start by blaming the Russians.

MP 1:

[MILLIGAN]

Blame the Russians? What for?

SEAGOON:

It's all the rage.

MP 2:

[SELLERS]

It's all very well talking about this simulation rage, but where are we going to start looking for this year 1956? That's what I want to know.

SEAGOON:

Let me see, it's 1956 AD.

MP 2:

So?

SEAGOON:

'A' and 'D' are the first and fourth letters of the alphabet.

MP 2:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

One, four...

MP 3:

[MILLIGAN]

Er, one for the road.

SEAGOON:

There are many roads.

MP 1:

Cecil Rhodes.

MP3:

He lived in Africa.

SEAGOON:

That's where I'll look for it - Africa! I leave at once.

ORCHESTRA:

NAUTICAL THEME LINK.

GREENSLADE:

The Lost Year part three - The scene is a four shilling a week bed sitter, covered tap, with low ceiling and string bath at Kilburn.

FX:

BATH WATER SPLASHING NOISES (CONTINUE UNDER SCENE).

MORIARTY:

Ho i ho ye ho, (SINGS) Round and round went the dirty great wheel. (NORMAL) Grytpype! Grytpype.

GRYTPYPE:

What is it, reeking frog eater?

MORIARTY:

Light ano... light another candle under this sink. This bath water's getting cold. Oh, ye oh.

GRYTPYPE:

Never you mind that, my heavily oiled French Eiffel Tower champion. Listen to this in the heavily oiled English Times. "Believed stolen: the year 1956. Reward for recovery: ten thousand pounds. Apply Ned Seagoon on board the SS Venus"

MORIARTY:

Hoh, he ho ho ho. Ten thousand pounds! Follow that ship!

FX:

LARGE SPLASH, SPLASH... SPLASH.

GREENSLADE:

The third splash is, of course, Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAI:

"BLUE STAR"

ORCHESTRA:

LINK.

GREENSLADE:

Part four. Onboard the SS Venus

SEAGOON:

I hung over the ship's rail. I'm a very poor sailor. In fact most of the sailors on board were very poor. It was on the third day out that I noticed, approaching on 'B' deck, a man in cardboard furs with a sledge drawn by ten mongrels, two elephants and a tiger.

GRAMS:

DOG TEAM BARKS AND CALLS OF MUSH GROWING LOUDER UNDER:

SEAGOON:

And surrounded by his own private blizzard.

ECCLES:

Mush, mush.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens, Eccles! Eccles!

ECCLES:

Eccles! Oh, that's me. Hullo.

SEAGOON:

Turn off that blizzard.

ECCLES:

Ok.

GRAMS:

DOG TEAM RECORDING SLOWLY WINDS DOWN.

SEAGOON:

That's better. Now, what are you doing onboard this ship?

ECCLES:

Like you said, I'm looking for the North Pole.

SEAGOON:

You silly man, you're going the wrong way. The North Pole is back there.

ECCLES:

Ohhh, sorry. Mush, mush.

GRAMS:

DOG TEAM AND BLIZZARD.

FX:

SPLASH.

SEAGOON:

It was a grand sight to know that the spirit of this second Elizabethan age was being kept alive by men like Eccles... from the first Elizabethan age.

MORIARTY:

Help!

GRYTPYPE:

Likewise.

SEAGOON:

Captain? Did you hear that?

CAPTAIN:

[GREENSLADE]

Yes, it's two men drowning.

SEAGOON:

Where?

CAPTAIN:

In the sea.

SEAGOON:

Gad! That's the worst place to drown.

CAPTAIN:

Can you see them?

SEAGOON:

Yes! Yes! There they are! Clinging for dear life to that gramophone record of Harry Secombe singing "On with the Motley".

MORIARTY:

Help! Throw us a gramophone or it'll be too late.

SEAGOON:

Here! Catch this rope, you brave patrons of a great singer.

FX:

SPLASH.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, thank you, thank you.

SEAGOON:

Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Neddie Seagoon.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, yes, the well-known danger to shipping.

MORIARTY:

Neddie, you saved our lives. How can we repay you?

SEAGOON:

Simple, just tell your friends to buy Harry Secombe's record of "On with the Motley" and...

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes, yes. "On with the Motsis", we know all about that, now.

CAPTAIN:

As Captain of the good ship Venus, may I ask what you two were doing so far out at sea?

GRYTPYPE:

We are following the trail of a man we believe to have stolen the year 1956.

SEAGOON:

What a coincidonce! So am I! You shall help me.

GRYTPYPE:

Ohh?

MORIARTY:

We shall need a cash advance, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Right! Here's a photograph of advancing cash. Taken under fire, of course.

GRYTPYPE:

Of course.

SEAGOON:

Well done. Tell me Grytpype, as man to mon, what do you think... what do you think the missing year is shaped like?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, they do say the years roll by. It's in the shape of a roller.

SEAGOON:

By Zeus, Jupiter and Needle Nardle Noo! I must say it sounds a most plausible deduction.

GRYTPYPE:

You mean, you... you really believe me?

SEAGOON:

Of course.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, I... Well, I'll tear these other ideas up, then. (ASIDE) Moriarty?

MORIARTY:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

This is a real Charlie.

MORIARTY:

Before we start work we must have some money. Money, you understand, a-oi-a-oi...

SEAGOON:

Calm down, you French type frog eating gentleman. If it's money you're after, here's a photograph of the Bank of England. Go in and help yourself.

MORIARTY:

Thank you. Oh-e-o-ar-o... (FADING OFF INTO DISTANCE)

FX:

ONE SET RUNNING BOOTS. PAUSE. SPLASH.

SEAGOON:

Good shot. He landed right in the sea. Now Grytpype, to business. You must come down to my cabin at once.

GRYTPYPE:

Why?

SEAGOON:

I want you to hear a record of Harry Secombe singing...

GRYTPYPE:

"On with the Motley"

SEAGOON & GRYTPYPE:

Obtainable at all...

ORCHESTRA:

NAUTICAL THEME.

GREENSLADE:

After three weeks at sea and four weeks at land, the SS Venus docked in Africa at the military port of Tarms. But then you've all heard of port-arms.

SEAGOON:

As we stepped ashore, we were greeted by fierce dancing Zulu warriors.

GRAMS:

MASSED AFRICAN WARRIORS, BONGO DRUMS AND YELLING UNDER:

GRYTPYPE:

Say, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Here comes the chief.

ELLINGA:

Stop!

GRAMS:

WARRIORS STOP.

ELLINGA:

Clear the floor. Next dance, excuse-me Zulu fox trot.

SEAGOON:

Greetings, noble Zulu chieftain.

ELLINGA:

Greetings, cor-blimey. Me, chief Catalular. Me got five hundred wives.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) Good luck. (LOUD, SLOW) We come here looking for lost year 1956. Tell me, noble Zulu chief, (NORMAL) played by Ray Ellington in Saville Row loin cloth. (LOUD, SLOW) Have you seen man pushing roller go this way?

ELLINGA:

No, no. Me no see anything. Me busy.

SEAGOON:

Busy? Why?

ELLINGA:

Me told you, me got five hundred wives.

SEAGOON:

Here. You'd better sit down.

ELLINGA:

Thank you, cor-blimey.

SEAGOON:

Well, did... er... did any of your wives see a man pushing a roller?

ELLINGA:

No, my wives always busy.

SEAGOON:

Oh?

ELLINGA:

Yes. When they are not on duty, they all sit on the coolarlumba and listen to Megatargu on pelarmatoo.

SEAGOON:

What's that?

ELLINGA:

Record of Harry Secombe singing "On with the Motley" obtainable at all good stores...

SEAGOON:

Well done, well... oh, ho-hum.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, come, let's press forward.

SEAGOON:

Right. Forwaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaard!

ORCHESTRA:

TRAMP, TRAMP TRAVELLING MUSIC USING BRASS LOUD, THEN QUIETLY UNDER:

SEAGOON:

On reaching the interior, we spotted for the first time the trail of a roller.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, it's true then, Neddie. 1956 *is* shaped like a roller.

SEAGOON:

Well...

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS ADVANCING, GETTING LOUDER.

SEAGOON:

Wait! Listen! Look! Here comes a man riding a pair of coconut shells.

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS SLOWING DOWN.

MORIARTY:

Woah, woah back.

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS TO A STOP.

MORIARTY:

Ah, Secombe, you swine.

SEAGOON:

What's up, you ragged gigolo?

MORIARTY:

That photograph of the Bank of England you gave me, it was taken on a Wednesday.

SEAGOON:

Well?

MORIARTY:

The bank was closed, half day early closing!

SEAGOON:

I'm terribly sorry, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

I should think so.

SEAGOON:

Here. Here's a photograph of the bank taken on a Thursday. Go in and help yourself.

MORIARTY:

Ohh ooo-eee-arr, thank you!

FX:

DOOR CLOSED.

SEAGOON:

A-ha, ha. That's got rid of him. (CLEARs THROAT). Well, Grytpype, it's getting late. Ellinga?

ELLINGA:

What do you want, bwana?

SEAGOON:

Pitch my tent.

ELLINGA:

Where?

SEAGOON:

There. By that record of Harry Secombe singing "On with the Motley". Ha ha.

ELLINGA:

Oh, cor-blimey, again?

SEAGOON:

Silence Ellinga, or I'll report you to Addit.

ELLINGA:

Who's Addit?

SEAGOON:

You have, if you don't belt up. hahaha. Now, play me your next tribal dance.

ELLINGA:

Ok, cor-blimey.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

SINGS - "BELIEVE IT, BELOVED" "GOT A BRAN' NEW SUIT"

GREENSLADE:

That was the Ray Ellington Quartet. I suppose the BBC do know what they're doing? And now to The Lost Year, part scampson scree. A hundred miles inland, Grytpype relieves Neddie of all his loose cash and leaves him with no water. Alone, he staggers on.

SEAGOON:

Gad! Water! Water! If only I had water. Water or a record of Harry Secombe singing "On with the Motley". Water!

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have got one, my captain. Enter Bluebottle. Points to cardboard record of capitan.

SEAGOON:

Who are you? Better still, *what* are you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I am Tarzan Blunebottle of the jungle. (BEATS CHEST) Mmm neci-neci-gee nuim-nu-nurdu.

SEAGOON:

Well said.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. Do you know that for three weeks I have worn nothing but this fidge leaf.

SEAGOON:

Why?

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SELLERS FLUFFS LINE) Some rotten strine strolen my trousers. And my false teeth. It isn't half cold when you sit down in these things, I tell you. Harm can come to a young lad like that.

SEAGOON:

No, you must be a mirage. Yes, that's it, you're a mirage! Ha ha ha. A mirage, (SOBS).

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no, no, no. Do not frighten me. I'm not a mirange.

SEAGOON:

Yes, you are. Naught but a mirage.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You mean that I'm not really here?

SEAGOON:

Yes, you're nothing.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I don't like this game. I don't like being a nothing, nowhere. What's my little Freda going to say when I tell her I'm a nothing?

ECCLES:

Mush, mush, mush, mush, mush (OVER FOLLOWING GRAMS).

GRAMS:

DOG TEAM & BLIZZARD.

ECCLES:

Hullo. You seen a North Pole go this way?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do not talk to me, Eccles. I'm a mirange, I'm not here.

ECCLES:

You're not here?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No.

ECCLES:

Well, you tell me where you are and I'll go and see you.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm not anywhere. I'm a fidge of the imagination.

ECCLES:

Oh, you must think I'm mad.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I do.

ECCLES:

Ain't got an answer to that.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, help me. I'm a sick man.

ECCLES:

Oh, Mr Seagoon. I've got a carrot to pick with you.

SEAGOON:

You mean a bone.

ECCLES:

No, I'm a vegetarian.

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up, Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Bluebottle.

ECCLES:

Shut up.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up.

SEAGOON:

Ahh, shut up. Now help me, I'm ill. (ASIDE) Ham. (OVERACTING) All the suffering I've undergone. Looking for the lost year has made me a weak old man.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, you hear that, Eccles.

ECCLES:

What?

BLUEBOTTLE:

He's only a week old.

ECCLES:

Little diddums.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ahhh.

SEAGOON:

Stop that advanced type goon humour.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aye.

SEAGOON:

Get me onto your sledge.

ECCLES:

Ok.

SEAGOON:

I'm too ill to move.

ECCLES:

(STRAINING) I'll get yer... I'll get yer...

SEAGOON:

Watch out for the tenor's friend.

ECCLES:

(STRAINING) Ah, oooooul... dere, dat's got you on.

SEAGOON:

Thank heavens, on the sledge at last. I was too weak to move myself. I'll just put this record of Harry Secombe...

ECCLES:

Mush, mush.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Mush, mush, mush.

GRAMS:

FEW SECONDS OF DOGS & BLIZZARD

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC ADVANCING THEME LINK

BLUEBOTTLE:

The Lost Year, part six. On and on we plodded.

GREENSLADE:

Do you mind? That's *my* job.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'll get you at playtime, you rotten swine, you. I'll clout that big fat steaming nut of yours.

GREENSLADE:

Get out of it. (CLEARS THROAT).

BLUEBOTTLE:

(ECHOES GREENSLADE AS HE SAYS NEXT LINE)

GREENSLADE:

On and on they plodded in search of the elusive lost year. Finally they reached... will you shut up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Will you shut up! Nooo!

BLUEBOTTLE:

(ECHOS GREENSLADE AS HE SAYS NEXT LINE)

GREENSLADE:

Finally... they reached a British outpost.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhhh, (RASPBERRY BLOWN) arrrr, owwwwll and other naughty noises.

SEAGOON:

Gah! You're Bloodnok of the river, yes?

BLOODNOK:

Wrong, I'm Bloodnok of the river, no. Spelt G N O U H, "no".

SEAGOON:

You're Bloodnok of the river "No", yes?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, "No".

SEAGOON:

No,

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Make up your mind.

BLOODNOK:

By the great measurements of Sabrina! Who... who the devil are you? You're not Mount Everest?

SEAGOON:

No.

BLOODNOK:

Thank heavens! I... I can't stand heights.

SEAGOON:

No, I'm son of Mount Everest, Ned Seagoon.

BLOODNOK:

Then what are you doing so far from your base?

SEAGOON:

Are you kidding? No man can be nearer his base than me without being a midget.

BLOODNOK:

I don't wish to know that.

SEAGOON:

We're in Africa, looking for the year 1956. Which is in the shape of a roller.

BLOODNOK:

Great dollops of steaming thund! Do you really believe that?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

You must be mad. Mad!

SEAGOON:

And there's a reward of £10,000 for its return.

BLOODNOK:

(STRUGGLING) Ih, ah, er... Be with you in a jiffy, just get on this straight jacket, ahh, there. Forward!

ELLINGA:

Bwana! Bwana! Bwana! Good news! Me see two people pushing roller over other side of river.

SEAGOON:

Great work, Ellinga. Here, have a centrally heated loin cloth.

ELLINGA:

Ohhh, me put it on.

FX:

ELECTRICAL ZAPPING/SIZZLING.

ELLINGA:

Ahhhhhhh.

SEAGOON:

Curse, short circuit. Now, Eccles, put this basket on your head.

ECCLES:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Now, everybody climb in.

BLOODNOK:

Aye.

SEAGOON:

Right, off you go, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Ok.

FX:

TWO STOMPING FEET CONTINUES UNDER:

SEAGOON:

Come along.

ECCLES:

(SINGING TO HIMSELF)

SEAGOON:

Stop!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS STOP.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, look Neddie. Here's the trail of the roller and two pairs of footsteps.

ECCLES:

My daddy.

SEAGOON:

Shut up.

ECCLES:

Shut up.

BLOODNOK:

Shut up.

ECCLES:

Shut up.

SEAGOON:

Shut up. Look! There, behind that bush.

BLOODNOK:

The roller.

SEAGOON:

Yes, that's 1956 alright. And it's the same colour as the suit.

BLOODNOK:

What suit?

SEAGOON:

The suit Harry Secombe was wearing when he recorded "On with the Motley".

ECCLES:

Oh, ya, ya.

BLOODNOK:

You mean that you're not Mount Everest?

SEAGOON:

No, why?

BLOODNOK:

Your disguise is perfect sir.

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that. Now! Let's examine this roller. Yes, yes, it's 1956, alright. But look! The devils, they've disguised it as 1897.

BLOODNOK:

So that's how they got it past the customs.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, there are more things in heaven and earth than man dreamed of.

BLOODNOK:

Really?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

Shut up.

ECCLES:

Shut up.

BLOODNOK:

Yah yah...

SEAGOON:

Action.

ECCLES:

Shut up.

SEAGOON:

Action.

ECCLES:

What.

SEAGOON:

Who ever brought this roller here must be nearby. They might be dangerous, so we'll keep these sticks of dynamite handy. Now, who'll look after them?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can I go home, my captain? I got...

SEAGOON:

No, no, quick into the bush. We wait here behind this record of Harry Secombe. Quickly, lads.

GREENSLADE:

So they waited in the bush for a year. And by then of course the year had gone. Good night.

ORCHESTRA:

Theme.

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show. A BBC 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, announcer Wallace Greenslade. The program produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT.

Notes:

Harry Secombe's first UK solo musical hit came in 1955 with 'On with the Motley'.

Kilburn is an area of north west London.

ITA is the Independent Television Authority. Created in 1954 to supervise the creation of the first commercial television network in the UK.

Mario Lanza was an Italian-American operatic tenor and Hollywood movie star who enjoyed success in the 1950s.

Savile Row is a road in central London famous for expensive men's tailors.

'Port-Arms' is Military gun control.

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