

S6 E20 - The House of Teeth

Transcribed by Kurt Adkins, corrections by Peter Olausson. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

ECCLES:

Fine, fine.

GREENSLADE:

Ahem. Mr. Stott! Mood music, please.

ORCHESTRA:

BROODING CHORDS, NOT LOUD BUT SINISTER

GRAVELY HEADSTONE:

The jolly Goons present a play entitled...

FX:

LOUD FEMALE SCREAM

GRAVELY HEADSTONE:

...in three parts. Part one is entitled...

GRAMS:

WALLOP ON BACK OF HEAD, POP OF LARGE POP GUN, SET OF FALSE TEETH HITTING INSIDE OF BUCKET, SCREAM, ARGGHHHHH

SEAGOON:

I'll never forget that terrible sound, listeners. Perhaps you'd better hear it again.

GRAMS:

FAST: WALLOP ON BACK OF HEAD, POP OF LARGE POP GUN, SET OF FALSE TEETH HITTING INSIDE OF BUCKET, SCREAM, ARGGHHHHH

SEAGOON:

It started back in 1889.

GRAMS:

CRACKLE OF LIGHTNING, ROLL OF THUNDER, DRIVING RAIN, WIND SQUALLS, HORSE AND CART TRUNDLING ALONG ROUGH MOUNTAIN ROAD

SEAGOON:

It was the worst storm they'd ever known in the Dolomites. I, Lord Seagoon, daredevil fretwork champion, was lost with my servants on the side of a precipitous mountain in a horse-drawn motor car.

GRAMS:

HORSE REARS & NEIGHS. CARRIAGE STOPS.

SEAGOON:

Why have we stopped, O'Brien?

O'BRIEN:

[ELLINGTON]

I think the horse must be tired, sir.

SEAGOON:

Why?

O'BRIEN:

He's got his pyjamas on, begorrah.

WILLIUM:

I think we're lost, mate.

SEAGOON:

Tut, tut, what a nuisance! Well, there's naught for it, mate. We'll spend the night here. I'll sleep in the ditch and you sleep standing up holding an umbrella over me.

WILLIUM:

I'm gonna vote Labour next time, mate.

SEAGOON:

Silence, you political hot-head.

WILLIUM:

Well...

O'BRIEN:

Lord Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

You... you...

O'BRIEN:

Me no like to spend the night on this pitch black road.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, you won't be noticed.

O'BRIEN:

Mm?

SEAGOON:

Now, as we're staying the night here, unroll my brass bedstead and erect my marble wash stand. Abdul?

ABDUL:

(APPROACHING) What you want, sahib? Hooray.

SEAGOON:

Before I retire, prepare a light sixteen-course banquet.

ABDUL:

I go and connect the gas stove up to the horse. Hooray.

SEAGOON:

Mind you get the right end this time. Willium? Lay out my evening dress.

WILLIUM:

Cor strewth, you wearing evening dress in this rain and mud, mate?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Remember, all of you - we're British. Together - hip hip!

WILLIUM, O'BRIEN AND ABDUL:

(MISERABLE) Hooray.

SEAGOON:

Good. Next, hoist a small Union Jack and unveil a bust of Queen Victoria. Now I'll just make a rough 'Englishman Lost On The Mountainside' menu. Brown Windsor soup, meat, two veg, cabinet pudding - boiled and jam. Hehehe. Fair makes your mouth water.

GRAMS:

LONE BELL RINGS HIGH UP ON MOUNTAIN

WILLIUM:

Listen, mate.

GRAMS:

BELL

WILLIUM:

There it is again, mate.

GRAMS:

BELL

WILLIUM:

And again, mate. Unless I'm mistaken, it's going to go...

GRAMS:

BELL

WILLIUM:

...again, mate.

SEAGOON:

I wonder what it is, mate.

WILLIUM:

It's a bell ringing, mate.

SEAGOON:

There you go, jumping to conclusions. We'll soon find out. O'Brien? Strike one of my monogrammed matches.

FX:

MATCH STRIKING, FLARES

SEAGOON:

Look! A castle a mere twenty miles away. After it, before it gets away!

GRAMS:

RUNNING LIKE MAD OF TEN PAIRS OF BOOTS, MEN SHOUTING - VOICES GET DISTANT AND HIGHER
AS RECORD IS SPEEDED UP

ORCHESTRA:

ONE SOMBRE CHORD, WEIRD FLUTE MELODY SUPERIMPOSED

GRAMS:

FEET RUNNING TO A STOP

SEAGOON:

Well, here we are men. This is the place.

O'BRIEN:

Thank heaven. My feet have been killing me.

SEAGOON:

You're not the only one they've been killing. Right! Abdul, hoist a French Union Jack. Now - let's see how we get into this castle. Ah, a door! O'Brien, lay out my knocking-on-door suit. Now lift me up and I'll knock.

O'BRIEN:

Me vote labour next time, begorrah.

SEAGOON:

Silence, O'Brien. Lift!

GRAMS:

THREE KNOCKS ON HEAVY OAK DOOR, ECHOES AWAY BEHIND ALONG THE CORRIDOR, SLOW GHOSTLY FOOTSTEPS APPROACH, ECHOEY LOCKS BEING UNLOCKED, GREAT DOOR STARTS TO OPEN WITH CHAINS, ETC.

HENRY CRUN:

Mnk - ahahaha - grmnpppp - ah. Who left this door unlocked?

SEAGOON:

There, standing in the doorway, was a bag of dust in a night shirt. Speak to him, O'Brien.

O'BRIEN:

Good evening, sir.

HENRY CRUN:

No coal tonight, coalman.

O'BRIEN:

What????

GRAMS:

SOUND OF CRUN BEING WHIRLED AROUND A MAN'S HEAD.

SEAGOON:

O'Brien, stop swinging him round your head.

CRUN:

Ah!

FX:

CRUN LANDS WITH A THUMP

HENRY CRUN:

Oweeee! What... what's the big idea, buddy?

SEAGOON:

Old wrinkled retainer! Now, listen...

HENRY CRUN:

Power, power.

SEAGOON:

My retinue and I require kippo for the night. I'm willing to pay.

HENRY CRUN:

I...

MILLIGAN:

(ECHO) (SCREAMS)

HENRY CRUN:

Min, I think he wants to go out.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS) Who wants to go out?

HENRY CRUN:

We don't know what it is, but when it wants to go, it screams.

MINNIE:

Ohh, who are these men, Crun?

HENRY CRUN:

They're men, Min.

MINNIE:

They're men, Min.

HENRY CRUN:

They're staying the night.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh! What room we going to put them in, Crun? I don't know what room.

HENRY CRUN:

What about the power... the power room? (AUDIENCE LAUGH)

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

HENRY CRUN:

Fiendish power room. Well, I don't know.

MINNIE:

Ohhhh!

HENRY CRUN:

Oh, dear, I... Oh, they've gone. Where are you, sirs?

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Upstairs in bed!

HENRY CRUN:

Goodnight.

DR LONGDONGLE:

[VALENTINE DYALL]

Good evening, Crun. We have fresh visitors, then.

HENRY CRUN:

(A LITTLE AFRAID) Ohh, Dr. Londongle.

ORCHESTRA:

SOFT HORROR CHORD, TROMBONES

HENRY CRUN:

You're home early tonight, sir.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Yes, Crun. I watched her dance again tonight. Oh, how she danced! She danced like spots before the eyes... (CONTINUES IN BACKGROUND UNDER...)

HENRY CRUN:

He's talking about Señorita la Tigernutta. Every night he goes to the Café Filthmuck to watch her dance.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Yes, Crun. Three years ago she said, 'Dr. Londongle, the day you can give me fifty pairs of castanets, I'll marry you'. Well, I've got forty-eight pairs!

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh! Naughty man. Then... then, Doctor Longdongler, you only want two more pairs, eh, buddy?

DR LONGDONGLE:

Yes, buddy, just two.

MINNIE:

Ohhh.

DR LONGDONGLE:

I nearly got them tonight but just failed. Crun!

HENRY CRUN:

Yes?

DR LONGDONGLE:

Take my skull-clouting mallet and teeth-catching bucket.

MILLIGAN:

(SCREAM)

DR LONGDONGLE:

How sweet, the children are awake. It's... it's little green wretch. He needs changing. See, now what did I change him for last time? Ha-haaaa, ha-haaaa! Bannister?

MINNIE:

Yes?

DR LONGDONGLE:

A moment of quiet meditation. Play me a gramophone record.

MINNIE:

Right.

GRAMS:

SURFACE HISS. THEN WOMAN SCREAMING BEING CHASED BY A SEX-CRAZED MANIAC. GIBBERISH. LAUGHTER. THEN WALLOP. POP. CLANG OF TEETH IN BUCKET. LAST SOB THEN SILENCE.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Ahh, Crun, they don't write tunes like that any more.

HENRY CRUN:

Well, then, Max Geldray gets pretty near it, you know.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Needle nardle noo!

MINNIE:

Stop!

DR LONGDONGLE:

More brown power!

MAX GELDRAY:

"ST LOUIS BLUES"

ORCHESTRA:

THREE SOMBRE CHORDS.

GRAVELY HEADSTONE:

We present Part three - Midnight in the Castle.

GRAMS:

LAST FEW STROKES OF MIDNIGHT

O'BRIEN:

(LOUD) Zzzzzzzzzzzzz... cor blimey.

SEAGOON:

(LOUD) Zzzzzzzzzzzzz...

WILLIUM:

You asleep, mate?

SEAGOON:

Of course we are. You don't think we make this noise when we're awake, do you? O'Brien, lay out my waking-up suit.

WILLIUM:

Ooooh! There's somethin' under the bed, mate!

SEAGOON:

Thank heaven for that!

WILLIUM:

It's been moving about, mate!

SEAGOON:

I don't believe it, mate.

WILLIUM:

Shhhhh. Listen.

ECCLES:

(UNDER BED, SINGS) How would you like to be - Under the bed wid me.

SEAGOON:

Come out, you singer of music.

ECCLES:

Hellooooo!

SEAGOON:

Before me stood a ragged idiot dressed in a grass skirt, water wings and a perforated bronze trilby.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

DR LONGDONGLE:

Ahh!

ECCLES:

Oh.

DR LONGDONGLE:

There you are, naughty little Eccles!

ECCLES:

Hallo, Doctor Lingledongler.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Naughty lad, getting out of bed after I'd tucked you in and battered you unconscious for the night.

ECCLES:

Hallo.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Gentlemen, I am the caretaker. My apologies. You won't be disturbed further. Ahhhhh! What lovely teeth you have. False?

SEAGOON:

No, perfectly true. They are lovely teeth. Why?

DR LONGDONGLE:

Nothing. Goodnight.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

Jolly fellow. What's the time - Gad! - one o'clock. Goodnight all.

CAST:

(FAST) Goodnight - Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzz...

FX:

CHURCH BELL STRIKING THE HOUR

DR LONGDONGLE:

They're fast asleep. Hand me the skull mallet.

MINNIE:

There.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Hold the teeth bucket in front of his cake-hole. Now - ugghhh.

GRAMS:

WALLOP, POP OF POP GUN, FALSE TEETH SHOOT OUT AND LAND IN BUCKET

WILLIUM:

(NO TEETH) Ohhhwhy - mate.

SEAGOON:

That was the sound I told you of earlier, dear listeners. Hurriedly I struck a match and lit a light bulb. There... there on the floor was Willium.

WILLIUM:

Ohh, me choppers have gone, mate. Someone hit me on the back of me nut and out flew my false teef mate, ohh...

SEAGOON:

O'Brien? Lay out my looking-for-teeth suit. Wait! I've suddenly realised something. Except for Dr. Londongle, no one else in... (SEACOMBE FLUFFS LINE AND LAUGHS) I'll start again. Except for Dr. Londongle, no one else in this castle has teeth. I'm going to have a word with him. O'Brien, lay out my having-a-word-with-him suit.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Wait here.

FX:

DOOR SHUTS, FOOTSTEPS ALONG LONG LONELY CORRIDOR

SEAGOON:

Dr. Londongle? Dr. Lector Donglonge - Ingledongle – Dr... I want to speak to you! Dr. Longdongleeeeeee! Dr. Londongle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Will you stop all dat shouting! I'm trying to have a kip.

SEAGOON:

Come here, little nurk.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Let go my ear'ole, you! Let go or I'll call Little Jim.

SEAGOON:

Call him, then.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Jimmm? Little Jim, Little Jim. Where are you, Little Jim? Little Jim?

SEAGOON:

Why doesn't he answer?

BLUEBOTTLE:

He's in Africa.

SEAGOON:

Where's Dr. Londongle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I don't know Mister Dongler.

SEAGOON:

Speak, rascalion.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Stop, you're pulling my ear'ole. Ohh, now look what you done, you pulled it off! Give it to me, I only borrowed it for the day.

SEAGOON:

Come on, hairless little nurk. Who are you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I am a purehearted-type English scout on the camping-type holiday.

SEAGOON:

Camping? Why are you camping indoors?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's too parky outside. I'm the new indoor scout. I say? Have you got any pictures of Sabrina?

SEAGOON:

You dirty little devil. I'll tell your Scout Master.

BLUEBOTTLE:

He's the one who told us to collect them.

SEAGOON:

The naughty man. You'd better come with me. I might need you for protection. I'll use you as a club.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no! I'm no good at protection! I'm a rotten coward, I am! Look, here's my junior coward's badge.

MORIARTY:

(OFF) Oooooohohoh, ohohohoh, ohh eheehehe hehehe oheheh...

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's David Whitfield.

SEAGOON:

Gad, he's improved.

MORIARTY:

Ohhahhh.

SEAGOON:

Gid gad gude. That voice is coming from under this floor. I'll just put on my floor-lifting suit. Now - lift - ugghhhhhhhhh! Ugghhhh - ugghhhhhhhhhhh!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Don't stand there making a noise, give me a hand, you big fat...

SEAGOON:

Ahem. Lift - ugghhhhh.

FX:

STONE FLAG BEING LIFTED FROM TOP OF A DUNGEON

MORIARTY:

(GUMMY) Ohh! Saved! Saved! Teeth! Give us our teeth!

CAST:

(GUMMY) Give us our teeth teeth ohhh teethhhhhhh. (ETC)

SEAGOON:

Is this the Goonish movement? Dear listeners, from out of an underground dungeon came a crowd of toothless ragged men in brown paper nightshirts.

GRYTPYPE:

(GUMS) Let me explain, short-type man. Forty-eight of us have been kept prisoner down there after having our false teeth stolen.

MORIARTY:

But we must have our teeth back.

SEAGOON:

Leave it to me. First, let's drop this flagstone back in place.

FX:

CLANG OF FLAGSTONE FALLING BACK

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aaaayyyyaayy! Look, my foot! Look what you've done to it, it's shaped like a starting handle.

SEAGOON:

Excellent. O'Brien? Lay out my leader-of-toothless-men suit. Right, gentlemen! Follow me. We march to find the missing teeth. One! Two!

CAST:

(SING THE MOUNTIES' SONG FROM 'ROSE MARIE')

On through the hail,

Like a pack of hungry wolves on the trail.

We are after you dead or alive.

We are out to get you, dead or alive. (GO OFF MARCHING)

FX:

MARCHING BOX

O'BRIEN:

Folks? While I still got my choppers, here's my song, begorrah.

MINNIE:

Swing it, buddy. Oh, yuck-yuck-yuck...

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"WHO'S GOT THE MONEY"

GREENSLADE:

We return you now to Part Three. The Castle of Missing Teeth.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

FX:

CASTANETS (ONE PAIR) PLAYING IN 6/8 TEMPO

DR LONGDONGLE:

Ha-ha, ha, ha, ha, haaaa-type laughing! Look, aren't they beautiful, mother dear?

THROAT:

Oh, lovely, lovely.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Another pair of castanets for Señorita La Tigernutta. That's forty-nine pairs I've got. One more pair and she's promised to be mine.

THROAT:

Oh.

DR LONGDONGLE:

So much for the tatty plot!

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR

DR LONGDONGLE:

Quick, mother, hide! Under the carpet.

THROAT:

Right.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Come in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BLOODNOK:

Ah, good evening. Uuummm, any possibility of contacting the police from here?

DR LONGDONGLE:

I'm afraid not.

BLOODNOK:

Thank heaven, safe at last. Oeiugh.

DR LONGDONGLE:

What brings you here at this late hour?

BLOODNOK:

I'm lost, dear fellow, lost, completely lost. Me and the Regiment were marching along ya know, when suddenly, quite by accident, me and the regimental funds took the wrong turning.

DR LONGDONGLE:

How rotten for the Regiment.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Don't they want you back?

BLOODNOK:

Oh, yes, indeed, yes. Everywhere you'll see my notices - 'Wanted - Major Bloodnok'.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Ahhhhh.

BLOODNOK:

I should say... I say, sir... Look here, why are you staring at me like that?

DR LONGDONGLE:

Your teeth. Are they false?

BLOODNOK:

Hm? Oh, yes, yes. Oh, yes, yes. And what's more, they're of great sentimental value. You see (TEARFUL) they belonged to my great-grandmother.

DR LONGDONGLE:

It must be wonderful to have a family heirloom.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. Mmmmm, do you mind if I take my kilt off, it's rather hot in here. Oooow!

DR LONGDONGLE:

What's up?

BLOODNOK:

That lump in the carpet - it moved!

DR LONGDONGLE:

Yes - it's the only carpet in the world with a moving lump.

BLOODNOK:

Must be quite valuable then.

DR LONGDONGLE:

It has a great sentimental value. You see (TEARFUL) that lump belongs to my mother.

BLOODNOK:

What a lovely heirloom to leave behind. A large moving lump. People aren't as thoughtful these days, you know.

DR LONGDONGLE:

This bucket, you see, is also an heirloom.

BLOODNOK:

Mmmmmm, ohhh.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Just bend over it to look at the bottom.

BLOODNOK:

I can't see anything to...

FX:

WALLOP, POP, CLANG

BLOODNOK:

(GUMS) Ohh, me choppers!

DR LONGDONGLE:

Got 'em. Ha ha ha ha ha.

FX:

DOOR BURSTS OPEN

SEAGOON:

Not so fast, Dr. Londongler.

OMNES:

Teeth. We want our teeth.

SEAGOON:

Where are you hiding these men's teeth?

OMNES:

We want teeth.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Silence! Silence! Don't move, any of you, or I'll shoot!

SEAGOON:

Fool, put down that tin of potted shrimps.

DR LONGDONGLE:

And starve to death? Never!

SEAGOON:

Londongler, I'm willing to bargain with you.

DR LONGDONGLE:

What's your offer?

SEAGOON:

These outsize ladies' bloomers at three and eleven three.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Fool! The ones I'm wearing only cost two and nine three.

SEAGOON:

Curse, I've failed. Very well, another offer. Give these man back their choppers and we'll see you get a fair trial, shot dead, strangled and set free.

DR LONGDONGLE:

No.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

DR LONGDONGLE:

You might be lying and it sounds risky.

SEAGOON:

Then... ying tong iddle I po.

DR LONGDONGLE:

Never! Never ying tong iddle i po. No, gentlemen, I'll not be forestalled now. Ha Ha. I'm too near my goal!

FX:

FOOTBALL WHISTLE

BLUEBOTTLE:

Off side, he's too near his own goal.

SEAGOON:

Shut up.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up.

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up, Enkles.

OMNES:

SHUT UP, ETC...

MORIARTY:

Help! Help! Who's turned out the light? Who's turned the light out?

DR LONGDONGLE:

It was me, ha ha!

SEAGOON:

Economical devil. Trying to save electricity, eh? O'Brien?

O'BRIEN:

Yeah? Begorrah, mate.

SEAGOON:

Put on this invisible beard, creep up on the light switch and while you can't see you, switch it on!

O'BRIEN:

Okay, begorrah. Okay!

SEAGOON:

Huzah. Right men, open your eyes, the light's on.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh! Dr. Londongler - he's gone.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, he won't get far in those cheap woollen bloomers. There's frost about. In any case, the moment he steps outside this castle the wolves are bound to get him.

BLOODNOK:

Why?

SEAGOON:

(DRY) They're looking for a new goal-keeper. Men, to catch this Dr. Londongler won't be easy. He's very clever.

MORIARTY:

You mean..?

SEAGOON:

We're going to need brains!

ECCLES:

(PAUSE) Well, I'll go and make the tea.

GRAMS:

HORSE AND CARRIAGE DOWN IN COBBLED COURTYARD STARTS OFF AT A GALLOP

BLOODNOK:

Ohh, great scorched thund bringe. Look, there, down there! Londongler's escaping.

SEAGOON:

Where?

BLOODNOK:

There - stick your head out of the window.

GRAMS:

HEAD BEING STUFFED THROUGH GLASS WINDOW, BREAKING GLASS

BLOODNOK:

Bandage?

SEAGOON:

No thanks. O'Brien? Lay out my leaving-the-castle-suit. Men - after him! One! Two!

OMNES:

(FAST) (SINGS) On through the hail,
Like a pack of hungry wolves on the trail.

FX:

MARCHING BOX

ORCHESTRA:

CHORDS TO SUGGEST BEGINNING OF A GREAT ADVENTURE (MACABRE)

GREENSLADE:

With a small stove, Lord Seagoon set off in hot pursuit in his horse-drawn motor car. The trail of missing teeth led them to the village of (TARZAN YELL). And there, next to a newsvendor's shop in which this week's copy of the Radio Times is now on sale, they stopped.

FX:

HORSES HOOVES ON COBBLESTONE COMING TO A HALT.

SEAGOON:

All out, now, men. Wait - it looks like he's in this Café Filthmuck.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, I think there's something funny going on inside.

SEAGOON:

Why?

GRYTPYPE:

I can hear somebody laughing.

SEAGOON:

Stop this crazy-type toothless humour and follow me in, men.

FX:

DOOR OPENS, SOUND OF A BEER GARDEN, DISTANT ZITHER

MORIARTY:

What do we do now?

SEAGOON:

Now, we don't want to look suspicious so put your coats over your heads and crawl nonchalantly across the floor on your backs. And keep your Union Jacks down. Follow me. A-ha, ha. This is fooling them, eh? Ughhh.

FLOWERDEW:

I say, you lot on the floor, hurry up, we're waiting to dance. Oh, it makes you spit, doesn't it!

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry, madam. We were looking for escaped miniature convicts.

ORCHESTRA:

ROLL ON DRUM AND CYMBAL CRASH

DR LONGDONGLE:

(ANNOUNCING A LITTLE OFF) Mein lieber damunherren -

SEAGOON:

Look - it's Londongler!

DR LONGDONGLE:

Presenting the cabaret! That queen of reeking Spanish dancers - Señorita Gladys la Tigernutta - my fiancée, with her fifty steaming castanet dancers.

GRAMS:

FLAMENCO MUSIC AND CASTANETS

SEAGOON:

Keep calm, men. Let's see what happens.

GRYTPYPE:

Look, the black's coming off the castanets.

SEAGOON:

Yes - they're white underneath! Could they be what the listeners have known all along?

MORIARTY:

It's our teeth - teeethhhhhh!

OMNES:

SHOUTS OF "TEETH", "TEETH"

FX:

SNAPPING OF TEETH

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC UP AND OUT

SEAGOON:

And that, folks, is how we found Londongler's missing teeth horde. He disappeared from human ken. And I often wonder if he ever continued his teeth activities.

GREENSLADE:

(GUMS) You've been listening to The Goon Show.

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME

GREENSLADE:

That was The Goon Show - a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Spike Milligan and Valentine Dyall 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' OUTRO