

S6 E25 - The Fear of Wages

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

MILLIGAN:

Brown power!

SECOMBE:

Aye, wee, the brown power. Shop!

GREENSLADE:

This...

SECOMBE:

(SOUNDS LIKE) Boot wing(?).

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. Enter a short idiot.

SECOMBE:

Good evening, folks. I commence by walking backward for Christmas.

GREENSLADE:

Why?

SECOMBE:

It's all the rage! (LAUGHTER) Next, an excerpt from East Lynn: "Dead! Dead! And never called me mother!"

ECCLES:

But you were his father.

SECOMBE:

Shut up, the famous Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, the famous Eccles!

SECOMBE:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

Shut up! Shut up, the famous...

SECOMBE:

Shut up!

GREENSLADE:

(IMPATIENTLY) Mr. Seagoon.

ECCLES:

Mr. Seagoon.

GREENSLADE:

Please remove that false bald woman's wig.

SECOMBE:

And leave myself naked in the mating season? Ha-ha, ha! Never!

GREENSLADE:

Very well. I sentence you to the highly esteemed Goon Show!

FX:

SICKLY TRUMPET BLARE

SECOMBE:

They can go home today. Presenting Wallace Greenslade and his daring announcement entitled:

GREENSLADE:

La saleur d'la peur

SECOMBE:

Meaning "The Wages of Fear", or in England:

WILLIUM:

The Fear of Wages! Ohhhh!

FX:

MUSICAL CRESCENDO

GREENSLADE:

Part 1. The Missing Regiment.

FX:

GUNFIRE

SELLERS:

Burma, sixth of March, 1956.

SEAGOON:

These Japs can't hold out much longer.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, I don't know, this is the 14th year we've been fighting 'em.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, Major. They can't stand much more of your drunken singing and bottle throwing.

BLOODNOK:

I'm only doing my duty, sir! And they'd better surrender soon, we've had no food or pay since that silly telegram.

SEAGOON:

Telegram? You know, it... Give it here!

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

FX:

OPENS NOTE

SEAGOON:

Um... "British Forces, Burma. Japan has surrendered. End of World War II. Book now for World War III." Signed: Jim Mountbatten. Dated: August 1945?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes, I... well... I've never shown it to you before because it was obviously the work of a practical joker.

SEAGOON:

Well, I can... I can only hope it is!

ABDUL:

Ahhh, stop, stop, stop! A Japanese officer is attacking us with a white flag, hooray!

SEAGOON:

Gad! And it's a new Mark III armour piercing-type white flag.

THROAT:

Cor, blimey, I'm off.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, look, look, look, don't panic! I'll show that Jap a thing or two. Help me off with my jodhpurs, now.

SEAGOON:

No, Major, please!

BLOODNOK:

Out of my way! Just... there, you Japanese devil, look at that!

SEAGOON:

Dear Listeners. From the waist downwards, Bloodnok was tattooed with a pair of false legs. Facing the wrong way.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, they're all the rage, you know.

YAKAMOTO:

(FAKE JAPANESE SOUNDING GIBBERISH) Please, do not shoot!

SEAGOON:

Who are you, you yellow swine?

BLOODNOK:

You remember me, Dennis Bloodnok. I was...

SEAGOON:

Not you! Come forward, military Japanese gentleman. But.... keep your right leg raised.

YAKAMOTO:

Please, I am General Yakamoto, Commander of all Imperial Japanese troops in that tree.

SEAGOON:

Well? Yellow devil!

YAKAMOTO:

(JAPANESE MUMBLE) Request, please: have unexpectedly run short of ammunition. Please, can we borrow two boxes until end of the war?

BLOODNOK:

You Japanese are always on the tap.

YAKAMOTO:

Ah!

BLOODNOK:

You... you haven't returned our lawnmower, yet!

YAKAMOTO:

I... yukabah... I'm... I'm velly solly but have not finished mowing jungle.

BLOODNOK:

No! No more credit! Clear off!

YAKAMOTO:

Then I'm forced to surrender.

SEAGOON:

Surrender? This means war!

YAKAMOTO:

War? I'm solly, have no alternative. To whom do we sullender honorable Japanese military stores, please?

BLOODNOK:

Stores? You've got stores?

YAKAMOTO:

Yes, I've got stores. 1,000 tons of nitro-glycerine.

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

YAKAMOTO:

And 2,000 cans of sake

BLOODNOK:

Ehh!

YAKAMOTO:

(ASIDE)Sake being potent Japanese rice wine.

BLOODNOK:

Sake being potent Japanese rice wine?

YAKAMOTO:

Yes, sir!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh! I am forced... forced to accept your 2,000-cans-of-sake surrender. Stack it under me bed, will you?

YAKAMOTO:

Please. Which are your tents, please?

BLOODNOK:

The white one with the red cross on it and the... ah... three dummy nurses outside. Go on, don't say you don't trust me.

YAKAMOTO:

I don't trust you.

BLOODNOK:

Swine, I told you not to say it!

YAKAMOTO:

Sorry.

BLOODNOK:

Hand me my Royal Engineers saxophone, issue type. Now, you Japanese devil... quick, march!
(PLAYS, FADING AWAY)

SEAGOON:

Gad, what a day this has been! A triumph for British arms! Now I must inform the War Office that after 14 years of fighting, the Japanese army in that tree has finally surrendered!

FX:

COINS FALLING INTO CALLBOX. DIALLING, LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY PLAYS IN BACKGROUND

SEAGOON:

Dial on, brave telephone! Send those triumphant, electric-type impulses athwart the sleeping continent to the automatic-type exchanges in London and list...

FX:

PHONE RINGS

SEAGOON:

Even now sounds the tintinnabulation of the phone bell that will arouse the helmsmen of England to whom I carry the victorious news!

WILLIUM:

Battersea Dog's Home, mate.

SEAGOON:

Curse, wrong number. I shall have hurry through to The Fear of Wages, part...

GREENSLADE:

Do you mind? (RASPBERRY) Do you mind, I'll make this announcement.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

The Fear of Wages, part II. The same day, four hours later.

FX:

MUSIC

MORIARTY:

Brown power! Ooooh! Money! Money, money, money! Little money, money, money, money!
Oheooheeeoh! Lovely money! It's all the rage!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, shhh! Pull that transparent blind down, you fool! Now, have you sewn that £10,000 into the lining of your socks?

MORIARTY:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Then help me get this £100 in fivers under my wig.

MORIARTY:

Right! (SOUNDS OF LIFTING) Down on your right hand... Back a bit... Ah... Right... Mind the [UNCLEAR]. Ah, there.

GRYTPYPE:

Good man. Any more left?

MORIARTY:

Only this £50,000 in loose silver.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh. Now where can I hide that? Erm... (SNAPS FINGERS) I've got it! Moriarty? Say "Ahhh".

MORIARTY:

Ahhh...

FX:

SHOVELLING, SWALLOWING

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Moriarty, keep your mouth shut, I don't want...

FX:

PHONE RINGS

GRYTPYPE:

Army Pay Corps here, Chief Cashier speaking. Yes. What? Moriarty!

MORIARTY:

(SPITS COINS ON FLOOR) I'm... I'm... I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I... I'm sorry, I...

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, yes... Never mind about that. Moriarty, we're... we're... we're in the grit cart, now. Remember the 3rd Armored Thunderboxes who vanished in Burma 10 years ago?

MORIARTY:

Yes, yes, yes, yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, they're still alive.

MORIARTY:

Ohhh!

GRYTPYPE:

And that was their commander, Seagoon.

MORIARTY:

Oheeeoh!-type Oh! But we spent all their back pay!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

£40,000! Sapristory Court Marshall, cashiered, shot at dawn, take aim, fire, bang (HUMS TAPS)

GRYTPYPE:

Now, don't panic, don't panic.

MORIARTY:

(GUNSHOT NOISES)

GRYTPYPE:

My malodorous Gaelic Charlie. We'll have to think of something else. Meanwhile, Max Geldray and his chromatic clinge.

MORIARTY:

Oh, the horrors of brown power! Aieeee!

MAX GELDRY:

MUSIC INTERLUDE: "SIDE BY SIDE"

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORD

FX:

JUNGLE SOUNDS

GREENSLADE:

Night in the jungle encampment of the 4th Armored Thunderboxes.

BLOODNOK:

(WRITING) Dear Sirs: I am a keen art student over the age of 21. Please forward me your selection of continental art studies in the plain wrapper. Care of C. N. Stokes...

SEAGOON:

(DISTANT) Major Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

What? Oh! Don't come in for a minute, don't come in. Abdul, quick, put screens round my bed. Ohhh. Come in, Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Major, I was just walking backwards for Christmas and I thought...Oh. (CLEARS THROAT) I... ha-ha... I beg your pardon, madam, I...

BLOODNOK:

Get behind that screen, Gladys! Judy, Judy, Judy, [UNCLEAR]. My wife, you know, yes.

SEAGOON:

I see, yes.

BLOODNOK:

It's all lies, we're just good friends, of course. Ohhh...

SEAGOON:

Major.

BLOODNOK:

What? What?

SEAGOON:

Grave-type news. I've spoken to Whitehall...

BLOODNOK:

Mmm?

SEAGOON:

...and the Pay Corps deny that we're alive!

BLOODNOK:

What! I've never had a day's death in my life! And what about our ten years' back pay? Did you tell them we've been fighting all this time?

SEAGOON:

I did. But they said these Japs we are fighting must be forgeries!

BLOODNOK:

You mean... they're worthless?

SEAGOON:

They said no bank would cash them.

BLOODNOK:

Well, there's only one way to get our back pay. We must return to England with the entire Japanese army in that tree there.

SEAGOON:

Gad, yes. Sergeant Goldberg?

GOLDBERG:

[MILLIGAN]

(IRISH ACCENT) Yes, sir! What is it, sir? Carry on.

SEAGOON:

Uproot that tree and replant it in the back of a lorry. And try not to shake any Japs down.

GOLDBERG:

Will yers be taking all that Japanese liquor and wine with you?

BLOODNOK:

The sake, oh, yes, of course, yes. And don't forget those screens round my bed. It's all the rage, you know, I must have the screens...

GOLDBERG:

Yes, [UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON:

You know...

BLOODNOK:

Oh, the old screens.

SEAGOON:

You know, Bloodnok, I think we'd better leave all that nitro-glycerine behind.

FX:

PHONE RINGS

SEAGOON:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

You can't leave all that nitro-glycerine behind, Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

I wasn't going to. I was going to leave it behind Bloodnok. (LAUGHS, CLEARS THROAT)

GRYTPYPE:

Naughty Neddie.

SEAGOON:

(RASPBERRY)

GRYTPYPE:

No ad libbing now. Now listen, nurk - and this, dear listeners, is where we sow the seeds of Neddies demese. (CLEARS THROAT) Neddie? Stand at... Ease!

FX:

SOUND OF TROOPS STANDING AT EASE

GRYTPYPE:

Now, Neddie: There's no question of you leaving that naughty unexploded nitro-glycerine behind. If you want your back pay, all Japanese stores *must* be surrendered to the War Office.

SEAGOON:

But... it's so dangerous. Nitro-glycerine? A lorry?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes! (EVIL LAUGHTER)

FX:

EVIL MUSICAL NOTES; SCENE-CHANGE MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

Dawn. And the 4th Armored Thunderboxes prepare for the long journey home. Before departure, the surrender document is signed.

ORCHESTRA:

DRUM TUNE

BLOODNOK:

Now, General Yakamoto will sign here. We'll... er... fill in the amount later.

SEAGOON:

I watched enthralled as slowly we hauled down the Imperial Japanese Credit note and ran up the victorious bouncing British cheque.

YAKAMOTO:

There! Honorable signature on surrender document.

SEAGOON:

Sign of the cross, eh? Huh! You illiterate swine, you. Pass me the ink pad. Uhh! There! There's my thumb print. Now we've *both* signed, mate. Now get back in your tree.

YAKAMOTO:

Right-oh.

BLOODNOK:

Hurry up, Seagoon, we're ready to leave.

SEAGOON:

Are the lorries warmed up?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, we had 'em in the oven all night. How do you like yours?

SEAGOON:

Medium rare.

BLOODNOK:

Splendid, splendid! Then you'd better drive the medium rare lorry carrying the nitro.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS) I... ah... I... (LAUGHS) I'd rather drive the lorry with the sake.

BLOODNOK:

No, but you're a teetotaler. No, I insist on driving with the sake.

SEAGOON:

Why?

BLOODNOK:

Well, it's a long, long story... er... I mean, I... Well... erm... There's a little yellow idol to the north of Kathmandu...

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, I know.

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

But I refuse to drive the nitro lorry.

BLOODNOK:

Why not?

SEAGOON:

Well, it's a long story. You see, there's a little yellow idol to the north of Kathmandu...

BLOODNOK:

Shut up, Seagoon. And here's a record of me saying it. (RECORD) Shut up, Seagoon.

ECCLES:

(RECORD) Shut up, Seagoon.

BLOODNOK:

(RECORD) Shut up, the Famous Eccles.

ECCLES:

(RECORD) Shut up, the Famous Eccles.

BLOODNOK:

(RECORD) Shut up.

ECCLES:

(RECORD) Shut up.

BLOODNOK:

(RECORD) Get off this record at once!

ECCLES:

(RECORD) Okay. (RUNNING CLOSER)

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

ECCLES:

(LIVE) Hallo!

SEAGOON:

Private Eccles! Just the man! You see that lorry that everybody's keeping clear of?

ECCLES:

Ah, yeah? Yeah? Yeah? Yeah? Yeah? Yeah? Yeah?

SEAGOON:

Good, good, good, good, good, good, good, good, good, good, good, good, good.

ECCLES:

Yeah?

SEAGOON:

Well, drive it back to London. Gently.

ECCLES:

Okay! Okay! Goodbye!

FX:

LORRY DRIVES AWAY. THEN, TERRIFIC EXPLOSION

ECCLES:

(QUIETLY) A good job I wasn't on it.

SEAGOON:

What? Then who was driving it?

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you! Eheeheehee! I was kipping in the back of that lorry, like a happy boy traveller, when...blungee! I was blown backwards out of my boots.

SEAGOON:

Little blackened, hairless, singed goon.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ehee!

SEAGOON:

What were you doing in that lorry?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, it's a long story, Captain. You see, there's a little cardboard idol to the north of East Finchley. And the smoke was...

SEAGOON:

Shh! Here's Ray Ellington

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, smashing.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"PINK CHAMPAGNE"

GREENSLADE:

That was Ray Ellington, the demon plasterer, but then you'll have guessed. And now, The Fear of Wages part the scrand. Five weeks of travel saw the lorries well on their way.

FX:

LORRY SOUNDS

BLOODNOK:

(DRINKING)

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, Bloodnok, you must stop drinking that sake. Without it, no back pay.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, come on, just this one. It's thirsty work, this drinking, you know.

YAKAMOTO:

(ASIDE) Little do English fool know that it are not sake he are drinking but nitro-glycerine that I substitute. Ha-ha-ha in Japanese.

BLOODNOK:

Keep quiet up that tree there!

YAKAMOTO:

Sorry, was just giving listeners story of plot.

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, in England, at Number 10 Thrift Street.

OMNES:

PEOPLE MULLING ABOUT AS IN PARLIAMENT - RHUBARB, RHUBARB, RHUBARB, ETC.

SECOMBE:

Custard.

MORIARTY:

Grytpype, you say the nitro exploded when they were in the lorry?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Fred. Our little plan went for a burton. That's why I've arranged this meeting.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER:

[MILLIGAN]

(SPRIGGS VOICE) I say, are you positive that this missing regiment has reappeared and is even now on its way back to England?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Mister Chancellor of the Exchequer. And according to our records, their combined back pay and accrued interests amounts to £33 million.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER:

Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear. This will ruin my budget.

CHUCHILL:

[SELLERS]

You've already ruined it yourself.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER:

Stop it, you sinful people! That regiment must be stopped before it reaches England!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, we'll declare war on them.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER:

What? England can't declare war on English troops!

GRYTPYPE:

Why not? Everyone else does.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER:

No, no, no, no. We must get a foreign power to do it.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, choose one.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER:

Well, Japan isn't doing anything at the moment.

GRYTPYPE:

I'll inform Tokyo at once.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER:

Right.

GRYTPYPE:

(YELLS TO TOKYO) Hello, Tokyo!

TOKYO:

[SECOMBE]

Yakamakaka! Ying-tong-iddle-i-po! Needle-nardle-noo!

GRYTPYPE:

Declare war on the 4th Armored Thunderboxes, now in Burma.

TOKYO:

I do at once. Hello, Commander of the Imperial Japanese forces in that tree on back of lorry in Burma.

YAKAMOTO:

Yes, sir?

TOKYO:

Declare war on 4th Armored Thunderboxes.

YAKAMOTO:

I do. Very good. Fire!

FX:

GUNFIRE

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, stop the lorry! Those Japs are firing at us!

BLOODNOK:

The treacherous devils! Help me off with me jodhpurs!

SEAGOON:

No, Major, please! Not Leo the lion.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Please, not that again. They know that tattooed leg trick now.

BLOODNOK:

Well, there you are, it's done the trick. They've stopped firing.

YAKAMOTO:

Yes, I've run out of ammunition.

BLOODNOK:

What? Well, there's no dice here, you've had enough on tick for a month already.

YAKAMOTO:

Wait a minute. Please tell me, how much we owe?

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon, play him back his account.

SEAGOON:

Right-oh. (SOMETHING SHORT ON JAPANESE-SOUNDING HARP) And six pence ha'penny.

YAKAMOTO:

Please, believe, please. I promise I pay you back at a rate of (SOMETHING ELSE SHORT ON JAPANESE-SOUNDING HARP) a week.

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon, how much is (YAKAMOTO'S HARP MUSIC) in English money?

SEAGOON:

It's about (ENGLISH CALLIOPE MUSIC), sir.

BLOODNOK:

It's not enough, do you hear! Here, hold me trousers. I'll...

SEAGOON:

No!

BLOODNOK:

I'll get him out of that tree! We've got this one!

FX:

SAWING, GUN FIRE

BLOODNOK:

The treacherous devils! They've... they've found more ammunition! They must have had a Red Cross parcel from home!

SEAGOON:

Quick! Quick, into the driving cab, it's bullet proof.

BLOODNOK:

Splendid! We can drive on and continue engaging the enemy in that tree in the back of the lorry all at the same time!

SEAGOON:

A magnificent exposition of the plot, Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Thank you!

SEAGOON:

And under enemy fire, too!

BLOODNOK:

Of course!

SEAGOON:

Have a knighthood.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, ta, mate.

SEAGOON:

Right, then. Drive on, Sir Dennis!

BLOODNOK:

Beep beep! Oooh!

FX:

SOUNDS OF DRIVING, GUNFIRE, FIGHTING OVER:

SEAGOON:

You swine, [UNCLEAR]

BLOODNOK:

Careful, don't antagonise them, Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Get your hands off, Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

What? What? Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

(SPEEDED UP) Help! Cover me!

BLOODNOK:

(SPEEDED UP) I'll have you yet, you Chinese fiendish... Japanese... German fiends. Stop! [UNCLEAR].

Oh, just be a [UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON:

(SPEEDED UP) Take that!

BLOODNOK:

(SPEEDED UP) Ah!

ORCHESTRA:

LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY FAST

OMNES:

RHUBARB, RHUBARB, RHUBARB, ETC.

SECOMBE:

Rhubarb, Rhubarb, Rhubarb, Rhubarb, Rhubarb, Cabinet, Rhubarb, Cabinet Meeting, Rhubarb, Rhubarb, Custard, Rhubarb...

MILLIGAN:

Rhubarb, cabinet, cabinet meeting..

GRYTPYPE:

Well, thank you for your cabinet meeting rhubarbs. Now, gentlemen, our plan to stop the 4th Armored Thunderboxes has failed.

MP 1:

[SECOMBE]

Oh!

GRYTPYPE:

We shall probably have to give them all their back pay.

MP2:

[MILLIGAN]

What?

MP 1:

What? What?

MP2:

What?

MP 1:

What?

MP 2:

I said it first.

MP 1:

Custard.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUOR:

What? Didn't the Japanese declare World War III on them?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, but Seagoon has managed to get the war on to the back of a lorry and is driving it here.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUOR:

Horrors!

OMNES:

GENERAL PANDEMONIUM

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty! Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

I must get in touch with them. What's the number of that lorry?

MORIARTY:

Ah, GXK-639

GRYTPYPE:

(DIALING) G... X... K... 6... (FADES)

FX:

GUNFIRE, A PHONE RINGS

SEAGOON:

Take the wheel, Bloodnok.

FX:

PHONE IS PICKED UP

SEAGOON:

Hello? World War III speaking.

GRYTPYPE:

(ON PHONE) Where are you speaking from?

SEAGOON:

We're just rolling up outside Number 10 Thrift Street.

FX:

KNOCKS ON DOOR

SEAGOON:

That's us at the door, now.

GRYTPYPE:

(ON PHONE) Moriarty, answer it.

FX:

OPENS DOOR

MORIARTY:

Saprisit measurements! It's Sabrina!

SEAGOON:

Wrong! It's me with my arms folded. Seagoon's the name.

MORIARTY:

Seagoon? Oh-ee-oh-ee-oh! It can't be! You're a lying charlatan.

SEAGOON:

Rubbish, I'm a truthful charlatan. Now, where's our back pay?

MORIARTY:

Back pay? (MAKES WORRIED SOUNDS) Sapristi [UNCLEAR] glasshouse.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, stop shaving your head. Welcome, Colonel Secombe, welcome. Now, before you get your back pay, there is a little matter of handing over the enemy stores.

SEAGOON:

Of course! There's the lorry. The captured Japanese force is up that tree, but the nitro-glycerine exploded.

GRYTPYPE:

And the thousand cans of sake?

SEAGOON:

(GULPS) Ah, I'm afraid... Bloodnok drank it.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, I'm sorry, Seagoon. No sake, no back pay.

SEAGOON:

What! Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yup?

SEAGOON:

Get an empty bucket, quick! Now, grab Bloodnok's ankles. (GRABS BLOODNOK)

BLOODNOK:

What's going on here?

SEAGOON:

Hold his head over the bucket. Now, shake him, go on.

BLOODNOK:

(MAKES BEING SHAKEN SOUNDS)

SEAGOON:

No sake, no pay.

GREENSLADE:

Listeners will recall that Bloodnok has not been drinking sake but nitro-glycerine. Therefore...

FX:

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION AND BUILDING PIECES FALLING ALL ABOUT

GREENSLADE:

And so ended World War III. Book now for World War IV.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Mr. Greenslinge? Would you mind telling the nice people that I have not been deaded this week?

GREENSLADE:

Certainly. Ladies and Gentlemen (BLUEBOTTLE MIMICS HIM QUIETLY FROM HERE), it is both a privilege and a pleasure to announce that... shut up, Bluebottle!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up, Bluebottle!

GREENSLADE:

Shut up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up!

GREENSLADE:

A privilege and a pleasure (BLUEBOTTLE READS ALONG AGAIN IN BACKGROUND) to announce that the lad, Bluebottle, was not deaded this week.

BLUEBOTTLE:

...not deaded this week... Here, that was a good game, that was, wasn't it? I like this game! Hee-hee-hee!

ORCHESTRA:

END 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 and Larry Stevens, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the program produced by Pat Dixon.