

S7 E15 - Wings Over Dagenham

Transcribed by Christopher P. Thomas, corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

SEAGOON:

So, you admit it, then? Six months hard labour, to be done in twelve monthly instalments.

FX:

GAVEL

GREENSLADE:

I shall appeal.

SEAGOON:

Very well. Released on bail of five long twisted things with holes in the end. Next case.

SELLERS:

A mental picture of the Goon Show, sir.

SEAGOON:

What? Sentenced to half an hour a week on the electric wireless, to commence this week with 'Wings over Dagenham'.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC HORNS

SPRIGGS:

Hear that stirring music, folks? It was specially composed to give you a mental picture of an aeroplane carrying supplies to the besieged garrison at Fort Spon in Nineteen Hundred and Two, one year before the invention of the aeroplane! Oohhhh...

FX:

GUNSHOTS

SELLERS:

Yes, we of the besieged garrison were grateful for that mental picture of an aeroplane bringing us supplies. We prayed for the day when someone would invent one and save us all at Fort Spon.

FX:

MORE GUNSHOTS

SPRIGGS:

Little did he know, poor fellow, that in a shed off Lisle Street, a genius in grease-stained evening dress, assisted by a dour Scots gentleman in a...

FX:

CLINK CLUNK HAMMERING NOISES

MILLIGAN:

(OVER)...grease stained body, were at work on a strange and wonderful, grease-stained machine.

SEAGOON & McCHISHOLM:

(IN TIME WITH HAMMERING)

Ying tong, ying tong, ying tong, ying tong, ying tong-iddle-i-pohhhh.

Ying tong, ying tong, ying tong, ying tong, ying tong-iddle-i-pohhhh.

Ying tong, ying tong, ying tong, ying tong, ying tong-iddle-i-pohhhh.

Ying tong yi...

SEAGOON:

McChisholm! It's finished!

McCHISHOLM:

Oh, thank heavens for that, I couldn't remember any more of the words!

SEAGOON:

Remember your Scottish acting, here. Fred Chislehurst. Now, my masterpiece! This... apparatus!

McCHISHOLM:

Ohhh! If it's no a rude question, sir, what's it supposed to be?

SEAGOON:

I wish I knew. I'd feel much happier.

McCHISHOLM:

You... you said it was to be a mangle.

SEAGOON:

Yes, I know. But I added a bit here and a bit there, it got completely out of hand.

McCHISHOLM:

I'll... I'll tell you what, man. You get in the seat and I'll swing the propeller.

SEAGOON:

(CAMP) Mad, impulsive boy. Mmmmmm! But, as you wish.

McCHISHOLM:

(SHOUTING) CONTACT!

SEAGOON:

Gad, you've invented the method for starting an aeroplane! CONTACT!

FX:

PLANE ENGINE STARTING, A FEW MISFIRES, BACKFIRES. IT STALLS, FOLLOWED BY LOTS OF BITS FALLING OFF

SEAGOON:

Well. What shall we build now?

McCHISHOLM:

Ha! Mister Seagoon! Did you no notice? A moment before it fell to bits, it rose seven feet off the ground!

SEAGOON:

Correction, five feet. Two of those feet were mine!

McCHISHOLM:

If... if you ask me, sir, we've invented the hairyplane.

FX:

PHONE RINGS, RECEIVER BEING PICKED UP

SEAGOON:

Hello?

GRYTPYPE:

(SPEAKING OVER TELEPHONE) I hear you've invented the aeroplane.

SEAGOON:

Who's this speaking?

GRYTPYPE:

The Air Ministry.

SEAGOON:

Air Ministry? How are you off for air? Ahahahaha! (CHUCKLING) Air Ministry! How are you off for air?! Ahahahaha! Ahahaha! Aha. Ahem.

GRYTPYPE:

Listen, little square pudding. The question is, how are *you* off for air?

SEAGOON:

I'm just full of it.

GRYTPYPE:

So I've heard!

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? (DEGENERATES INTO A CLUCKING CHICKEN)

GRYTPYPE:

It's all very well saying that, Neddie, but if you've in... if you've invented the aeroplane, you'll need air to fly it in. And we are the sole agents.

SEAGOON:

You low down, thieving, twisting, stinking spiv!

GRYTPYPE:

I see you're a wit, as well! Well, flattery will get you nowhere. Now, how much air do you need?

SEAGOON:

Any chance of a supplementary ration?

GRYTPYPE:

You get your machine finished and we'll come round and see you.

SEAGOON:

Right!

FX:

RECEIVER BEING REPLACED, HAMMERING NOISES, HAMMER BEING DROPPED

SEAGOON:

Finished!

FX:

DOOR BEING OPENED

GRYTPYPE:

And only just in time! Moriety, there it is!

MORIARTY:

Ohhh! It looks like an aeroplane.

GRYTPYPE:

It smells like one..

MORIARTY:

And further more... (TASTING NOISES) ...it tastes like an aeroplane!

GRYTPYPE:

Let me try a slice. (SPEAKING WITH MOUTH FULL) Hummm, Neddie! This aeroplane is beautifully cooked.

SEAGOON:

Yes. We've had it in the oven all night!

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid! Now, Neddie, what does this aeroplane do?

SEAGOON:

It flies.

GRYTPYPE:

It flies? This will revolutionise aviation.

MORIARTY:

You realise that this means the end of the horse-drawn Zeppelin!

GRYTPYPE:

Tempis fugit, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

What? To that I can only say, kee dubbie... (ASIDE) Whasit say? (ALoud) Ahalib in fairy dun shetty galare!

SEAGOON:

No fighting, please, you intellectual gentlemen.

MORIARTY:

What?

GRYTPYPE:

Just sign this document, Neddie.

FX:

PAPER NOISE

SEAGOON:

For use of the air over Lisle Street...

MORIARTY:

(SEPARATE CONVERSATION, OVER SEAGOON AND BARELY AUDIBLE) Contacts away.

GRYTPYPE:

(AS ABOVE) Yes, we've got them now Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

...£10, 17 shillings a quarter, payable in monthly instalments of £50 a year per week. Hmmm. That seems remarkably cheap.

FX:

TILL OPENING

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, Neddie. Now, don't forget, when you want to fly, just phone us up and we'll have the air fixed in place over Lisle Street immediately.

MORIARTY:

Owww!

SEAGOON:

Well, I'd like some air right now.

GRYTPYPE:

Max Geldray, start blowing! Ploogie!

MORIARTY:

Let's get some brandy in boys, hahaha!!

SEAGOON:

(OVER MAX) Ploogie ploogie! Ploogieeeeeee!

MAX GELDRAIY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) That's so much more than we got.

GREENSLADE:

That music was designed to give listeners in the Lake District a mental picture of Max Geldray playing a nude mouth organ.

LITTLE JIM:

He fell in the wa-tah!

GREENSLADE:

And now... and now, here is a piece of music to give you a mental picture of the Air Ministry.

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

MORIARTY:

Ohhh, folks! That music - supposed to give you a mental picture which means the end of the horse-drawn Zeppelin.

GRYTPYPE:

But Moriarty, I tell you, you must stop manufacturing these zeppelins.

MORIARTY:

But I've just managed to get orders from the London Passenger Transport Board. Ohhhhhh, why did I em-na-a-me-a yin tong iddle I pohh... and other words that I can't think of... yampayamayabam.

GRYTPYPE:

Quiet, Moriarty! I'm just getting a mental picture of Seagoon opening that door.

FX:

DOOR OPENING

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, I'm in terrible trouble!

GRYTPYPE:

He's going to say.

FX:

DOOR CLOSING, DOOR OPENING

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, I'm in terrible trouble!

MORIARTY:

You were right!

SEAGOON:

My aeroplane won't take off in Lisle Street.

GRYTPYPE:

Are you concentrating, Neddie?

SEAGOON:

I tell you Grytters, I can't get off the ground.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, if you can't get off in Lisle Street, you'll never get off anywhere.

SEAGOON:

The trouble is just as the plane starts to gain speed the lights turn red!

MORIARTY:

Ohhhh! Neddie, what you need is a new modern-type taking off aerodrome.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, tell the orchestra to give us a mental picture of a meeting of aerodrome inventors.

MORIARTY:

Here it comes.

ORCHESTRA:

COMIC FANFARE

MORIARTY:

(OVER FANFARE AND OFF) Ahh! Ohh! Eee!

OMNES:

(OVER) Flying rhubarb. Flying rhubarb. Rhubarb. Flying rhubarb, aerodrome, rhubarb. Flying. Aerodrome. Rhubarb. Flying custard and rhubarb. Flying rhustard coobar hopba... (AND VARIOUS MUTTERINGS)

SPRIGGS:

We get paid for this, too. Gentlemen! Gentlemen. Mister Grytpype-Thynne has called this mental picture of a meeting at the request of the beleaguered garrison at:

SECOMBE:

(BARELY AUDIBLE) Fort Rhubarb.

SPRIGGS:

(SINGS)Fort Spon!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, gentlemen. I have just returned from the very thin of the fray. Fort Spon will fall any day now.

SPRIGGS:

But we've just had it wallpapered!

BLOODNOK:

That's no use, I tell you.

SPRIGGS:

Double strength!

BLOODNOK:

The defenders are weaponless. Some swine sold the men's rifles to the enemy for £10,000.

SEAGOON:

How much?

BLOODNOK:

Just a minute, I'll count it again... er...

SPRIGGS:

You mean...

BLOODNOK:

Yes, £10,000.

SPRIGGS:

You mean that those men have only got bullets to defend themselves?

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, build me a taking-off type aerodrome and I will fly out rifles in my newly invented aeroplane.

CRUN:

Mr. Seagoon, I have got here the plans of my proposed portable aerodrome.

SEAGOON:

Ahh! Let's have a look.

FX:

PAPER NOISES

SEAGOON:

Mmmm. What have you called it, Mister Crun?

CRUN:

Erm. "Croydon Airport".

SEAGOON:

Oh. And where are you going to build it?

CRUN:

At Croydon.

SEAGOON:

I say! How splendid. That'll save changing the name!

CRUN:

Yes. Now then, is there any questions?

MINNIE:

Um, ah, how are you going to build this aerodrome?

CRUN:

Well, I... I... I had intended... After consulting certain graphs and measures and having architectural surveys of certain Grecian soup recipes and other rare nyakamooieeoii... umm... I was going to build it flat.

SEAGOON:

Does that mean aeroplanes can land on it?

CRUN:

Well, now that you've asked me a straightforward question, I have no option... na-er... but to give you a direct answer. What was the question again?

SEAGOON:

Does that mean aeroplanes can land on it?

CRUN:

Land on what?

SEAGOON:

The aerodrome!

CRUN:

Ohh! Am I building one of those?

SEAGOON:

Yes and you... you're calling it "Croydon Airport".

CRUN:

Splendid! Then I can build it near Croydon.

SEAGOON:

The very place for it!

CRUN:

Yes. Now, to finance. Apart from the aerodrome, we shall need £5,000 for the hangars.

SEAGOON:

I'd rather hand my coat on a nail.

GRYTPYPE:

Mister Crun was referring to aeroplane hangars.

SEAGOON:

Erm, will my aeroplane need a hangar?

CRUN:

It would lose its shape hanging on a nail, you know. But I have a great built-in... in the great...

MINNIE:

Speak up, Buddy!

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh! yapartaneetcapnepatagarpotogol...

SEAGOON:

Well, Mister Crun sounds like our idiot, mmm. What salary would you like?

CRUN:

£10,000 a year?

SEAGOON:

Who'll second that?

CRUN:

I will.

SEAGOON:

Right, those in favour, raise their hands. Aha. Come, Mister Crun, you can't vote for yourself.

CRUN:

I'm not!

SEAGOON:

Then why are you holding your hand up when you...

FX:

DOOR OPENING/CLOSING

SEAGOON:

I see.

GRYTPYPE:

He's gone, of course, to give the workmen a mental picture of what he has in mind.

GREENSLADE:

And if listeners in Croyden in Nineteen Hundred and Two will open their windows, they'll be able to hear a mental picture of the portable aerodrome under construction.

GRAMS:

CONSTRUCTION SITE TYPE NOISES

WELSHMAN:

[SECOMBE]

Pardon me, boy, er, where do you want this load of 500 ton iron girders?

BLOODNOK:

Well, I think you'd better put them in the safe. You see, there's been a lot of pilfering lately.

WELSHMAN:

Right-o. Dai, see me back, will you?

ECCLES:

(OFF) O.K., Dai! Come on, now. Look you, Dai! Sospan Bach! Abbergavenny. Look you, now. Leeks. Cardiff O. Swansea docks. Er... it's no good, folks. I can't keep up this accent any longer. I'm not a Welshman at all, I'm the famous Eccles.

DAI:

You'll get my fist round the back of your famous filthy neck if you don't hurry up.

ECCLES:

O.K. Get this lorry back. Come on, back now.

FX:

LORRY PULLING AWAY

ECCLES:

(OVER) Come on. Back. Come on. Steady! Left hand down. As you are. Straighten! Straighten up. Come on. Come on. Right hand. Left hand. Middle. Come on. Come on, now! Plenty of room. Come on. Come on.

FX:

CRASHING SOUNDS

ECCLES:

O.K., that's enough.

SEAGOON:

(GRAMS SLOWLY BEING SPED UP) You dull, stupid, half witted, useless, jumped up, never come down, idle, dull-headed twinnick! If I get my hands on you, I'll beat all the sawdust out of that thick nut of yours! You'll be sponned and herved within an inch of your life! Your head is the size of a number two grapefruit. Not to mention your wife's not as young. Thick nut. Never come down. Half-witted, stupid, twinnick, [UNCLEAR] the lot of you.

ECCLES:

(OVER SEAGOON) What? Who? Wait a..? What? You... stop. What? Ohh, ahh! No. What? No, look... listen... You... Stop. Don't you... (SEAGOON STOPS, SILENCE) SHUT UP! Ahhh. Let that be a lesson to him. Let that be a lesson to him.

SEAGOON:

Never mind talking to that record of me, Eccles. Great news!

ECCLES:

Oooh!

SEAGOON:

Oooh, ooaawoo! The lights turned green in Lisle Street and my test pilot finally got the plane off the ground.

ECCLES:

What a strain!

CRUN:

Oh, you got to stop him from landing, the aerodrome's not quite ready yet. We haven't started.

SEAGOON:

Right. McChisholm? Contact the plane.

McCHISHOLM:

He's on the phone now, sir.

SEAGOON:

Right.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Well said!

SEAGOON:

Calling... calling B-4. Calling B-4. Hello? Control calling B-4.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hello, captin!

SEAGOON:

Is that you, B-4?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Why didn't you answer me, B-4?

BLUEBOTTLE:

'Cause I didn't hear you before.

SEAGOON:

Listen! Warning! Do not land at Croydon Airport because it's not there yet.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Right-o, then!

SEAGOON:

Now, what is your exact position?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm lying on my side, with my knees drawn up under my chin.

SEAGOON:

Why?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm at home in bed.

SEAGOON:

You fool, McChisholm. You've got the wrong number!

SELLERS:

(OVER RADIO) Hello, hello. Calling the proposed Croydon Airport.

SEAGOON:

That's my pilot now, that's my boy. Hello there! Don't land!

SELLERS:

I can't land.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

SELLERS:

I haven't got enough petrol.

SEAGOON:

Curse!

SELLERS:

I tell you, you must get liquid petrol up to me or I'll never play the violin again!

SEAGOON:

Why not?

SELLERS:

It's a petrol driven violin, do you hear?

SEAGOON:

Horrors, hirrors, hurruhs! Horrors, hurrens! The world's first horseless aeroplane, trapped in the air!

ORCHESTRA:

DRUM ROLL AND COMIC FANFARE ON BUGLE

SEAGOON:

Ahem. That music was intended to give you a mental picture of a change in plan.

MILLIGAN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. With a shortage... with a shortage of petrol, the invention of the aeroplane had to be delayed.

MILLIGAN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. But still the burning question was to get guns to the garrison at Fort Spon.

MILLIGAN:

Yes.

CRUN:

As luck would have it, gentlemen, I've got here the plans of a steam-driven rocket.

MILLIGAN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

And goodbye Gladys Young. That... that would overcome the petrol shortage. We'll build one right away!

MORIARTY:

Ah, I suppose this means the end of the horse-drawn Zeppelin.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, well, Moriarty. Et sequitor ad nausium, spon.

MORIARTY:

Ow! You got to go...

MORIARTY AND GRYTPYPE:

Oooww!

ELLINGTON:

Oh, Moriarty. Now stop plugging your record and remain silent while I plug one of mine, do you mind?

MINNIE:

(OVER RAY) Play it, buddy!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GRAMS:

GUNSHOTS

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, that sound was specially recorded to give you a mental picture of the records they're playing at the besieged garrison of Fort Spon.

SEAGOON:

Never mind, folks. If you were in this BBC studio you'd see, apart from the tatty curtains, bare floorboards and outdated guilt scrollwork specially commissioned by the corporation, a large steam-driven rocket.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Oohho!

SEAGOON:

Ahoi-hoi-hoi-ohho! Now gather round, early British aviators!

OMNES:

(MOANS)

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Early British rhubarb. Early British rhubarb. Rhubarb, rhubarb. Rhubarb rhubarb! R-r-rhubarb! And, custard.

INTELLECTUAL:

[SELLERS]

Pardon me. I'm from the, er, Geographical Society.

SEAGOON:

(OFF, BARELY AUDIBLE) I'm from the rhubarb!

INTELLECTUAL:

May I come along to your flight, so that I can photograph the Earth from a great height?

SEAGOON:

Whatever for?

INTELLECTUAL:

Because, sir! There are some stupid fools who are still arguing whether the Earth is round or flat.

SEAGOON:

And so?

INTELLECTUAL:

I'm going to prove to them that it *is* flat.

SEAGOON:

Prove the Earth is flat? Hahaha! What a waste of time!

INTELLECTUAL:

Why? Why? Why?

SEAGOON:

Everybody *knows* it's flat!

INTELLECTUAL:

Aha, ha, ha, ha, haa.

SEAGOON:

Aha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, haa!

INTELLECTUAL:

Aha, ha, ha, har!

SEAGOON:

Aha, ha, ha!

INTELLECTUAL:

But there are idiots in this world, you know.

SEAGOON:

Have you met them?

INTELLECTUAL:

Met them? I listen to you every week!

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

MILLIGAN:

Folks! That chord was to give you a mental picture of a steam-driven rocket about to take off. What a thrill for you all.

FX:

CLINK CLINK CLINK CLUNK CLUNK CLINK (HAMMERING)

ECCLES:

(OVER, SINGS) (GARBLED) Some broccoli, land on my dream! I travel the road in broccoli. I travel...

SEAGOON:

Here, Eccles!

ECCLES:

What? What?

SEAGOON:

Let me help you with that flange.

FX:

FAST HAMMERING

SEAGOON:

There! That's got it off!

ECCLES:

I was trying to get it on! I tried to get it on!

CRUN:

Gentlemen, I've been driven here from Ryegate to say this line... Um-gad! Erm, erm er... The rocket is... ready. Hooray. Ooo-oww!

SPRIGGS:

He's gone in the direction of down! Now, about this rocket, gentlemen. Now, who knows how to drive it?

SEAGOON:

Drive it? Good heavens! You're not going to let a little thing like that stop us?

BLOODNOK:

Of course not! We can decide who's to drive when we're up there.

SEAGOON:

Yes. We'll draw lots.

ECCLES:

I can't draw lots! I don't even know what shape they are!

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles!

SEAGOON:

Shut up...

OMNES:

Shut up, Eccles!

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Eccles!

MORIARTY:

Ahh, gentlemen, one thing. One thing, gentlemen. May I take an Arab stallion on board with us?

BLOODNOK:

You filthy swine!

MORIARTY:

What?

BLOODNOK:

Whatever for?

MORIARTY:

Whatever for? To prove that the horse still has its place in air travel! Especially if it pulls a Zeppelin!

BLOODNOK:

Yes and I'm taking an elephant!

SEAGOON:

Are you mad?

MORIARTY:

(OVER) Are you mad?

BLOODNOK:

Of course I am! You don't get normal people taking elephants on rockets, do you?

SEAGOON:

Well, he'll have to travel third class.

BLOODNOK:

If you wish.

SEAGOON:

How old is the elephant?

BLOODNOK:

Why do you want to know? Tell me, tell me before I strike you down! Why?

SEAGOON:

Well, if the elephant's under fourteen, he travels half fare.

BLOODNOK:

Oh.

FX:

TELEPHONE RECEIVER PICKED UP, DIALLED

BLOODNOK:

Hello? Just a moment. You speak to the lady, would you?

SEAGOON:

Hello? Ah, can you tell we how old this elephant is?

FEMALE:

[SELLERS]

Yes, he's six an' a half.

SEAGOON:

Are you sure?

FEMALE:

I should 'ope so, I'm his mother.

FX:

TELEPHONE RECEIVER PUT DOWN

SEAGOON:

That was a trunk call. Now... I don't wish to know that. Kindly leave the theatre. I say, look... Now then, who's going to be at the controls when we take off?

ECCLES:

Um, well, which way are we going?

SEAGOON:

Up!

ECCLES:

Ooh, I'll drive, I know that way.

SEAGOON:

Stout fella!

ECCLES:

Me, a stout fella? You'd make two of me!

SEAGOON:

I'll make two of you! Give me that axe!

ECCLES:

What? Get away!

FX:

PHONE RINGING, RECEIVER BEING PICKED UP

SEAGOON:

Yes? Right.

FX:

RECEIVER BEING REPLACED

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen?

ECCLES:

Yup?

SEAGOON:

The garrison at Fort Spon are desperate!

ECCLES:

Oh, hohoho!

SEAGOON:

Ah,hahahahaha!

ECCLES:

Hahehehe!

SEAGOON:

Ahahahum!

ECCLES:

Yup.

SEAGOON:

We must take off at once! Rifles on board?

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Right. Close plinge doors.

ECCLES:

Plinge doors closed.

BLOODNOK:

(OVER) Close plinge doors!

SEAGOON:

Stand by!

ECCLES:

Stand by!

SEAGOON:

Secure ports.

ECCLES:

Secure ports.

SEAGOON:

Close all berks!

MILLIGAN:

Close all berks.

BLOODNOK:

[UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, tighten your belt.

THROAT:

(BURP)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Why captain?

SEAGOON:

Your trousers are falling down.

SEAGOON:

Full steam! Maximum power!

MILLIGAN:

Maximum power.

SEAGOON:

[UNCLEAR]!

MILLIGAN:

[UNCLEAR]!

SEAGOON:

[UNCLEAR]!

MILLIGAN:

Right!

SEAGOON:

Cut the string!

FX:

RECORDING OF A TRAIN WHISTLE, FOLLOWED BY A TRAIN LEAVING A STATION, SLOWLY BEING SPED UP

SEAGOON:

Men! Put on your pressurised shin pads and switch on oxygen. I'm going to accelerate to 30 miles an hour!

BLOODNOK:

Don't be a fool, Seagoon. No man can live at that speed!

SEAGOON:

The devil with it Bloodders, I've always lived dangerously. Hang on!

FX:

TRAIN LEAVING STATION, SLOWLY BEING SPED UP (AS BEFORE)

SPRIGGS:

Oh, steady! Steady, you demon of the speed! Beware! Observe: the wallpaper's already coming away from Bluebottle's hat!

INTELLECTUAL:

Er, could you slow down just a bit here, I want to take that photograph of the Earth.

ECCLES:

Oh, here. I just saw the Earth through the clouds.

INTELLECTUAL:

Did it look round?

ECCLES:

Yeah, but I don't think it saw me.

SEAGOON:

You're right, Eccles! And look! There's the besieged Fort Spon directly beneath us. Quick! Parachute the rifles down to them.

BLOODNOK:

Rifles away!

SEAGOON:

They've got them!

MORIARTY:

They're loading them!

BLOODNOK:

They've fired!

SEAGOON:

The enemy are all dead! Success!

MORIARTY:

Curse! This is the end of the horse-drawn Zeppelin!

GREENSLADE:

And it's also the end of the horse-drawn Goon Show. Goodnight!

MORIARTY:

Goodnight!

ORCHESTRA:

CLOSING MUSIC

MILLIGAN:

(OVER) (GARBLED)

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan. With George Chisholm, The Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray and the orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stevens. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The program produced by Pat Dixon.

Notes:

1) Lisle Street in a Street in London that was infamous for its prostitution. Hence the Grytpype-Thynne comment: "Well if you can't get off in Lisle Street, you'll never get off anywhere."