

S8 E05 - The Treasure in the Tower

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC home service.

OMNES:

THIS IS THE BBC HOME SERVICE.

GREENSLADE:

Are you mocking me?

OMNES:

ARE YOU MOCKING ME?

GREENSLADE:

You naughty bandsmen.

OMNES:

YOU NAUGHTY BANDSMEN.

SECOMBE:

Get on with the ol' chat, Wal.

GREENSLADE:

We quote from the Manchester Guardian, seven/ten/fifty-seven. "Excavations which began in May at the Tower of London have now been completed without the discovery of any buried treasure". This was announced by the Ministry of Works.

MILLIGAN:

Yes. That's where the old tax-payers money goes, there.

LORD HAILSHAM:

[SELLERS]

Those excavations were carried out to provide information about the war.

SECOMBE:

Yes, folks! Yes, folks! And also to supply a plot for the all-leather Goon Show.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC MEDIEVIL INTRODUCTION - SEGUE INTO GUITAR. (TROUBADOUR STYLE ACCOMPANIMENT)

GREENSLADE:

The story starts in the year sixteen hundred.

SPRIGGS:

(WITH GUITAR) My master is away on American shores,
In Inca and Peru.

His sentry walks the battlements,
And the time is half past two.

GRAMS:

BELL STRIKES HALF PAST.

ECCLES:

Halt! Who goes there?

GRAMS:

BELL STRIKES SINGLE STROKE.

ECCLES:

Advance doooo-iiinnnnnnng and be recognised.

SEAGOON:

Lower your finger, sentry. 'Tis I - Sir Walter Raleigh.

ECCLES:

Sir Walter Raleigh! Got any fags?

SEAGOON:

Listen, thou good spearman Eccles.

ECCLES:

A-ha-hooo?

SEAGOON:

We're about to embark upon the plot.

ECCLES:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

You see yon treasure chest I'm holding?

ECCLES:

Yep.

SEAGOON:

Get hold of the other end.

ECCLES:

Ok. (DISTANT) Huh oooooauh! This is heavy.

SEAGOON:

Now grab hold of this end.

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) Ok.

FX:

QUICK PATTERN OF SHOES APPROACHING

SEAGOON:

Right. Now you're got both ends.

ECCLES:

I... I've only got *this* end.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense. (SHOUTS) Who's got the other end?

GRAMS:

RECORDING - SLIGHTLY ECHOY

ECCLES:

It's me!

ECCLES:

Oh, it *is* me. I'm holding both ends.

SEAGOON:

There you are, folks. Let's see 'em do that on television!

CORNISHMAN:

[SELLERS]

Arghhh, ammarrgh, marrrrhn'in, Cap'n.

SEAGOON:

Ah, it's Peter Sellers in his Bernard Miles set.

CORNISHMAN:

Morn'n', Sir Walter. I got a boat standing by with the oars ticking over. Ha ha!

SEAGOON:

Right. Then here is the plin of the plon. This chest contains certain treasure which I intend to smuggle home and bury in the Tower of London.

CORNISHMAN:

Right, sir. I'll just get my book of hairy sea-phrases out, sir. (SHOUTS) All hairy hands aloft the hairys!

OMNES:

Aye, aye!

CORNISHMAN:

Sever the braces and lower the Jayne Mansfield.

OMNES:

Aye, aye!

CORNISHMAN:

Furl the sponicken and clubber the neeve!

GRAMS & OMNES:

Aye, aye!

ORCHESTRA:

NAUTICAL LINK

GREENSLADE:

That was in sixteen hundred. I say, it was jolly noisy, wasn't it? However, our story continues in 1957 at a meeting of the Ministry of Works.

FX:

DISTANT BELL BEHIND, HAND RUNG.

MINISTER 1:

[MILLIGAN]

I tell you all. Now, there's been a great... oh, the power. For the powght, or England forever the three ahh, buckets of whitewash.

MINISTER 2:

[SECOMBE]

I say. Hailsham's in form, today.

LORD HAILSHAM:

[SELLERS]

Ah, it's speeches like this that will save the party.

MINISTER 1:

Oowwwgh, the drains at Hackney. Ooorwwgh the pong at Battersea.

BACKBENCHER:

[SELLERS]

Hear, hear.

OMNES:

DESULTORY APPLAUSE, SCATTERED 'BRAVOS' & 'WELL DONES' FROM THE BACKBENCH.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, I must read Hansard tomorrow.

MORIARTY:

Why, has he written another book?

LORD SEAGOON:

Quiet, please, at the back!

MILLIGAN:

At back?

LORD SEAGOON:

And short at the sides.

MILLIGAN:

You'll get a punch up the conk.

LORD SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, I have discovered that British new-laid eggs are being stamped with a lion. It's a fraud!

GRYTPYPE:

Why, sir?

LORD SEAGOON:

They're not lion's eggs. Now, gentlemen. Could we close the doors, please?

FX:

VARIOUS DOORS CLOSING SMARTLY.

LORD SEAGOON:

Right. Now we're all outside we can speak freely. About these excavations we're carrying out in the Tower.

LORD CYRIL:

[SELLERS]

You find any treasure then?

LORD SEAGOON:

What?! You know very well we're only digging down to see if the walls of the tower are safe. I'm afraid the result was a failure.

MINISTER 3:

[MILLIGAN]

(VERY OLD) Urgh! A failure? Why?

LORD SEAGOON:

(CRYING) We didn't find any buried treasure.

MINISTER 3:

You... you couldn't have... you couldn't have been... you couldn't have been digging... you couldn't have been digging in... you couldn't have been digging in the... you couldn't have been digging in the... in the right place!

MILLIGAN:

I just made that up!

LORD SEAGOON:

It was the right place, alright. But the treasure wasn't there.

LORD CYRIL:

The treasure's buried in the wrong place?

LORD SEAGOON:

Precisely.

LORD CYRIL:

Then why don't we dig there?

LORD SEAGOON:

Come. It would be folly to dig for it in the wrong place.

MINISTER 4:

[MILLIGAN]

What? What? What? What... what we must do is to find the right wrong place. What we've been digging in is the wrong right place.

LORD SEAGOON:

I second that. Now, I suggest that we consult a treasure expert.

FX:

PAIR OF EXPENSIVE BROGUES RUNNING UP AT SPEED.

GRYTPYPE:

My card.

MORIARTY:

Yes, Neddie.

LORD SEAGOON:

The speaker was a tall pale man clad in livery.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. And this tall livery man clad in a pail is Count Jim 'I-must-get- those-hinges-on-my-socks-oiled' Moriarty, world bankruptcy champion for the year ending 1957. I am Grytpype Thynne, treasure expert.

LORD SEAGOON:

Make me a tender for recovering the treasure.

GRYTPYPE:

The recovery, my dear boy, is free. It's the digging that comes out a little expensive.

LORD SEAGOON:

How much?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, each shovelful of earth excavated will be posted to you and you will remit by return post one guinea.

LORD SEAGOON:

I accept. When do you start excavating?

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty.

FX:

SHOVEL IN LOOSE GRAVEL.

LORD SEAGOON:

Ha! Please! Hahahaha! It's no good digging here. The treasure's at the Tower of London.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah, but we're approaching it from underneath, you see. That way we avoid the traffic at Oxford Circus.

LORD SEAGOON:

So that's how you do it. Hand me that shovel, I want to get home early tonight.

GRYTPYPE:

Where do you live?

LORD SEAGOON:

In a hole in the ground.

GRYTPYPE:

An ideal position for hearing Max Geldray and his old Dutch conk. Moriarty, a quick 'ow'.

MORIARTY:

Owwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid.

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

The Treasure in the Tower, part two.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

Let us go back to that fateful night aboard the ship in the year sixteen hundred.

GRAMS:

OCEAN UNDER KEEL. WIND THROUGH RIGGING.

SEAGOON:

Right. Gather round, shipmates!

GRAMS:

MASSED BOOTS RUNNING UP. THEY STOP SUDDENLY.

SEAGOON:

'Twas a dark and stormy night, and the Captain said to one of his men, "Tell us a story". And the following story I told. Now...

MILLIGAN:

(OFF, VERY FAINTLY) And with their [UNCLEAR] they clashed together.

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that. Now... You see this map of the tower?

ECCLES:

No.

SEAGOON:

Listen, ya nit, this is radio. You don't have to see a real map.

ECCLES:

Ohhhh! Oh. Ohh, then I see it, yeah.

SEAGOON:

Where? Where? Oh! Yes, of course. Now. When we arrive there, we're going to bury the treasure there.

ECCLES:

Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

And then we'll screedon scranson scree... (SELF-FADE)

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, in 1957, dawn is striking midnight over the Tower of London. The guard commander discharges his duties.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Ooooooh! Aooooough! Aooooough! Ohhh!

ECCLES:

(OFF) Wowww!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh! Not so loud, please.

ECCLES:

You...

BLOODNOK:

You... you want to wake the sentries up? They've had a hard day posing for tourists, you know. Now, another portion of raven pie. Yes, tower speciality de la Tower... the Tower de Londre.Oooah! Oh, dear, oh, dear. Now, I usually have a knock on the door about here.

FX:

SHARP RAT-A-TAT ON DOOR.

BLOODNOK:

There it is. Dead on time, the old twelve twenty-three. I wonder who the driver is.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GUARDSMAN:

[SECOMBE]

It's me, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Gad, it's guardsman Tom Urals. I say - wait a moment! Who else is in your battledress with you?

SPRIGGS:

It's me, Jim. Meeeee, Jiiiiim!

BLOODNOK:

Rattle me crudlers!

SPRIGGS:

(INDIAN WAR WHOOP).

BLOODNOK:

It's rifleman Spriggs. Let go, sir.

SPRIGGS:

Yes, sir. Yes, sir. Two men sharing one uniform. Sharing one un-i-fooooormmm!

BLOODNOK:

Look here, this merging of regiments is going too far, I tell you.

GUARDSMAN:

No, Major, it's just that his uniform's at the laundry.

BLOODNOK:

What!?

GUARDSMAN:

At the laundry.

BLOODNOK:

You know you're not allowed to sub-let your battledress.

GUARDSMAN:

But he's only occupying the basement.

BLOODNOK:

Gad, it must be hell down there. Wait a moment. I believe I can hear footsteps in your boots.

ELLINGTON:

Yes, man. That's me!

BLOODNOK:

Good heavens, it's Ghana Tom. That means... that means there's three men in one battledress.

ELLINGTON:

No. Me never wear uniform.

BLOODNOK:

And why not?

ELLINGTON:

Me in the Third Heavy Nudists!

BLOODNOK:

The Third Heavy Nudists?! Me old regiment! Oh, what a cap badge they had!

SINGHIZ-THING:

Aoh, Major! Major, Major, Major, Mor... Major Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

It's Havildar Singhiz-Thing.

SINGHIZ-THING:

Major, sir. I hear strange noises coming from underneath the crown jewels-type room.

BLOODNOK:

Aaaaaooough! Hand me my loaded jeweller's glass.

SINGHIZ-THING:

Yes, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Now, take this photo of me holding a gun, and go and challenge them.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GRAMS:

DIGGING IN RUBBISH. MIX IN OCCASIONAL BRICKS FALLING.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, according to Seagoon's instructions on this shovel, the treasure's right above us, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Aaaawww. Just a few more strokes of this. Ha ha-awwwww!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

GRAMS:

BRICKS AND DEBRIS FALLING IN. END WITH ENORMOUS CRASH.

GRYTPYPE:

I can see daylight! You're through, Moriarty!

MORIARTY:

You mean... I'm fired?

GRYTPYPE:

You fool. Strike a light.

FX:

SINGLE GONG STROKE.

GRYTPYPE:

That's a loud torch.

MORIARTY:

It belonged to Arthur J. Rank. Listen, Grytpype... Look! Look! Ooh, treasure! Crowns, sceptres and orbs! And other things that people can't see on radio.

GRYTPYPE:

No wonder they couldn't find the treasure, the fools dug *down* for it. This treasure was buried *above* ground level.

GUARDSMAN:

Hands up! What are you two doing in the royal crown jewels cage?

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, put this crown on, quick.

MORIARTY:

Right.

GUARDSMAN:

Who are you, I say!

MORIARTY:

I am the King of England!

GUARDSMAN:

Ooh! I'll go and put the kettle on.

MORIARTY:

Arrrgh! He's gone, Grytpype.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, your Majesty. Put the treasure in the sack, now.

MORIARTY:

Wait till the Minister of Works sees *this*!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, back in sixteen hundred, the good ship Venus approaches.

GRAMS:

WATER RIPPLING THROUGH SHALLOWS.

SEAGOON:

Great spollicons! Look yon, silhouetted against the darkness! I see the Tower of London.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in 1957.

BLOODNOK:

Gad! Silhouetted against the darkness, a wooden galleon sailing into the pool of London. Fire!

GRAMS:

CANNON SHOT.

GREENSLADE:

Back in sixteen hundred.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION.

SEAGOON:

Gad-zooks! Someone's firing at us from yon tower.

CORNISHMAN:

We'd better get the treasure ashore in the hairy longboat sir.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

CORNISHMAN:

Arrgh, nawww, blast, I say! Blast, ahrgnnn! We left the treasure chest back in hairy America.

SEAGOON:

America!

CORNISHMAN:

Hairy!

SEAGOON:

Hairy Eccles!

ECCLES:

Hairy Seagoon.

SEAGOON:

Nip back for it.

ECCLES:

Right.

GRAMS:

SUDDEN SPLASH. FURIOUS PADDLING. SLIGHT PAUSE

SEAGOON:

What's keeping him?

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, in 1957, two figures with crown jewels creep along, which makes the people in sixteen hundred say...

SEAGOON:

Gad-zooks, what strangely clad mortals.

GRYTPYPE:

Shh. Not so loud, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

(HICCUPPING) Arww... arawww! Hic, arww... hic... arwwagh!

GRYTPYPE:

Dowse those owwwws, Moriarty. People'll see them. Hurry, here's the Ray Ellington spon.

MORIARTY:

I've got a spon.

FX:

MYSTERIOUS GONG STROKE.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

The Treasure in the Tower, part three. 1957.

LORD SEAGOON:

Ah, gentlemen. Come in.

MORIARTY:

Ahhh awww-aww-aww! Good news, Mister Minister. We've found the buried treasure in the tower. Look!

FX:

VARIOUS BITS OF OLD METAL BITS FALLING ONTO HARD SURFACE. EXTENDED.

GRYTPYPE:

There. A sackful of valuable sound effects.

FX:

ONE LAST CLUNK.

LORD SEAGOON:

Gad, if it weren't for the fact that they weren't the crown jewels, I'd swear they were the crown jewels.

GRYTPYPE:

Little does he know that they are, folks. But we're not going to be lumbered with them.

LORD SEAGOON:

There, gentlemen, your fee. Ten thousand pounds in sterling.

MORIARTY:

Aheeeeugh!

GRYTPYPE:

Ta, ta, Neddie! Come, come. Goodbye, Neddie. A sailor's farewell.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES. DOOR OPENS.

GRYTPYPE:

Officer, arrest that man for stealing the crown jewels.

LORD SEAGOON:

What? That sailor's lying. You can't arrest me. I'm the minister of... something-or-other. I...

GREENSLADE:

In summing up, the judge said:

JUDGE:

[SELLERS]

It's quite clear you... didn't know these were the crown jewels. Not guilty. On the second charge, ten years' hard labour.

SEAGOON:

(GULPS) Second charge?

JUDGE:

Yes. Being a minister of the government and accepting money for it. To wit, robbery. Ten years!

GRAMS:

METAL DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

SEAGOON:

I'm innocent! Let me out!

GREENSLADE:

Ten years later.

GRAMS:

LOCKS AND CHAINS. METAL DOOR CLANKS OPEN.

SEAGOON:

(ANCIENT) Ahhhhrgh! Free at last.

JUDGE:

Who said it was ten years later?

GREENSLADE:

I did, sir.

JUDGE:

Ten years hard!

GRAMS:

LOCKS AND CHAINS. METAL DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

GREENSLADE:

No! Wait! Let me out! I was only saying what was in the script. It's nothing to do with me.

COCKNEY WORKMAN:

I'll help you, mate. Ten years later!

GRAMS:

LOCKS AND CHAINS. METAL DOOR CLANKS OPEN.

GREENSLADE:

Free at last.

JUDGE:

Who said 'ten years later?'

COCKNEY WORKMAN:

You just did.

GRAMS:

LOCKS AND CHAINS. METAL DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

JUDGE:

Let me out, I'm a judge! Help!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

BLOODNOK:

Ohh, well! Thank heavens the crown jewels are back in the tower. That means I won't have to redeem the real ones I pawned.

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) Hoi! Ho ouwgh ouwgh ouwgh!

BLOODNOK:

Great spladdocks of crab! Look in the ocean, it's an idiot in a Tudor swimming costume and dragging a treasure chest.

ECCLES:

(DISTANT) Verily, givest thou me aid! Grab my hand and take my chest.

BLOODNOK:

You're a funny shape, aren't you?

GRAMS:

SPLASHING.

ECCLES:

(AT MIC) Oh. Gadzooks upon a face the cordoy. Ta! Stop!

BLOODNOK:

What?

ECCLES:

Ohh hoooh! Ooh, ho ho ho hoooh, I spon! Thou art strangely dressed, thou art. Thou art... thou art... thou art strangely dressed!

BLOODNOK:

Obviously an idiot. Strange occurrence. I'll make a note of this in my military diary. (SINGS - TO THE TUNE OF 'OLD COMRADE'S MARCH) Dlump, dlump, dlump, dlaa da da da dlump...October 1957 -

ECCLES:

What, er... what year was that?

BLOODNOK:

1957, October.

ECCLES:

Nineteen fifty...

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

ECCLES:

1957?

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

ECCLES:

I've swum too far.

BLOODNOK:

Well, where are *you* from, then?

ECCLES:

Sixteen hundred.

BLOODNOK:

Er... what?

ECCLES:

I'd better be getting back. Hup!

GRAMS:

SPLASH IN WATER.

BLOODNOK:

Well, I don't know who you were, sir, or where you came from but you did me a power of good.

ECCLES:

(DISTANT)...

BLOODNOK:

Good for you, lad. Come again. Part three, the Ministry of Works excavations in the boiler room off Mint Street. That was rather quick, wasn't it? For which I shall put on my Crun kit.

LORD SEAGOON:

But Mr. Crun, what makes you think the treasure is buried in the boiler room?

CRUN:

It's warmer down there.

LORD SEAGOON:

Splendid reason.

CRUN:

Now, first we must find the exact spot where the treasure is buried.

LORD SEAGOON:

Splendid idea. You'll get a copy of the birthday honours for this.

CRUN:

Miss Bannister.

MINNIE:

Yes?

CRUN:

Miss Bannister here is a qualified treasure diviner with honours in steam and banjo.

MINNIE:

Plunk, plunk, plunk!

LORD SEAGOON:

Good heavens! To look at her you'd never have thought she'd ridden a horse in her life.

MINNIE:

Ok, buddy. I'll get ready for my hairy divining. I'll just put on these cardboard bicycle clips. Now...

CRUN:

Min.

MINNIE:

I'm... I'm ready, buddy.

CRUN:

Come on, then.

MINNIE:

Get on that rhythm organ.

CRUN:

(DISTANT) Right!

MINNIE:

One! Two! (SINGS OVER)

GRAMS:

(RECORDING) REGINALD DIXON ON THE BLACKPOOL ORGAN. FADE UNDER.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, what a great year 1957 was for England. Meantime, back in 1600, aboard the hairy longboat.

GRAMS:

OARS SPLASHING IN WATER. REGINALD DIXON RECORDING CONTINUES IN DISTANCE.

SEAGOON:

Gadzooks. Lay to your oars, men. Listen! I hear sounds of pipe organ.

CORNISHMAN:

Arrgh. Must be someone diggin' for treasure, sir. Someone must have got the wind of it, sir.

SEAGOON:

They couldn't have. I had it de-odourised.

CORNISHMAN:

Arrr, right.

SEAGOON:

But hold hard! Hist! Shh! Hoo! Hold! Someone approaches.

FX:

BOOTS RUNNING CLOSER.

SEAGOON:

Zoons! It is a heap of upright clothing with a hat on top.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You insult the uniform and legs of Bluebottle.

SEAGOON:

Spillikins! A voice comes from within the trousers.

BLUEBOTTLE:

It is me, the beefeater of England. See! Holds out dirty big lump of meat. Also choice of two veg.

SEAGOON:

Prithee, thou speakest in fine conundrums.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhh.

SEAGOON:

Come, help us with this chest.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooo, you got trouble with your chest? My mum rubs mine with hot agony oil. Rub, rub, rub, rub, ruh-hububy rub, she goes. Wait a minute... wait a minute, you rhythm man. Don't move. Who are... who... who are you?

SEAGOON:

Fain, let us pass. I am Sir Walter Raleigh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oooo! Is this a television for schools then? Where's the cameras? I can do my idiot waving to my friends in school. Hello dere, Harold Pratt. Hello, Mary Quills. Peter Cadbury and Vera Millington. It's Bluebottle, here! Tell the teacher I will be in tomorrow. I'm just standing...

GRAMS:

GIANT SPLASH IN WATER.

LITTLE JIM:

He has... fallen in the... wa-tah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten Sir Walter Raleigh, you.

LITTLE JIM:

Yes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I shall never eat potatoes again. Thinks: I'm drowning. So that's why I'll never eat potatoes again.

SEAGOON:

Spillikins of plud. Eccles, pull him out. I'll take ye treasure and bury it in yon boiler room.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(DISTANT) Eccles, save me.

ECCLES:

Where... where... (CLEARS THROAT) Where are you?

BLUEBOTTLE:

In the water in 1957.

ECCLES:

Ooh! I can't help you, den.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Why not?

ECCLES:

I'm in 1600.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You can't be in there in that 1600 there. I can see you quite clearly.

ECCLES:

Ah! But in 1957 you got all dem good National Health spectacles.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Well, you can borrow mine and leave a message no one touches them and then you can pull me out.

ECCLES:

I don't know what he means, but I can't do that. I'm not... really... I'm really... I'm... I'm really not here.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What do you mean by that, my good man?

ECCLES:

I'll tell you, my good man. If... if... what... This is 1957. You said this is 1957? Say yes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes.

ECCLES:

Well, if this is 1957, I'm dead.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Then why are you standing up?

ECCLES:

Um. Well, I'm not, then. Ohh! I'll tell you why I'm standing up. 'Cause I'm in sixteen hundred and you're... you're not born yet.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor, wait till I tell my mum that, my dad won't half cop it.

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, a few yards away in 1957.

GRAMS:

(RECORDING) REG DIXON BLACKPOOL ORGAN.

MINNIE:

(HOT RHYTHM SINGING OVER) Ok, stop, stop. Stop, Henry. Oh, it's no good.

CRUN:

What's the matter, Min? I was just getting in the treasure divining groove.

MINNIE:

There's no treasure in the tower, buddy. I've dug down thirty feet and burst a water main.

CRUN:

I'd better bandage it with iodine.

MINNIE:

Oh, I...

LORD SEAGOON:

You impostors! So you're not treasure diviners after all, you're water diviners! Where's my speaking trumpet? (MEGAPHONE) Hello, folks! Calling folks.

MINNIE:

He's calling folks.

LORD SEAGOON:

Hello, folks.

CRUN:

Calling folks.

MINNIE:

He's calling folks.

LORD SEAGOON:

Give over. This is... Hello, folks. This is a sad day for the Ministry of Works, folks

MINNIE:

(OFF) It always has been.

LORD SEAGOON:

All... All we've got for our troubles, folks, is a thirty foot hole, folks. Farewell, folks!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD

SEAGOON:

Gadzooks! He has gone.

CORNISHMAN:

Aaarrgh, 'ello, folks. Then... we can bury the treasure in the 'ole, 'ere. Ha-haa!

GRAMS:

VARIOUS SIZED SHOVELS DIGGING IN RUBBISH. CONTINUE UNDER.

GREENSLADE:

And that, folks, is why in 1957 they didn't find the treasure that was buried in sixteen hundred. It's all in the mind, you know.

ECCLES:

Yuh.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT – THE WICKED WITCH IS DEAD

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray and the orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stephens, announcer Wallace Greenslade - the programme produced by Charles Cilton.