

S8 E15 - The Thing on the Mountain

Transcribed by Yukka Tukka Indians. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC.

SECOMBE:

I do not wish to know that. Kindly leave the country!

GREENSLADE:

Listen, how dare you interrupt me while I'm conveying vital information to the ignorant masses.

SECOMBE:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What?

GREENSLADE:

And talking of ignorant masses, how are you, Seagoon?

SECOMBE:

(CHICKEN) Bwaaaaaaaaack bwack bwack bwack bwack! Bwack bwack bwack!

FX:

DROP TUBULAR BELL.

GREENSLADE:

Or, in plain English, The All-leather Goon Show.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY FANFARE ON TRUMPET AND TROMBONE. (NANNY GOAT VIBRATO)

GREENSLADE:

We present, based on an original wallpaper by J. Philpot Brim and adapted for washing machine by Sir Fuels Bladdock, the story of...

MILLIGAN:

(VERY OLD) The Thing on the Mountain. Ohhh....

ORCHESTRA:

STRANGE TRUMPET FANFARE - ('GRUB'S UP' WITH NANNY GOAT VIBRATO) FOLLOWED BY
DRAMATIC CHORDS.

SELLERS:

(CAMP WELSH) Our story opens at the bottom of the great mount Snowdon in the little village of Llandahoi. Here one bitter winter night in the village hall the choral society are engaged in that most famous of Welsh pastimes.

GRAMS:

CORK POPPING. CORK FALLS ON TABLE. LIQUID POURING INTO TUMBLER.

OMNES:

WELSH MURMURINGS. DRUNKEN WELSH SINGING.

DAI THE BREAD:

[MILLIGAN]

Mr Worship the Mayor, permission to speak?

ANCIENT BACH:

[SECOMBE]

Yes?

DAI THE BREAD:

Twist! Oh, bust boy. Oh, by the great Llandudno Colwyn Bay that threepence it lost, boy. Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear!

ANCIENT BACH:

Cheer up, Dai the Bread. Have another glass of leek tea.

DAI THE BREAD:

Oh, no more for me boys. It keeps me awake all the night, you know.

DAI THE HAIR:

All of a sudden running down the mountain came a wild eyed, terror stricken madman.

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUNNING. SECOMBE OVER, SHRIEKING. FADE IN AND OUT AT SPEED.

DAI THE HAIR:

He said. I recognised the boy. 'Twas me.

SPRIGGS:

Oh, listen, Jim. Listen Ji - immmmmmm! What was that, Jim?

FX:

DOOR OPENS

DAI THE HAIR:

Oh, boy! Boy! I saw it. It was terrible. Ooo, it was a terrible thing, look you. Oooh, oooh!

FX:

BODY HITS FLOOR.

SECOMBE BACH:

Why, it's Dai the Hair.

SPRIGGS:

Quick. Force this eisteddfod between his teeth.

SECOMBE BACH:

What's happened, Dai bach?

DAI THE HAIR:

Oh, bach. I was up on the mountain doing a bit of courting, you see.

DAI THE BREAD:

Courting on a mountain? That's no place to take a girl, man.

DAI THE HAIR:

Ooo, I haven't got a girl.

DAI BREAD:

Then... then why did you go up by yourself, then?

DAI THE HAIR:

Well, I didn't want to be up there alone, you see.

DAI BREAD:

Ooo, he's got a head on his shoulders, you know.

SECOMBE BACH:

Aye. Pity it's facing the wrong way, isn't it.

DAI THE HAIR:

And suddenly through the mist and the snow, I saw this terrible thing walking towards me.

SECOMBE BACH:

Go on, bach.

DAI THE HAIR:

Then it gave a terrible cry.

SECOMBE BACH:

Did it, bach?

DAI THE HAIR:

No, it didn't bark, it sort of 'owled. It went -

MILLIGAN:

(SINGS LAME JAZZ. HALFWAY BETWEEN SOUND OF A TRUMPET AND A CHICKEN. ENDS WITH A SOUND LIKE A SMALL DRUM KIT DOING A SNAP ENDING)

SINGHIZ-THING BACH:

Boys, as Mayor of Llandahoi and President of the singing and burial club, I say we must capture this monster.

DAI THE HAIR:

Right. Dai the Shorthand, take down this poster.

THROAT:

Right.

FX:

LARGE POSTER RIPPING.

DAI THE HAIR:

And put up another one saying - 'Five pound reward for the capture of the Snowdon Monster'.

THROAT:

All right, mate.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Good evening. I've called about your poster.

DAI THE HAIR:

How did you know about it?

SEAGOON:

I was listening to the programme.

DAI THE HAIR:

But this programme's recorded.

SEAGOON:

That's right. I was listening to it on my gramophone. Hup!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD. THIN CYMBAL SNAP AT END.

SPRIGGS:

Ooooh! What are your qualifications for climbing a dangerous mountain, Jim? What are your qualifications, Ji-immmmmm? Oooh! That hurts, Jim.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, I hold the gold medal for fish scaling. I was the first man to skate across the Albert Memorial. I wear size nine in boots and my grandmother keeps a duck farm in Kent!

SPRIGGS:

Ah, the very man.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, not far away in a small Welsh pigsty, it is feeding time.

GRAMS:

HERD OF WEANERS IN A TROUGH.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty - manners, manners!

MORIARTY:

Aah! But the food! The food, Grytpype! The food... aouwugh aaww awwawh!

GRYTPYPE:

My dear Moriarty, don't you know when eating pig swill out of a trough, always take your hat off.

MORIARTY:

Auwwe be-awwaugh awoei braaawugh auww hic hic hic hic aww bauw bauw bauw bauw.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't point your aww at me, you fool, it may be loaded.

MORIARTY:

But... but Grytpype, it's all these little pigs, they... keep biting me. I don't look like a pig. I don't sound like a pig. (RAVES)

GRYTPYPE:

There are other means of identifying a pig, you know. Now, pass the finger bowl, would you?

MORIARTY:

There.

GRYTPYPE:

You greedy swine, you've eaten the last finger.

SEAGOON:

(IN DISTANCE - APPROACHING)

I'd climb the hairy mountain for you.

I'd fight the British trousers for y... Oooh!

I... I didn't know you were having dinner.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, that's quite alright, my dear, sir. You care to join us? Pull up a pig.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. My host was impeccably turned out in a stove pipe hat and a dark grey stove.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, that's where I keep my dinner. And this bucket of pig swill contains the head of none other than Count Jim 'Steam'...

MORIARTY:

Phish-tooo!

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty, inventor of the brown boot and first man to go three weeks without stopping.

MORIARTY:

Aww. Je suis tres charming. Phish-tooo!

GRYTPYPE:

Tell me, little round sir, what are you doing here?

SEAGOON:

Nothing.

GRYTPYPE:

Good, good. It's not our sty, you know.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha. Well actually, I'm going to climb Snowdon to capture the monster for the reward.

MORIARTY:

Agh! Reward? Awaugh! Money! Moulah! Reward! Money!

GRYTPYPE:

Quiet, you rotting heap. I'll do the talking.

MORIARTY:

And I'll do the steaming. I'm wearing the sock. Phish-toooo.

GRYTPYPE:

Now, what you need, Neddie, is our snow-master complete mountaineering kit. Only fifty shillings, marked down to three pounds.

SEAGOON:

I'll take it.

FX:

CASH REGISTER. PENNY IN TRAY.

BLOODNOK:

I thank you.

GRYTPYPE:

I thank you. Now, Neddie, all you need to climb Snowdon is a long ladder.

SEAGOON:

Of course. Where is it?

GRYTPYPE:

On the fire engine.

SEAGOON:

How do I get the fire engine?

GRYTPYPE:

You start a fire. Here then is the snow-master mountaineering kit -

FX:

SHAKE BOX OF MATCHES.

GRYTPYPE:

One box of matches. Right, Moriarty, shall we go?

GRAMS:

WHOOSH. WHOOSH.

SEAGOON:

Why have they run away?

GRYTPYPE:

Because, lad, here comes Max 'Bare-foot' Geldray to play his hot underwear.

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ORCHESTRA:

SEGUE IMMEDIATELY INTO VAUDEVILE INTRODUCTION.

GRAMS:

MASSED CHEERING.

GREENSLADE:

Now, if any listener would care to tie a vintage haddock to the third finger of his left hand and swing it round his head he will be able to hear 'The Thing on the Mountain' part two.

ORCHESTRA:

STRANGE TRUMPET FANFARE FOLLOWED BY DRAMATIC CHORDS.

DAI THE HAIR:

Equipped with his mountaineering kit of one box of matches, Seagoon began to search the lower slopes of Snowdon.

SEAGOON:

Yes, folks. Yes, folks! I was looking to a place to set fire to. Suddenly, I saw before me a small ragged tent made from sacking. Inside was a heap of rags and old clothes. Oh, folks! Tthe very thing. Pardon me.

FX:

BOX OF MATCHES SHAKEN.

GRAMS:

MATCH STRIKES. SOUND OF FLAMES.

SEAGOON:

Ah, ha ha! What a lovely blaze.

BLOODNOK:

Awwwww awwwww awww! Oh, me trousers. Ahh ahwww! Awwwww!

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks. A smoking figure rushed past me and hurriedly sat down in a bucket of water.

GRAMS:

LONG BURST OF STEAM.

BLOODNOK:

Oohho, that's better.

SEAGOON:

I didn't realise these old clothes were alive.

BLOODNOK:

What! So *you* set fire to my trousers. You... you... you... you dangerous military clown, you! You might have ruined my chances of winning the all-England leg final.

SEAGOON:

But wait! You're Major Bloodnok. Ha ha! You remember me.

BLOODNOK:

Do I?

SEAGOON:

Of course. I'm the man who set fire to your trousers.

BLOODNOK:

Gad, yes. (LAUGHS) I knew we'd met before. Yes. I've... er... I've come to Snowdon for the skiing, you know.

SEAGOON:

You mean 'she-ing'.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, that as well.

ECCLES:

(APPROACHING FROM DISTANCE)
(SINGING) Laa laa laa laa der powigh
Daoiugh daoiugh daoiiwwwee.
I got that melody divine.
Someday I'll find you...(RAVES)
Ooh. Hello.

SEAGOON:

Who's this?

BLOODNOK:

It's alright, he... he comes here every day for a swim.

SEAGOON:

But there's no water here.

ECCLES:

Well, that's ok, I can't swim. I... I never had a chance to learn.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

ECCLES:

Well, there's no water here. You can't swim without water, my man. Who is this idiot?

BLOODNOK:

You.

ECCLES:

Ooo!

MILLIGAN:

(ASIDE) Thank you, [UNCLEAR].

SEAGOON:

I'm the man who's going to climb Snowdon and capture the monster.

BLOODNOK:

What!

ECCLES:

What!

BLOODNOK:

Then you're talking to the right man.

SEAGOON:

Who?

BLOODNOK:

Me.

ECCLES:

Me.

BLOODNOK:

Haven't you seen my nameplate? I'll show you.

SEAGOON:

So saying he bent down. The brass plate on the seat of his hat read: 'Major Bloodnok. Mountaineering Expert'. To prove it, here is the brass plate reading it.

GREENSLADE:

(ECHOEY) 'Major Bloodnok. Mountaineering Expert'. And I should like to point out that the part of the brass name plate was played by...

SEAGOON:

Shut up!

BLOODNOK:

For the small fee of every penny you possess, I can get you to the top of Snowdon in two seconds with my giant 'Spon' catapult.

SEAGOON:

Done.

FX:

PENNY IN TILL.

BLOODNOK:

I thank you. This way.

SEAGOON:

He led me to where fifty pairs of braces were tied together between two trees.

BLOODNOK:

Right, Eccles, help me pull these braces back.

ECCLES:

Ok.

BLOODNOK:

(STRAINING NOISES) Are you alright, Neddle? Neddle, lean back. Now, Eccles - let go.

ECCLES:

Hey!

GRAMS:

SHARP POINNNNG SOUND. PROJECTILE WHISTLING THROUGH AIR.

FX:

GIANT THUMP OF BODY HITTING PAVEMENT.

SEAGOON:

Awwwwwough! Ahh-awww-aww-aww aughaw! Ahhw. Where's my speaking trumpet?

GRAMS:

SMALLER PROJECTILE WHISTLING THROUGH AIR.

FX:

HOLLOW TIN TUBE HITTING GROUND.

SEAGOON:

Ahh! Here it is. (MEGAPHONE) Hello, folks. Calling those kindly, folks. Well here I am, folks, on top of Snowdon, folks. But... ah, ha, ho! Acting now. Oh, ho, ho, hooo! Who's this? It must be the monster. The *thing* on the mountain!

SELLERS:

Surly north country. Mountain? This is the top of Blackpool tower.

SEAGOON:

Curses. Foiled by double strength braces.

SELLERS:

Can I see your ticket?

SEAGOON:

I haven't got one.

SELLERS:

You can't come up Blackpool tower wi'out a ticket.

SEAGOON:

Well, where can I buy one?

SELLERS:

At the bottom.

SEAGOON:

I'll go down and get one.

SELLERS:

You can't go down wi'out a ticket.

SEAGOON:

What am I supposed to do, jump off?

SELLERS:

You can't jump off wi'out a ticket.

SEAGOON:

(MEGAPHONE) Oh, folks. Trapped at the top of Blackpool tower.

SELLERS:

Wi'out a ticket.

SEAGOON:

Without a ticket.

MORIARTY:

Phishhhhhh-ttt-ooo. Neddie! Little Neddie!

SEAGOON:

The voice came from a rope ladder suspended from a horse hair zeppelin above me.

MORIARTY:

Owwh! Climb aboard, Neddie.

GREENSLADE:

With light heart and heavy trousers, Seagoon climbed aboard. And soon the mighty zeppelin was speeding towards the welsh coast.

GRAMS:

ZEPPELIN MOTORS.

MORIARTY:

(APPROACHING) All fares, please. All fares. I thank you. Anymore fares? Cor luv a duck, mate. Cor blimey. All fares, mate.

SEAGOON:

Top of Snowdon, please.

MORIARTY:

Are you under fourteen?

SEAGOON:

Yes, I'm thirteen stone eight.

MORIARTY:

Ah, nine pence, please.

FX:

TICKET PUNCH

SEAGOON:

Nine pence? I haven't got any money.

GRYTPYPE:

No money, Neddie? Then you're in the wrong compartment. Non-paying passengers through that door.

SEAGOON:

Oh, ho. Right.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

(FALLING) Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhgh!

GRAMS:

SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, Little Jim. Now get back in the barrel and make room for Ray 'Bones' Ellington and his melody minstrel.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

DAI THE HAIR:

And so the snow and the blizzards on Snowdon grew worse. And every night the terror stricken villagers padlocked their wives as they heard the distant cry of the thing on the mountain.

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD WIND.

ORCHESTRA:

STRANGE TRUMPET FANFARE - 'GRUB'S UP' WITH NANNY GOAT VIBRATO.

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks. How could I reach the summit of the dreaded Snowdon and capture the five pound monster?

GREENSLADE:

Mr. Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

How can I possibly climb this impregnable mass of rock and snow?

GREENSLADE:

Mr. Seagoon, why don't you go by train?

SEAGOON:

Train?

GREENSLADE:

Yes, there's a mountain railway that runs up Snowdon.

SEAGOON:

What? Hhahagh, but how do I get back?

GREENSLADE:

It also runs down again.

SEAGOON:

Ha ha ha ha ha ha! Gad, saved by steam!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

YAKAMOTO:

[MILLIGAN]

So, Neddie the Seagoon sped to the little railway station at foot of honourable Snowdon the mountain. Ooh, boy!

WILLIUM:

What do you want then, bach? Look you, mate.

SEAGOON:

Third return to the top of Snowdon.

WILLIUM:

Right-o bach, mate.

SEAGOON:

What time's the next train?

WILLIUM:

Three fifteen, April.

SEAGOON:

What! But it's only ten past one, January.

WILLIUM:

Oh, we can't run trains up in January, mate. There's blizzards and nine feet of snow up dere. You'll 'ave to wait till April.

SINGHIZ THING:

And so Seagoon waited until April when there were blizzards and eleven feet of snow.

GRAMS:

TRAIN AT STATION, STEAM VALVES OPEN.

GRAMS GREENSLADE:

(OVER TANNY) The train now standing on the platform is for the top of Snowdon. Calling at a quarter of the way up, half-way up, and three-quarters of the way up.

SEAGOON:

Hooray! By train, at last.

GRAMS:

CARRIAGE DOOR SLAMS.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, have you got the bomb?

MORIARTY:

Sapristi bazonika-dowser, yes, the bomb. Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Then slip it into the tender with the coal.

MORIARTY:

Awww.

FX:

BLAST OF STATION MASTER'S WHISTLE.

WILLIUM:

All aboard.

FX:

WHISTLE.

GRAMS:

STEAM TRAIN STARTING UP. GATHERING SPEED.

GREENSLADE:

And so, as the train chugged slowly up the side of the mountain, we find in the engine the driver and fireman hard at work.

GRAMS:

STEAM WHISTLE. ENGINE CHUGGING CONTINUES UNDER AT MODERATE SPEED. WHISTLE REPEATS.

ECCLES:

Ooh, this is living!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Do you know something, my good man? I have always wanted to be an engine driver.

ECCLES:

Oowgh, oowgh! And I always wanted to be the village idiot.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Then we've both succeeded.

ECCLES:

Ooh, no.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh.

ECCLES:

Oowwough. I'm not the village idiot.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No?

ECCLES:

No, but when he retires my name's top of the list.

(THEY BOTH LAUGH ETC)

ECCLES:

Oh, this is living! I love it!

GRAMS:

ENGINE CHUGGING SLOWS DOWN.

BLUEBOTTLE:

'Ere, we're stoppin'. You stupid nit, my good man Eccles. The fire's going out.

ECCLES:

Oooo! I'll put some more coal on.

FX:

SHOVELLING OF COAL.

ECCLES:

(SINGING OVER)Tote dat barge and lift dad bale! Get a little drunk and you land in jail! Ah-ooohmm!
Ah-oooughmma! Ooooooooooh.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What?

ECCLES:

Oooooh! 'Ere, this is a funny looking piece of coal. It says B - O - M - B. (HAVING LITERACY FAILURE)
Mah... ah..ghh... ghghh... ghum.

BLUEBOTTLE:

B - O - M - B? That stands for 'Best Ordinary Mixed Black'. It's special strong coal.

ECCLES:

Oh, good. I'll throw it on the fire.

FX:

METAL OBJECT INTO COAL PILE.

GRAMS:

ENGINE CHUGGING CONTINUES. SUDDEN LOUD EXPLOSION (STRENGTH 4). ENGINE CHUGGING AT
EXTREME VELOCITY.

ECCLES:

You were right. That coal was strong.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yeah.

ECCLES:

Oooh, yeah.

GRAMS:

SUDDEN VIOLENT CRASH. PIECES OF METAL PIPING FALLING, SAUCEPANS AND TIN PLATES.
EXPLOSION - SUDDEN BURST OF STEAM. FADE.

ECCLES:

All change!

GRAMS:

DISTANT BLIZZARD.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? Here already? Aha, folks. Now to capture the... but wait. Wait! Ngeu eu eu eu
eu euwghee!

ECCLES:

Ooh.

SEAGOON:

What's that?

DAI THE HAIR:

At the top of the mountain, half buried in the snow, was a wooden shack labelled 'Teas - Hot meals allllll... day'.

GRAMS:

BRING UP BLIZZARD WINDS.

MINNIE:

Bup bup bup bimb. Oooh, sim suuin. Bim bum budda boo! That naughty black nylon stocking.

CRUN & MINNIE:

(HOT RHYTHM IMPROV. WELSH STYLE)

CRUN:

Min, Min, Min!

MINNIE:

Saucepan bach!

CRUN:

Min, Min!

MINNIE:

What? What? What? Phish-too! Phish-too!

CRUN:

Modern Min. Modern Min. It's the elephant's feeding time.

MINNIE:

Ptooooooough!

CRUN:

Go out the window and call them in.

MINNIE:

Right, buddy. Where's my bugle?

CRUN:

It's in the bed.

MINNIE:

Oh, yes, I'll go and call the elephants in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD BURSTS IN.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD FADES.

CRUN:

Now, we should be getting some more customers soon. I'd better lay the table. Now, let's see. Herbal salt, dandelion pepper. Mmmm... er... Indian brandy. Senna pod vinegar.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD BURSTS IN.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

Good evening.

CRUN:

Ooo. Phish-too. Phish-too. Sit down. Here's the menu.

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Let me see, now. Phish-too. (READS) Elephant's eggs. Elephant's eggs. Elephant's eggs. Elephant's eggs. Elephant's eggs. Elephant's eggs. Um, I think I'll have some elephant's eggs.

CRUN:

Elephant eggs are off, sir. They've gone off ponnnngggg!

SEAGOON:

What about some phish-too?

CRUN:

They're not laying, you know.

SEAGOON:

Elephants not laying?!

CRUN:

No, they've not laid since we bought them, you know.

SEAGOON:

Oh, ho, very well, I'll have...

ORCHESTRA:

STRANGE TRUMPET FANFARE - ('GRUB'S UP' WITH NANNY GOAT VIBRATO)

SEAGOON:

Listen! The monster! I must catch it at once!

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD BURSTS IN.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

CRUN:

What's he talking about? The monster. What...?

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD BURSTS IN.

MINNIE:

Ooooh! Ooooh, dear. That hoar frost on the knee, I tell you. Come on inside, all of you!

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

CRUN:

Let me rub the naked sulphur on it.

MINNIE:

Come on inside, you, Henry. I've got the dreaded pong on it. Come on you naughty elephants. Come on in.

GRAMS:

CHICKENS CLUCKING.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD BURSTS IN.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES.

SEAGOON:

Curses. I was too late.

MINNIE:

Careful! Don't tread on the elephants.

GRAMS:

SINGLE BROODY CHICKEN.

SEAGOON:

Elephants? These are chickens.

CRUN:

No wonder they wouldn't lay. Curse them. Curse them. Well, did you catch the modern monster?

SEAGOON:

No, it was modern gone. But I found some huge footprints and I followed them back here.

CRUN:

What!

MINNIE:

Ooooooooooh, ooooooooohwagh! Ptoooooooooowugh! Oh, dear!

SEAGOON:

Stop phish-tooing at once. The monster is hiding... the monster is hiding somewhere in this building.

CRUN:

Then we must search for it.

FX:

CUPBOARD DRAWER OPENS

SEAGOON:

Not in here.

FX:

CUPBOARD DRAWER CLOSES

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MINNIE:

Not in here.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

FX:

WINDOW LATCH OPENS

CRUN:

Not in here.

FX:

WINDOW LATCH CLOSES

FX:

CUPBOARD DRAWER OPENS

SEAGOON:

Not under there.

FX:

LAVATORY DOOR OPENS

MINNIE:

Thank heaven for that, he's not in here.

(SPEEDING UP GRADUALLY)

CRUN:

Not in here.

FX:

WARDROBE DOOR OPENS.

SEAGOON:

Not under there.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

MINNIE:

Not in this drawer.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

CRUN:

Not in there. (EXTENDED)

GREENSLADE:

Where *is* the Snowdon monster? Personally, I think it's all in the mind, you know.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT

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 Larry Stephens and Maurice Wiltshire, announcer Wallace Greenslade - the programme produced by Tom Ronalds.