

S8 E17 - The Moriarty Murder Mystery

Transcribed by Stratford. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Light Programme. Here is a game you can all play. Take an ordinary piece of paper and make a small hole in it - thus. Place your eye to the hole and look through. If other members of the family will do the same, you can then gaze at each other. In this way you can all enjoy hours of innocent boredom.

SEAGOON:

Wal. Big fat Wal. A likely story. Now leap onto that blazing bed when I say, hello, folks! It's me!

GRAMS:

ENTHUSIASTIC CHEERING

SEAGOON:

Thank you! Thank you! Seagoon fans, thank you, thank you.

GREENSLADE:

Er, listeners, once again I inform you that that was only *recorded* applause.

SECOMBE:

(RASPBERRY)

GREENSLADE:

Anybody can do it, I'll show you. Hello, folks! It's me!

GRAMS/OMNES:

BOOING, RASPBERRIES, FRED THE OYSTER

SEAGOON:

All of which brings us to the all-leather Goon show!

FX:

BUBBLES BLOWN IN A GLASS OF LIQUID WITH A STRAW

SELLERS:

Tonight, the Moriarty Murder Mystery.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC LINK

GRAMS:

TELEPHONE RINGING, PICKED UP

SEAGOON:

New Scotland Ying? Inspector Seagoon here.

LEW:

(ON PHONE) Listen inspector, listen! (PANTING) Do you want to know who the Mauve Raven is?

SEAGOON:

Yes!

LEW:

It's...

FX:

GUNSHOT

LEW:

Aaaaagh!!

O'SHEA:

[MILLIGAN]

(IRISH ACENT) Harh. Who was it, sir?

SEAGOON:

Chap reporting a murder, constable.

O'SHEA:

Murder, sir? Whose murder? Whasrfrss...

SEAGOON:

He didn't say.

GRAMS:

TELEPHONE RINGING, PICKED UP

SEAGOON:

Helloo? Inspector Seagoon here.

MUMBLER:

[MILLIGAN]

(DISTORT, INCOHERENT MUMBLING, CLEARS THROAT, MORE MUMBLING) See?

SEAGOON:

I'll be right over!

GRAMS:

TELEPHONE PUT DOWN, POLICE CAR BELL, CAR TYRES SCREECHING

SEAGOON:

Sergeant O'Shea, surround the dustbin!

FX:

WHISTLE

O'SHEA:

I'm sorry, sir, it's knocking off time.

SEAGOON:

Curses! Foiled by knocking off time. Ah, well, see you here at nine o'clock tomorrow.

O'SHEA:

Right, sir.

FX:

BASS DRUM, WHISTLE

SEAGOON:

Morning, O'Shea!

O'SHEA:

Morning, sir!

SEAGOON:

Right. Now, let's see what's in this dustbin.

GRAMS:

DUSTBIN LID REMOVED

SEAGOON:

(HYSTERICAL, NERVOUS LAUGH)

O'SHEA:

Steady, sir, or you'll hurt yourself.

SEAGOON:

A body! The police must hear about this.

O'SHEA:

We *are* the police, sir.

SEAGOON:

What? Oh, we got here quickly didn't we? (LAUGHS)

WILLIUM (WEAK):

'Ello, 'ello.

SEAGOON:

What is it, O'Shea?

O'SHEA:

I never spoke, sir! It must have been the... the body!

SEAGOON:

What? Did you speak?

WILLIUM:

Yes, mate.

SEAGOON:

Now, play the game, don't mess about. Either you're a corpse or you're not!

WILLIUM:

I was, but I'm much better now, thank you.

SEAGOON:

Don't tell me you *live* in that dustbin?

WILLIUM:

Course I don't live 'ere, mate! I just popped in to see my old matey.

SEAGOON:

Where is he, mate?

WILLIUM:

Downstairs he is, mate. I only come up here to answer the lid. Ain't that right, Charlie?

THROAT:

(ECHOEY) Yes.

GRAMS:

TELEPHONE RINGING, PICKED UP

WILLIUM:

'Ello? 'Ang on, it's for you.

SEAGOON:

Thanks. Hello?

GREENSLADE:

(ON PHONE) Inspector Seagoon? Chief Commissioner Scotland Yard to speak to you. Click. Buzz.

SPRIGGS:

(ON PHONE) Hello, Jim! Hello Jee-eeem? Hello, Jim. I can't hear you, Jim. Jim, Jim. Hello. Hello. Chig-chig-chig-chig. Hello. Hello, Jim. Jim, I can't hear you? Jim? Hello, Jim. Hello Ji-iiiim. Hello Jim? Jim-Jim-Jim? Hello? Hello-hello-hello-hello-hello-hello. There must be something wrong with the line, Jim.

SEAGOON:

Seagoon speaking.

SPRIGGS:

Ah, now I can hear you! What did you do, Jim?

SEAGOON:

I spoke.

SPRIGGS:

Then there *is* something wrong with the line! When you don't speak I can't hear you. Come in to my office, Jim.

SEAGOON:

Right, sir!

GRAMS:

TELEPHONE PUT DOWN

SPRIGGS:

(NASAL SOUND, OVER FOLLOWING)

GRAMS:

DOOR OPENING

SPRIGGS:

Come in, Jim. Pull up a helmet, if it's not spiked. Now... Now then, you've been with the police for... you've been with the police fo-oor... Twenty years?

SEAGOON:

Yes, sir.

SPRIGGS:

Silence! Silence, Jim, when you speak to me. Silence when you speak to me. Either you find the murdered body and solve it, or... or you'll receive the size fourteen boot!

SEAGOON:

Oh, no, sir! Not that! Sir, please! (SOBBING) Not that! Not that! I couldn't stand it...(SOBBING UNCONTROLLABLY DISSOLVING TO STRANGE SOUNDS)

SPRIGGS:

I tell you this is no laughing matter, Jim! Very well, I'll give you twenty-four hours or one day, whichever is the wider by far! Whichever is the wider by faa-eeeh...

ORCHESTRA:

LINK MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile in Shorditch High Street...

GRAMS:

FAINT CAR MOTOR

FX:

BANJO AND SPOONS

GRYTPYPE:

(SINGING) Who's lovable and who's kissable? Miss Annabelle Lee...

MORIARTY:

Owww...

GRYTPYPE:

(SINGING) Who's wonderful and who's...

BOTH:

(SINGING) ...marvellous? Miss Annabelle Lee.

FX:

COIN IN TIN CUP

MORIARTY:

Oooooough! Ooh-ho! Thank you! Thank you, lady.

GRYTPYPE:

Give me that ha'penny at once, I'm wearing the pocket.

MORIARTY:

Ow! But Grytpype, I'm the master of the spoon! Give it to me!

GRYTPYPE:

Hand over, you blackened wreck or I'll set fire to your string wig!

MORIARTY:

Aeough! No, no...Eoghh...

GRYTPYPE:

That's better. Now then...

FX:

SPOON CLICKING

MORIARTY:

Eoghh. (SINGING) Who's wonderful... Marvelous... Miss Annabelle Lee (WHISTLING)

GRYTPYPE:

Shut up, you unmusical steamer, you.

MORIARTY:

Unmusical? Me?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi longala dongala hellava dongala! What's that? Longala dongala, I tell you! I have trodden in the steps of the masters!

GRYTPYPE:

You've trodden in something.

MORIARTY:

What?!

GRYTPYPE:

Now let's see how much we've taken.

MORIARTY:

(SINGING) Marvellous... Oh, money?

GRYTPYPE:

One ha'penny, one... (MUTTERING) One penny. One penny.

MORIARTY:

One penny?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

Let's live! Whooooaw! Whohohoho-oww!

GRYTPYPE:

Put it away! Waving your 'owww' about like that. Sssh! Look at that!

MORIARTY:

What? What is it, Grytpype? (LAUGHS)

GRYTPYPE:

It's a police inspector standing in a tobacconist's window with a postcard pinned to him. What does it say?

MORIARTY:

"Amateur photographer needs a beautiful model to..."

GRYTPYPE:

Not... not... not that police inspector. The one *next* to him.

MORIARTY:

Haah! "One pound in cash or Sterling offered for the body of a murder victim"!

GRYTPYPE:

Well read, Moriarty! We are about to cop some lob.

MORIARTY:

But... where can we get the body?

GRYTPYPE:

Quick, stick this imitation bullet hole on your forehead.

MORIARTY:

Right!

FX:

SOUND OF A LIGHT SLAP

GRYTPYPE:

Fall down in the gutter and close your eyes.

MORIARTY:

Oowww...

GRYTPYPE:

I say! Mister little round copper!

SEAGOON:

What-what-what-what-what-what-what-what?

GRYTPYPE:

May I introduce you to the body of Count Jim "Toes"...

MORIARTY:

Brrrl!

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty. Only man to have shot a telephone directory in flight and twice world cheese dancer.

SEAGOON:

I'll take him!

GRAMS:

CASH MACHINE REGISTER, COIN ON HARD SURFACE

GRYTPYPE:

I thank you.

SEAGOON:

Now why is this body lying down?

GRYTPYPE:

He's been murdered.

SEAGOON:

Badly?

GRYTPYPE:

No, very well, he's dead.

SEAGOON:

Let's have a look at 'im. What? A fake bullet hole? What does this mean?

GRYTPYPE:

He was murdered by a fake bullet.

SEAGOON:

Gad, what a hellish way to die! Did you see his assailant?

GRYTPYPE:

No, he had his coat buttoned up. But the murderer was a fuel man with a ling hat and fahglo boots. And...

SEAGOON:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

He went that-a-way.

SEAGOON:

After him! After him! After hiim! After hiiim!

MORIARTY:

Ah, well done, little hairy man! That got rid of him Grytpype, that got rid of him!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. (LAUGHS) Now let's get out of here because here comes Max "Overcoat" Geldray to blow up his Dutch sleeves.

MORIARTY:

Phistoo!

MAX & ORCHESTRA:

"ONCE IN LOVE WITH AMY".

GREENSLADE:

To The Moriarty Murder Mystery...

MILLIGAN:

(NASAL SOUND)

GREENSLADE:

...Part two.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC LINK

GRAMS:

SPEEDED UP RUNNING FADING IN AND OUT

SELLERS:

Seagoon ran on and on. By nightfall he found himself in Chinatown amongst the almond-eyed devotees of the the poppy. And here and there, a pop-eyed devotee of the almond.

CHINESE:

[MILLIGAN]

(LONG-DRAWN CHINESE GIBBERISH)

FX:

GUN SHOT

CHINESE:

(HURRIED, STRESSFUL CHINESE GIBBERISH)

GREENSLADE:

Finally, Seagoon paused in a darkened alley near the docks.

GRAMS:

SHIP SIRENS

SEAGOON:

Gad! Wonder where I am!

GRAMS:

SLOWLY APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS

SEAGOON:

What-what-what-what-what-what-what? Who's that?

UNDERTAKER:

[SELLERS]

Who's there?

SEAGOON:

I'm a policeman.

UNDERTAKER:

And I'm an undertaker.

SEAGOON:

(GULP) Are you... looking for somebody?

UNDERTAKER:

Yes. You.

SEAGOON:

But I... (GARBLES) I'm not dead! You... you can't bury people who aren't dead, it's impossible!

UNDERTAKER:

Not... impossible. But we should certainly have to box exceeding (SNEER) clever.

SEAGOON:

Well, I... ah... (LAUGHS NERVOUSLY) I've got to go!

UNDERTAKER:

In the end, haven't we all?

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) My card.

UNDERTAKER:

My card. But first, inspector, in your job I suppose you must stumble across the odd body? Hm? Hm?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

UNDERTAKER:

My business is falling off, you know, and...

SEAGOON:

(SNICKERS) You mean, people don't want their unders taken anymore?

UNDERTAKER:

You've hit the nail right into the lid. Therefore, I will pay you five pounds for every body you push my way.

SEAGOON:

Certainly, I've got one already. It's at...

GRAMS:

TELEPHONE RINGING, PICKED UP

SEAGOON:

Yes?

SINGHIZ:

(ON PHONE) Seagoon, listen. The murder of... murder of Count Moriarty reported. Good heavens, man, the body has vanished, oh, heavens man!

SEAGOON:

What?

FX:

TELEPHONE PUT DOWN

UNDERTAKER:

Vanished?

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, I'll find it!

UNDERTAKER:

Good, I have a short contract here, just sign at the bottom of page (intake of breath) four hundred and ten.

SEAGOON:

Right!

FX:

PEN SCRATCHING

SEAGOON:

There! Oh, folks. Oh, folks! My first! I'll be rich! (FADES OUT)

GRAMS:

SPED UP RUNNING, FADES OUT

UNDERTAKER:

(LAUGHS)

ORCHESTRA:

OMNIOUS MUSIC LINK

SEAGOON:

Hullo, folks! Hullo, folks, again! I lost my megaphone that time. I'm not only looking for a murderer but for a body, folks! To solve this case, folks, I must have some clues, folks. But wait, folks! What's this poster on the wall, folks?

CRUN:

Crun and Company Limited. Licensed clue manufacturers. Now, wash your hands.

SEAGOON:

It says here in small print.

ORCHESTRA:

'TO ACTION' MUSIC LINK

FX:

XYLOPHONE PLINKING, CONTINUES FOR 12 SECONDS

CRUN:

It's no good, Min. I shall never learn to play the exylophone.

MINNIE:

Oooh... Alright, modern buddy, let me try.

CRUN:

Hear, hear.

FX:

XYLOPHONE

MIN:

(SINGING) Yam-pam-pam, pam-pam-pampam...(ETC., INCREASES IN SPEED)

CRUN:

Modern Min. Modern Min! Stop that modern leaping, Min!

MINNIE:

I can't help it, buddy. I... I've got the spring in my knees. Baaohh!!

FX:

BOINGS, OVER:

MINNIE:

(CONTINUES SHRIEKING)

CRUN:

Stop it, you drunken old fool!

MINNIE:

Ahooow!!

FX:

BOINGS CONTINUES

CRUN:

You've been at the brass polish again!

FX:

BOING, CRASH, DOOR OPENING

MINNIE:

Oh, dear. I've been taking too many of those Australian zoom pills, Henry.

CRUN:

That'll teach you. You naughty Min.

MINNIE:

Naughty Min.

CRUN:

Now relax in this arm gramophone while I tell you a very funny joke. (LAUGHS TO HIMSELF) I say to you, "Knocke-knock" and you say "Who is there?". Right?

MINNIE:

Right, Henry!

CRUN:

Knock... Knock.

MINNIE:

There's someone at the door, Henry.

CRUN:

That was me, Min! Modern Min.

MINNIE:

I'd better go and let you in, then. Come in, Henry!

CRUN:

No, now, look, look. *You* say "Knock knock" and *I'll* say "Who's there".

MINNIE:

Alright, Henry. Knackedeknockeknock (ETC) Knock, knock! Knock!

CRUN:

'Scuse me, Min, there's someone at the door.

GRAMS:

DOOR OPENING

CRUN:

Yes?

MINNIE:

Oh, we'll be murdered in our beds! Phistoo, phistoo! Phistoo...

SEAGOON:

Phistoo phie. Evening. Mister Crun, the clue manufacturer?

CRUN:

Come in and mind the dog.

SEAGOON:

Dog? I say, what a lovely coat he's got!

CRUN:

Yes, I knitted it myself.

GREENSLADE:

Woof, woof.

SEAGOON:

Saint Bernard.

CRUN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Now, I want to buy some murder clues.

CRUN:

Brandy, you know. Now, what about our special mixed assortment. Here:
One footprint, pointing North.

SEAGOON:

Splendid.

CRUN:

Good. One heavy brass candle stick.

SEAGOON:

What's that for?

CRUN:

Keeping a heavy brass candle. And one porridge-stained knife.

SEAGOON:

Porridge-stained?

CRUN:

Yes, the victim was stabbed in the middle of breakfast, you know.

SEAGOON:

I'll take them. By the way, have you got an eyewitness in stock?

CRUN:

An eyewitness? Well now, let me see...

FX:

DRAWERS OPENING AND SHUTTING

CRUN:

Where did I put him? Ah, here we are.

ECCLES:

Aellough.

SEAGOON:

So! *You're* the eyewitness?

ECCLES:

Yup, yup, yup. I'm... I'm... I'm... I'm... I'm... I'm... I'm the eyewitness.

SEAGOON:

Did you see this murder?

ECCLES:

No.

SEAGOON:

Aha! Then you didn't see the man who committed it?

ECCLES:

Yup. I didn't see the man who committed it.

SEAGOON:

As I thought. Now, would you recognise him if you didn't see him again?

ECCLES:

Er... Ough. Something funny here. I think so, but my eyes ain't what they used to be.

SEAGOON:

No?

ECCLES:

No, they used to be my ears! (LAUGHS)

SEAGOON:

Then, we must get them tested. Where's the nearest optician?

CRUN:

Just round the bend. I'm going that way, I'll take you.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

Just around the bend was a small shop marked, "Eyes tested, wills altered, signatures carefully copied and string repaired while you wait". Also, "Rare books, et cetera. Proprietor Major Bloodnok".

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Oooohh, oh, oh! I must've been out of my mind! Red peppers in dynamite sauce? Oh! I must let my trousers out.

FX:

CLOTH RIPPING

BLOODNOK:

Ooh, that's better. Ahh. Now, where was I? Ah, yes, yes.

FX:

PEN SCRATCHING UNDER:

BLOODNOK:

"Dear headmaster. I enclose the three algebra books you requested. Yours sincerely, Dennis Bloodnok. P.S. The middle one is hollowed out and inside you will find our latest selection of photographs for art lovers and fanciers of the human hat".

FX:

DOOR OPENING

SEAGOON:

Good morning, I'm from the police.

BLOODNOK:

Aooh! It wasn't me, I tell you, it wasn't! She's lying! The Granada Hotel, room two-oh-five? I've never heard of it! Must have been some other filthy swine!

SEAGOON:

Major, Major, control your brown power!

BLOODNOK:

I'm trying to!

SEAGOON:

Well...

BLOODNOK:

I feel no pain!

SEAGOON:

I wanted to test this man's eyes.

BLOODNOK:

Certainly, certainly, certainly. Now, look here. You see that card on the wall?

ECCLES:

Er... Yer, yer, yep, yep.

BLOODNOK:

Well... um... read out as much as you can.

ECCLES:

All them letters?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes.

ECCLES:

Okay. Um... (STRANGE SOUNDS) "Snackopp. Esnaggoul. Nyakkanux... Alexedemyagganack...(ETC)
Printed by J. Smith and Sons, Birmingham".

BLOODNOK:

Splendid!

SEAGOON:

Splendid! This man's eyes are perfect. Good enough to identify at fifty yards Ray "Flat Top" Ellington and his four legs!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"STOMP, LOOK, LISTEN"

GREENSLADE:

And now the Moriarty Murder Mystery, part three.

ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

We rejoin Seagoon and Eccles as they speed Northwards in a flying squad rickshaw.

SEAGOON:

Now... what we're looking for, Eccles, is a fuel man wearing a ling hat and fahglo boots.

OFFICER:

[SELLERS]

(ON RADIO) Hello-hello, calling all rickshaws. Will Inspector Seagoon proceed to Hyde Park at once. Suspicious-looking boot has been noticed loitering on the banks of the Serpentine. MP over.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? Rickshaw boy, faster! Faster!

CYRIL:

[SELLERS]

I'm doing my best but you're getting fatter all the time!

SEAGOON:

Shut up!

CYRIL:

Shut up yourself, you cheeky beast!

ORCHESTRA:

OMNIOUS MUSIC LINK

SEAGOON:

There it is, Eccles! An ordinary brown boot!

ECCLES:

Ooooh!

SEAGOON:

But wait! there's a foot in it.

ECCLES:

Yer, it's mine!

SEAGOON:

Take it off.

ECCLES:

Er, I'm only seeing if it fits. It's a fahglo boot.

SEAGOON:

How do you know?

ECCLES:

I got fahglo feet.

SEAGOON:

Then you're the very man to keep watch for the murderer when he returns to his rightful property or his leftful property, depending on which boot it is! Hup! (LAUGHS)

ORCHESTRA:

PUNCHLINE FANFARE

GREENSLADE:

And so as night falls on the Serpentine, we find Eccles and a special constable keeping watch in disguise.

GRAMS:

WIND, CRICKETS CHIRPING

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eccles, my good man?

ECCLES:

Yer, mine Bottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Tell me, my good man, how do you like being disguised as a lamp-post?

ECCLES:

Oh, it's al- (CLEARs THROAT) It's alright. But I don't like that lamplighter fella.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Why not?

ECCLES:

He set fire to my nose three times. 'Ere Bottle, how do you like being disguised as a tree?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It's quite nice. Then I had, what I had been disguised as a tree. Yes, it is nice...

ECCLES:

(MUTTERS INCOHERENTLY)

BLUEBOTTLE:

(MUTTERS) Yes...fine...it is nice...

ECCLES:

(MUTTERS) ...it might been... (NORMAL) I don't like trees.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Don't you?

ECCLES:

No, I don't like [UNCLEAR]. My uncle Tom was a lumberjack and he was killed by a fallin' tree.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, shame!

ECCLES:

And... and my uncle Dick, he was killed... he was killed by a fallin' tree as well. And my uncle Harry...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Was he a lumberjack, too?

ECCLES:

Oh, no no. He died in bed.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What happened?

ECCLES:

A tree fell on him! (LAUGHS)

GRAMS:

APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shh! Someone is coming! Leave him to me.

ECCLES:

(OFF) Okay. You stand in front...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Halt! Sir, halt, sir murderer! I arrest you in the name of the Lee! Takes out truncheon and reads instructions on label. "Blatt, blam, bash, blin, wham, zowiee, bling, boing, whing, blatt"! It says here in small print.

SEAGOON:

Silence, little grubby constable. Or that high tide mark won't be the only thing round your neck!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, it is my Captain! Salutes with truncheon, blattng self smartly on side of head. Blan! Eeehoo!

ECCLES:

Here, quiet! Shh, quiet! Shh, quiet! Someone's comin'.

BLOODNOK:

(SINGING) The man who broke the bank at Monte Carrrrrrlo.

ECCLES:

He musta had a hammer.

BLOODNOK:

Darling, darling, ah, here you are!

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What are you doing here?

BLOODNOK:

Ohohhh! Oh, it's a lie! I left my Mackintosh here last night, that's all, I... Oohhh!

SEAGOON:

Answer us. You came here to meet a lady.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, Captain. (SNICKERS) There's a lady behind that bush.

SEAGOON:

What? Grab her!

MINNIE:

Ohh! One, two, three, pooww!

FX:

BOING

GRAMS:

SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

She's fallen in the water!

SEAGOON:

Curses! Foiled by zoom pills. It's no good. Bluebottle, circulate the reward of five pounds for the murderer of Count Jim "Pules" Moriarty.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH, WHOOSH.

GRYTPYPE:

Five pounds, please.

SEAGOON:

Five pounds?

GRYTPYPE:

May I present the murderer of Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

Ahh, mon pleasure, I'm charmed, mon pleasure.

SEAGOON:

But that *is* Moriarty.

GRYTPYPE:

Exactly. He shot himself.

SEAGOON:

What? Then where's the gun?

GRYTPYPE:

He didn't use one. He pointed his finger at his head and went "bang".

SEAGOON:

That's ridiculous. (LAUGHS) How can a man shoot himself by pointing his finger at his head like this and going...

FX:

GUN SHOT, BODY FALLING TO THE GROUND. WHOOSH, SHOVEL ON HARD SURFACE

UNDERTAKER:

Mine, I think! Hmm, where's my shovel?

SEAGOON:

What? What? You can't bury me, I wanna join the Guards!

UNDERTAKER:

No man under six feet can join the Guards.

SEAGOON:

(FADING OUT) Heeeeeeeeeelp!!

GREENSLADE:

Let us not worry. It's all in the mind, you know. It says here in small print.

ORCHESTRA:

END TUNE: "DING DONG THE 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 Larry Stephens and Maurice Wiltshire. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Charles Chiltham.

ORCHESTRA:

END TUNE WITH RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET