

S8 E22 - World War One

Transcribed by Christopher Gray, corrections by Paul Webster and Peter Olausson. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service. (SINGS) But they call it Ireland!

SELLERS:

(AUSTRALIAN ACCENT) I don't... I don't like what he's doing, Pat, I don't like it. We oughta have a meeting about it.

GRAMS:

MANY SHEEP

SECOMBE:

Whilst that record of sheep is being played, hear the remains of a Goon Show washed up on a Brighton beach near Croydon.

MILLIGAN:

(OLD) Yes, oh, yes! And in faded writing we see that the title is... mmuurrshyyuurrrr... hhuuurrrrlurrrveerrjurrrr. Part one.

ORCHESTRA:

MARTIAL THEME

SELLERS:

1917. England was at war.

SECOMBE

(FRENCH ACCENT) France was at war.

ECCLES:

I was at lunch! Ha ha! It's going to be tough...

SELLERS:

1917 and here is an impression of it.

GRAMS:

HEAVY SHELLING

SECOMBE:

Next, an impression of the inside of Gilbert Harding.

GRAMS:

CHEMISTRY LAB - BUBBLE AND BOIL FROM THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT

GRAMS:

BUGLE FANFARE

GREENSLADE:

Mon Dieu! Ze Retreat!

GRAMS:

PANICKED FLEEING WITH SCREAMS

SELLERS:

1917. British Chiefs of Staff call meeting.

GRAMS:

BARREL-ROLL PIANO

FX:

TEA CUPS CLATTERING, WHISTLING

SELLERS:

Yes, alright, that's enough, that's enough. After all, enough is as good as a feast.

SECOMBE:

Well, I haven't had enough. I haven't had enough.

SELLERS:

Oh, haven't you?

SECOMBE:

No.

SELLERS:

Well, swallow this obstacle.

SECOMBE:

Hup! (GULPS)

GRAMS:

POP, AHHHHH!

SECOMBE:

Oh, ho, delicious! What was it?

SELLERS:

It was enough.

SECOMBE:

Ha ha, I don't... I don't feel as if I've had enough.

SELLERS:

Well it *was* enough! It was marked on the tin "A-N-U-double-F. Nett weight four ounces." So you've just eaten a four ounce nuff.

SECOMBE:

Well, if that was a four ounce nuff, I haven't had enough nuff.

SELLERS:

Well, *I've* had enough. Say "Ahhh".

SECOMBE:

Aaaa...

FX:

GUNSHOT

SECOMBE:

Aaaaaaaahhhhh! I'm dying! At last, I've had enough!

ORCHESTRA:

TA-DA!

MILLIGAN:

End of part one. And now... mmuurrrshyyuurrrr... hhuuurrrrlurrrveerrjurrrr, part two.

MINISTER:

I called you Heads of Services together to break the news. Gentlemen, apparently for the last three years, we've been at war. W-A-R pronounced...

GRAMS:

MORE HEAVY SHELLING, WITH BUGLE

SEAGOON:

I say, it sounds jolly dangerous! Who are we at war with?

MINISTER:

That's what I keep asking myself. If only we knew, we could tell a policeman. We must try and capture one of those naughty enemies and find the nationality of his body.

SEAGOON:

Right. I'll go down to the labour exchange and get a body tester. End of Part 2, sir!

ORCHESTRA:

TA-DA!

MILLIGAN:

And now mmuurrrshyyuurrrr... hhuuurrrrlurrrveerrjurrrr, part three.

GREENSLADE:

The lounge of the East Acton labour exchange.

GRAMS:

TEA DANCE MUSIC FOLLOWED BY NEEDLE SCRATCH ACROSS RECORD FOLLOWED BY SMALL APPLAUSE/CHEERS

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, lads. Thank you, lads. I'm so glad you like bad music.

SIR MALCOLM:

[SECOMBE]

(BEING LOUTISH) 'Ere! Give us another tune on the old fiddle, there, dodge. What about the rock and roll, there? [UNCLEAR] rock and roll, there? What about that, then, the old [UNCLEAR]?

GRYTPYPE:

Later, Sir Malcolm, later, later. But first, here direct from his triumphant tour of the Paris labour exchanges - known as Eurovision. That great unemployed Frenchman, Count Jim Knee-trembler...

FX:

KNOCKING TIN CUPS

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty.

FX:

RIOTOUS APPLAUSE AND CHEERS WITH RASPBERRIES – FRED THE OYSTER

MORIARTY:

Merci. For my first number, I sing "Sous le toits de Paris".

FX:

WHILE SINGING: POOR FRENCH MUSIC, COINS DROPPED INTO TIN CUP

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, thank you. Ha-ha. Oh, no, no, no, no, no buttons, please, no buttons.

MANAGER:

[SECOMBE]

(NORTHERN ACCENT) Ohhh, well, I'll have you know that I'm the manager of this labour exchange.

WILLIUM:

Pardon me, manager. Any fear of work today?

MANAGER:

No, you can take that broken limbs kit off.

WILLIUM:

Only you gotta be careful these days, there's a lot of work about, matey.

MANAGER:

You know very well - as well as I do, matey - that this labour exchange always hoists south cones when there is any danger like that.

WILLIUM:

Yer, but I gotta be careful. Only three more days and I celebrate me fifty years without work.

MANAGER:

Fifty years unemployed? (LAUGHS) Good heavens! Fill in this form for your OBE.

GRAMS:

CATHEDRAL-SIZED BELL RINGING

WILLIUM:

Ahhh! Ohhh! Listen!

MANAGER:

What?

WILLIUM:

There goes the 'Danger of Work' bell!

MILLIGAN:

Quick! Barricade the door!

FX:

MAD HAMMERING

GRYTPYPE:

Give me the binoculars, Moriarty.

MORIARTY:

What can you see?

GRYTPYPE:

Nothing.

MORIARTY:

But which direction is it going in?

FX:

KNOCK AND OPEN DOOR

GRYTPYPE:

What do you want, knocker?

SEAGOON:

I'm from the War Office. Gentlemen, I think you should know that we're at war.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh. Was it something we've said?

SEAGOON:

Heavens, no. We want a decent chap to fly to Germany to try and capture one of the enemy. Intact.

MORIARTY:

Ah. What's it worth?

SEAGOON:

Well, the chap who is successful, there'll be a nice little nest-egg waiting for him.

MORIARTY:

Oh? How much in money?

SEAGOON:

No money. I told you, you'll get a nest with an egg in it.

MORIARTY:

I should risk my life for an egg and a nest?

SEAGOON:

Chickens do it all the time!

MORIARTY:

Then s...

SEAGOON:

(CHICKEN CLUCKS)

MORIARTY:

Then send a chicken!

SEAGOON:

Gad! What a brilliant idea! Chicken... 'shun! Quick March!

GRAMS:

MARCHING AND CLUCKING

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, here is a jolly Dutchman who'll obliterate himself with porridge, Manx Feldray.

MAX GELDRAVY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GRAMS:

MARTIAL MUSIC

MILLIGAN:

And now on the faded document I see mmuurrrshyyuurrrr... hhuuurrrrlurrrveerrjurrrr, part four.

GREENSLADE:

In which Grytpype and Moriarty leave the exchange and seek out their fortune.

GRAMS:

BLIZZARD

MORIARTY:

Ohhh! Ohhhhh! Ohhhhhh! We must find somewhere to sleep tonight!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. Look, there's a cottage 800 miles away.

MORIARTY:

I'll knock.

FX:

KNOCKING, DOOR OPENING

SEAGOON:

Ahhhh! Two men 800 miles away! Welcome to the manor, dear friends. It's only a luxury 50 million pound villa but... it's home to me. What's mine is yours! Let's be jolly friends forever!

GRYTPYPE:

(LAUGHS WITH SEAGOON) Is your name Charlie?

SEAGOON:

No. Why?

GRYTPYPE:

Well, you look like one.

SEAGOON:

No, no. My name's Neddie Seagoon, folks!

GRAMS:

ENORMOUS APPLAUSE AND CHEERING

SEAGOON:

Stop! (GRAMS STOPS) Aha, ha, ha! Ahhh, thank you, folks!

MORIARTY:

(DERANGED) Ahh, what a nice little place you have here, eh? What a nice little place. What a nice little room. A nice little floor. Nice, everybody's nice. Everybody's nice at this house, Grytpype. Ah, yes, sir.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

It is a nice place, isn't it, yes.

MORIARTY:

Yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

It belongs to Lord Delpus.

MORIARTY:

Lord 'Elpus!

SEAGOON:

Yes. I'm looking after it for him while he's away.

GRYTPYPE:

Will he be gone long?

SEAGOON:

Quite a while I should say, they buried him this morning.

GRYTPYPE:

What was the trouble?

SEAGOON:

Well, he'd been lying on his back for two days.

GRYTPYPE:

That doesn't mean a man's dead.

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha. This time it did. He was at the bottom of the lake.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh.

MORIARTY:

Owww. Poor man.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, Neddie. I'm going to be frank.

SEAGOON:

Right, I'll be Tom.

MORIARTY:

I'll be Gladys.

FX:

SLAP

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie. How would you like to buy these duff shares in the German Army?

SEAGOON:

Are they worth anything?

GRYTPYPE:

Of course! Do you know, I have certain information that I've just thought of, that the Germans are bound to win any war they enter.

SEAGOON:

What a chance!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes!

SEAGOON:

Wait here. I'll get my savings out of the P.O.

GRYTPYPE:

This I must see.

SEAGOON:

It's all in pennies.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, we don't mind spending pennies! Moriarty, count them.

GRAMS:

MORIARTY COUNTING FROM 1 TO MANY, SPEEDING UP; THEN EXPLOSION AND FALLING CHANGE

MORIARTY:

Fifty pounds.

FX:

CASH TILL

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, Ned. And now, a sailor's farewell.

GRAMS:

FOGHORN, SPEEDING UP AND POPPING

SEAGOON:

And so saying, the two nice men threw me out of the house.

GRAMS:

SPLASH

SEAGOON:

Who left that splash outside?

POLICEMAN:

[SELLERS]

Ere, your name Neddie Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Ha-ha. A river policeman standing in the river.

POLICEMAN:

Yeah, I'm on duty. I'm delivering your call-up papers.

SEAGOON:

Some mistake, I ordered the Times.

POLICEMAN:

Don't mess about now, there's a war on. W-A-R pronounced...

GRAMS:

"WARRRRRRR" SAID SPEEDED UP

POLICEMAN:

Your country needs you! Y-O-U pronounced...

GRAMS:

"YOOOUUUU" SAID SPEEDED UP

POLICEMAN:

Now, then. Try this 'ere cannon on for size.

SEAGOON:

Right (STRAINING NOISES, THEN ECHOEY) I say, this barrel is empty.

POLICEMAN:

Ha. It must have been rifled. (LAUGHS)

SEAGOON:

Hello!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Hello!

SEAGOON:

Ahh, an echo!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Ahh, an echo!

SEAGOON:

Mi, mi, mi, mi, mi.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Mi, mi, mi, mi, mi.

SEAGOON:

Holla-loo!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) Holla-loo!

SEAGOON:

I'm an idiot!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) You certainly are!

SEAGOON:

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

GRAMS:

ABOVE SAID AGAIN, ECHOED MANY TIMES

ARMY OFFICER:

[SELLERS]

Private Seagoon, I'm sending you to Aldershot. Follow this shell.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION AND SHELL WHISTLING OFF

SEAGOON:

Nooooo!

ORCHESTRA:

SCENE CHORDS

FX:

SCRATCH OF WRITING.

HENRY:

Draws, cellular, one. Shirts, angora, two. Tins, mess, one. Socks, worsted grey, two pairs. Photographs, Mansfield, Jayne, three. Guns, bang, one.

FX:

WINDOW BREAKING, THUMPS ON FLOOR

SEAGOON:

Ahhh haaaaaa..!

HENRY:

Ah, Min! A man's just come in through the roof!

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, the place is in such a mess, too, I...

HENRY:

Min!

SEAGOON:

Arrrrrrr...

HENRY:

Here he is.

MINNIE:

Oh. What? Poor fellow. What's your name, young man?

SEAGOON:

Arrggeeoooweeow!

MINNIE:

It's Mr. Arrggeeoooweeow.

HENRY:

Good morning.

MINNIE:

Morning Mr. Arrggeeoooweeow

OMNES:

"MORNING"S ALL ROUND FOR A WHILE, JOINED BY MANY OTHERS

SEAGOON:

Please! I'm Private Seagoon. I've... I've been sent here for my uniform. You see, England's at war!

MINNIE:

War? I'd better go and get the washing in!

HENRY:

Sir, we haven't a uniform big enough for you here but, er, go to this address.

SEAGOON:

"The Elephant Equipment Unit? Poona, India". Right. Farewell!

GRAMS:

RUNS OFF SINGING 'ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY', GETTING FASTER AND FASTER

GREENSLADE:

In anticipation of his arrival, the BBC have placed a microphone at his destination. So, over to that.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

GRAMS:

EXPLOSIONS, GURGLING, MOSQUITOS, FRED THE OYSTER, RASPBERRIES, RIPPING, SPEEDED UP
PROP PLANE, FOOTBALL RATTLE, EXPLOSIONS, FALLING DEBRIS

BLOODNOK:

(OVER GRAMS) Oooooohhhh! Ohhh! Ohhhhhh! Ohh! Oh! Oooh! Ohhhhh! Ah! Ohhhh! Oh! Oh-
hohhhh! Oh-ho-hohhhhhh! Oh, dear! Oh, dear, dear! Sergeant! Take 'em out and shoot 'em!

SERGEANT:

[SECOMBE]

(IRISH ACCENT) Oh, no, sir! I'll not go near them socks! Last time, they knocked me down and over-
powered me, sir!

GRAMS:

DOG WHINING

BLOODNOK:

You see what you've done, you've offended them. Down boys, down. Do you realise, sir, that these
socks were mentioned in dispatches?

SERGEANT:

Alright. Socks 'shun! Quick march! Left, right... (ETC. OFF)

FX:

SQUEAKY SOCKS THUMP OFF

BLOODNOK:

Gad, what a magnificent sight! A squadron of British Army socks on the march!

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR, UNDER FOLLOWING LINE

ECCLES:

(DISTRESSED DUCK QUACKING)

BLOODNOK:

Oh! Someone knocking on the door with a duck!

FX:

DOOR OPENING

BLOODNOK:

Oooooohhh!

ECCLES:

Hello, my darling!

BLOODNOK:

Eccles! What do you want?

ECCLES:

I love you, my darling! My love!

BLOODNOK:

Steady, madam! Steady, madam!

ECCLES:

Let me serenade you, my darling.

BLOODNOK:

What!?

ECCLES:

And I wrote this tune for you, darling.

FX:

REPEATED SINGLE BEATS ON LARGE DRUM

ECCLES:

Hoy! Encore!

FX:

SINGLE BEAT ON DRUM

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. It... brought tears to my knees.

ECCLES:

My little darling. I want you to have these, I picked these for you. I grew them myself.

BLOODNOK:

A handful of hair! How sweet. Singhiz!

SINGHIZ THING:

What?

BLOODNOK:

Put these in a jar of hair oil. Come inside.

ECCLES:

Come inside, you silly...

BLOODNOK:

You silly fellow! You military fool! Come inside.

ECCLES:

Ah, ta. It the spring, you know. It the spring, folks. I want some old-fashioned lovin'.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, right. Granny!

ECCLES:

No! No!

BLOODNOK:

Come down!

ECCLES:

Not that!

FX:

KNOCK AND DOOR OPENING, FOLLOWED BY STEAM TRAIN BRAKING

BLOODNOK:

Ooohhh! A puff-puff train!

SEAGOON:

Ahhh! How nice of you to meet me at the station, Major.

BLOODNOK:

Well, it was the least I could do. A quantity I specialise in!

SEAGOON:

I see.

BLOODNOK:

Well, now. Well, wh... Darling!

SEAGOON:

How's the war going?

BLOODNOK:

Well, the Germans are losing.

SEAGOON:

Oh, horrors! Folks! Folks! Then these shares are losing their value, folks! (WHINES) Folks!

BLOODNOK:

Don't worry, Neddie, folks. Look, here's a special offer: 10,000 unused 1904 calendars.

SEAGOON:

1904? That's gone.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, but if it ever comes back you'll make a fortune!

SEAGOON:

You loony military man! How can it come back?

BLOODNOK:

Great larruping nurglers! Look here. Look, Monday comes back once a week, December comes back once a year!

SEAGOON:

Well?

BLOODNOK:

Well, 1904'll come back, it just takes *longer*, that's all.

SEAGOON:

It's a deal!

BLOODNOK:

Arrhhgggg!

SEAGOON:

Aha, ha, ha! Here is an advance: one shilling and the Ray Ellington Quartet!

BLOODNOK:

Splin!

SEAGOON:

Splon!

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP"

GRAMS:

SHELLING

GREENSLADE:

On the Western front, Seagoon prayed for the Germans to win.

BLOODNOK:

I say, Colonel. There's something dashed strange about that Private Seagoon.

HUGH JYMPTON:

[MILLIGAN]

Ahhh, ah, yes?

BLOODNOK:

Yes. During that last German attack, all he did was point his finger at them and shout "Bang, you're dead!"

HUGH JYMPTON:

Ahhha, ohh, well, ahhh... Perhaps he'd run out of ammunition.

BLOODNOK:

No, he hasn't. I inspected his finger and it was fully loaded.

HUGH JYMPTON:

Is this true, Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Well, I... (NERVOUS LAUGH) It was like this, you see, I... I... I...

HUGH JYMPTON:

I'll give you ten seconds to answer the question.

ORCHESTRA:

COUNTDOWN-TYPE MUSIC

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry, I... I can't answer.

AMERICAN GAME SHOW HOST:

[SELLERS]

Well, hard luck. Anyway you won yourself a wonderful dishonorable discharge from the Army, so let's give him a great big haaaaand!

GRAMS:

WILD CHEERS AND APPLAUSE

ORCHESTRA:

BIG CHORD

AMERICAN GAME SHOW HOST:

Ho-hooooo!

SEAGOON:

And so I volunteered to become a civilian. I got measured for a coward's suit.

FX:

EASTERN CHANTING OVER SEWING MACHINE RATTLE

LALKAKA:

Mr Banajee, Mr Banajee.

BANERJEE:

That will be on the hit parade soon, you mind.

LALKAKA:

I know.

BANERJEE:

On the top of the Hindu hit parade, oh. What is it, man? What... what is it? What is it, now?

LALKAKA:

Look, Mr Banajee, are you positive... are you positive that Seagoon gentleman sahib has got a 30 inch chest and a 92 inch waist?

BANERJEE:

Oh, that the measurement that they're sent to me in the post today. That... therefore I can only presume that it is true.

LALKAKA:

But how can a man... how can a man be that shape and *live*? Now, listen... listen to me, man. The only way... the only way to move him must be to roll him along, you see.

BANERJEE:

But I hope you're not refusing to make this gentleman a suit.

LALKAKA:

Oh, no, no.

BANERJEE:

Because if so, you are... you're ruining our substantial business that we have created as dhurzis in the [UNCLEAR].

LALKAKA:

[UNCLEAR]. Listen to me, baboo, listen, baboo.

BANERJEE:

Ohhh, [UNCLEAR].

LALKAKA:

I am not... I'm n... I am not refusing you, you understand?

BANERJEE:

I understand. Yeah, I understand, I understand.

LALKAKA:

But I... but I... what I'm telling you is... It is just that I cannot believe, man, that... that any man can be this shape, you are understanding.

FX:

DOOR OPEN AND BELL RINGS

SEAGOON:

Morning!

LALKAKA:

Good heavens, it's true! Come in, sir, we won't keep you one moment.

BANERJEE:

Just sit down here and take your trousers off.

MORIARTY:

Hello, Neddie! Hiya, Neddie! Ha! Ha! Ha!

SEAGOON:

You! Spelled Y-O-U. Pronounced...

GRAMS:

VARIABLE SPEED "YOU"

SEAGOON:

What about those duff German Army shares? Germany's nearly lost the war!

MORIARTY:

Aha ha ho ho hoooo!

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, if you lend us those 1904 calendars, all will be well. Now, what I want to do about this is...
(FADES)

SEAGOON:

His idea was to drop the 1904 calendars in England by zeppelin making the English believe the war hadn't even started. Giving Germany the advantage. Er ha ha haaa! Giving Germany the advantage!

GRAMS:

PROP PLANE

GREENSLADE:

Meantime, midnight on a lonely anti-aircraft site in Epping Forest.

GRAMS:

TROPICAL FROGS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohh! What is that noise out there?

GRAMS:

FRED THE OYSTER

BLUEBOTTLE:

Advance, Major Bloodnok, and be recognised!

SPRIGGS:

Hello, Jim. (SINGS) Hello, Jiii-iiim. Hello, Jiiim.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hello, Jim.

SPRIGGS:

Jiiim, hello, Jim.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hello, Jii-iiim! Name the password.

SPRIGGS:

Oh, I don't know it, Jim. (SINGS) I don't know the password, Jiii-iiim!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Captain! Captain, hark!

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha! What is it? (MUMBLES IN HYSTERICAL STUPOUR) Ha-ha! Where was dollies... standing in...
(LAUGHS MANIACALLY)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Captain! This man doesn't know the passed-word.

SEAGOON:

Neither do I! Ha ha! Oh, dear! We'll... we'll have to take him in.

SPRIGGS:

What are you laughing at, Jim? What are you laughing at, Jiii-iiim? What are you laughing at, Jim?

SEAGOON:

What's he laughing at? Ha ha ha! Oh, dear! He can't see the funny side! He can't see the funny side!

BLOODNOK:

I told him not to wear them woolly underpants!

SEAGOON:

Woolly underpants! Woolly underpants! I never thought of that!

GRAMS:

SIX SPLASHES

BLUEBOTTLE:

Say it!

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Little Jim, Little Jim!

LITTLE JIM:

Gyaa, gyaa!

BLUEBOTTLE:

What's up?

LITTLE JIM:

(JABBERS CUTELY)

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh-hooooey! Suddenly sees studio audience. Hello, everybody.

GRAMS:

MASSIVE CHEERS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooo hoo hoo! Thank you, clappers, thank you. For my first song I will sing the rock-around.

ORCHESTRA:

ROCK GROOVE UNDER THE FOLLOWING

BLUEBOTTLE:

(SING-SPEAKS) You gotta rock and rock
You gotta rock all day
You've gotta rock around the clock all day
And you...

FX:

SOMETHING FALLING AND GOING THUNK

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aoowwhoooo! You've nutted me! I been nutted! Oh, my nut, nut, nut! Lumps on my nutty nut! Oh,
ho hoooo...

ORCHESTRA:

STOP PLAYING

GRAMS:

RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE, CHEERS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, you silly twits, I wasn't singing, I was in agony! I was hit on the head by this!

SPRIGGS:

Oh, Jim, it's a 1904 calendar!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor, is it 1904? I'd better... get back home to mum.

SPRIGGS:

What for?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I haven't been born yet!

SPRIGGS:

Ohhh, Jiiim!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Cor, my dad won't half cop it for this!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GREENSLADE:

(OVER RADIO) Here is a special news bulletin. British troops will come home from France at once.

SEAGOON:

Hooray, folks! They think it's 1904! The plan worked! My German Army shares will be worth a fortune!

BLOODNOK:

Wrong!

SEAGOON:

What?!

BLOODNOK:

The British dropped 1918 calendars on Berlin. And the Germans... surrender!

SEAGOON:

Ohhhhhhhhh, dear! Sounds like the end, doesn't it, Wal?

GREENSLADE:

Perfectly correct, Mr. Seagoon. Goodnight.

SEAGOON:

G'night, Wal.

GRAMS:

RUNNING WITH SEAGOON SHOUTING "I CAN SEE YOUR SOCKS, MORIARTY, I KNOW YOU'RE THERE!"

ORCHESTRA:

OUTRO

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, announcer Wallace Greenslade, the programme produced by Charles Chilton.

Notes:

Sir Malcol was possibly a reference to Sir Malcolm Sargent (1895 - 1967), a famous choral music conductor.

"Knee-trembler" is a euphemism for sexual intercourse.

"South (or north) cones" were downward (or upward) pointing cone-shaped signs that were hoisted up a mast by harbourmasters as a warning to shipping of approaching bad weather.

P.O. is a reference to The Post Office.