

## S9 E01 - The Sahara Desert Statue

Transcribed by Debby Stark, corrections by Peter Olausson. Final corrections by Helen.

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**GRAMS:**

DRIPPING WATER IN AN ECHOEY SEWER

**GREENSLADE:**

This is the BBC Light Programme and the roof leaks.

**OMNES:**

GASPS OF ASTONISHMENT

**Milligan:**

(OFF) Good heavens – secrets!

**GREENSLADE:**

Yes, even worse, I have a severely shattered shirt-tail.

**SECOMBE:**

Say that again, Wal.

**GREENSLADE:**

Severely shattered shirt.

**SECOMBE:**

Steady on. Remember what happened at rehearsal, Wal.

**ECCLES:**

Oh!

**SPRIGGS:**

It got a better laugh that way, too, Jim.

**SECOMBE:**

Stop!

**SPRIGGS:**

Oh, I will stop.

**SECOMBE:**

What's this approaching? It's a lorry driven by a Rolls Royce, isn't it? Yes, it is! It's that great thespian star of brouhaha-ha-ha, Berebohm Sellers!

**FX:**

CONSIDERABLE CHEERS, CLAPPING, WHISTLING

**SPRIGGS:**

Oh, he's not as popular as he used to be! I'll sing that bit, folks. (SINGS) He's not as popular as he used to beeee! (NORMAL) I also had...

**SELLERS:**

(HEAVY ACTOR ACCENT - ECHOEY) Aye [UNCLEAR] prunes. Noxt week, I shall be appearing in "The Impotence of Being Ernest". By Oscar Wilde, the blaggard of Reading jail. Yours, Neddie.

**SECOMBE:**

Ta.

**OMNES:**

SEVERAL, EACH IN TURN SAYING TA, TEE, TI, TOE, TUU!

**SELLERS:**

All together!

**OMNES:**

TOOOOO!

**SELLERS:**

Oh, what it is to have friends!

**SPRIGGS:**

I know, I once... Next question, please.

**SECOMBE:**

"Dear sir: My wife has just made a pancake thirty foot round. Is this a record?"

**MILLIGAN:**

I don't know, try playing it on the gramophone.

**SELLERS:**

Together, the band.

**ORCHESTRA:**

(SHOUT) Ta-da

**SELLERS:**

Ah! Caught with their instruments down!

**SECOMBE:**

And now, folks! Take up the slack while we unwrap this brown paper parcel.

**FX:**

PAPER RUSTLING

**SECOMBE:**

(INCREASINGLY SQUEAKY VOICE) Look! Ah, ah, look! (SQUEAKS)

**MILLIGAN:**

(OFF) What a... what an actor!

**SECOMBE:**

It's a life-sized Goon Show in imitation plastic!

**SPRIGGS:**

Oh, ho-hooo! And what are these little round things?

**SECOMBE:**

Gad! It's a set of spare glass jokes!

**SELLERS:**

Let us hear one, Tom.

**FX:**

GLASS BREAKS

**SPRIGGS:**

Ha-ho, that's an old one, Jim!

**GREENSLADE:**

Gentlemen?

**SPRIGGS:**

"Gentlemen"? What's up with you?

**GREENSLADE:**

This, ah, registered brassiere has just arrived by female.

**SPRIGGS:**

From a bosom friend! I got it in quick there. Thank you. Thank you, it won't last long, folks. And here now... here is an impression of Tom Sellers reading it.

**SELLERS:**

Ta, te, to, ta, too! This message...

**MILLIGAN:**

(OFF) And lo! He did it. What? And lo! He...

**SELLERS:**

This message shows this week's story of the French wine yards entitled "I Like Claret and (SINGS) to Hell!!! With Burgundyyyyyy!"

**SPRIGGS:**

Oh, and now, here wearing a three knot river, is page one.

**SECOMBE:**

Hello, folks! My name is Page One but it's spelt differently.

**SPRIGGS:**

What do you mean, it spelt differently?

**SECOMBE:**

D-I-F-F...

**SPRIGGS:**

(INTERUPTING) Yes, yes, yes, yes. But... but... but... but how do you pronounce it?

**SECOMBE:**

It's pronounced "bang", but it's spelt...

**GRAMS:**

EXPLOSION

**SECOMBE:**

But the 'E' is silent.

**SPRIGGS:**

Silent? Silent as in what?

**SECOMBE:**

There *is* no 'E' in 'what'.

**SPRIGGS:**

Yes, there is, Jim. Ohh, yes, there is, even though they're laughing. It's spelt with 'W-H-A-P-E'

**SECOMBE:**

That's pronounced, "Wha-pee!"

**SPRIGGS:**

Oh, not if the 'E' is silent, Jim.

**SECOMBE:**

Let's hear a silent 'E'.

**SPRIGGS:**

Right, a silent 'E'.

**SECOMBE:**

(PAUSE) Nothing!

**SPRIGGS:**

Right! They all saw it coming, didn't we? Now then, a word from... Peter Sellers!

**SELLERS:**

Drawers!

**SPRIGGS:**

Next week, another word!

**SELLERS:**

And now, for no reason at all, where did you get the money to escape from Australia?

**SPRIGGS:**

For no reason at all-lllllll..... My stand-in will answer that. Forward standee.

**SECOMBE:**

My name is Spike "Stand-In" Milligan. But the knees are silent as in trousers.

**SELLERS:**

Not... Not trembler?

**SECOMBE:**

Touche.

**SELLERS:**

Mr. Greenslade, answer that for me as me!

**GREENSLADE:**

My name is Peter Sellers.

**SECOMBE:**

And who's playing you?

**SELLERS:**

Me!

**SECOMBE:**

Then who's Peter Sellers?

**SPRIGGS:**

I am! But the "I" is silent as in looking.

**SECOMBE:**

Will you care to elaborate?

**SPRIGGS:**

Yes.

**SECOMBE:**

We have to wait. (LAUGHS)

**SPRIGGS:**

He gets them in somehow. It's a joke, folks! Oh-ha, ha, ha-ha-ha!

**SECOMBE:**

And "ha-ha, ha-ha-ha" is the right answer! So say "Ah!"

**SPRIGGS:**

Ah!

**FX:**

GUNSHOT, THEN TASTING

**SPRIGGS:**

Three-oh-three, my favorite bullet.

**SECOMBE:**

Do you like it? I fired it myself.

**SELLERS:**

Too much salt for me.

**SECOMBE:**

Who heard of too much salt in Sellers?

**SELLERS:**

I am not salt sellers, my name is Peter.

**SPRIGGS:**

Saltpeter!

**SECOMBE:**

That's an explosive!

**FX:**

EXPLOSION

**SELLERS:**

Oh, there I go!

**SPRIGGS:**

Thank you. Triumph of matter over mind.

**HERN:**

[SECOMBE]

And now from Peterborough, 17-year-old Manx Jeldray. And here he is, 17-year-old Manx Jeldray from... Peterborough!

**GELDRAY:**

Oh, boy, at last the breaks!

**SECOMBE:**

(OFF) Come along in the back, there!

**MAX GELDRAY:**

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

**GRAMS:**

PENGUIN CALLS, MOURNERS WAILING

**HERN:**

Och, that... that was contestant number four, 70 year-old Venice girl, [UNCLEAR]. So a big hand for contestant number four, 14 year-old Frank O'Roy from Leeds. A-ha, ha! Ha!

**FX:**

HALF-HEARTED CLAPPING

**SECOMBE:**

A-ha, ha. Ahem.

**GREENSLADE:**

Ta. Now, the Goon Show proper. I have in my left ventricle a copy of the Edict of Nantes holding an elephant cardigan. Through the hole drilled up the bottom, I can see the House of Commons. In the Strangers' Gallery, disguised as strangers, are two sinister figures rampant on a cloth of filetted spon. (SINGS) Spo-o-o-on!

**FX:**

SCRATCHING

**MORIARTY:**

Ah. Ohhh! Ah. Oh. Ah, the flin, the flin! Ah!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Moriarty.

**MORIARTY:**

Ah!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Will you stop the revolting buttock-scratching in the Strangers' Gallery?

**MORIARTY:**

But I've *got* strangers in my gallery!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Stop this noise in Parliament, do you hear? Do you want to wake them up?

**MORIARTY:**

But I...

**FX:**

YAWNING AND WATER SOUNDS

**GRYTPYPE:**

You fool, you've woken up Lord Tavener!

**MORIARTY:**

He's... he's getting out of the bath!



**TAVENER:**

[SECOMBE]

(VERY OLD) Now, now, members, mems and more. As I was saying... What?

**MEMBER:**

[GREENSLADE]

Hear, hear.

**TAVENER:**

As I... I was saying, do you realise that the Atomic Commission... (FADES)

**OMNES:**

CLAPPING

**TAVENER:**

You had better tell them, Lord Jewels.

**LORD JEWELS:**

(ALSO VERY OLD) We at the Atomic Commission have no idea what the effect of an atom bomb would be on a nude Welshman holding a rice pudding.

**BACKBENCHER:**

[MILLIGAN]

Do the... do the... do the Russians have this information?

**MEMBER:**

[SECOMBE]

No, and I would say... (GIBBERISH)...

**LORD JEWELS:**

Would Mr Bevan have any comment upon that?

**GRAMS:**

FRED THE OYSTER SPED UP

**LORD JEWELS:**

Thank you.

**INDIAN MEMBER:**

[MILLIGAN]

Gentlemen, gentlemen, the government are willing to pay – thank you – are willing to pay 1,000 pounds in cloth Hindu leggings for any Welshman who is willing to stand naked holding a rice pudding and hit by the powers of an atom bomb.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Moriarty?

**MORIARTY:**

What?

**GRYTPYPE:**

I know the very man. Come!

**MORIARTY:**

Owww!

**FX:**

TWO WHOOSHES

**GREENSLADE:**

Sure enough, those whooshes were pointed at an early Anglo-Saxon leaping house in Picadilly. Within, two men are repairing the ravages of Roman occupation.

**FX:**

SAWING SOUNDS, THUDS

**WILLIUM:**

(SINGING) I'm in love with you. Rose...

**SEAGOON:**

William! What are you doing in there?

**WILLIUM:**

Cutting me toenails, mate. When I gets in bed at night they tears the ceiling, mate.

**FX:**

KNOCKING

**BLOODNOK:**

I say, you in there!

**SEAGOON:**

Gad, it's Bloodnok, professional soldier and amateur landlord!

**BLOODNOK:**

Have you got a woman in your room?

**SEAGOON:**

I certainly have not!

**BLOODNOK:**

Well, get out of here, will you? This is not that kind of a house, do you hear?

**SEAGOON:**

Now he tells me, after all those nights of raffier and fretwork.

**MORIARTY:**

Knock, knock, knocky, knock, chum.

**SEAGOON:**

Knock, knock, knocky, knock, chum?

**MORIARTY:**

Yes.

**SEAGOON:**

That's the private number of the door knocker! Come in!

**FX:**

DOOR OPENS, RUSH OF FEET

**MORIARTY:**

Hello, Neddle!

**SEAGOON:**

I recognise those octagonal shin. Of course! It's Count Jim "Thighs" Moriarty! Voted Mr Knackers Yard of 1901! And known in Africa as the white Charlie Chaplin.

**GRYTPYPE:**

The steam count... (SELLERS CRACKS UP)

**MORIARTY:**

Pssssssh...

**GRYTPYPE:**

(SELLERS RECOVERING) ...has been commissioned to do a statue of the Sahara Desert holding a rice pudding and he wants you, Neddle, to pose for it.

**SEAGOON:**

Me? Pose as a desert?

**MORIARTY:**

Yes. Certane-ment, you're just the right size. And twice as barren.

**SEAGOON:**

Do I... Do I have to pose... N-U-D-E?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Of course you do. The Sahara never wears clothes.

**SEAGOON:**

Not even for supper?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Malicious rumours.

**SEAGOON:**

But you can't sit down to dinner nude. Supposing there are ladies present?

**THROAT:**

Ohhhh!

**SEAGOON:**

To continue: How long would I have to hold the pose for?

**GRYTPYPE:**

You don't have to hold any pose, Ned. You can move at will. Just as long as you don't move. Now, for salary. You will be paid in the current Bank of England cigarette card series of famous criminal footballers.

**SEAGOON:**

I accept!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Ta.

**OMNES:**

EACH IN TURN SAYING: TA, TEE, TEY, TO, TUU!

**GRYTPYPE:**

All together

**OMNES:**

TOOOO!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Yes, coming on very nicely, thank you. And now to contact the British Sahara Desert Atomic Centre. But, first, Ray Ellington will... erm... sing through his mouth and other things.

**RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:**

"WHEN I GROW TOO OLD TO DREAM"

**HERN:**

Thank you. [UNCLEAR] now to 16 year-old [UNCLEAR] from Portsmouth. A big hand, then, for the 13 year-old Ray Ellington from 13 year-old Portsmouth. A-ha, ha!

**GREENSLADE:**

Ta.

**GRYTPYPE:**

(OFF) Hear, hear.

**GREENSLADE:**

By... erm... by placing a microphone near Grytpype-Thynne's trousers, we pick up the thread which shows Ned in the Sahara Desert.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Now then, Ned, off with your clothes, Neddie!

**FX:**

CLOTH RIPPING

**SEAGOON:**

Whoop! There! How do I look?

**MORIARTY:**

Owww....

**GRYTPYPE:**

I suppose he makes *somebody* happy. Hold this rice pudding.

**SEAGOON:**

(GIGGLES)

**MORIARTY:**

(WHISPERS) Grytpype! Grytpype!

**GRYTPYPE:**

What?

**MORIARTY:**

It's only three minutes to zero hour before they drop the bomb, hurry! (SWEETLY, TO SEAGOON)  
Now, Neddie...

**GRYTPYPE:**

Yes.

**MORIARTY:**

Here, stand on this bull's eye... and don't move.

**FX:**

GRYTPYPE-THYNNE AND MORIARTY LEAVE IN TWO WHOOSHES

**SEAGOON:**

(ALONE) Don't... don't move, he said. Right. (HUMS) Gad, if only my mother could see me now.  
Posing for a statue of the Sahara, what a proud day for Wales! Not to mention sardines and kippers!  
(LAUGHS, CALMS SELF CONSCIOUSLY) (ASIDE) It's a bit early in the show, really isn't it, now.

**GREENSLADE:**

Ta. Seeing that Mr. Seagoon is in a state of, ah, dishabille...

**SEAGOON:**

Cheeky.

**GREENSLADE:**

...it would be appreciated if old ladies with binoculars... would all listen with your backs to the wireless or place a dark cloth over the speaker.

**MINNIE:**

(MUTTERING) Oh, dear, it's not fair, you know. Not fair.

**GRAMS:**

MULTIPLE OTHER MINNIES MUTTERING

**SEAGOON:**

Gad, this is living! Now, what was it that Moriarty said?

**FX:**

WHOOSH

**MORIARTY:**

I said "Don't move!"

**FX:**

WHOOSH

**SEAGOON:**

Ta. Wait! What's this approaching across the desert?

**ECCLES:**

(SINGING TO SELF, WORDLESSLY, UNDER...)

**SEAGOON:**

It's a ragged soldier clad in cement sacks playing an imaginary piano! He must be one of ours.

**ECCLES:**

(SINGING, UNDER..)

**SEAGOON:**

Good morning.

**ECCLES:**

(WITHOUT INTERRUPTING HIS SINGING) Morning. (CONTINUES SINGING, FINISHES. PAUSE. STARTS UP AGAIN)

**SEAGOON:**

Gad, that sun's hot!

**ECCLES:**

Well, you shouldn't touch it. (KEEPS SINGING, UNDER..)

**SEAGOON:**

(ASIDE) Well, it's touched you! (LAUGHS) Just then I caught a glimpse of the label on his head. It said, "Early English Idiot, circa 1899."

**ECCLES:**

I... I'm not an in-diot. Ask me any question, I'll tell you I'm clever, real clever. C-L... X-L-X – ER. Pronounced "agulgugluglm"!

**SEAGOON:**

All right, then. What's your name?

**ECCLES:**

Oh, the hard ones first, eh? My name's 'Hey, Now, Lord Salisbury'. Lord Salisbury? No, nope. He's got two pairs of trousers. Bridget Bar-dot?

**SEAGOON:**

Come on, man, your name!

**ECCLES:**

(GIBBERISH) My name, man. That's funny, I... I had it on the tip of my tongue.

**SEAGOON:**

Stick it out, then.

**ECCLES:**

Ahg.

**SEAGOON:**

Ah, yes. "Fred Smith, Esq." So you're Fred Smith Esquire.

**ECCLES:**

No, that's the name of my tongue.

**SEAGOON:**

We must be related! Smith is the maiden name of my right elbow.

**ECCLES:**

Well, I'd be better getting back to the barracks. How far is it to the fort, Fort Nose?

**SEAGOON:**

13 miles.

**ECCLES:**

13. That's unlucky.

**SEAGOON:**

All right, then. 14 miles.

**ECCLES:**

You see? It *was* unlucky. I'm a mile further away now. I shall go among you.

**FX:**

FAST SINGING OF SOME SORT REPRESENTING APPROACHING ARABS

**ECCLES:**

Look! The riffs.

**SEAGOON:**

I thought they were abroad.



**ECCLES:**

I'm off!

**FX:**

WHOOSH!

**SEAGOON:**

Now, I mustn't lose my head. If I keep dead still, the fiendish Arabs will think I'm a statue of a statue.

**FX:**

MUSIC ENDS, HORSES NEIGH

**RED BLADDER:**

[ELLINGTON]

Bahhhh! Well, look! Statue of fat man holding rice pudding! Just what I need to put in my harem. Keep wives happy till I get TV or more time. Get him up on horse! Hupp! Allah!

**FX:**

MUSIC RESUMES, HORSES NEIGHING

**GREENSLADE:**

Dear listeners: What a stroke of luck for Mr. Seagoon. Another thirty seconds and the A-bomb would have burst on that very spot. But wait! Someone approaches the danger zone!

**OMNES:**

VOICES SINGING

**VOICE:**

[MILLIGAN]

It's the long-lost number eight touring company of the desert song.

**OMNES:**

CONTINUE SINGING

**ACTOR:**

[SELLERS]

Ah, my dear. Look at the peaceful scene.

**MINNIE:**

Oh!

**ACTOR:**

Let us rest here in the shade of this grasshopper's leg.

**MINNIE:**

Oh!

**ACTOR:**

Oh, the inspiration!

**MINNIE:**

I know!

**ACTOR:**

I feel a song coming on, my dear.

**FX:**

WHISTLING SOUND OF APPROACH OF BOMB COMING CLOSER UNDER THEIR WORDS

**BOTH:**

(SINGING) Because of you...

**FX:**

EXPLOSION; THINGS SETTLE; TWO WHOOSHES

**MORIARTY:**

(OUT OF BREATH) Look, Grytpype!

**GRYTPYPE:**

What?

**MORIARTY:**

He's there, a direct hit! But he's in bits! Otherwise, he's alright.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Yes.

**MORIARTY:**

Come on, wake up, Neddie, it was only an atom bomb (LAUGHS)

**GRYTPYPE:**

No, let me. Allow me, Moriarty, I'm rather good at jigsaw puzzles.

**MORIARTY:**

Yes, yes.

**GRYTPYPE:**

Now that bit goes in there...

**MORIARTY:**

Yes, yes?

**GRYTPYPE:**

This leg... goes there.

**MORIARTY:**

Yes?

**GRYTPYPE:**

That bit in there... And this goes in there!

**MINNIE:**

No!

**GRYTPYPE:**

No, it doesn't, no, no, I'm sorry. Wait a moment. This knee fits here.

**MORIARTY:**

The knee!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Gad, he's...

**MORIARTY:**

What?

**GRYTPYPE:**

Horrors of mutation! He's changed! He's turned into more than one person!

**MORIARTY:**

Well, there was always enough of him!

**GRYTPYPE:**

Let's get him to the Atomic Centre!

**MORIARTY:**

Right, we get him there!

**FX:**

DRAMATIC SCENE-CHANGING MUSIC

**GREENSLADE:**

There, then, we have the situation. But the capture of the nude Neddie soon came to the attention of the OC, Fort Bowels, Kenya.

**FX:**

BLOODNOK THEME. BATTLE SOUNDS. SHIP'S HORN BLOWS LOUDLY, SPEEDS UP, WATER GOING DOWN PLUG HOLE. BLOODNOK REACTS TO EACH SOUND WITH VARIOUS HORRIFIED "OH"S

**BLOODNOK:**

Oh, oh! (VARIOUS BLOODNOKIAN NOISES) Oh, dear, dear, dear. Oh, there must be a cure for it, oh, dear. Oh...

**CAPTAIN:**

[SECOMBE]

Knock, knock!

**BLOODNOK:**

Come in, knock, knock!

**CAPTAIN:**

Good morning, Major.

**BLOODNOK:**

Gad, it... it's Secombe playing a different part! Curse these small-budget shows! What's in that envelope?

**JYMPTON:**

[MILLIGAN]

The next part of the plot...

**BLOODNOK:**

What?

**JYMPTON:**

...and a messenger in the plain wrapper.

**FX:**

OPENS WRAPPER

**BLOODNOK:**

So it is! Come out! Speak up, gollywog, or I'll have you flunned.

**FX:**

POP

**ARAB:**

[SECOMBE]

(ARAB-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)

**BLOODNOK:**

Tell him... we can't understand what he's saying.

**JYMPTON:**

Oh. Er... Gala-tane-gogogogong gala-tagataga.

**ARAB:**

Gala-tagataga? Gala-tagataga?? (BABBLES ANGRILY)

**JYMPTON:**

He says *he* doesn't understand what he's saying, either.

**BLOODNOK:**

Then I was right!

**JYMPTON:**

Er, yes.

**BLOODNOK:**

Ohhhh! Even as I spoke...

**JYMPTON:**

Ohhhh!

**BLOODNOK:**

...the native plunged his hand into his lunch basket and drew out a glass ball. A daring move on his part.

**CAPTAIN:**

It's a fortune teller's ball.

**BLOODNOK:**

What?! Why weren't we invited, I... I say! Oh, I can't resist 'em. Hand me the turban. Now, crystal ball, what can we see? Turn up the brightness. A-ha, haaa! It's a nude Welshman holding a rice pudding!

**MINNIE:**

Ohhhh!

**BLOODNOK:**

Being abducted into Red Bladder's harem! Action! Bugler!

**BUGLER:**

[SECOMBE]

Yo?

**BLOODNOK:**

Sound the sound of the buge!

**BUGLER:**

Right. Ahem! (TRIES TO MAKE BUGLE NOISES WITH LIPS, FAILS)

**FX:**

GUNSHOT

**BUGLER:**

(MOUTH BUGLE DIES AND FADES)

**ORCHESTRA:**

MUSIC, REAL BUGLER

**GRAMS:**

MARCHING BOOTS

**BLOODNOK:**

Left, right, left, left... (SPEEDS UP MARCHING) Come on, pick it up, men. Come on, pick up those doggies (SLOWER, FASTER, ETC)

**CAPTAIN:**

Ensign! Ensign!

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Yes, capi-capi-captain, what is it?

**CAPTAIN:**

How far from Red Bladder are we?

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

I think we must be within earshot.

**CAPTAIN:**

Why?

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

He just shot off one of my ears!

**OMNES:**

SINGING: "AND HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW AND SO SAY ALL OF US, HEY!"

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Thank you, thank you, Bluebottlers! I'm glad to back. And the good news, now. During the summer hols, guess what happened? I started to grow hairs on my little legs! (LAUGHS) Nature is preparing me for marriage! Hoo-ray! For the next part, I will...

**FX:**

SLAP

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

Eh! Hey, you hit me like that again and see what happens!

**FX:**

SLAP

**BLUEBOTTLE:**

See what happens?

**CAPTAIN:**

Look!

**GRAMS:**

TRAIN PULLING INTO STATION

**BLOODNOK:**

Gad, it's the 4:20 Arab fort from Islington! Dead on time! Take cover, lads!

**CAPTAIN:**

There's the Red Bladder, up in the battlements!

**BLOODNOK:**

Do you think he's going to capitulate?

**CAPTAIN:**

I don't know. I should stand back in case he does.

**BLOODNOK:**

Yes! Eccles, Eccles, Eccles?

**ECCLES:**

Ya?

**BLOODNOK:**

You speak the language.

**ECCLES:**

Yeah.

**BLOODNOK:**

You challenge him.

**ECCLES:**

Okay. Red Bladder? You can't frighten me!

**FX:**

GUNSHOT

**ECCLES:**

Ow, he frightened me!

**BLOODNOK:**

Bladder! I give you til dawn to get out and surrender... or the new rent act will come into force!

**ORCHESTRA:**

SCENE-CHANGING MUSIC

**GREENSLADE:**

Meanwhile, the PM addresses the House.

**PM:**

[SELLERS]

I, mems, ma'ams and mumses. I have just received great news. The Atomic Commission have ascertained that when a nude Welshman holding a rice pudding is struck by an atomic bomb, he turns into a fully clad Number Eight Touring Company of The Desert Song.

**MEMBER:**

[MILLIGAN]

Then Britain leads the world!



**OMNES:**

CHEERS

**GRAMS:**

"LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY"

**SPRIGGS:**

Soon, all over England, reactors were set up and atomic furnaces were turning nude Welshmen into Number Eight Touring Companies of The Desert Song! Song, song, song, song, sing, sing, sing (ETC, FADES INTO MORSE CODE) Oh, they've taken over.

**HERN ANNOUNCER:**

[SELLERS]

And it was ascertained today that England now leads the world in the production of Number Eight Desert Song touring companies.

**GREENSLADE:**

And what of Neddie?

**GRYTPYPE:**

To this day, he stands stock still as a statue in a harem. One move would mean... Huh. Well, the unkindest cut of all.

**GREENSLADE:**

I think they've finished. So would you all leave quietly? Thank you.

**GRAMS:**

NOISE AND VOICES OF GENTLEPEOPLE LEAVING, SOME LIGHT MUSIC IN THE BACKGROUND. FADES TO SILENCE

**GREENSLADE:**

I expect you're surprised but that was the Goon Show. In real life they are disguised as Wally Stott's orchestra, the Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray, Harry Secombe, Peter Sellers and Spike Milligan. Who also writes the thing. The only unreal persons in this recording were Wallace Greenslade, announcer. And the producer, John Browell, who prefers to be called...

**ORCHESTRA:**

END MUSIC "DING, DONG, THE WITCH IS DEAD"