

Vintage E01 - The Mummified Priest

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

For the benefit of listeners overseas, the BBC transcription service presents "Vintage Goons." These programmes were broadcast to British listeners some years ago before the Goons became a household word in all parts of the world. So, direct from the J Arthur Rank gong beating school, we present Peter Slanders, Hatty Seaton and Spot Millican in...

SEAGOON:

The Gong Show!

GRAMS:

THE BLUE DANUBE

SELLERS:

Egypt, ancient Egypt, land of monolithic pyramids.

MILLIGAN:

(THESP) Ahhh, Egypt! Palace of the Karnak's fallen temples.

SELLERS:

Egypt. (SHOUTS) EGYPT!!

MILLIGAN:

Oh.

SELLERS:

(RICHARD III VOICE) Egypt, where yesteryear's thousand ghosts live on into tomorrow's morrow. Ah, Egypt, thou house of lock-ed secrets. Egypt, thou all-mother. Egypt, thou phoenix.

SEAGOON:

Ahh, Clapham Common, thou place of fallen arches.

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and Gentlemen, for those of you who would dabble in the occult, listen while we reveal to you in all its pristine brilliance the story of...

SEAGOON:

The Mummified Priest!

ORCHESTRA:

EGYPTIAN MUSIC

GRYTPYPE:

It was 1889, a very bad year for me; I died. However, our story concerns a youth, Neddie Seagoon. A young, swaggering fellow. Women... women threw themselves at his feet.

SEAGOON:

It was the best looking part of me. I was studying at Cambridge University, tradition you know. My father had been a light blue, mainly due to poor circulation. However... I followed in his footsteps... too. And after three years' hard study, I finally managed to fail my exams. It was a shock, but my more intelligent classmates comforted me in my sorrow.

ECCLES:

Dere, dere, Neddie. We can't all be clever, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

No, you should know, Eccles.

ECCLES:

I know Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Yes. How did you get on?

ECCLES:

I got a special anniver... I... I... I got a special anniversary diploma!

SEAGOON:

What for?

ECCLES:

For 17 years in de kindergarten.

SEAGOON:

I don't believe it! 17?

ECCLES:

Well, yeah, de teacher won't let me leave.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

ECCLES:

(PROUDLY) I married her. Ha ha ha ho! Oh, diddleumdi.

SEAGOON:

Married *you*?

ECCLES:

Yeah! Well, after all, I'm... I am only human, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

I hadn't noticed it.

ECCLES:

Well, she has! (LAUGHS)

FX:

DOOR RATTLES AND OPENS

SEAGOON:

Ah, professor Spon, come in, sir.

SPON:

[SELLERS]

Thank you, Secombe. As you're leaving college, I've recommended you for a post with the British Museum.

SEAGOON:

British Museum, sir? But... could... could... could... could I do the job?

SPON:

Do it? It's right up your street.

SEAGOON:

Well, that'll save bus fares.

SPON:

It's Egyptology. And I've recommended Eccles as well.

ECCLES:

Oh, goody, goody, mine, mine. Ohhh, what's the money like?

SPON:

It comes in various sizes. Pennies, thre'penny bits, you know. They pay according to intelligence.

ECCLES:

(INDIGNANT) We can't live on nothing!

SPON:

Live on nothing?

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SPON:

Ahahahaha! Rubbish!

SEAGOON:

And so we lived on rubbish. But I... I... I got the job, assistant Egyptologist. It was easy work but the hours were very long - seventy minutes each. One winter's night, I was working late... (FADE)

FX:

DOOR OPENS

HENRY:

(TUNE) ha ha ha hee ho. Secombe!

SEAGOON:

What? What? What, Mr Crun?

HENRY:

Good news, good news!

SEAGOON:

Really? What... what good news?

HENRY:

It's... it's... it's... (MOUTH NOISES, TRAIL OFF)

SEAGOON:

At your age?

HENRY:

It's good news! I've just been in the "Victoria and Albert."

SEAGOON:

I didn't know you drank?

HENRY:

No! The museum!

SEAGOON:

Oh.

HENRY:

They're sending us an ancient Egyptian script to translate.

SEAGOON:

Supposing we fail?

HENRY:

We won't! I know two men who are experts in reading ancient scripts!

SEAGOON:

Who?

HENRY:

Bob Hope and Steve Allen.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR UNDER...

HENRY:

Ah, this might be it coming. (SHOUTS) Coming, coming!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

Argh... Where's de door gone?

HENRY:

I opened it, sir. Why are you reaching over my shoulder?

ECCLES:

I've still got hold of de knocker! Dis parcel is from de "Victoria and Albert."

HENRY:

Thank you, thank you, my man. Here's a thre'penny tip. Mind the fog. Good night.

ECCLES:

Good night.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

SEAGOON:

Mr Crun?

ECCLES:

Um... 'E's just gone out.

SEAGOON:

Oh, well. Well, if anybody calls, tell them he's out.

ECCLES:

OK. Dere's something funny goin' on 'ere, folks.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DOOR

ECCLES:

Coming!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

ECCLES:

Oh.

HENRY:

Arrrr.. ha ha ha. I am a silly old man.

ECCLES:

I'm... I'm sorry, Mr Crun ain't in.

HENRY:

Oh. When... when will he be back?

ECCLES:

Um... I'll... I... (SHOUTS) When will he be back, Mr Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

(OFF MIC) Ah, he... he... he shouldn't be long.

ECCLES:

He... he won't be long.

HENRY:

Ah, good, good, good. Can I come in and wait?

ECCLES:

You can... yeah, yeah, come in, come in.

HENRY:

Thank you, thank you.

ECCLES:

Sit down.

HENRY:

Thank you, thank you. Hmm. (SINGS)
In the twi... twi... twilight,
out in the wonderful twilight.
(TO ECCLES) You're sure he won't be long?

ECCLES:

Oh... Sure.

HENRY:

Good, good, good, good. Well, I'll wait a little longer then. (SINGS)
We all go out for a walk, walk, walk.
(CONTINUES SINGING UNDER..)

SEAGOON:

(OFF MIC) Who's doing that beautiful belle canto singing in the hall?

ECCLES:

I'll find out. Um, what's your name, sir?

HENRY:

Henery Crun.

ECCLES:

Ohh, dere's somebody 'ere to see you!

HENRY:

I can't spare the time, I'm waiting for somebody myself. I cant... I can't see anybody.

ECCLES:

You can't see anybody? Why not?

HENRY:

I've got my eyes shut!

ECCLES AND HENRY:

(LAUGH - TURNS INTO TUNE - STOPS ABRUPTLY)

GREENSLADE:

Listeners will note the cunning way the Goons fill in time on their programme.

SEAGOON:

Ah, Mr Crun. I see you have the parcel.

HENRY:

Yes, yes. Let us open it! Thank you.

FX:

PARCEL BEING OPENED

HENRY:

Ah, very unusual. Wrapped in string and tied with paper.

SEAGOON:

(STRAINS) Ah, oh. I can't get this string undone.

ECCLES:

Let me try wid de scissors.

FX:

SNIPPING UNDER...

ECCLES:

(SINGS)dum de dum...dum de dee, dum de dum, dum... Dere. How's dat?

SEAGOON:

Very nice. But I... I didn't want a haircut.

ECCLES:

But it suits you! It suits you, Neddie!

HENRY:

Here it is, Secombe! The ancient scripts they sent us!

SEAGOON:

Let me see it! Good heavens! These... these writings must be over four thousand years old!

HENRY:

How do you know?

SEAGOON:

The ink's dry.

HENRY:

Ta daahh!

SEAGOON:

Now lets... lets get to work. Hand me that camel's hair brush.

ECCLES:

You goin' to brush a camel?

GREENSLADE:

At three in the morning, Secombe has completed the first rough translation.

SEAGOON:

Crun! It's the personal narrative of an Egyptian priest. And it says he was buried sitting down. I wonder why?

HENRY:

Perhaps he was tired.

SEAGOON:

Yes, well, let... let...let's play Max Geldray. Round the back for the old brandy, there!

ECCLES:

The brandy!

GRAMS:

RUNNING FEET

MAX GELDRAI:

"IT'S GOT TO BE YOU"

FX:

DOOR OPENS

HENRY:

Ah... Mr Crune? Crune, I've finally translated the whole script and it's astounding!

MINNIE:

It's astounding, buddy!

HENRY AND MINNIE:

Talk Over Each Other.

HENRY:

It gives the location of a long-dead Egyptian priest's tomb! And it must be full of gold!

MINNIE:

Gold!

SEAGOON:

Gold!

HENRY:

Gold.

SEAGOON:

Gold? Give me that script!

HENRY:

No, no, it must go to the Bank of England, they need it...

SEAGOON:

Give me that script! Or I'll kill you by death!

HENRY:

(GASPS) No! No... No, don't... don't kill me! I'm too old to die!

SEAGOON:

Nonsense, you're just the right age. Give me that script! Give it here!

FX:

FIGHT, RIPPING SOUNDS

HENRY:

(MOVING AWAY FROM MIC) Arrrrrgggghhhhhhhh.....

FX:

BODY HITTING GROUND/TRAPDOOR CLOSING - KNOCKING ON TRAPDOOR UNDER...

HENRY:

Seagoon! Seagoon! Help! Don't leave me down this deep cellar!

MINNIE:

Let us out.

SEAGOON:

(PANTING) No one will ever find you down there, Crun. Or you, Minnie.

MINNIE:

Ohh.

HENRY:

Let us out!

SEAGOON:

Goodbye!

HENRY:

You must let us out. It's our half-day off today!

MINNIE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

You'll starve to death, Crun! I'm off to Egypt and the gold! (MANIACAL) A ha ha ha!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINKING MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

Leaving Mr Crun buried alive in a deep cellar, Neddie, mad with the gold lust, the ancient script in his pocket, left England for Egypt to seek the long-dead Egyptian priest.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Once in Cairo I made contact with a British-type resident.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

GRAMS:

FLIES ETC UNDER...

BLOODNOK:

Oh, oh, oh...ows, ows...(SLAPS AT FLIES) Blast these flies! Oh, they're everywhere! Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

As he spoke, he put down his box of flies and match-tray.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, Bloodnok's the name. Major Bloodnok. Ex-Indian Army, retired diplomat and former plumber's mate.

SEAGOON:

Pleased to meet you, Major. My name is...

BLOODNOK:

Don't tell me, don't tell me. Dismantle me dragglers! You must be Ned Seagoon!

SEAGOON:

Why must I be?

BLOODNOK:

Who else could walk under a piano stool?

GELDRAV:

(OFF) Hup!

SEAGOON:

Yes. Major, I've just arrived from England.

BLOODNOK:

I know you have.

SEAGOON:

How?

BLOODNOK:

You just told me.

SEAGOON:

So, you've been listening?

BLOODNOK:

Only by ear.

SEAGOON:

I accept your apology.

BLOODNOK:

Good luck! So, just out from Blighty, eh?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Unfortunately, I was forced to travel by sea.

BLOODNOK:

Why?

SEAGOON:

Too expensive by boat.

BLOODNOK AND SEAGOON:

(LAUGH)

BLOODNOK:

Oh, capital, capital!

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Well, let's have a drink. (SHOUTS) Singhiz Thing!

FX:

HORSE GALLOPING

SINGHIZ THING:

What are you desiring, European-type sir?

BLOODNOK:

Singhiz, dismount. Four double brandies, please.

SINGHIZ THING:

I'll do it right away, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Excellent, excellent. Now Seagoon, what are you going to have?

SEAGOON:

I'll have a "Southampton"

BLOODNOK:

A "Southampton"? What is a "Southampton"?

SEAGOON:

A large port!

BLOODNOK:

I don't wish to...(DROWNED OUT BY AUDIENCE CHEERING) Now Seagoon, to business.

SEAGOON:

Yes, Major. I've come here for a very good reason.

BLOODNOK:

That's a very good reason.

SEAGOON:

I'm glad you agree. Can I... can I speak to you privately?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes. No one can hear you here.

SEAGOON:

Right. I'm looking for a tomb.

(PAUSE)

BLOODNOK:

In your condition, a wise move.

SEAGOON:

This tomb, Bloodnok, bears the treasures of a priest belonging to the third or fourth dynasties.

BLOODNOK:

Fourth Dynasties? My old regiment! Roper's Light Horse. I remember them well

SEAGOON:

I have a document which indicates the location of the tomb.

BLOODNOK:

Where is it?

SEAGOON:

The Valley of Eagles!

BLOODNOK:

(ASTOUNDED) The Valley of Eagles?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

(ASTOUNDED) Light me crud and throttle me dongler! The Valley of Eagles?! Oh, ho ho, good gracious! Well, well, well! The Valley of Eagles! Oh, dear, oh, dear! Oh, ho, that place!? THAT place?! Oh, ho ho ho!

SEAGOON:

You've heard of the place?

BLOODNOK:

(CALM) Vaguely, yes, yes. Why? Why?

SEAGOON:

I want you to lead an expedition there.

BLOODNOK:

WHAT!? Only a raving idiot'd do that!

SEAGOON:

Then you'll come?

BLOODNOK:

Of course. Now, what about wages?

SEAGOON:

No wages, but everything found in the tomb we'll split fifty-fifty.

BLOODNOK:

Fifty-fifty, me eye! I want half or nothing!

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) Curse, a business mind. (ALOUD) Very well, half or nothing.

BLOODNOK:

I accept.

SEAGOON:

Cunning devil. Well... (SPLUTTERS) All right!

BLOODNOK:

Splendid, splendid. We'll seal it with a drink! Singhiz Thingz!

SINGHIZ THING:

All right, I'm coming, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Ten thousand double whiskies!

SINGHIZ THING:

I'll do it at once, sir.

ORCHESTRA:

LINKING MUSIC - TURNS INTO EGYPTIAN BAZAAR, "SNAKE CHARMER"-TYPE MUSIC

OMNES:

EGYPTIAN BAZAAR SHOUTS UNDER...

GREENSLADE:

The great expedition was made ready to search for the tomb of the long-dead Egyptian priest.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, six foot four long, to be correct.

ECCLES:

Get up! Get up, you naughty animal!

SEAGOON:

Why, it's "Mad Dan" Eccles! Having trouble?

ECCLES:

This mule won't get up.

SEAGOON:

Have you tried a nice, juicy carrot?

ECCLES:

I've eaten three but he still won't move.

SEAGOON:

Well, let him sit there!

ECCLES:

I... Major Bloodnok wants to ride him.

SEAGOON:

He can ride another one.

ECCLES:

He's underneath *dis* one.

BLOODNOK:

Get this stupid animal off me! I'm wearing clean underpants and a clean sock!

SEAGOON:

Stay where you are, Major, I'll... ha, ha... I'll have you out before you can say "Jack Robinson".

BLOODNOK:

Jack Robinson! You liar.

SEAGOON:

Where's my mule minder, first class?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Mule minder ready for active service, sir! Thinks: Is he losing his popularity? See, I have my mule-train leather lash whip! Flicks out lash.

FX:

SLAP

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, ho, my earhole! I'm always doin' dat.

SEAGOON:

Silence or you'll get a conk up the punch! I mean a punch up the conk. Now, drag that mule to its feet!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aye-aye, captain, I will do that. Moves forward to naughty mule. Hello, mule. Nice mule. Nice friend-of-man mule. Arise, I say. Mule. Here, take this knob of sugar from my hand, naughty mule. Holds out sugar on end of twenty-foot pole.

GRAMS:

MULE WHINNIES

FX:

GALLOPING MULE, SINGLE DRUM "BOING"

BLUEBOTTLE:

Eiugh! You rotten swine friend-of-man, you! You kicked me in my areas behind the lines! Oh, the indignity! I shall leave the camp! Farewell, cruel world, farewell! Exits left, towards burning desert, but really hides behind NAAFI.

SEAGOON:

Just for that dreadful performance, here is Ray Ellington.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, the ginger wine!

SEAGOON:

Yes! Yes!

FX:

RUNNING FEET

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"LITTLE DARLIN"

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Ladies and Gentlemen! Now, before we set off gentlemen, let's... check that vital list of stores. Dr Greenslade? You have a list?

GREENSLADE:

Only a very slight one, sir.

SEAGOON:

It's the old brandy 'round the back there. Splendid. Now, stand by to check. First...

GREENSLADE:

Yes, sir.

SEAGOON:

One crate containing three leather fire engine.

GREENSLADE:

Aha.

SEAGOON:

Right. One parcel containing a tall, thin hairless Abyssinian laundry manager, with low boots.

GREENSLADE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

A large chest containing Jane Mansfield and one large chest.

GREENSLADE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Sixty gross of anti-snore night-shirts with cold kippers sown inside.

GREENSLADE:

Correct.

SEAGOON:

Aha, crate number four, no contents listed.

GREENSLADE:

I'll open it, sir.

FX:

CROWBAR REMOVING NAILS

ECCLES:

Ooh! 'Bout time, too.

SEAGOON:

Eccles! What are you doing in there?

ECCLES:

I wasn't doin' anything in there! I was just avoidin' certain people, my man.

SEAGOON:

You'll get a knighthood for this.

ECCLES:

Ooh, ta.

BLOODNOK:

(OFF) Seagoon? We're ready to move off!

SEAGOON:

Right. (SHOUTS) Forwrrrrrrrd!!!!!!

ORCHESTRA:

TREK THROUGH THE DESERT MUSIC

OMNES:

EGYPTIAN BAZAAR CRIES

GREENSLADE:

On and on into the relentless valley marched the tomb-seekers. Above, the burnished brass sun. And at their head, the old stager who knew his was through that valley... blindfolded.

BLOODNOK:

(PANTS) Let's stop and take this blasted blindfold off for a minute.

SEAGOON:

Right. HALT!

ECCLES:

(OFF) I heard you.

SEAGOON:

(ASIDE) Put your shoes back on. (ALoud) How much further?

BLOODNOK:

Roughly sixty miles.

SEAGOON:

I know it's roughly sixty, but what is it exactly?

BLOODNOK:

Exactly seventy miles.

SEAGOON:

Well, we'll go roughly, it's ten miles shorter.

BLOODNOK:

So it is, yes.

SEAGOON:

Ten miles nearer the tomb and the treasure. (GETTING Madder) The treasure that Mr Crun tried to deprive me of! But I'll have it! (LAUGHS MANIACALLY). The treasure. Treasure, ha, ha, ha, I'll have it! I'll have it!! (CALMS DOWN) Why... why are you all... staring like that at me, eh? Why are you staring at me like that?!!

BLOODNOK:

Umm... err... Well... because you're... you're so beautiful.

SEAGOON:

Ahhh, hey... For a moment, I thought you were going to lie to me.

BLOODNOK:

(ASIDE) Greenslade? Greenslade?

GREENSLADE:

Yes?

BLOODNOK:

He thinks he's beautiful.

GREENSLADE:

Yes, I know. You see, it's the first sign of madness.

ECCLES:

(SHOUTS) Oh, beautiful?

BLOODNOK AND GREENSLADE:

Yes, Eccles?

SEAGOON:

Yes, the desert madness had got us. But the lust for gold drove us on. On towards the hidden tomb.

GRAMS:

VULTURES CRYING

ECCLES:

Ohh. Look up dere. Dere's vultures circlin'... dere's vultures circlin' around.

SEAGOON:

What are they doing up there?

ECCLES:

Flying.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok. Bloodnok, do you think they're waiting... waiting to eat us?

BLOODNOK:

I'm not sure. But keep your eyes on the ones carrying knives and forks.

SEAGOON:

(SHOUTS) Wait! Look! We're saved! Look! A house!

ECCLES:

It is a house.

SEAGOON:

A house, yes!

ECCLES:

A house!

BLOODNOK:

It's not, it's a mirage.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense, it's a house surrounded by trees. Let's go in.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BLOODNOK:

I still say it's a mirage.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense. Bluebottle, Eccles, search the house for food.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Alright den.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHING) So, Bloodnok. You think this house is a mirage, eh? You'll soon see. (SHOCKED) It's vanished. Gone. You were right. A mirage.

BLOODNOK:

(SADLY) I told you it was.

ECCLES:

(GETTING LOUDER) Aaaaarrrrrrrrrrggggggghhhhhhhhhhhh

FX:

BODY HITTING GROUND

ECCLES:

Oowoooooww!

BLOODNOK:

Eccles, what happened?

ECCLES:

I was upstairs!

ELLINGTON:

Seagoon! Seagoon boss, I found it!

ECCLES:

(OFF) Who's this fellow?

ELLINGTON:

I found the entrance to the tomb! Follow me!

GRAMS:

LOTS OF RUNNING FEET UNDER...

BLOODNOK:

Oh-ho!

ECCLES:

Follow him!

SEAGOON:

Yes! Look, he's right! This is it! It's a long, dark tunnel, leading underground.

BLOODNOK:

Lead on then, lead on.

FX:

WALKING FEET UNDER...

SEAGOON:

Right.

ECCLES:

Oh. Yeah. Hey, it's dark down 'ere.

SEAGOON:

So we walked, down, down, down. Into a labyrinth of ancient tunnels. But still no sign of the actual burial chamber.

BLOODNOK:

(SHOUTS) Stop!

FX:

FOOTSTEPS STOP

BLOODNOK:

Look, lads, a deep well.

SEAGOON:

I wonder if there's any water in it?

ELLINGTON:

You can tell by the echo.

BLOODNOK:

I'll try then. (SHOUTS) Helllloooooo!

ECHO:

[MILLIGAN]

(OFF MIC - DISTORTED) Helllloooooo!

BLOODNOK:

Good heavens!

SEAGOON:

What?

BLOODNOK:

There's a man down there. (SHOUTS) Are you alriiiiiiiight?

ECHO:

(OFF MIC - DISTORTED) Are you alriiiiiiiight?

BLOODNOK:

(SHOUTS) I'm alriiiiiiiight

ECHO:

(OFF MIC - DISTORTED) I'm alriiiiiiiight?

BLOODNOK:

Thank heavens, he's alright. Forward!

SEAGOON:

It's no good.

BLOODNOK:

What? What?

SEAGOON:

It's no good, Bloodnok. We've been walking round these tunnels for ten months.

BLOODNOK:

I know we have.

SEAGOON:

We're lost, we're lost!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes!

SEAGOON:

And the walls a solid! There's nothing behind them, listen!

FX:

BANGING ON WALL

SEAGOON:

Wait!

FX:

BANGING ON WALL

SEAGOON:

This... this wall sounds weak and thin.

BLOODNOK:

Somebody's on the tap. It must be a government job.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen, I'm certain that behind this wall is the tomb. Hand me the dynamite. Now, stand back!

ECCLES:

Right, right.

GRAMS:

LOUD EXPLOSION - DEBRIS FALLING

ECCLES:

You didn't wait for me, did you?

BLOODNOK:

Look!

ECCLES:

Oh!

BLOODNOK:

A large, underground chamber!

ECCLES:

Oooohh.

BLOODNOK:

And there... there's a body on the floor!

SEAGOON:

It must be the long-dead Egyptian priest!

HENRY:

It's me, Mr Crun! You naughty man, throwing me down this cellar!

SEAGOON:

(INSANE) Oh, no...no...no...

ORCHESTRA:

SIG TUNE UNDER...

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.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT