

Vintage E10 - The Silent Bugler

Transcribed by Tomino. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

The BBC presents Vintage Goons.

SECOMBE:

You be careful.

GREENSLADE:

Another in the series of programmes first broadcast to British listeners in 1954. Any questions?

THROAT:

Er... no, mate, no.

GREENSLADE:

No. Very well, then. We present agents Sellers, Secombe and Milligan in...

SECOMBE:

The Goon Show. (MANIACAL LAUGHTER)

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, today in the American Senate, Senator Vanderschmidt said...

VANDERSCHMIDT:

There's more, the House of Un-American activities, in wide screen and multicolour, Jane Mansfield on the Russian attack on East Manitoba (GIBBERISH).

GREENSLADE:

And he continued by saying...

VANDERSCHMIDT:

(GIBBERISH).

GREENSLADE:

Which concluded his speech. Then on March the Third in our House Of Commons at four o'clock, the Prime Minister said.

PRIME MINISTER:

[SELLERS]

(FEMININE) Tea?

ORCHESTRA:

STIRING BRITISH EMPIRE MUSIC

GREENSLADE:

These everyday exchanges in our political circles are made known to us all by the daily newspapers. But what of the secret services?

SINGHIZ THINGZ:

Yes, indeed, what of them? What of them, man? Unknown to us, the secret services are striving powers in a constant battle, man. Move and countermove, plot and counterplot.

SELLERS:

We give you now the story of only one minute fragment in this mosaic of political intrigue. Take the case of Agent X2. (FADE)

GRAMS:

TRAIN CARRIAGE

SEAGOON:

I am X2.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C: 'TA-DAHHHHHH'

SEAGOON:

My mission started when I was called to HQ MI5. I'd hardly got on board the train for London when... I had the uneasy feeling I was being watched.

FX:

SLIDING DOOR

WILLIUM:

All tickets, please.

SEAGOON:

Tickets? Oh, he, he, he. Oh, yes, yes. Ahem.

WILLIUM:

'Ere. This is a platform ticket.

SEAGOON:

That's right, I always travel by platform.

WILLIUM:

Come on now, mate. Come on now, matey. Where's yer ticket, there?

SEAGOON:

Aha, ha, just joking, ha. There we are.

WILLIUM:

'Ere.

SEAGOON:

What?

WILLIUM:

Wait a minute. This ticket's from Piccadilly to Hyde Park.

SEAGOON:

Yes, I know. A very easy journey, I often make it, you know.

WILLIUM:

'Ere, my good man, don't mess me about, 'ere.

SEAGOON:

Aha. It's an old Welsh joke. Now, there. My ticket.

WILLIUM:

'Ere! This... this 'ere ticket was issued in nineteen ho two.

SEAGOON:

Really? Gad, we're running late.

WILLIUM:

And it's for the Brighton to London stagecoach.

SEAGOON:

Well?

WILLIUM:

Well, this ain't a stagecoach, mate.

SEAGOON:

You mean this train *isn't* horse drawn?

WILLIUM:

Nah.

SEAGOON:

I demand my money back! You charlatan, you! I... I want [UNCLEAR], I...

WILLIUM:

Wait a minute, here, you can't fool me about with all that clever talk, mate. You gotta pay for the ticket. Nah. Where did yer get on?

SEAGOON:

Curse. The game's up. Well, now, erm... What... what was that last station?

WILLIUM:

Thung Junction.

SEAGOON:

That's it! That's it! That's when I got on.

WILLIUM:

But we didn't stop there.

SEAGOON:

Do you think it was easy?

WILLIUM:

Look, where're you going to?

SEAGOON:

The next station.

WILLIUM:

Right, that'll be 18 shillings and thruppence.

FX:

COINS BEING COUNTER ONTO A TABLE

SEAGOON:

Right. There we are.

WILLIUM:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

You can leave that.

FX:

CARRIAGE DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING

SEAGOON:

Fool. Aha, ha. Little does he know that the *real* fare is not 18 and thruppence – but thirty two pounds, six shillings.

WILLIUM:

Little does 'e know that I'm nothing to do with the railway at all.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C: 'TA-DAHHHHHH'

GREENSLADE:

Thus, Seagoon arrived at HQ MI5 with the wind behind him.

FX:

DOOR

JYMPTON:

[MILLIGAN]

Aaaah. Come in... ahhhhh... Come in, X2.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, sir.

JYMPTON:

X2, ahhhhh... you know... you know... you know what we want you for?

SEAGOON:

No?

JYMPTON:

Oh. Well, don't go away, we'll think of something. Aaaaaaah. Have you ever been to, ah, Russia?

SEAGOON:

No.

JYMPTON:

Oh. Ever been to Moscow?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

JYMPTON:

That'll do. Er, Colonel Spondle Clacknutt, will you... ahhh... explain to him?

COLONEL:

[SELLERS]

Yes, well, we have reason to believe that the Russians have perfected a time machine. With it they could go forward into the future, do you see? And once there, they build planes that will travel faster than the speed of light. They've got to be stopped doing such a thing. You are the man for the job.

SEAGOON:

Oh! Ta.

COLONEL:

Thank you. Now, are you married?

SEAGOON:

No, sir.

COLONEL:

Understandable, I suppose. I would go on this mission myself but it's... well, it's too dangerous, you know.

SEAGOON:

You mean, I... I might get killed?

COLONEL:

With a bit of luck, yes.

JYMPTON:

Ahhhh... The Colonel... ahhhh... Colonel... ahhhh... is joking. Ha, ha, ha! X2, ah, follow me.

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

DOOR

JYMPTON:

In here. Ah, Mr... Ahhh... Mr. Crun.

CRUN:

Morning.

JYMPTON:

Morning.

CRUN:

Morning.

JYMPTON:

Ahhhhhh... Morning. This is X2. Would you tell him about the Russian intelligence... the Russian intelligence.

SEAGOON:

Morning.

CRUN:

Mooooorning.

SEAGOON:

Captain Hairy Seagoon at your service, sir.

CRUN:

Ah, yes, captain service. Now, here is a photo of the Russian master spy, Igor Blimey. He's escaped from every prison camp in Europe.

SEAGOON:

There's nothing on this photograph.

CRUN:

He's escaped again! Never mind. Next... next, there is the most hated man in Russia.

SEAGOON:

Who?

CRUN:

Jack Benny.

SEAGOON:

They, too, eh? Ha, ha. Poor wretches.

CRUN:

Ah, they, too. But, aha, haaa! Now – the most deadly agent of them all. They call him the Silent Bugler.

SEAGOON:

The Silent Bugler?

CRUN:

Yes. Nobody has ever seen him. But here is a rare record of him. Just listen.

GRAMS:

SILENT RECORD HISS

SEAGOON:

I can't hear anything.

CRUN:

That's him! The Silent Bugler. If you ever hear nothing like that, look out!

SEAGOON:

With that warning ringing in my teeth, I spent the next three weeks and two days training under Major Bloodnok.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Oooohhhh! Oh, oh, me owls, me owls. Oh, me poor old owls.

SEAGOON:

You can stand by [UNCLEAR].

BLOODNOK:

Thank you. Now, lad, training.

SEAGOON:

They tell me that during the last war you were taken prisoner.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes, but I escaped.

SEAGOON:

Where from?

BLOODNOK:

Dartmoor.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

BLOODNOK:

First of all, disguises. Black your face with this burnt cork. That's it. Now put on this straw hat. Now just take this banjo. There, you look marvellous.

SEAGOON:

You... you think it'll fool the Russians?

BLOODNOK:

The Russians? You idiot, you'll never fool 'em in that lot! Take it off! It's a good job you came to me.

SEAGOON:

You can stand by me to rely on you.

BLOODNOK:

Thud! Oh, thud! Russians, you say? Well, well, well. Well, in that case you definitely need to appear inconspicuous. I have the very outfit. Stand by to check.

SEAGOON:

Right.

BLOODNOK:

One ginger beard with detachable bells.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

One pair of reversible plastic socks, *easily* convertible into dog cardigan.

SEAGOON:

Brilliant!

BLOODNOK:

One pair of false cardboard skis. One wicker teapot with underwater escape apparatus.

SEAGOON:

Right.

BLOODNOK:

One rubber dagger.

SEAGOON:

What's the use of a rubber dagger?

BLOODNOK:

Well, we don't want to shed blood needlessly, you know.

SEAGOON:

(GIBBERISH).

BLOODNOK:

Thun! Now, finance. Three thousand lira in rupees, payable in pesetas at any Mongolian bank whilst wearing tennis shoes in a thunderstorm under fire from rocket batteries.

SEAGOON:

You've thought of everything.

BLOODNOK:

Of course! Now, the sensitivity test. I shall just blindfold you, so. Now. I want you to tell me what I'm doing, right?

SEAGOON:

Sir!

BLOODNOK:

Good.

SEAGOON:

Erm, you're taking my gold ring off my finger.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, yes, yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

Now you're removing my gold watch. And my fountain pens from my pocket.

BLOODNOK:

(DISTANT) Bravo, keep it up.

SEAGOON:

Oh, ho! Now you're taking my wallet. Oh, ho! You've taken my money belt.

BLOODNOK:

(DISTANT) Good lad, keep going.

FX:

DOOR

SEAGOON:

Aha, ha. That's right. No. No, I... I can't feel you doing anything yet. No, I...

FX:

PHONE

SEAGOON:

Hello?

OPERATOR:

[MILLIGAN]

(FRENCH ACCENT) Call for you from Paris.

SEAGOON:

Hello?

BLOODNOK:

Secombe? The lesson's over, lad.

SEAGOON:

End of the Silent Bugler part one. At the organ, Max Geldray!

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

The Silent Bugler part two.

SELLERS:

But first, for listeners who have just tuned in, here is a rapid synopsis.

GRAMS:

MILLIGAN GIBBERISH SPEEDED UP

SELLERS:

Now read on!

SEAGOON:

Before my departure for Russia I took one final test.

OFFICER:

[SELLERS]

Seagoon, we want you to identify objects that will be held up in rapid succession by the sergeant here.

SEAGOON:

(GIBBERISH)

OFFICER:

Good. Sergeant Eccles, do your duty.

ECCLES:

Ok, sir. Now then, my good man. The first object I hold up is this. What's this?

SEAGOON:

A banana.

ECCLES:

Good, good, good, good. (EATS BANANA) Got rid of that. Oho-ho! Now then, what's this?

SEAGOON:

A pencil.

ECCLES:

Good. (EATS PENCIL) Oooh, shouldn't have eaten that. Now then, now then, my man, the last one. Now... (STRAINS) What's... this...? Ooooooh! What's this that I'm holding up?

SEAGOON:

Errrrr... Let me see, now, let me see, er...

ECCLES:

(STRAINING) Come on! Look at the shape!

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, I've seen... I... I've seen one like it.

ECCLES:

(STRAINING) Come on, you know what it is!

FX:

FLOOR STARTS CREAKING UNDER A GREAT WEIGHT

SEAGOON:

No, no, I'm not... I'm not quite sure, I...

FX:

FLOOR CREAKING UNDER A GREAT WEIGHT

SEAGOON:

No, I...

ECCLES:

(STRAINING) Come on, you've seen one of these before.

SEAGOON:

I can't... honestly... say that I've...

GRAMS:

FLOOR COLLAPSES

ECCLES:

Owwwwwwwwww.....

FX:

KNOCKING

GRAMS:

ECCLES ARRIVES OUT OF BREATH

SEAGOON:

Oh, you're back.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

Well, what was it?

ECCLES:

An elephant.

SEAGOON:

Of course. I should've guessed.

ECCLES:

Well, why didn't you, then? That was a good... what the...?

OFFICER:

Steady, Eccles, steady.

ECCLES:

Steady, Eccles.

OFFICER:

Steady, Eccles.

ECCLES:

Steady, Eccles.

OFFICER:

Now, Seagoon, just one more small thing.

ECCLES:

Steady, Eccles.

SEAGOON:

You can (GIBBERISH).

OFFICER:

I'm sure I can do. Bluebottle?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I heard you call, Captain! I heard you! Hey!

JYMPTON:

(OFF) Thank you, Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hooray! Hello everybody! Pauses for audience applause. Continues act. (AUDIENCE APPLAUSE) I should have said that before when you clapped earlier. Strikes 'stand easy' pose.

SEAGOON:

I understand you have a secret weapon for me.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I have it! I have! Unscrews false kneecap, takes out secret gun. I am in agony as I have not got false kneecaps. Puts on bold face. Eeeeeh! It still hurts, though.

SEAGOON:

What is this remarkable weapon?

BLUEBOTTLE:

It is... it is my backshot pistol.

SEAGOON:

You mean, whoever fires this pistol gets killed himself?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. You just give it to an enemy, he aims it at you and then he gets deaded himself.

SEAGOON:

Brilliant! How's it work?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'll show you. I'll just point the gun at you, then I'll pull the trigger and... aaaahoooo. No. You point it at me and *you* pull the trigger.

SEAGOON:

Thanks. I... I point it at you like this.

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, no, don't point it at me, point it at yourself.

SEAGOON:

But you said to point...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Be careful, don't point.

FX:

BANG!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Aiheeee! You rotten man, you! You've deaded me! You punctured my Flash Gordon bulletproof space vest with cardboard lapels. Price one and nine at all good chemists. Ehiheeee! Exits left to register for next year's radio awards.

GREENSLADE:

The Silent Bugler part three.

SELLERS:

In a dark car with a hat pulled well over its eyes, Secombe was next driven to a submerged airport.

GRAMS:

PROPELLER PLANE TAKING OFF

SEAGOON:

Once there, I was given a spoonful of air linctus for my nerves. Which I had unfortunately brought with me.

GREENSLADE:

(TANNOY) Will passengers with disguised MI5 tickets for mystery flight X to undisclosed destination please inflate their false wigs and crawl as inconspicuously as possible to the isolated black plane standing in the shadow of the barbed wire. Thank you.

ELLINGTON:

Mystery flight X, this way, please. Passports, please! All passports, please. Name, sir?

BLOODNOK:

Er, Mrs Gladys Murgatroyd.

ELLINGTON:

Right.

BLOODNOK:

Spinster.

ELLINGTON:

Next!

ECCLES:

Woof! Woof! Growl! Growl! Woof!

ELLINGTON:

Next!

GREENSLADE:

(FRENCH ACCENT) Madame Fifi La Bonbon, male impressionist.

ELLINGTON:

Good luck. Next!

SELLERS:

(WOMAN) Sir Arthur Bighampton.

ELLINGTON:

Right, ma'am. Next.

SELLERS:

Little does he know that I am not sir Arthur Bighampton but only his son, Prunella.

ECCLES:

Little does he know that I'm not woof woof growl but growl woof woof.

BLOODNOK:

Little do they know that I am not as I said Mrs Gladys Murgatroyd, spinster, but *Miss* Gladys Murgatroyd, bachelor.

ELLINGTON:

And... er... And you, sir?

SEAGOON:

I'm X2, Captain Hairy Seagoon, secret British agent.

ELLINGTON:

Mm, ha, ha, ha, ha, haaaaa.

SEAGOON:

Plainly, he didn't believe me.

ELLINGTON:

Close the doors. Now fasten your safety belts.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhh. Morning!

SEAGOON:

Morning.

MINNIE:

Morning!

ELLINGTON:

Morning, ma'am.

MINNIE:

Morning, everybody. Morning, boy. Everybody take your seats, please. All... safety belts to be fastened. Come, Captain Seagoon, you must fasten your belt now.

SEAGOON:

Why?

MINNIE:

Your trousers are coming down.

CRUN:

Contract!

ELLINGTON & MINNIE:

Contract!

CRUN:

Give it the gun, Ellingbone.

MINNIE:

Give him time to get through the [UNCLEAR].

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

SEAGOON:

By now I was deep in enemy territory. Very deep. I was dropped without a parachute. But all the other occupants of the plane were also dropped. I was suspicious. Walking along the Fredstrasse in Dresden, I was halted by two men heavily disguised as Englishmen.

MILLIGAN:

Ah, gutt morgen, Herr Seagoon. And how is mein Herr, this morning?

SEAGOON:

Going a bit thin on top! I said. And they replied.

BLOODNOK:

Ach! Marlene dietrich! Achtung rolls of paper on butler, gerblungen. Spitfire and egg in the eye. Rommel, gerzeiten, up the old gerblingenblah.

SEAGOON:

Curse! He speaks Russian fluently. I must reply. (CLEARs THROAT) Si, si, senior. Ha, ha. Poor Russian fool. Little does he know that I'm not really a German but I speak the language fluently.

BLOODNOK:

Poor German fool. Little does he know that I am not a poor Russian fool, but Major Bloodnok, a poor English fool.

ECCLES:

Pardon... pardon, pardon mein Herr. (GIBBERISH)

SEAGOON:

Morgen! Ten to one. Time to open my sealed orders.

BLOODNOK:

Ten to one. Time to open *my* sealed orders.

ECCLES:

Twenty to three. Time to open *my* sealed orders.

SEAGOON:

I wonder what mine say. Ah, yes! 'The man standing before you is Major Bloodnok'.

BLOODNOK:

Mine say: 'The man standing before you is Captain Seagoon, who has just been informed who you are'.

ECCLES:

See what mine say. 'Beat two eggs, add four ounces of...' Ooh, I got the wrong envelope! I got Mrs. Beeton's Cookery Book.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Seagoon!

ECCLES:

Mrs. Beeton!

BLOODNOK:

Now. We must disperse.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

We shall meet here when the clock strikes one.

SEAGOON:

Right. When it strikes one.

FX:

BELL TOLLS ONCE

SEAGOON:

Hello, Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Ah, Seagoon!

ECCLES:

Hello, Mrs. Beeton!

BLOODNOK:

You're late, where have you been?

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGING

BLOODNOK:

Don't answer that phone, it's ringing in Russian.

SEAGOON:

What? Then I'll put on this false beard. Now.

FX:

PHONE BEING PICKED UP

SEAGOON:

Hello? Who is speaking?

GREENSLADE:

If you take that silly beard off I'll tell you. Now listen, this is HQ MI5. Orders: Find the Silent Bugler. He knows where the time machine is. His location, the Dresden Opera House.

SEAGOON:

Right.

ECCLES:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Men, the Dresden Opera House, hurry!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH!

BLOODNOK:

Ah, here we are. Today's symphony concert featuring... What's this? Relgub Tnelis Eht?

SEAGOON:

Gad! That spells the Silent Bugler backwards! Inside!

GRAMS:

WHOOSH!

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

ORCHESTRA TUNING UP

ECCLES:

Here we are!

SEAGOON:

Ah, here's an empty box!

ECCLES:

Not a match in it.

BLOODNOK:

Just in time... Just in time to miss the first sixty movements.

SEAGOON:

Just look at the Orchestra. They must be over a hundred and fifty.

ECCLES:

Ooh, they look much younger.

SEAGOON:

Shut up!

ECCLES:

Shut up!

SEAGOON:

And listen.

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

CLASSICAL MUSIC

SEAGOON:

I wonder which one is the silent bugler.

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

MOMENTARY PAUSE

BLOODNOK:

That's him!

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

CLASSICAL MUSIC CONTINUES

BLOODNOK:

Curse! He's stopped playing!

SEAGOON:

I didn't hear him!

BLOODNOK:

Well listen and...

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

SILENCE

BLOODNOK:

There he is now!

SEAGOON:

Where? Where? Where?

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

CLASSICAL MUSIC CONTINUES

BLOODNOK:

Blast! He's gone again.

FX:

RECORD NEEDLE JUMPING

SEAGOON:

What was that?

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

STOPS

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

The music seemed to repeat!

BLOODNOK:

I didn't notice anything and I know my Wagner backwards.

SEAGOON:

But they're not playing it backwards.

BLOODNOK:

Ah! That accounts for it.

GRAMS ORCHESTRA:

MUSIC STARTS THEN SLOWS DOWN

ECCLES:

Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens!

ECCLES:

Oh. Oh.

SEAGOON:

The whole orchestra are phoneys! They're miming to a gramophone record!

BLOODNOK:

Then the silent bugler...?

SEAGOON:

He doesn't exist! It must all be a bluff!

BLOODNOK & ECCLES:

You... mean...

SEAGOON:

He doesn't exist, it's all a bluff! Must be. The whole orchestra are secret Russian agents. We must get out of here quick!

ECCLES:

Get out? We got to find the time machine.

SEAGOON:

We must split up and search under the theatre.

ECCLES:

Ok, lets go!

SEAGOON:

Wait a minute. How do I know you're not enemy agents? I want proof of your identities.

BLOODNOK:

Very well, my card, sir, Major D. Bloodnok.

SEAGOON:

My card. Captain Harry Seagoon.

ECCLES:

And here's my card.

BLOODNOK:

The two of clubs!

GREENSLADE:

For listeners who've been asleep, of whom I'm one,...

ECCLES:

Not two o'clock.

GREENSLADE:

...here's a short resume of what's gone on before.

SELLERS:

Helen Lovejoy, beautiful heiress to the Halibut millions, has been jilted at the altar by Villion de Paprikon, son of Louis XIV. Peter, Villion's Eton boating friend, has heard this, but being in Tibet has embarrassed Mary, his fiancé who being the only cousin of Sir Ray Ellington has passed the title on to Baron Geldray, also heir to the Halibut millions. Now read on.

GREENSLADE:

Has he finished?

SECOMBE:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Now. Ah! No! We *are* alone under the theatre.

SECOMBE:

That's it!

BLOODNOK:

And you are about to speak.

SEAGOON:

Look! The Time Machine!

BLOODNOK:

Put this...

ECCLES:

And it says half past four.

BLOODNOK:

Put this bomb under it.

ECCLES:

Right!

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

BLOODNOK:

Well done!

SEAGOON:

Somebody's coming!

ELLINGTON:

Hands up, white man!

BLOODNOK:

it's a Russian! Run for it! Oh!

GRAMS:

RUNNING FEET

SEAGOON:

Taxi!!

GRAMS:

VARIOUS TRAFFIC INCLUDING HORSE, TRAIN AEROPLANE.

GRAMS:

DOOR

ECCLES:

Ah, we made it!

SEAGOON:

Safe at last!

ELLINGTON:

So, you all came back!!

SEAGOON:

What?

ELLINGTON:

Hands Up! Hands up! Up! Down! Up! Down!

BLOODNOK:

What's all this for?

ELLINGTON:

We like to keep our prisoners fit.

BLOODNOK:

We don't care! We destroyed your time machine, we can die knowing we've done our job.

ELLINGTON:

You fools. You only destroyed a *replica* of the time machine.

SEAGOON:

Curse! Foiled by our own stupidity and a bad script.

ECCLES:

What? What? What? What? What?

BLOODNOK:

Wait! I happen to be wearing red flannel underdrawers with a patch on. If I could lower my trousers, he'd think it was the Russian flag and salute.

SEAGOON:

Right! I'll pull from the back. One... Two... Three!

FX:

TEARING SOUND

ELLINGTON:

Long live Russia!

BLOODNOK:

Get him!

FX:

STRUGGLING

SEAGOON:

Hands up! Hands up, you Russian devil!

ELLINGTON:

Don't shoot! Me not a Bolshevik, me a white Russian!

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh. Where's the time machine?

ELLINGTON:

The box in the corner.

SEAGOON:

Right. No mistakes this time. Put this bomb under it.

BLOODNOK:

But they'll hear it.

SEAGOON:

Not this one. Ha, ha. It won't go off until the twenty third of November.

BLOODNOK:

The twenty third of November? That's my birthday!

FX:

BANG!

SEAGOON & ECCLES:

Happy birthday to you! Happy birthday to you!

ORCHESTRA:

THEME

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The programme produced by Charles Chilton.

SELLERS:

(AUSTRALIAN ACCENT) I didn't like that one bit.