

Vintage E13 - The Siege of Fort Night

Transcribed by unknown. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

The BBC presents Vintage Goons, another in the series of programmes first broadcast to British listeners in 1954.

ECCLES:

E's right, you know.

GREENSLADE:

For the last time this evening at popular prices...

ECCLES:

(INDISTINCT GIBBERISH)... popular prices...

GREENSLADE:

...we present... the Goon Show.

ECCLES:

The Goon Show.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC OPENING CHORDS

SEAGOON:

Presenting the Siege of Fort Night.

GREENSLADE:

The scene - a lonely British outpost.

SEAGOON:

Gad!

ARMY OFFICER:

[SELLERS]

Gentlemen, position... desperate. As you know, I am... thirty thousand miles away in the very liver of Africa.

SEAGOON:

You mean the heart, sir.

ARMY OFFICER:

This liver, this place is much further down. Depths of the jungle, the gallant British garrison at Fort Night are hard... er... pressed by Kurdish tribesmen. And, my dear gentlemen, more Kurds are on their way.

SEAGOON:

Kurds and whey! Ha! Ha! Ha! Kurds and whey! Ahem!

ARMY OFFICER:

Do you want a conk punch? Gentlemen, unless this garrison can be relieved within the next fourteen days, Fort Night is finished.

SEAGOON:

Can't they hold out for an extra week?

ARMY OFFICER:

Rubbish. I've never ever heard of a fortnight lasting three weeks, I mean it's all...

ECCLES:

I have!

ARMY OFFICER:

Who is that...? Action... Action, I call for immediate relief.

SEAGOON:

You mean... reinforcements?

ARMY OFFICER:

No, no, they have all the men they require.

SEAGOON:

Ammunition, then?

ARMY OFFICER:

They've plenty!

SEAGOON:

Provisions?

ARMY OFFICER:

They've got ample.

SEAGOON:

They can't live on ample alone.

ARMY OFFICER:

Worse still, they've nothing to cook it on.

SEAGOON:

Horrors! You mean they eat...?

ARMY OFFICER:

Exactly, raw ample and you know what that means.

SEAGOON:

Yes, yes, I know. In a matter of days they'll be struck with the dreaded knee lurgy.

ARMY OFFICER:

Yes. They need cooking equipment.

SEAGOON:

Gas stoves.

ARMY OFFICER:

They're no good, I'm...

SEAGOON:

Why not?

ARMY OFFICER:

Within forty-eight hours the monsoons will break.

SEAGOON:

Can't we mend them?

ARMY OFFICER:

That is not our job. The point is... when it does break...

SEAGOON:

Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes? Yes?

ARMY OFFICER:

I wish you wouldn't do that!

SEAGOON:

The... the monsoon, sir.

ARMY OFFICER:

Yes. Oh, yes, quite, yes. When it breaks, you see, the river will rise and the fort will be nine feet underwater.

SEAGOON:

Gad. What's the answer?

ARMY OFFICER:

Waterproof underwater gas stoves.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHING) Sir! No... no such thing has been invented.

ARMY OFFICER:

That is because nobody has made one. But there is one man.

SEAGOON:

One? Come to think of it, there's quite a few of us. Ha! Ha!

ARMY OFFICER:

One man who *might* be able to help.

SEAGOON:

Not... not... not Ned Sopkin?

ARMY OFFICER:

You're dead right, it's not Ned Sopkin. It's Henry Crun.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK MUSIC

Without a moment's delay I flew over to Australia by submarine. There I found my man.

CRUN:

(SINGS) Around the world on eighty cents. I travelled on, my boots were gone.

FX:

KNOCK AT DOOR

MINNIE:

Ohhh! It's a knicky-knocky knocky knockeded ohhhh!

FX:

KNOCKING

CRUN:

Coming, coming.

MINNIE:

Somebody knocking on the knocker with a door.

CRUN:

Coming. Yes. Coming, coming.

MINNIE:

He's coming.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Good evening.

MINNIE:

Eeeevening.

CRUN:

Eeeevening.

SEAGOON:

Eeeevening.

MINNIE:

Eeeevening.

SEAGOON:

Eeeevening.

CRUN:

Eeeevening.

MINNIE:

Eeeevening to yourn.

OMNES:

Eeeevening.

CRUN:

Oh.

MINNIE:

Eeeevening.

OMNES:

Eeeevening.

MINNIE:

Evening.

SEAGOON:

Good evening.

MINNIE:

Good eve...

CRUN:

The circus is back.

MINNIE:

Ohhh.

CRUN:

It's an elephant, Min.

SEAGOON:

I... beg your pardon, I'm from the War Office.

CRUN:

No thank you, we have some.

SEAGOON:

Mr Crun, I'm Major Seagoon and I'm here on a mission.

CRUN AND MINNIE:

(SINGS) Come and join us, come and join us...

SEAGOON:

You've got the wrong mission. Now Mr Crun...

CRUN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

You are the inventor, yes?

CRUN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Then the country needs you! Can you invent a waterproof gas stove within the hour?

CRUN:

A *waterproof* gas stove? Oh, it's going to be very difficult. Very difficult, you know. You... you can't get the wood, you know, that's what...

SEAGOON:

Can't you?

CRUN:

No, you can't get the wood. Very difficult. Can't get it.

SEAGOON:

Have you ever built such a thing before?

CRUN:

Well, in a manner of speaking - no. Can't get the wood, you see. It's all very difficult.

SEAGOON:

Is there no way?

CRUN:

Oh, yes, definitely, definitely. But it *will* be difficult.

SEAGOON:

Why?

CRUN:

Because you can't get the wood.

SEAGOON:

I can get you the wood.

CRUN:

Ah, well, that's going to be very difficult.

SEAGOON:

Why?

CRUN:

I won't be able to go round saying 'You can't get the wood' anymore.

Good. Now then, you must start immediately to...

FX:

STRANGE UNEARTHLY MUSIC

SEAGOON:

Great heavens! What's that?

CRUN:

That's modern Min playing a gas stove.

SEAGOON:

A gas stove?

CRUN:

Yes, Scottish model, of course.

SEAGOON:

Oh. But how long would it take *you* to waterproof one?

CRUN:

Yes, well, that depends on how much you'd be willing to pay.

SEAGOON:

We'd pay thirty thousand pounds!

FX:

CONSTRUCTION NOISE AT COLOSSAL HIGH SPEED RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, SHOUTS AND YELLS

CRUN:

There it is. Now, where's the money?

SEAGOON:

Wait! It is waterproof?

CRUN:

We'll soon find out about that, sir. Min.

MINNIE:

What is it, cocky?

CRUN:

Min, just get into the gas oven, Min, would you.

MINNIE:

Ohhh, dear, I just been in the ba... ok.

CRUN:

Now I'll close the Ted Ray[?] door.

MINNIE:

Ooooookay.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

MINNIE:

Oh. What... what have you put all these potatoes in with me for, Henry?

CRUN:

Just in case, Min.

MINNIE:

In case of what, Henry?

CRUN:

Lunch, Min.

MINNIE:

Oh. What about the roast, eh, cocky?

CRUN:

It's already in there, Min.

FX:

MIN MOVING ABOUT IN THE OVEN

MINNIE:

I can't see it in here anywhere.

FX:

OVEN DOOR OPENS

CRUN:

I can, Min.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

MINNIE:

You devil! It's me!

CRUN:

You stop there, Min, now. I won't be long. Mr Seagoon, help me throw this into the river to just to test it.

SEAGOON:

Right-ho! (STRAINS)

CRUN:

One! Two! Three!

BOTH:

(STRAIN)

FX:

SPLASH.

CRUN:

Min?

MINNIE:

Yes, Henry?

CRUN:

Are the potatoes still dry?

MINNIE:

Yes, Henry.

CRUN:

It works, sir! It works! Waterproof!

SEAGOON:

Brilliant, Mr Crun. I'll place an order right away.

CRUN:

Splendid. How many?

SEAGOON:

One.

CRUN:

One? Oh, dear, it's a lot of work making one. Couldn't you order less?

SEAGOON:

No, I... I... I don't think we could use none.

CRUN:

Pity. I can't get the wood, you see, that's what...

SEAGOON:

Very well, then. I'll take the one you just made.

CRUN:

Too late, it's drifting away down the stream.

SEAGOON:

Curse! You have to make another right away. But first – Max Geldray! Right, lads... to the bottle!

GRAMS:

MASSED BOOTS RUNNING

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

While Henry Crun struggled manfully with the making of another waterproof gas stove, Captain Seagoon arrived at the base camp in Africa to arrange the transport of the gas stove with a military band.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh. Oh, thank heavens, I'm cured. Bad news, Seagoon, bad news. This heat, this heat. Oh! The doctor says I've got a temperature but I'm going to carry on.

SEAGOON:

What is your temperature?

BLOODNOK:

98.4.

SEAGOON:

But that's... that's normal.

BLOODNOK:

I know, that's why I'm carrying on.

SEAGOON:

Ah, great work, great work.

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

Now, how are we to get the waterproof gas stove to the garrison? Drop it by helicopter?

BLOODNOK:

Impossible, sir, impossible.

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

The fort is invisible from the air. And worse still...

SEAGOON:

Yes? Yes?

BLOODNOK:

The air is invisible from the fort. Ohhhh!

SEAGOON:

By road, then?

BLOODNOK:

No road.

SEAGOON:

Up the river?

BLOODNOK:

No.

SEAGOON:

Down the river?

BLOODNOK:

No.

SEAGOON:

Across the river into the trees?

BLOODNOK:

No, no.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

BLOODNOK:

No trees.

SEAGOON:

Mmm. Then across the trees into the river?

BLOODNOK:

No river.

SEAGOON:

By tram?

BLOODNOK:

Doesn't run.

SEAGOON:

Why not?

BLOODNOK:

No railway.

SEAGOON:

Could we build one?

BLOODNOK:

No, the river would wash it away.

SEAGOON:

You said there was no river.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, it's behind the trees.

SEAGOON:

But a moment ago you said there weren't any trees, either.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, but they've grown since then, you know. They just can't stand still for you, you know. I mean... you... you... you... you naughty man, you.

SEAGOON:

(AD LIB) You made that up didn't you.

BLOODNOK:

(AD LIB) Yes.

SEAGOON:

Wait! I remember seeing an armoured train back at the de-pot.

BLOODNOK:

Ah, yes, now, that was a dreadful thing. Sabotaged by enemies of the queen. That train was only armoured from the inside.

SEAGOON:

And what was the idea of that?

BLOODNOK:

We couldn't fire out but *they* could fire in.

SEAGOON:

How was that?

BLOODNOK:

I d... What? The windows faced inwards. There's only one thing for it.

SEAGOON:

What?

BLOODNOK:

We must transport the gas stove by electrified Mongolian bagpipes.

SEAGOON:

What a splendid idoo.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Why didn't we think of that before? Meanwhile, at Fort Night.

FX:

GUNFIRE, BUGLES, HORSES

MILLIGAN:

Meanwhile, back in Australia...

CRUN:

You can't get the wood, you know, you can't get the...

SEAGOON:

While back at Fort Night!

FX:

GUNFIRE, BUGLES, HORSES

MILLIGAN:

At the same time as Major Bloodnok...

BLOODNOK:

We shall have to use electrified Mongolian bagpipes.

SEAGOON:

Why didn't we think of that before?

MILLIGAN:

Listeners may well remember that they did.

SEAGOON:

But meanwhile, at Fort Night...

FX:

GUNFIRE, BUGLES, HORSES

MILLIGAN:

While back in Australia...

CRUN:

Very difficult, the wood, you know, it...

SEAGOON:

While at Fort Night...

FX:

EXPLOSIONS, GUNFIRE, BUGLES

MILLIGAN:

At this very moment in London's West End...

GRAMS:

VICTOR SYLVESTER'S 'COME DANCING' MUSIC

SEAGOON:

While, on the other hand, at Fort Night...

FX:

EXPLOSIONS, GUNFIRE, BUGLES, LOUD WHISTLE

MILLIGAN:

Chapter Two!

FX:

PHONE RINGS

BLOODNOK:

Hello?

CHINESE VOICE:

[MILLIGAN]

(ON PHONE) Listen, Bloodnok.

BLOODNOK:

What?

CHINESE VOICE:

I give you warning of Flu Manchu.

BLOODNOK:

(GASPS) Oh!

CHINESE VOICE:

If you proceed with waterproof gas stove at Fort Night, I promise you [UNCLEAR] the last disaster! I [UNCLEAR] hump. Poison dlinking water. (CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH).

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok!

CHINESE VOICE:

(MORE CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH CONTINUES UNDER...)

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

What is it?

SEAGOON:

Hang on to this phone a minute.

BLOODNOK:

Right.

FX:

footsteps. Door opening.

CHINESE VOICE:

(STILL ON PHONE) I spit [UNCLEAR] all over you. I kill everything in your body. I put a dynamite in [UNCLEAR]. I (CHINESE-SOUNDING GIBBERISH)... aaaaaaahhhhh!

BLOODNOK:

(ON PHONE) Hello, bloodnok?

Yes?

SEAGOON:

(ON PHONE) Alright, I got 'im.

BLOODNOK:

Splendid. Now get back here right away, will you?

SEAGOON:

(ON PHONE) Right.

BLOODNOK:

Crun's just arrived with the waterproof gas stove.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

GRAMS:

NATIVE DRUMS

GREENSLADE:

Hurrying overland by sea, Henry Crun and his waterproof gas stove reached base camp disguised as a bale of tobacco.

SEAGOON:

Crun, you've arrived in the nicotine!

CRUN:

Oh... (pauses for audience applause) The parts of the gas stove are all marked and ready for assembly.

SEAGOON:

Right, men. Gas stove assemble!

FX:

gas stove being assembled very quickly

SEAGOON:

Hup! Right, Mr Crun. There it is.

CRUN:

Good, good, good, good. Now I'll turn on the gas and set the regulo at 3.

FX:

SWITCH

GRAMS:

ORGAN MUSIC

CRUN:

Dear, dear, that's not right, is it. I think I'll try regulo 2. Hm. Just have a look inside the oven.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

RAILWAY STATION NOISES

TANNOY:

[MILLIGAN]

(DISTORTED) The train now standing at Platform 3... is for [UNCLEAR], Barnsley, Kidgely, Glasgow and France.

GRAMS:

TRAIN GUARD'S WHISTLE, TRAIN SETTING OFF

WELSHMAN:

[TAKE A GUESS]

Pardon me, fellow, but where's the taxi rank?

CRUN:

I'm sorry, I'm a stranger round here.

WELSHMAN:

Oh! Indeed? And where do you come from?

CRUN:

Africa.

WELSHMAN:

That's nice, isn't it.

CRUN:

Yes.

WELSHMAN: Well, would you mind closing that oven door, there's a draught in the waiting-room by 'ere, you see.

CRUN:

Yes.

FX:

OVEN DOOR CLOSING

CRUN:

Amazing, isn't it amazing. I think I can see what the trouble is, I had the regulo on 5. It should have been on 2. Now let's see what we get.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

CRUN:

No, there's still something wrong with the gas stove, I think.

SEAGOON:

We... we can't waste time like this!

CRUN:

You know a better way to...?

SEAGOON:

We'll have to reassemble it again later on.

CRUN:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Right now we must get out to the fort. There's very little time left. Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

We must set off immediately.

BLOODNOK:

You're dead right, we must do it today or we'll never get another chance. Eccles, get this gas stove on your head.

ECCLES:

OK. How far do I have to carry it?

BLOODNOK:

A thousand miles.

ECCLES:

Have I got to walk all the way?

BLOODNOK:

Course not. Part of the way you'll be allowed to run.

ECCLES:

What a kind man!

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok, we'll have to keep this expedition a closely guarded secret from the enemy.

BLOODNOK:

Don't worry. The transport camels...

SEAGOON:

(CHUCKLES AT MISTAKE) Enemy!

BLOODNOK:

...are all expert linguists...

SEAGOON:

I'll say it again.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Enemy!

BLOODNOK:

The transport camels are all heavily disguised as men.

SEAGOON:

And the men?

BLOODNOK:

Heavily disguised as transport camels.

SEAGOON:

Ha! Ha! What a... what a brilliant [UNCLEAR] conception[?]. Was you trained by MI5?

BLOODNOK:

Only as a dustman.

SEAGOON:

So that accounts for everything.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Now then, to Fort Night. All ready? Forwaaaard!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC 'LOST IN DESERT' CHORDS

SEAGOON:

Thus began a remarkable march of forty-seven days. And for March to have forty-seven days is remarkable. Hup!

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C

BLOODNOK:

To conserve energy we marched lying down and only stood up to sleep.

SEAGOON:

Meanwhile, at Fort Night...

(SILENCE)

ECCLES:

Early closing!

FX:

AFRICAN DRUMS

BLOODNOK:

That night amid the sound of jungle drums, we were confronted by a tribe of natives, all in warpaint. I knew at once that I was face-to-face with some strange African customs.

AFRICAN:

[ELLINGTON]

Ohhh. Anything to declare, white man?

BLOODNOK:

Only a waterproof gas stove.

AFRICAN:

Ymblum naba blum.

BLOODNOK:

Oh!

AFRICAN:

For that you pay in ivory. Importation of gas stove you pay three elephant tusks.

BLOODNOK:

What? You fiendish customs officer. Where do you expect *me* to get three elephant tusks?

AFRICAN:

I sell you. Very cheap.

BLOODNOK:

Oh! What do want for them?

AFRICAN:

One gas stove, waterproof.

BLOODNOK:

What luck, I've got one! Eccles?

ECCLES:

Eccles! Oh, yeah?

BLOODNOK:

Give him that waterproof gas stove.

ECCLES:

Okay.

FX:

DROPPING OF METAL BITS

BLOODNOK:

Now pick up those three tusks.

ECCLES:

Okay. Hey, Major!

BLOODNOK:

What?

ECCLES:

He's... he's got a waterproof gas stove.

BLOODNOK:

What a bit of luck! Just what we need. I say, you there! How much do you want for that waterproof gas stove?

AFRICAN:

Three elephant tusks.

BLOODNOK:

Three? Eccles, how many have you got?

ECCLES:

One, two... three!

BLOODNOK:

What luck! Pay him and pick up that stove. Oh, now we've got a pair!

MILLIGAN:

(OFF, AD LIBBING) And we're a right pair, too!

BLOODNOK:

(OFF, AD LIBBING) Yes. And [UNCLEAR] out there.

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok! Major Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

News from Fort Night. They can only live on uncooked ample for another hour.

BLOODNOK:

But it's 18 miles as the crow flies and our crow is a sick man, I tell you.

SEAGOON:

18 miles and all through enemy lines. It means certain death or certain life.

BLOODNOK:

Yes. One of us must volunteer.

SEAGOON:

That's what I say, one of us must volunteer.

ECCLES:

(GIBBERISH) ...volunteer.

BLOODNOK:

Good old Eccles.

ECCLES:

No, bad old Eccles.

SEAGOON:

Brave boy, Eccles.

ECCLES:

No, coward Eccles.

SEAGOON:

You coward.

ECCLES:

I'm a coward.

BLOODNOK:

Coward!

ECCLES:

Coward!

BLOODNOK:

Well, it's... it's no good three cowards going.

SEAGOON:

(CALLS) Mr Crun!

CRUN:

Mr Crun.

ECCLES:

Mr Crun.

SEAGOON:

We have one hour in which to cover 18 miles to the fort. Any suggestions?

CRUN:

Yes, well, we could go by train. What number regulo did we turn it to to get the railway station?

SEAGOON:

Number 5!

FX:

STOVE DIAL BEING TURNED

CRUN:

Ah, that's it, there. Well, now, open the oven door.

FX:

DOOR OPENS. SOUND OF TRAINS

TANNOY:

...not to board the train is standing in the station. Train is now standing at Platform 7 of the gas stove. It is for Fort Night...

CRUN:

Ah, we're just in time. Everybody get into the gas stove and then bring it in after us. I'll get in first. Come on, Seagoon. Eccles!? Hand me in the right side of the stove.

ECCLES:

Okay. (STRAINS)

CRUN:

Now the left.

ECCLES:

(STRAINS)

CRUN:

Now the top and the back.

ECCLES:

(STRAINS)

CRUN:

Good, good.

ECCLES:

What a matter[?].

CRUN:

Now, close the oven door from the outside and bring it in after you.

ECCLES:

Wait a minute. Close it from the outside. And bring it in after me. That would mean climbing through it when it's shut and not opening it till I get through. Ohhhhh, ho-ho!

SEAGOON:

Eccles! What are you waiting for?

ECCLES:

I don't know how to do it.

SEAGOON:

Ohhh, very well. We'll take the rest of the oven by train or you can get the oven door and go ahead on foot.

ECCLES:

Make up your mind, do you want me to go on my head or my foot?

SEAGOON:

Very good question. Is that all clear?

ECCLES:

Yeeeeeah, that's all clear!

SEAGOON:

Right. Swallow this road...

ECCLES:

(GIBBERISH)

SEAGOON:

Swallow this road map and follow the instructions.

ECCLES:

(GULP – LIPS SMACKING)

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS

SEAGOON:

Within an hour we were at the gates of the besieged Fort Night.

FX:

EXPLOSIONS, GUNFIRE, BUGLES

ECCLES:

Major Bloodnok?

CRUN:

I'll ring.

FX:

DOORBELL

SEAGOON:

I'll do the talking. I've got the 11-plus.

BLOODNOK:

Good.

SEAGOON:

You just look intelligent.

ECCLES:

Eh?

SEAGOON:

Not you!

ECCLES:

Oh!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BUTLER:

[SELLERS]

Was that you ringing, sir?

SEAGOON:

No, it was the bell. Aha, ha, ha! It was the bell! Aha, ha... Ahem! We'd... erm... we'd like to speak to the commanding officer of the fort.

BUTLER:

I'll just see if he's in, sir. Do wait here.

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

DOOR CLOSSES. EXPLOSION.

ECCLES:

Oh, owwww, oh!

SEAGOON:

(WHISTLES) He's a nice fellow, isn't he.

ECCLES:

Yeah.

SEAGOON:

I wonder whose side *he's* on.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

BUTLER:

Pardon me, sir.

SEAGOON:

Yes?

BUTLER:

They're all rather busy at the moment. Perhaps if you could leave your card?

SEAGOON:

My card, curse! It's in my other suit. We'll have to come back.

BUTLER:

Perhaps you'd like to stay to tea, sir.

SEAGOON:

Oh, that is kind.

BUTLER:

Do come in. You must excuse the confusion, we have the enemies of the Queen here.

SEAGOON:

Oh, are they stopping here as well?

BUTLER:

Yes.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES. SOUNDS OF BATTLE, HORSES.

MILLIGAN:

(OFF) [UNCLEAR]

SECOMBE:

(LAUGHS)

BUTLER:

Yes. It's all very confusing at mealtimes. Is that, er... is that the waterproof gas stove we're expecting?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Could we connect it to the mains?

BUTLER:

I'm afraid that would serve no purpose, sir.

SEAGOON:

What do you mean?

BUTLER:

The gas was cut off yesterday, a little matter of a quarter in arrears.

SEAGOON:

Never mind. Never mind, we mustn't fail now. Eccles, open that brown paper parcel.

FX:

PAPER RUSTLING

ECCLES:

Okay. (SINGS AS OPENS PARCEL) Oh! Oh-how, it's you!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I've seen the light, Captain. Hello, everybody. I heard you call.

SEAGOON:

I haven't called yet.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I know but I'm answering in advance. Strikes answering-in-advance pose, with ears well forward on balls of feet.

SEAGOON:

Bluebottle, into the gas stove and connect this cylinder of gas up.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I will do that, Captain. Yes, I will. Enters gas stove and assumes crouching position within, as assumed by certain people in Bridge Of River Klin. Playing South London all next week. Fixes gas cylinder. (SNIFFS) I say.

FX:

GAS

BLUEBOTTLE:

Can you I smell gas?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Can you see where the leak is?

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, it... it's very dark in here.

SEAGOON:

Well, strike a match.

BLUEBOTTLE:

All right, Captain, I... Oh. Eh, wait a minute. Are you sure this match will not ignite the fatal gas, thereby deadening me, as it has on many previous occasions?

SEAGOON:

Of course not. They're safety matches.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you... thank you for your words of comfort, Captain. I trust you with my life. I do do that, yes. I will strike a match now. Strikes safety match for safety.

FX:

STRIKES MATCH

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ah-hah! You're waiting for me to get deaded, in't you? But I'm not going to. This week Bluebottle is not going to be deaded. So... there!

FX:

EXPLOSION, BREAKING GLASS FOLLOWED BY KNOCK ON DOOR. DOOR OPENS

POSTMAN:

[MILLIGAN]

Er, postman, sir. There's a brown paper parcel for you, sir.

SEAGOON:

Oh, thank you.

FX:

PAPER BEING TORN OFF PARCEL

ECCLES:

Oh, I'll open it. Owwww! It's you!

BLUEBOTTLE:

You rotten swine, you! You... driddled me! Seeks among debris for shattered underpants, shredded boots and three 1 inch by 1½ inch lumps of head.

SEAGOON:

That's done it.

BUTLER:

Compliments of the besieged garrison, sir. Could you make yours [sic] explosions quieter? We can't hear ourselves fight.

SEAGOON:

My aimless opthomologies[?] but the the underwater gas stove's exploded.

BUTLER:

Oh, dear and I had the Sunday joint all ready. This will mean surrender to the enemies of the Queen.

SEAGOON:

Surrender?

BUTLER:

Surrender?

BLOODNOK:

Surrender? To the enemies of the Queen?

SEAGOON:

Yes!

BLOODNOK:

A splendid idea, I'll put on my coward set!

SEAGOON:

No, we must go in there and fight. Give out the swords.

ECCLES:

Ta!

BLOODNOK:

Ta.

SEAGOON:

Open that gate and we'll charge in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Char...! Wait! There's nobody here.

BLOODNOK:

They've all gone.

ECCLES:

There's not a soul.

BUTLER:

Everyone out.

SEAGOON:

What a disappointing ending to the show.

BLOODNOK:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Taxi!

ECCLES:

Good night.

GRAMS:

TAXI DRIVES UP AND SCREECHES TO A HALT. DOOR OPENS.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C

GREENSLADE:

Perhaps listeners will now believe how bad things *really* are in the Old Country. Good night.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT MUSIC

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.