

THE GOON SHOW:  
**TALES OF MEN'S SHIRTS**  
A STORY OF DOWN UNDER

First broadcast on December 31, 1959. Script by Spike Milligan. Produced by John Browell. Announced by Wallace Greenslade. Orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Transcribed by Josh Hayes, corrections by Peter Olausson.

Greenslade:

This is the BBC. After the news there'll be a talk on Early Christian Plastic Knees and the first broadcast of a piece of knotted string. If you would like a piece of knotted string, send three rust-proof shillings to "Honest" Wal Greenslade of Weybridge. Ta.

Seagoon:

Hello folks of world! Hello folks of world! And in that order!

Greenslade:

Ta. That voice comes from inside a short fat round blob, namely Neddie of Wales.

Seagoon:

Thank you, Jim Krint. My first impression will be of Peter Sellers.

Sellers:

Hello folks.

Grams:

*[Sudden burst of cheering]*

Seagoon:

Stop! *[stops]* My next impression will be of Spike Milligan saying "Thynne".

Milligan:

Thynne!

Orchestra and Omnes:

Thynne!

Milligan:

Thyyyynne!

Orchestra and Omnes:

Thyyyynne!

Milligan:

ThyyyYYYYyyyynne!

Orchestra and Omnes:

ThyyyYYYYyyyynne!

Seagoon:

That's Thynne enough! Thank you, thank you. Remember, folks, saying "Thynne" cures you of monkeys on the knees.

Sellers:

Yes, if you've got monkeys on the knees, just say:

Milligan:

Thynne!

Sellers:

And they are only three and six a box.

Milligan:

Yes, I swear by Thynne. One morning I woke up and there they were monkeys on the knees!

Grams:

*[Monkeys in a temper]*

Milligan:

Then I said the cure word, Thynne!

Grams:

*[Speed up and fade record of the monkeys at high speed]*

Milligan:

And away they went!

Greenslade:

Ta. The monkeys were played by professional apes.

Seagoon:

That was Wallace Greenslade saying words.

Greenslade:

Mr. Seagoon, stand by to take part in an adventure story entitled...

Orchestra:

*[Timpani roll soft, held under speech]*

Sellers:

*Tales of Men's Shirts*, a story of down under.

Orchestra:

*[Concluding chords]*

Grams:

*[Morse code comes out of the music]*

Greenslade:

1938, but from the continent come ominous rumblings.

Grams:

*[Rumbling and bubbling cauldron]*

Bloodnok:

Oho! Oh, this Spanish food! Oh! Waiter! One brandy, and pronto!

Spriggs:

One brandy and pronto coming up!

Greenslade:

Those were the last words said at peace. At that moment Germany declared war in all directions.

German:

Bang!

Bloodnok:

Bang? War! I must write me memoirs.

FX:

*[Typewriter]*

Bloodnok:

The day war broke, I said to Allenbrooke, "You fool, don't you realize that..."

Seagoon:

England was mobilized!

Sellers:

Recruits were rushing to the recruiting depots at the rate of one a year.

Greenslade:

We join the story... We join the story in 1942, a critical year for Britain, with British Generals slaving away at their autobiographies.

Grams:

*[Dozens of typewriters]*

Hern:

While across the Channel, the German High Command were welding a master plan, fylum.

Grams:

*[Typewriters]*

German:

Achtung, gentlemen! Be seated. We must have a halt on our war memoirs and go to war! Our scientists have just invented a liquid that will win de war. This chemical, when applied to the tail of a military soldier shirt, is tasteless, colourless, and odourless.

Second German (Eccles?):

What good is that on the tail of a shirt, hein?

German:

The moment the wearer sits down, the heat from his body causes the chemical to hexplode. This way, the soldier will be neutralized.

Second German:

He'll be worse than that.

Third German:

Is einer wonderschon, Gerhimmeler!

German:

Speak English, you fool. There are no sub-titles in this scene. Now zen, this is my plan of attack.

Second German:

It looks like a nail.

German:

No, it's a tack. Ho ho ho ho. Thank you. Who said we Germans haven't a sense of humour?

Second German:

Just about everybody, I tink.

German:

Oberlieutenant Schatz!

Second German:

Wha?

German:

You will take ten men, each one carrying a spray-gun full of the exploding shirt-tail fluid. You will be dropped near Leicester and there you will gain entrance to the Great British Military Shirt Factory. The rest is up to you. We shall call the plan "Operation Burnbaum".

Orchestra:

*[German chords]*

Greenslade:

The effect of this deadly plan was soon felt.

FX:

*[Explosion]*

Bloodnok:

Ohooooohooooo!

Greenslade:

The first discovery was made at Whitehall, where they were working on their memoirs.

Grams:

*[Typewriters]*

Bloodnok:

Halt! Now gentlemen, be seated.

Grams:

*[Series of shirt-tail explosions and shouts of rage]*

Bloodnok:

Ohhhhhh! Quick, nurse! The screens, nurse!

Greenslade:

Portions of the charred shirt-tails were soon at a Military Forensic Laboratory, where they were forensicked.

Seagoon:

Mmmm, yes, there's been severe combustion all right. Hard to say what type. What do you think, sir?

William:

Ooo, I don't know, mate, I'm, uh, I'm only the kleener around 'ere.

Seagoon:

Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you were one of us.

William:

No, no. I'm one of them, mate.

Seagoon:

You don't look like one of them. I mean, why are you dressed like an admiral?

William:

Well, I, er, I don't like people ter think I'm just a kleener, you see. I mean, I went to a good school, mate, I went t'Eton.

Seagoon:

How long were you there?

William:

Oh, 'bout five minutes. I was deliverin' the groceries.

Seagoon:

You were a greengrocer?

William:

Not quite green, more of a dirty yellow colour... Ha ha ha...

Seagoon:

Ha ha ha... Very good...

William:

*[Garbled]* publish, sir...

Seagoon:

Good luck. Well, now... Very good, now just step out of this thirteenth-storey window.

William:

No, thanks. I'm trying to give 'em up, mate.

Seagoon:

I wish I could. Hup!

William:

*[Dramatic]* So sayin', he stepped aht, matie.

Grams:

*[Long fading scream (very long indeed)]*

Seagoon:

*[Over end of scream]* Yes, I always travel by window, folks, it's the quickest way down.

Grams:

*[Seagoon cries out as he hits bottom]*

Seagoon:

I was on my way to the Quarter-Master-General, Nick Nock Nocky Nick.

Crun:

Come in, Knick Knock Knocky Knick Knowel.

Seagoon:

It's me, Lieutenant Seagoon, from the body of the same name.

Crun:

Ah, Ned, let me take your window. Did you hear they're sending up a rocket to photograph the other side of you?

Seagoon:

All lies, all lies! I'm losing weight -- I've dropped three stone.

FX:

*[Lump of iron goes clang on the ground]*

Seagoon:

There's one now.

Bannister:

Hello, sailor.

Seagoon:

What's this, then?

Bannister:

What? My name is Bannister.

Seagoon:

Didn't I see you on the stairs?

Bannister:

What? Don't you bother me...

Seagoon:

Now, Mr. Crun, I want to borrow a stock military shirt for an experiment. But first, Geldray, and his famed Dutch Conk!

Geldray:

These are my wartime Conk memoirs. Ploogie!

Max Geldray & Orchestra:

*[Musical interlude]*

Greenslade:

*Tales of Men's Shirts, Part Two.*

Orchestra:

*[Dramatic descending chords with distant bugle and drum]*

Grams:

*[Crowd of men chatting and typewriters]*

Sellers:

*[Loud and soft voice]* Eyes front, ears to the side! Stand by your memoirs! Orderly Officer...

Grams:

*[Slur record of chatting down]*

Sellers:

All correct and present, sir. Thynne!

Seagoon:

Thank you, and Thynne. Right. At ease, men.

Grams:

*[Immediate snoring]*

Seagoon:

Gentlemen, all of you officers have been selected because of your high standard of intelligence.

Eccles:

You sure of dat?

Seagoon:

Someone has blundered. Private Eccles, I've got bad news.

Eccles:

Private? I'm a Captain.

Seagoon:

That's the bad news.

Eccles:

Oh!

Seagoon:

Now, just stand in this shallow grave and wait for the next death.

Eccles:

Ta.

Seagoon:

Gentlemen, there has been an outbreak of exploding shirt-tails in the British Army. We suspect sabotage.

Milligan:

Oh! *[Gabbles a rubbishy question]*?

Seagoon:

Not when the train is standing in the station.

Milligan:

Blast!

Seagoon:

Now, gentlemen, this is a matter of life and death. I want a volunteer to wear this shirt and make notes on the way it behaves.

Eccles:

*[Off]* Not a lot of room in this grave...

Seagoon:

In fact... In fact, try everything to make that shirt-tail explode. Who will volunteer?

Omnes:

*[Pause, light, nervous singing and whistling starts, gets louder and louder]*

Orchestra:

*[All gradually join in the singing]*

Seagoon:

Stop this! I appreciate your love of singing and cowardice, if you won't volunteer, we must draw lots. Eccles?

Eccles:

Yeah?

Seagoon:

Write your name on a piece of paper and put it in this hat.

Eccles:

*[Scribbles]* Dere.

Seagoon:

Now draw it out and read it.

Eccles:

Mrs. Phyllis Quott.

Seagoon:

You imposter, you're not Mrs Quott!

Eccles:

*[Aside]* Blast! *[Aloud]* Wait, I'll tell ya, I... *[giggles]* *[to audience]* It's all free, folks... *[to Neddy]* Wait, I know the ideal volunteer for you, he's had more experience with shirt-tails than anybody, his name is...

Orchestra:

*[Bloodnok Theme]*

FX:

*[Typewriter]*

Bloodnok:

So I said to Winston, "Allenbrooke and Montgomery are ideal lads..."

Grams:

*[The shirt-tail explosion]*

Bloodnok:

Ooooooh oh! Abdul! Quick, a new shirt! It's happened again.

Seagoon:

Nickity knock knock oh nock!

Bloodnok:

Nickity knock knock in nocks? That's my private number! *[Calling]* Come in, within!

Seagoon:

Thank you. Major Bloodnok?

Bloodnok:

I have been called worse, yes? Now what can I do for you? Better still, get out!

Seagoon:

Major, I'm here to offer you money.

Bloodnok:

Ohoho! Ohhhh, come in Ned, and warm yourself by this woman. She's just coming to the boil.

Grams:

*[Kettle with steam whistle]*

Bloodnok:

There she goes now! Yes...

Seagoon:

I've been told that you have more experience with exploding shirt-tails than any man alive.

Bloodnok:

True, true. I feel no pain, you know. But what of the rewards?

Seagoon:

Several plastic OBEs and a drip-dry statue of Jane Mansfield and a ticket to Hampstead Fairground.

Bloodnok:

Ohhhh, none but the brave deserve the fair. I accept et cetera!

Seagoon:

Come, Bloodnok, on with this military test shirt.



Bloodnok:

Yes, let us drink to the success of the venture, here's mud in yer eye.

Seagoon:

*[Puzzled]* So saying, he threw a plate of mud at me.

FX:

*[Splat]*

Seagoon:

Aheoahaiohai!

Orchestra:

*[Dramatic chords]*

Greenslade:

Neddy's next move was to actually get into Germany and try to find out the enemy's secret.

Seagoon:

At dawn, a ship hove to at Portsmouth Ho.

Grams:

*[Seagulls, Bosun's Whistle, ship making up steam]*

FX:

*[Typewriter]*

Moriarty:

"How I Saved de Gaulle and Told Mark Clarke Where to Get Off..." *[sings]* A life on the ocean waaave, is the key to a watery grave... *[keeps singing]*

Grytpype-Thynne:

Happy, Moriarty?

Moriarty:

Aye aye, Captain! I thought you'd never get here.

Seagoon:

Ahoy there!

Grytpype-Thynne:

Ahoy, Ned!

Moriarty:

*[Over]* Ahoy, Neddie!

Grytpype-Thynne:

Come aboard.

Grams:

*[Splash]*

Grytpype-Thynne:

You must wait for the gangplank. Ups-a-daisy.

Grams:

*[Man pulled out of water]*

Seagoon:

Oh! By Jove, that water was taller than me!

Grytpype-Thynne:

It's older, that's why, Neddy. Ha ha ha ha! Welcome to the good ship Lollipop.

Seagoon:

My name is Lieutenant Seagoon.

Grytpype-Thynne:

A better name for a twit I've yet to hear. Ned, this man in the red football jersey and one white sock is an old steaming French sailor.

Moriarty:

I've got the sea in my blood.

Seagoon:

*[Giggles]* I think you see where it gets in.

Moriarty:

What? I must have it plugged! Mind how you speak to me. Do you know who I am?

Seagoon:

Can't you remember?

Moriarty:

I am, remember, Comte della Robbia de Sploon di Blippen! The Duke of Orange, an old naval family.

Seagoon:

So, folks, he comes from a long line of naval oranges! Ha ha ha ha. Laugh and the world laughs with you, they say.

Grytpype-Thynne:

You've proved them wrong, haven't you, Neddy?

Spriggs:

We're ready to sail, Jim, ready to sailllllllll.

Grytpype-Thynne:

Thank you, Jimmmmm! Cast off fore, aft and ift!

Omnes:

*[Sea shouts]*

Orchestra:

*[Dramatic seascape music]*

Greenslade:

A heavy sea mist descended, demanding constant vigilance by seamen in the chart-room.

Bluebottle:

Ift by aft by fore and aft and ift... Six bells and all's well on the dog. *[Sings]* Fiteen men on dehman's chest, ho ho ho and bottled rum. Drink the devil and *[garbled]*, ho ho ho and...

Seagoon:

Everything all right, Seaman Bottle?

Bluebottle:

Everything is Bristol fashion and ship-sinky! 'Ere, I got an electric twit for Christmas. Aye aye, matie!

Seagoon:

Aye aye.

Bluebottle:

And aye aye to *you*, sir. [*sings*] Fiteen men on dehman's chest, ho ho ho and kobbled rum. Drink t'de Devil and...

Seagoon:

What's that rough sailor song you sing, Seaman?

Bluebottle:

I'm singing this map... [*Ad libs tune*] All those brown parts are the land, and the blue bits with the little lines on are the seas! All the green is where the forest is. Sherwood Forest is a nine mile long, doo dah, doo dah...

Seagoon:

[*Joining Bluebottle*] Sherwood Forest is nine miles long, oh de doo dah day! [*B its of the orchestra join in sporatically*] Oh de doo dah day, oh de doo dah day! Sherwood Forest is... [*giggles*] Ha ha ha! Ahh, lad, they don't write maps like that any more. I say, this fog is getting thick.

Bluebottle:

And I say, so it is!

Grams:

[*Distant fog horn; Bloodnok's "Ohhhhhh"*]

Seagoon:

What's that?

Bluebottle:

Sounds like Major Bloodnok.

Seagoon:

It can't be, he's never had it that bad... Is Eccles in the crow's nest?

Bluebottle:

Yes.

Seagoon:

Eccles?

Eccles:

Yer?

Seagoon:

Can you see ahead?

Eccles:

Yer, a dirty big bald one.

Seagoon:

Is it one of ours?

Eccles:

It's... Oh! [*Sings to "Camptown Races", as above, with fitful orchestral accompaniment*] It's Ray Ellington on the cardboard bow! Rum tum biddy bump dum tum!

Ellington:

Man! I don't know how they get away with this stuff.

The Ray Ellington Quartet:

*[Musical Interlude]*

Greenslade:

That was Mr Ray Ellington, who now uses the new blue whitener.

Ray Ellington:

I heard that!

Greenslade:

Part Four of *Tales of Men's Shirts*. Thynne!

Orchestra:

*[Dramatic return-to-story chords]*

Seagoon:

At dawn we came to off the coast of Germany. We prepared to swim ashore by electric plunging drawers.

FX:

*[Electric plunging drawers sound, then a thud]*

Seagoon!

Aaah! A shot in my shorts!

Grytpype-Thynne:

No, you don't! Hands up, little Ned of Wales.

Seagoon:

What's the meaning of this?

Grytpype-Thynne:

*This* means you're a prisoner of the German Navy.

Seagoon:

So that's what "this" means. I've often wondered. You traitor, Thynne.

Grytpype-Thynne:

My name is Horne.

Seagoon:

Traitor Horne! [Transcribers note: "Traitor-Horne" is the name of a chain of stores in the UK, I think.]

Orchestra:

*[Ta Raa cymbal]*

Seagoon:

They don't come any older, folks! *[Off]* Calling folks of world!

Grytpype-Thynne:

Moriarty, clap this lot in irons.

FX:

*[Typewriter]*

Grytpype-Thynne:

Chapter Two: "How I Captured a British Idiot in Drawers".

Moriarty:

Come on, you... Spotty Herbert.

Bluebottle:

Take your hands off me! Do you think you can take Bluebottle alive?

Moriarty:

*[Gabbles]*

Bluebottle:

Fixes Moriarty with hypnotic gaze, doot doot doot doot doot doot...

Grams:

*[Old fashioned silent movie piano, tension music; keeps on in background]*

Bluebottle:

My man, I was trained in judo by the Great Bert. Using the body as a counter-pivot to displace the opponent, I use the Great Bert's method of throwing the opponent to his death! Be warned, Moriarty, one false move and you die by Bert's method!

Moriarty:

Take that!

FX:

*[Thwack on Bluebottle's head]*

Bluebottle:

Ohoooh! *[Cries]* Wait till I see that twit Bert...

Eccles:

You hit my friend Bottle again and see what happens!

FX:

*[Terrific slapstick]*

Bluebottle:

Ohoooh!

Eccles:

See? Dat's what happens.

Orchestra:

*[Dramatic descending chords]*

FX:

*[Typewriter]*

Greenslade:

"The Greenslade War Memoirs", Chapter One. I said to Allen Brooke, "How dare you." Then I realized that...

Grams:

*[Behind dialogue: silent film piano, sad]*

Greenslade:

...the whole plot has misfired. Lieutenant Seagoon has somehow been betrayed. The destroyer had transferred them to a U-boat that took them to the POW camp at Rhinegold Castle, Fnutt.

Milligan:

The prison was full of British Officers who had sworn to *die* rather than be captured.

Seagoon:

It was winter when we arrived and the snow lay heavy on the slopes of Brigitte Bardot.

Von Arlone:

Nowzen, Englanders, my name is von Arlone.

Eccles:

*[sings (One Alone)]* Von Alooone ter be...

FX:

*[Slapstick]*

Eccles:

Owww! Ow! You'll pay fer dat!

FX:

*[Half a crown thrown down onto the pavement]*

Eccles:

Ta. Want another go?

Seagoon:

Shut up, Eccles. Now then, von Arlone...

Eccles:

*[Sings, off]* Von Arlooone...

Seagoon:

...what do you intend to do with us?

Von Arlone:

You will be incarcerated.

Seagoon:

Ahemmmm. I *hope* I heard right.

Von Arlone:

But, er, perhaps if you were to tell us what your mission is, we could...

Seagoon:

Never, I won't tell you!

Von Arlone:

Do you know what happens to British spies?

Seagoon:

No.

Von Arlone:

So, you won't even tell us *that*? Throw them in Stalag Ten, Eleven, and Twelve!  
Gerschmittenhemenzwitz!

Orchestra:

*[Dramatic chords]*

Grams:

*[Iron door slams. Heavy key in lock. Pair of gaolers footsteps walk away]*

Eccles:

*[Sings "My Lovely Day"]*

Bluebottle:

What you singing for?

Eccles:

What?

Bluebottle:

Got nothing to sing about...

Eccles:

I wasn't singing about anything...

Bluebottle:

I don't like this game. I don't like all these hairy Germans. They hitted me. Hit, hit, hittee, they went.

Seagoon:

Don't worry men. I have a plin of a plon of a plan. When the German guard comes in with our dinner, let him have it!

Bluebottle:

Den what are we going to eat?

Seagoon:

I mean, let him have this iron bar on his nut. Then we'll change uniforms and pretend to be Huns. Trouble is, I can't speak the language. Eccles, how's your German?

Eccles:

He's fine, how's yours?

William:

*[Approaching, singing]* Deutschland uber Allies, mate, Deutschland uber Allies... *[Under]*

Seagoon:

Listen, a German speaking fluent Cockney.

FX:

*[Iron gate opening]*

William:

Here's yer breakfast, mates.

FX:

*[Great heavy rock thuds on the floor]*

William:

Boiled egg, I'll be bound, ha ha...

FX:

*[Iron bar across his nut]*

William:

Oh, I've been spunned from the film of the same name. Ohhhh.

FX:

*[Feeble typewriter]*

William:

*[very feeble]* Chapter One: "How I was Spunned in Action". I says to Allen Brooke, "You... you ol' twit," I says.

Seagoon:

Wait... Wait! This isn't a German, this is Sewerman Sam! What are you doing dressed as a German General?

William:

I told yer, I don't like people to know I does the sewers, mate.

Seagoon:

You come with us. You may come in useful -- you can say odd lines.

William:

Oodd Linesss! Odd Liness! Yer, I can, yer!

Orchestra:

*[Dramatic chords]*

Greenslade:

Ned and his party made their way to the great German Chemical Works at Schatz. By using the short-wave cardboard secret horse-hair and mattress telephone, they were able to contact London by speech.

FX:

*[Typewriter on distort]*

Bloodnok:

*[Distorted]* Hello, hello, er... Lieutenant Seagoon, about artillery...

Seagoon:

What about it?

Bloodnok:

One "l" or two?

Seagoon:

Two "l".

Bloodnok:

To 'ell with you as well.

Seagoon:

We've escaped from the German nick.

Bloodnok:

German Nick? That swine! He and Belgian Tom! Oh, how well I remember. Ohoooh! Now listen, we've discovered the name of the chemical that explodes our shirt-tails. It's called Gerschattzer.

Seagoon:

Gerschattzer? How do you spell it?

Bloodnok:

I-T

Seagoon:

*[Over writing FX]* I-T, prounouced Gerschattzer... Thanks. Now... Now, will you do us a favour?

Bloodnok:

What's her name?

Seagoon:

Women -- women, women, women. Is that all you think of?



Bloodnok:

*[Meditatively]* By Jove, I do believe it is. Oh, you naughty old Dennis.

Seagoon:

Listen, I remember in the First World War that an English Officer hid in a cupboard from the Germans. So could you have three cupboards dropped to us?

Bloodnok:

At once.

Grams:

*[Crash]*

Seagoon:

Thank you. Now men, the moment you see any Germans approaching, swallow your uniforms, get inside the cupboards, and do an impression of a suit, the shabbier the better.

Bluebottle:

Can I be a pin-stripe, Captain?

Seagoon:

No, I want the pin-stripe, I'm senior.

Eccles:

I'll be a morning suit, then I can have the afternoon off. Can I get out of this grave?

Bloodnok:

I should be a dinner jacket, I'm hungry.

Seagoon:

Bloodnok! Come out of that cupboard!

Bloodnok:

Has her husband gone, has he?

Seagoon:

This is not the time to think of women.

Bloodnok:

Isn't it, oh, well, let me know when it is and I'll be off again. Ooooooh!

Grams:

*[Chickens clucking]*

Seagoon:

Look, a patrol of Germans disguised as chickens.

Bloodnok:

Nonsense, they're disguised as pigeons.

Seagoon:

So that's why we've all been spotted!

Omnes:

*[Much shushing under:]*

Bloodnok:

Shh! Look, they're digging in behind that tree. I... I *hope* they're digging in behind that tree.

Seagoon:

Shhhh... Keep quiet. They know we're here. I wonder why they're holding their fire.

Eccles:

Perhaps they haven't got a fireplace.

FX:

*[Slapstick]*

Eccles:

Owww!

German:

Listen, Englanders, we know you are dere!

Seagoon:

Gad, it's Spike Milligan with a bad German accent -- and a bad joke!

German:

Listen, *[Milligan gigles]* I need the money! Listen, we make bargain, we let you all go free if you hand over Major Bloodnok.

Bloodnok:

Never! You hear? We'd rather die than hand him over.

Seagoon:

You speak for yourself.

Bloodnok:

I am, I am. I'll make a bargain with you, look here...

German:

Speak up, speak up!

Bloodnok:

I'll make a bargain with you! Take all these lads and I'll let Major Bloodnok go free. What do you say?

German:

*Dis* is our answer.

FX:

*[Great outburst of firing]*

Bloodnok:

Speak English, you swine!

German:

Bang!

Grams:

*[American bugle call and approach of cavalry; shooting]*

Seagoon:

Look! Saved by the American Fifth Cavalry! It saved us! *[Dry]* Let's face it, it saved the television folks.

Orchestra:

*[Ta Raa ]*

Greenslade:

That was happy ending Number One. And now - are you all sitting comfortably? - here is happy ending Number Two.

Orchestra:

*[Alto and rhythm play "Laura"]*

FX:

*[Door opens]*

Seagoon:

Cynthia? Cynthia darling, it's me, Tom.

Cynthia:

Oh Tom darling! You're back!

Seagoon:

Yes, I brought it with me. Cynthia, I've been a fool about you.

Cynthia:

Don't say that, darling.

Seagoon:

This parcel, it's... It's for you.

Cynthia:

Is it? What is it, Tom?

FX:

*[Unwrapping]*

Seagoon:

Darling, this thing is bigger than both of us.

Cynthia:

Oh, Tom, it's... It's an elephant!

Seagoon:

Yes. I'm not waiting any longer, we're getting married tonight.

Greenslade:

And so, that night, Neddie Seagoon married an elephant. Good night.

Orchestra:

*[Old Comrades March]*

Speaker:

The Goon Show which was reported was produced by John Brown. Harry Secombe is now appearing in Humpty Dumpty at the London Palladium...