

S6 E09 - The International Christmas Pudding

Transcribed by absentmindedgenius, corrections by others. Additional corrections and edits by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

MINNIE:

Ohhhhh...

GREENSLADE:

Would anybody start the bidding?

SECOMBE:

Ten shillings, there!

GREENSLADE:

Sold!

SECOMBE:

Good!

SECOMBE:

Then we're off on another remarkable wireless talking-type Goon Show!

GRAMS:

MUSIC, CONTINUES UNTIL...

SECOMBE:

Stop! Tonight... tonight, in honour of the occasion, we bring you, especially writted for the wireless, the classic tale of the Great International Christmas Pudding!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC CHORDS AND SEND UP

ECCLES:

Fine, fine, fine.

SPRIGGS:

The Great International Christmas Pudding. Where is it?

McGOONIGAL:

[SELLERS]

Many years ago in the year five hundred and sixty two BC

The Great monumental International Christmas Pudding was struck by lightning

Which also struck a tree.

And the magnificent International Christmas Pudding, which had been erected by Sisygambus atop a temple tall,

Was broken into two portions by the knock it received during the fall.

And oh, these portions have been carried to a far corner of the earth

And this terrible disaster is not an occasion for mirth and oh...

ORCHESTRA:

HARP LINK

GREENSLADE:

Yes, it was in 1843 that the discovery in the Sudan of a large fossilised fragment of this long forgotten pudding prompted a question in the House of Commons.

OMNES:

SNORING UNDER:

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT:

[MILLIGAN]

(OLD) And the discovery of this portion of pudding prompts me to suggest that if all the portions... if all the portions of this emblem of international goodwill and understanding could be reassembled and set up in some appropriate spot...

SECOMBE:

Hear, hear!

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT:

...it might well be the turning point in the falling prestige of this wonderful country of ours.

SECOMBE:

Hear hear, all right, lads, tea up, tea up!

GREENSLADE:

And so it was, one autumn evening, that a tall stranger approached a young man secretly repairing a granite banjo in Hyde Park.

FX:

SCRATCHING AND SANDING SOUNDS.

GRYTPYPE:

Good evening. Have a picture of Queen Victoria.

SEAGOON:

No thanks, I'm trying to give them up.

GRYTPYPE:

I don't think you'll ever do it, I've tried and failed. May I come in?

SEAGOON:

But I'm outside.

GRYTPYPE:

Well you come in, then.

FX:

DOOR OPENS THEN SHUTS.

SEAGOON:

I found myself inside a twelve bob a week bed-sitting room in Temple Kilburn.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, we have a guest.

MORIARTY:

Good, at last we eat!

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, just step into the oven, will you?

FX:

OVEN DOOR OPENS.

GRYTPYPE:

We'll soon dry those damp clothes for you.

SEAGOON:

(LAUGHS) Thank you very much.

FX:

OVEN DOOR CLOSED.

GRYTPYPE:

Do you mind lying down in the baking tin?

SEAGOON:

(OFF) Right.

GRYTPYPE:

Right, Moriarty, light the gas.

MORIARTY:

I can't, I've no money for the meter.

GRYTPYPE:

What? What happened to that penny?

MORIARTY:

I sold it for two ha'pennies.

SEAGOON:

(OFF) I can lend you a penny.

FX:

OVEN DOOR OPENS.

MORIARTY:

Ohahehohohehah!

GRYTPYPE:

You have money?

SEAGOON:

Oh, lots of it.

MORIARTY:

Money! Ohahehohohehah! (ETC)

GRYTPYPE:

Steady, Moriarty. Please hide those bones.

MORIARTY:

I can't, they're mine.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, put a brown paper towel around them. Now Neddie, come out of the oven and sit down on this orange box.

SEAGOON:

Thank you very much.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty...

SEAGOON:

By heavens, it's stiff in there, you know. Haha.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, I'm sure. Moriarty, put that cardboard chicken on the table and play the record of a champagne bottle being opened, will you?

MORIARTY:

Right, I'll do it.

GRYTPYPE:

You say you're rich, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Yes. I'm an eccentric millionaire you know. Hehehehe, yes, yes. I really don't know what to do with money. I was thinking of giving it all to a fund for third rate music hall comedians.

MORIARTY:

What? I say! I say! I say! What is it that has eight wheels and flies?

GRYTPYPE:

I don't know. What is it that has eight wheels and flies?

MORIARTY:

Two corporation dustcarts!

GRYTPYPE:

I don't wish to know that.

SEAGOON:

No, neither do I. (CLEARS THROAT) On second thoughts...

MORIARTY:

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

SEAGOON:

I think I'll give it all to the next two men to swim the channel.

GRYTPYPE AND MORIARTY:

Ohh!

GRAMS:

TWO SPLASHES FOLLOWED BY SOUND OF MEN SWIMMING AWAY.

SEAGOON:

No, no, come back, come back.

GRAMS:

SOUND OF TWO MEN SWIMMING BACK.

MORIARTY:

What? What?

SEAGOON:

I've changed my mind. No, no, I *will* give it to the next two men to swim the channel.

GRYTPYPE AND MORIARTY:

Ohh!

GRAMS:

TWO SPLASHES FOLLOWED BY SOUND OF MEN SWIMMING AWAY.

SEAGOON:

No, no no no no no (ETC, DIFFERENT PITCHES) Stop! I've changed my mind. I'll spend every penny on forming a new show band.

GRAMS:

BRASSY TYPE MUSIC.

SEAGOON:

No, I've got it. Yes, I've got it. I'll give it all to the man who runs a mile in three minutes.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT.

GRAMS:

SOUND OF FEET RUNNING AWAY THEN RETURNING.

MORIARTY:

(PANTS) There, three minutes exactly.

SEAGOON:

No, I've changed my mind.

MORIARTY:

(DESPERATE) What? What? What? What? What? What?

SEAGOON:

I don't know really. I tell you what. Have *you* any ideas on how to spend my money?

MORIARTY:

Ohohohoho.

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, please. Let me look in my book of suggestions. A... B... C... Charlie. Neddie, have you ever heard of the Great International Christmas Pudding?

SEAGOON:

No.

GRYTPYPE:

Do have a picture of Queen Victoria.

SEAGOON:

Well, just this once. As I puffed my Queen Victoria, he told me the amazing story of the Great International Christmas Pudding, originally built at Alexandria in BC 2000, destroyed and sacked by the Catharginians under Plato's republic and its fragments scattered the length and length of the known world.

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, Neddie, you saved me telling you.

SEAGOON:

Needle Nardle Noo!

GRYTPYPE:

But think, Neddie. If only all these fragments of the Great International Christmas Pudding could be found and reassembled under one roof, the whole magnificent structure could be completely restored. What an incentive to goodwill and understanding among men.

SEAGOON:

Gad!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, how would... and think carefully.

SEAGOON:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

How would *you* like to join my Great International Christmas Pudding expedition?

SEAGOON:

Yesyesyesyesyesyes!

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, no, though. I doubt if you have the stamina.

SEAGOON:

What? A test! A test! Give me a test!

GRYTPYPE:

Lift me on your back.

SEAGOON:

Child's play (STRAINS) Put your foot in... there!

GRYTPYPE:

(OFF) Good! Now Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

Easy (STRAINS) Watch out for the tenor's friend, there. Now what?

GRYTPYPE:

(OFF) You sure you've got money?

SEAGOON:

Yes, of course I have.

GRYTPYPE:

(OFF) Then the Ritz Carlton grill for lunch and step on it please, do you mind?

MORIARTY:

Yes and at all costs avoid Max Geldray.

GELDRAI:

(HARMONICA SLIDE)

MORIARTY:

Too late!

MAX GELDRAY:

"ME AND MY GAL"

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

The Great International Christmas Pudding, second helping. Deeply impressed by the magnificent luncheon he'd bought for Lord Grytpype, Neddie decided to equip a complete Christmas Pudding expedition.

ORCHESTRA AND OMNES:

AFRICAN-STYLE DRUMMING AND SINGING MOYA MOYA MOYA MO, BOYA BOYA BOYA BOYA BO!

SEAGOON:

Yes, within a week, I had landed at Port Pakango. Awaiting for me on the quay was a resplendent figure wearing a tiger-skin busby, a scarlet duffel coat and kahki drill shorts and smoking a picture of Queen Victoria.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh, a white man! Allow me to introduce myself, sir. Major Dennis Bloodnok, International Christmas Pudding agent for the Sudan.

SEAGOON:

Gad, what luck! The very man I'm looking for.

BLOODNOK:

You mean you're interested?

SEAGOON:

Of course.

BLOODNOK:

You don't know what you're undertaking. Do you realise there are men here who would be willing to drive you out of the country at any price?

SEAGOON:

Who are they?

BLOODNOK:

Taxi drivers.

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that.

BLOODNOK:

Neither do I.

SEAGOON:

Ha hmm. Tell me more about the pudding. Is there a portion somewhere in the Sudan?

BLOODNOK:

It's all here, lad, in Africa. Three quarters of it is worshipped as a god by the savage Naringi Burbas. And the other quarter's turned man-eater and is roaming the forest of Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po.

SEAGOON:

Gad! You mean that portion will have to be shot?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, it will need a man with a steady eye, a hollow tooth and a wooden leg to bring it down.

SEAGOON:

Do you know of such a man?

BLOODNOK:

No, but I know a man whose advice would be invaluable to you, but, er, hmm, he'd be too expensive.

SEAGOON:

Mmm. Between you and me, how much should I offer him?

BLOODNOK:

Well, between you and me, his usual fee is a thousand, but in my estimation he's worth much more.

SEAGOON:

Two?

BLOODNOK:

Three.

SEAGOON:

Right. Who is he?

BLOODNOK:

Me.

SEAGOON:

Ahaha, Major Bloodnok. I've been told to offer you three thousand pounds.

BLOODNOK:

You've been very well advised.

SEAGOON:

Well now, what do you advise me to do?

BLOODNOK:

First, pay me the money. Er, you have money, haven't you?

SEAGOON:

Of course I have money.

BLOODNOK:

Good, good.

SEAGOON:

Miss Throat?

THROAT:

Yes?

SEAGOON:

Open my money chest and put on the gramophone record of seven thousand pounds in shillings.

THROAT:

Right.

GRAMS:

COINS FALLING ONTO FLOOR ONE BY ONE. CARRIES ON FOR 30 SECONDS.

BLOODNOK:

Wait a minute, that was only three thousand, five hundred pounds. Where's the rest of it?

SEAGOON:

I'll play you the other side.

BLOODNOK:

All right, I'll play the rest when I get home. Do have a picture of Queen Victoria, please.

SEAGOON:

No thanks, I'm trying to give them up.

BLOODNOK:

Ohh.

SEAGOON:

Now... now tell me. What is your advice about the Great International Christmas Pudding?

BLOODNOK:

Forget all about it, lad, goodbye!

SEAGOON:

Stop! You mustn't go.

BLOODNOK:

Why?

SEAGOON:

I've made up my mind. I'm going to get that Christmas Pudding and all for Britain. And I want you to accompany me on the safari.

BLOODNOK:

But I've never played one in my life.

SEAGOON:

I'll have a man flown out to teach you.

BLOODNOK:

Then I'll come. Of course, I shall need special equipment.

SEAGOON:

Such as?

BLOODNOK:

Money.

SEAGOON:

Very well. Here's a recording of a blank cheque.

GRAMS:

RECORDED SILENCE (WITH SURFACE RECORD NOISE).

BLOODNOK:

Ohh.

SEAGOON:

Just fill in the label for any amount you like. Now, what else do we need?

BLOODNOK:

A picture of Queen Victoria.

SEAGOON:

On Bloodnok's advice, I also purchased the following vital equipment.

MILLIGAN:

One knee-action, self-reciprocating Christmas Pudding gun.

SECOMBE:

One hand-painted inflatable Christmas Pudding decoy with rubber hollow.

SELLERS:

One portable plastic and gravel road.

MILLIGAN:

One long bent thing with a sort of lump on the end.

SECOMBE:

One waterproof cover for same.

SELLERS:

One same.

MILLIGAN:

Thirty-three boxes of yellow kosher boots.

SECOMBE:

Another long bent thing with a sort of lump on the end.

SELLERS:

One uncooked leather trilby with sugar feather.

MILLIGAN:

One sixty foot explodable granite statue with built-in plunger

SECOMBE:

Detailed plans of what to do with long bent thing with a sort of lump on the end.

BLOODNOK:

Right, now, pack all that into the piano and burn it to ashes.

SEAGOON:

To ashes?

BLOODNOK:

Yes, they're much, much lighter to carry. Please, have a picture of Queen Victoria.

SEAGOON:

Haha. Not before lunch.

BLOODNOK:

Right, then, follow me.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME, INTO MILITARY STYLE MARCH.

GRAMS:

EFFECT OF BOOTS TRAMPING ON GRAVEL.

GREENSLADE:

Meanwhile, unknown to Seagoon, a different expedition has already reached the forest of Ying-Tong-Iddle-I-Po, collecting moss for the BBC. At this very moment indeed, its members are bedding down in their tents under the jungle moon.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, dear. Yim-bom-biddle-oh, melodies divine. Have you tucked the end of the sheets in, Henry?

HENRY:

Yes, yes, Min, yes.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, dear. Have you put the hot water bottle in?

HENRY:

Yes.

MINNIE:

Good, good, good, good.

HENRY:

Oh, Min!

MINNIE:

It's very hot tonight, I think I'll have a cold water bottle.

HENRY:

Here, we will have to get these tents redecorated.

MINNIE:

Why?

HENRY:

The wallpaper is peeling.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear. I'll get a new roll from London, Henry.

HENRY:

Good, good, good.

MINNIE:

Yes, it is good.

HENRY:

Did you put the tiger out, Min?

MINNIE:

Yes, I did, I... I put the tiger out, Henry.

HENRY:

Then don't forget to tell the camel driver no milk tomorrow.

GRAMS:

LOUD DULL THUDS, CONTINUE UNDER FOLLOWING CONVERSATION:

MINNIE:

Ohhhhhhhheeh.

HENRY:

What?

MINNIE:

What... what's that? What's that? Ohhh.

HENRY:

It's all right, Min, it's just those noisy people in the tent upstairs. (CALLS) Who's that walking about upstairs?

ECCLES:

(OFF) I'm the famous Eccles! I got friends in.

HENRY:

He's the famous Eccles and he's got friends in, Min. (CALLS) Do you mind taking those noisy boots off?

ECCLES:

(OFF) OK.

FX:

TWO THUDS.

MINNIE:

Ahh, that's better.

FX:

THUD

MINNIE:

Ohh, I didn't know he had three legs, Henry.

HENRY:

He hasn't, Min, he hasn't, he has a one legged friend. Good... goodnight, Min.

MINNIE:

Goodnight, buddy.

FX:

THUD.

MINNIE AND HENRY:

Ohh!

HENRY:

He's got two one legged friends!

FX:

THUD.

MINNIE:

It's that or one three-legged friend, Henry.

HENRY:

Yes. Well, goodnight, Min.

MINNIE:

Goodnight, little mmnnnn naughty Henry. Goodnight, little Henry! Goodnight.

FX:

ROARING.

MINNIE:

Ohh! What's that? We'll all be murdered in our beds!

HENRY:

Is that the tiger, Min? Let him in, let him in.

MINNIE:

Come in, pussy.

FX:

ROARING.

MINNIE:

Ohhoww! It isn't the tiger, Henry! It's a savage portion of the Christmas Pudding!

HENRY:

Help, Eccles, help!

MINNIE:

Helppp, Eccles!

HENRY:

Help, Eccles, help!

FX:

LOUD BANGING.

ECCLES:

(OFF) You two down there! Stop that naughty noise! I'm trying to get some sleep. I'm a brain-worker!

HENRY:

I'm sorry, Eccles. Not so loud, Min, quietly.

MINNIE AND HENRY:

(QUIETLY) Help, Eccles, help.

SEAGOON:

Keep calm, old couple. Keep calm. I heard your refined screams. Now, what's the trouble?

HENRY:

There's a savage portion of International Christmas Pudding loose in the long grass.

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! Just what I'm looking for. Quick, surround Africa!

ORCHESTRA AND OMNES:

LOUD, FRANTIC SHOUTING.

SEAGOON:

Now, load that gun with thrupenny bits. Careful! Don't point that gun at me. Point it up at the ceiling.

FX:

PISTOL SHOT. WHOOSH. DOOR OPENS.

ECCLES:

Look, I'm rich!

FX:

COIN FALLS ON FLOOR.

SEAGOON:

Pull up your pants at once! Now then, if possible we must take the savage portion of pudding alive.

BLOODNOK:

Are you mad? That Christmas Pudding can never be held captive inside anything.

SEAGOON:

Then we must dig a pudding pit and line the sides with custard so it can't climb out.

BLOODNOK:

Brilliant, lad, brilliant. We have no time to waste. Ellington, play that crocodile quinge!

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"THE CROCODILE CRAWL"

GREENSLADE:

The Great International Christmas Pudding, third helping. A change of events. At dawn, a shock for our hunters.

GRAMS:

TRIBESMEN CALLING, GALLOPING AND GUNFIRE UNDER:

BLOODNOK:

Great walloping scraggles of nurgle! Look over there!

SEAGOON:

Quick. Hand me my semi-circular grass telescope.

BLOODNOK:

There.

SEAGOON:

Gad! Dear listeners. As I looked over my shoulder, I could see a terrible sight. Galloping at full tilt across the date fields was a savage portion of the Great International Christmas Pudding, hotly pursued by the ferocious tribe, the Naringi Burbas.

BLOODNOK:

Yes!

SEAGOON:

Then, to our horror, they brought it down with a well aimed plasticine boomerang and saxophone mat. Curses and naughty words, we are forestalled!

BLOODNOK:

Don't worry, lad, don't worry, it's a blessing in disguise.

SEAGOON:

What is?

BLOODNOK:

Sabrina with a beard.

SEAGOON:

I don't see what Sabrina needs a beard for. I think she looks attractive enough without one.

BLOODNOK:

I suppose she does really, I've never thought of it that way.

FX:

KNOCKING.

SEAGOON:

Heavens, it's two men carrying a door. Come in.

FX:

DOOR OPENS.

GRYTPYPE:

Hello, Neddie.

SEAGOON:

Grytpype! So glad you came.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

Bad news.

GRYTPYPE:

Mm?

SEAGOON:

Baaad, bad news.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh.

SEAGOON:

(AT THIS POINT, SECOMBE GETS RATHER MUDDLED AND MESSES UP THE NEXT LINE) The Naringi Burbas have captured the last pudding of the International Christmas Pudding portion. Ahahaha! Well, you know what I mean, don't you Grytpype?

GRYTPYPE:

Of course.

SEAGOON:

Hahaha! Anyway, they've had a go at it. Hmmhmm.

MORIARTY:

Don't worry Neddie. We have a guide here who knows where they live.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, I know where they live, my capitain! Enter Bluebottle on cardboard horse. Signals applause on gramophone record.

GRAMS:

APPLAUSE AND CHEERING.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Stop! I've had my fill of the clapping. Puts record in knapsack for next week.

SEAGOON:

Little East Finchley Arab chieftain in brown suede shoes.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohh.

SEAGOON:

Lead us to the city of the Naringi Burbas and this quarter of jelly babies... is yours.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohhhoh. Yehehe! I like this game! Follow me!

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

BLUEBOTTLE:

SINGS UNDER:

SEAGOON:

Following the tracks of the Naringi Burbas, Bluebottle led us to the great mud-walled city of Igh-East-Ac-Ton.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, there it is, capitain! Now for my reward.

SEAGOON:

Here, then, is your quarter of jelly babies.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oooh! Thank you! Thinks: these jelly babies will increase my power of influence at school! This will make Molly Nasher think twice about me at playtime! Thinks again: I know, I will taunt her with my jelly babies. I will be a man of wealth and mystery! Nhingying! I'll make her forget about that rotten swine Harold Lane and his Tony Curtis-type haircut!

SEAGOON:

I say.

BLUEBOTTLE:

What?

SEAGOON:

The gates of the city aren't locked and there's no-one about.

BLOODNOK:

Flap me nurglers, the city's deserted.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi yuckakakakooo!

FX:

ROARING. CONTINUES UNDER:

MORIARTY:

Oh! Run for your lives, look! The savage portion of the pudding has escaped!

SEAGOON:

As he spoke, the terrible pudding sprang into the deserted courtyard, its holly thrashing to and fro.

MORIARTY:

Sapristi Nyackoes! I know why the natives have fled. That pudding has hydrophobia!

BLOODNOK:

Ooohhhh!

SEAGOON:

Don't panic!

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

Don't panic chaps.

BLOODNOK:

Ooohhhh!

SEAGOON:

Play it with the pudding cloth while I get this plate under it.

OMNES:

SHOUTING AND GROWLING.

SEAGOON:

Got it! Quick, quick, put the dish cover on!

FX:

CLANG.

BLOODNOK:

Well done, Ned. Unless you give that pudding an anti-hydrophobia injection, I promise you it won't live!

MORIARTY:

Yes, Neddie. You will have to do it. Take this hypodermic syringe.

SEAGOON:

All right, lift the dish-cover. Now!

FX:

COVER LIFTED. ROARING.

MORIARTY:

Under you go. Aah.

FX:

CLANG.

GRYTPYPE:

Well done, Moriarty. That pudding will be worth a fortune. Now we'll ditch Neddie.

MORIARTY AND GRYTPYPE:

(LAUGH) Hahahahahaha.

FX:

KNOCKING ON DISH COVER.

MORIARTY:

Wait! He's knocking. Lift up the cover. Hup!

SEAGOON:

Ah. Thank you.

MORIARTY:

Neddie! How's the pudding?

SEAGOON:

(BURPS) Delicious!

MORIARTY:

You swine, Seagoon!

ORCHESTRA:

BEGIN PLAY OUT.

GREENSLADE:

Alright, sorry, sorry, sorry, that's enough. Wooah, just a moment. Woah. Wait a moment, wait a moment, wait a moment. Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Jim Pills.

JIM PILLS

[MILLIGAN AS SPRIGGS]

(SINGS, MELODIES DIVINE - 40 SECONDS WORTH)

GREENSLADE:

Right right, thank you. Thank you, Mr. Pills. Mr. Pills was brought along to fill in as the programme was under-running.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAY OUT.

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a 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 and the programme produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

"CRAZY RHYTHM"

Notes:

Sisygambus was the mother of Darius II, King of Persia. Alexander the Great captured her in the Battle of Issus and held her hostage. But he treated her so well that, when peace was made and she was allowed to return to Darius, she refused.