

S6 Special 1 - The Goons Hit Wales

Transcribed by Darius Pranckunas. Corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

{First part missing}

SECOMBE:

...the Goons will discuss Wales through the ages.

GRAMS:

FIRST FOUR BARS OF FAST FRENCH ANTHEM ENDING WITH HARP GLISSANDO

SECOMBE:

Ten thousand years ago, the great ice age lay upon Wales. Then there came the first human.

ECCLES:

(VERY DOPILY SINGING A SONG)

SECOMBE:

Yes, singing from the very start. Down through the centuries he has sung, to the day we hear the beautiful voice of modern Wales.

ECCLES:

(VERY DOPILY SINGING THE SAME SONG)

SELLERS:

The tribes of Wales warred and fought, until the coming of the tribal chiefs. It was in 3 A.D. that Bloodwind the Celf arose early one morning and walking out of his cave saw the great snowbound landscape. He raised his spear and said:

BLOODWIND:

[SECOMBE]

Oooh, it's parky out here today, isn't it? Ooh... Ooh, I'm freezing to death by here, you see.

ORCHESTRA:

HARP PLAYS 7 BARS OF MEN OF HARLECH

ECCLES:

(VERY DOPILY SINGS ALONG)

SECOMBE:

(IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SONG) Shut up, Eccles!

SELLERS:

A delightful beginning to a sturdy nation. Tell me, are they still singing in Wales?

SECOMBE:

Oh, indeed, aye.

SELLERS:

Oh, dear.

SECOMBE:

There are some never to be forgotten Welsh tunes. Now, here's one everybody knows. Music, Osian.

ORCHESTRA:

HARP PLAYS BEAUTIFUL MELODY FOR 12 SEC.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh, Mr Seagoon, may I introduce Count Moriarty? He's come from France to interview you for his paper.

SECOMBE:

Oh, French, eh? (CLEARS THROAT) And what paper do you represent?

MORIARTY:

This writing paper, here are a few samples...

SECOMBE:

Please! Please! Do you mind? This is no time to come hawking your wares. You've interrupted me in the middle of my Welsh-type broadcast!

MORIARTY:

Welsh-type broadcast? (LAUGHS FOR A BIT) What have you people to complain with our glorious Napoleon Bonaparte?

SECOMBE:

Napoleon Bonaparte? There's a lad in the Rhonda can sing his 'ead off. Now look here, there's a place for you, the Rhonda. There's where you'll find the pulse of Wales. But it's not all easy, boy. There are men there out of work, like Owen Crun out here.

CRUN:

That's right, Harry. I haven't... I haven't worked for three years.

SECOMBE:

Haven't you, boy?

CRUN:

It's pretty tough, boy.

SECOMBE:

I can imagine, Owen.

CRUN:

Ah. Wouldn't be too bad if I were single, see? But I got a responsibility.

SECOMBE:

Have you?

CRUN:

Wife, four children. Three girls and a boy, Harry.

SECOMBE:

Have you?

CRUN:

I don't know how we manage to keep going, see.

SECOMBE:

Aye. What's your trade, Owen?

CRUN:

I'm a pit head operator.

SECOMBE:

And there's no work there, eh?

CRUN:

Oooh, there's plenty of work there, boy.

SECOMBE:

Then why aren't you working, Owen?

CRUN:

Just can't see myself to get up in the morning.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Pardon me, captain.

SECOMBE:

Ah, it's the young, heavily-pimpled Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, captain. I have a vital statistic about your country.

SECOMBE:

Really?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. Do you know that there are more Welsh people in Wales than any other country in the world!

SECOMBE:

Are there, indeed?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes. Go on, count them.

SECOMBE:

Right. One, two three... four million. Gad, you're right! Here's a penny, keep the change. Now remember the name, Mighty Secombe!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Hoooooyoooy! Are you called Mighty Secombe?

SECOMBE:

Yes, that's what my captain called me in the army. Every morning before parade he'd call from his bed, "Where's my tea Secombe?" Hahaha! "Where's my tea, Se...?" Oh, well. (WITH APPLAUSE)
Thank you. Thank you, Welsh listeners. We've got some friends, tonight.

SELLERS:

Welsh [UNCLEAR], we aren't that particularly witty people, but we're loyal. Like old William Thomas, here.

THOMAS:

[SECOMBE]

Aye, yes indeed, I'm a Cardiff man myself. Born and bred seventy-two years. I know Cardiff isn't a marvellous town. It... it's a bit black here and there. And the weather, well it's... it's not like the south of France, you see.

GRAMS:

MALE CHOIR SINGING FAINTLY IN THE BACKGROUND OF:

THOMAS:

And we haven't got all those nightclubs like Paris. But for all that Paris has, if a man were to come to me and say, "William Thomas, which would you rather have; Cardiff or Paris?" I'd be proud to say: "Paris any day!"