

S7 E01 - The Nasty Affair at the Burami Oasis

Transcribed by Christopher P. Thomas, corrections by Peter Olausson. Minor tweaks by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

GRAMS:

FRED THE OYSTER

SELLERS:

Excuse me... (GIGGLES) Excuse me, what is the price of sliced ham, per portion?

GREENSLADE:

I really couldn't say.

SELLERS:

Blast!

GREENSLADE:

Err... Yes, well, now, this is the BBC Home Service. Had you been alive at 3am on the 3rd of Autumn 1956 and switched on your wireless you would have heard... this:

FX:

SILENCE

GREENSLADE:

It wasn't much of a program, was it? If you had tuned in at nine o'clock, you would have heard:

FX:

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, CLUMP, PEEP, PEEP, HONK

SELLERS:

(ON THE RADIO) Good morning, here is the news. We regret to announce that the Burami Oasis situation has deteriorated. The British garrison is under constant attack from Sheik Rattle And Roll. Sheik Rattle And Roll, you will recall, was sent down from Maudlin College, Oxford, for attacking the British garrison there. Service Chiefs have called up the following classes: Upper, Middle and Lower. They will report to their nearest, at their earliest.

SEAGOON:

Yes, dear listeners. That same morning...

FX:

MARCHING, TROOPS SINGING "IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY" SLOWLY BEING SPED UP

SEAGOON:

I received my papers. I read the sports page and reported for duty. Hup!

FX:

FANFARE, WOBBLE; DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Neddie Seagoon, reporting for duty, sir!

GRYTPYPE:

We'll never win. Ahem... er... Name?

SEAGOON:

Seagoon.

GRYTPYPE:

Sex?

SEAGOON:

Yes, please.

GRYTPYPE:

With or without?

SEAGOON:

With.

GRYTPYPE:

I see. Now then, Seagoon, what made you join the army?

SEAGOON:

An armed escort and two military policemen.

GRYTPYPE:

(WRITING) "Patriotic volunteer". Now what were you in civilian life?

SEAGOON:

I was an admiral in the Royal Navy.

GRYTPYPE:

I say! You left a well paid job.

SEAGOON:

Yes! That's why I'm here! There must be some mistake!

GRYTPYPE:

There must be. You an Admiral? By Jove, yes.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? How dare you insult a man wearing the Queen's open neck shirt, flannelled trousers, flat cap and boots?

GRYTPYPE:

I'm so sorry, I beg your pardon.

SEAGOON:

You don't seem to realise. I've served on board the H.M.S. Thespas since my father died. You see the H.M.S. Thespas is a family business. Father put it in his wife's name.

GRYTPYPE:

What was her name?

SEAGOON:

H.M.S. Thespas.

GRYTPYPE:

What was her maiden name?

SEAGOON:

The Yarmouth Belle.

GRYTPYPE:

How she must have suffered.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What?

GRYTPYPE:

Relax, Admiral Seagoon...

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Bwark bwark bwark bwark... (CHICKEN TYPE NOISES)

GRYTPYPE:

We know you're a Naval man, that's why we sent for you. You see the Army is desperately short of sailors.

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry to hear that. We had a terrible shortage of soldiers in the Navy.

GRYTPYPE:

Snap. Now Admiral, you don't mind my calling you by your first name?

SEAGOON:

Touché. Fred Touché.

GRYTPYPE:

Well, Admiral Fred, the garrison at Burami Oasis is under constant siege.

SEAGOON:

Aohoo?

GRYTPYPE:

Now there's only one way to deal with these turban devils of brown. We're go... Wait a minute, wait for it... (SUDDENLY OVER-DRAMATIC) We're going to send a gunboat!

GRAMS:

THUNDEROUS CHEERS, LEADING INTO "LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY"

SEAGOON:

Yes, it was action at last. That night, I called the Chiefs of Army, Navy and NAFFI to hear my plan of attack. (FADE)

OMNES:

MUTTER, RHUBARB, RHUBARB, ETC.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen! I have here a statue of the situation at the Burami Oasis.

MILLIGAN:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

The Arabs, as you can see, are attacking our garrison at night only.

MILLIGAN:

Arroow. Does this mean that our troops are fighting in their pyjamas?

SEAGOON:

I fear so.

SELLERS:

Gad, it must be hell out there!

SEAGOON:

Any questions?

SELLERS:

Yes. Can't we arrange for the Arabs to attack in the daytime?

SEAGOON:

No. They charge twice as much to attack in the day. After sundown it's only two and six a battle.

GREENSLADE:

Sir, er, would it not be worth the extra cost? So that our men could be spared the indignity of fighting in their night attire?

SELLERS:

Yes.

MILLIGAN:

Yes, right.

SEAGOON:

Gentlemen. I have overcome that difficulty with a cunning move. Heh heh heh heh. Our troops now wear battle dress at night and pyjamas in the daytime.

OMNES:

BRAVO AND MUTTERS OF AGREEMENT

SEAGOON:

Any more questions?

SELLERS:

Yes, could you tell me the price of sliced ham, per portion?

SEAGOON:

No.

SELLERS:

Blast.

GRYTPYPE:

The oasis is only ten feet long, they'll never get a battleship in it!

MORIARTY:

They could stand it up on one end!

GRYTPYPE:

The British don't operate that way.

MORIARTY:

Nonsense, I've seen them walking to work like that. You've heard of the Bakerloo Line?

GRYTPYPE:

Of course, have you really? Well, then I shall have to speak to our agent in Burami Oasis immediately. (SHOUTING) Hello, Burami Oasis?

ELLINGTON:

(OFF) Helloooooo, mate!

GRYTPYPE:

Shhush! Don't raise your voice, you might be overlooked! Where are you standing?

ELLINGTON:

(OFF) Ooooo my feet!

GRYTPYPE:

Are they disguised?

ELLINGTON:

(OFF) Yes!

GRYTPYPE:

Splendid! On no account let them use a telephone.

ELLINGTON:

Yall toola hoola dingle.

GRYTPYPE:

Because, you fool, another foot is tapping it! Now listen carefully. Do you know what the British are up to?

ELLINGTON:

Yeah, they're up to the end of 1956.

GRYTPYPE:

Blast! That means they've caught us up. Quick, Moriarty, put up a calendar for 1958, that'll give us a two-year lead.

ELLINGTON:

Oooh, me warn you! If Arab football team no beat British garrison team, you get no more money. Goodbye!

GRYTPYPE:

I don't like the sound of it, Moriarty. We must get to Burami Oasis at once. Now hand me that boat and unwrap Max Geldray.

MORIARTY:

The power!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, hello, boy.

MAX GELDRAY:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

GRAMS:

ARABIC MUSIC UNDER...

GREENSLADE:

The increasingly sordid affair at Burami Oasis part human. For dancing enthusiasts the rest of the show will be played in slow foxtrot time. Over now to the beleaguered garrison at Burami.

GRAMS:

BELEAGUERED FIGHTING NOISES

ABDUL:

Argh, Major, Major, Major Bloodnok! The Arabs are attacking for the first time in this series! Arsenal three, Tottenham one. Hooray.

BLOODNOK:

What? Arrrrriooooaaooowww. Oooooiiiiiaaaaoooooww. Oooh! That's better! Oh! Oh! Oohohoho. Excuse me, Bombay Bibbie, my dear. I... I can't understand Arabs attacking in the daytime. They'll... they'll never learn the tango this way. Oh, dear, I...!

SEAGOON:

Sir! Sir! There's an Arab riding down on us on a flaming stallion!

BLOODNOK:

Watch your language!

SEAGOON:

English, sir, what's yours?

BLOODNOK:

The same! Interpreter, you can go home.

THROAT:

Right, mate!

SEAGOON:

There's the flaming Arab.

BLOODNOK:

Mind your language! There may be sensitive Scott's Guardsmen present!

FLOWERDEW:

S'all right, I don't mind really, honestly, it's quite all right.

BLOODNOK:

Sellers! How dare you change your voice from mine into his for one joke only! Now I shall show these turban wogs of brown who's master of this oasis! Abdul, hand me my...

FX:

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK

BLOODNOK:

It's a lie! It's a lie! We're just good friends, I tell you! Get out the back way, dear! Ohh! Mind the thunderbox, will you? Oohhh!

FX:

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK

ELLINGTON:

(OFF) Open up, cor blimey, or I smash my fist down!

BLOODNOK:

Oooohhh! It's Sheik Rattle and Roll! Ohh, Abdul, hand me my blacking up coward's disguise kit, will you?

FX:

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK

BLOODNOK:

Ooohh! Just a moment, Mr. Roll. Er, my wife isn't dressed yet.

ELLINGTON:

(OFF) How long she going to be, mate?

BLOODNOK:

I'll... em... I'll... em... write to her in London and find out. Where's my pen?

FX:

TYPEWRITER SOUNDS

BLOODNOK:

(OVER) "Dear Volumnia, I am writing to find out how long you will take before..."

FX:

DOOR BEING BROKEN DOWN

ELLINGTON:

Yimbamboola, mate!

BLOODNOK:

How dare you yimbambola in my tent! Wait a moment! Nadger me standing load! You're not Sheik Rattle and Roll! You look like Ray Ellington!

ELLINGTON:

I am! Me forced to take extra parts. Need money. Married recently.

BLOODNOK:

I understand! I understand, oohh ho ho hoho, ohho hoho! Me married myself! Ohh hohoho!

ELLINGTON:

Me done better! Me married my girl. More fun!

BLOODNOK:

Ooohhhh hohohoh! You naughty yimbalatoola, you!

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGS

BLOODNOK:

Oooooohaahoho! Ohh, oh. What? What? What? Er, hello?

GREENSLADE:

(OTHER END OF PHONE) The Nasty Affair at the Burami Oasis, part four.

BLOODNOK:

Right, reverse the charge, please. Now... erm... Sheik, state your business.

ELLINGTON:

You four week behind with rent.

BLOODNOK:

What? Nonsense! Get out of my tent or I'll call the manager!

ELLINGTON:

You no bluff me! Look, your rent book. Three pound ten owing.

BLOODNOK:

What? I can get an oasis down the road for half that! Look here in The Evening Wog Mail.

ELLINGTON:

What?

BLOODNOK:

(READING) "To let, self contained oasis, third floor, share harem. Twelve and six. Suit cowardly British garrison". There you are!

ELLINGTON:

Me don't wish to know that.

BLOODNOK:

What?

ELLINGTON:

Me want my back rent. Me behind in installments on sun lamp.

BLOODNOK:

What? You steaming son of the sands. I know! Abdul! Hand me my British military-type saxophone, now!

FX:

SAXOPHONE PLAYING JAZZY VERSION OF "LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY"

ELLINGTON:

Stop, Bloodnok, stop! You win! You got bigger bore saxophone than me and dum dum music. But I reek revenge, soon! Gidup!

GRAMS:

A CHICKEN GALLOPING OFF TO THE DISTANCE

BLOODNOK:

He's not so well off, riding his dinner!

ORCHESTRA:

'ENGLISHMAN LOST IN DESERT THEME' AS IN "LAWRENCE OF ARABIA"

SEAGOON:

Yes, immediately on arrival at the oasis, we began to open the crates, having first disguised ourselves as chickens.

FX:

KNOCK KNOCK SCRAPE BWARD BWARD BWARD!

SEAGOON:

You can't be too careful. Pardon me, woaaa bwark bwark bwark bwark bwark bwark bwaaaark bwark bwark bwark bwaaaaark bwark bwark bwark

FLOWERDEW:

Pardon me sir, I think somebody's overacting.

SEAGOON:

Why?

FLOWERDEW:

We've just found an egg.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? Bwark bwark bwark bwark bwark-bwark? Then there's an impostor amongst us! I'll find him. Men! Assume your own voices and from the left, number!

SOLDIER ONE:

[MILLIGAN]

One.

SOLDIER TWO:

[GREENSLADE]

Two.

SOLDIER THREE:

[SELLERS]

Three.

SOLDIER FOUR:

[MILLIGAN]

Four.

SOLDIER FIVE:

[SELLERS]

Five.

SOLDIER SIX:

Bwark!

SEAGOON:

That's him! March that chicken away!

SOLDIER SIX:

Bwark, bwark bwark bwark bwark!

FX:

FANFARE

GREENSLADE:

That night, by the light of the Araby-type moon, they began to assemble the giant battleship prior to launching it in the oasis. A master technician was in charge.

FX:

CLINK CLINK, CLINK CLINK, CLINK

ECCLES:

(SINGING OVER CLINKING) Wooaaa, foot and mouth with me. By the dustbins of Rome... (SPEAKS)
It's ok, folks. I ain't the master technician. Ahahahaha!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Nooo! / am the master technician!

ECCLES:

Wait a minute, Bottle. How long have you been a master tung-a-tunk-nikon?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm not going to tell you, Eccles.

ECCLES:

O-k Bot-tle. Ok, don't tell me. (EXITS, SINGING) By the dustbins of Rome, where I found that melody divine... (INAUDIBLE)

BLUEBOTTLE:

No, wait a minute. Don't leave me here in the dark! I'll tell you!

ECCLES:

(OFF) I don't want to know!

BLUEBOTTLE:

(FOLLOWS ECCLES OFF) Come back! Eccles! Eccles! Come back, Eccles! Where are you?

ECCLES:

(CLOSE AGAIN) I'm here.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(RETURNING) Oohh! Eccles, I'm so glad you're here (GARBLED).

ECCLES:

Awwww...

SEAGOON:

Silence!

ECCLES:

You got more applause than me, I...

SEAGOON:

(ANGRY GIBBERING)

ECCLES:

I don't like... he got more clapping than me.

SEAGOON:

I... I... I... I don't wish to know that, thank you.

ECCLES:

I... if I could...

SEAGOON:

Now then, men... Men!

BLUEBOTTLE:

[UNCLEAR] Blunebottle.

ECCLES:

He got more tickets than... What? (RASPBERRY) to you!

SEAGOON:

Men! We've got half an hour till dawn.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Thank you, Captain!

SEAGOON:

Shut up, Bluebottle.

ECCLES:

Shut up, Bluebottle.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up, Eccles!

ECCLES:

Shut up, Eccles.

ALL THREE:

Shut up, shut up!

SEAGOON:

Please, now...

ECCLES:

Shut up!

SEAGOON:

We've got till dawn, to assss... We've got till dawn to assemble the battleship and launch it in the oasis. Ready? Go!

FX:

VARIOUS ODD SHIPBUILDING-TYPE NOISES, FAIRLY SHORT

SEAGOON:

Right! Flowerdew?

FLOWERDEW:

Yes, sir?

SEAGOON:

Run up a flag.

FLOWERDEW:

I'll get the sewing machine, sir.

SEAGOON:

Yes, dear listeners, there she is. Now, to get her into the water. Eccles?

ECCLES:

Shut up! Oh! Yeah?

SEAGOON:

You lift the sharp end, you take the blunt end. I'll be on the bridge. Somebody's got to steer, ahem. Now, together, lift!

BLUEBOTTLE AND ECCLES:

(LIFTING) Oooooohh, eeeee.

ECCLES:

(OFF) Eh hh Bottle!?! You lifting your end?

BLUEBOTTLE:

'Course I'm lifting.

ECCLES:

(OFF) Ohh. I'd better lift my end then.

BLUEBOTTLE:

You aren't half a rodden swine, you are! Unhh.

ECCLES:

(OFF) You've got more clapping than me.

BLUEBOTTLE:

(LIFTING) Eeeeehhh. Ooohhh. Eeeeeaaaooo. Ooooo. All this strain-inge can harm a lad, you know? Eeeee.

FX:

DROPPING AND BREAKING NOISE

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ooohh! My knees have fallen off.

SEAGOON:

Never mind, lad. Here... Here... (LAUGHING) Here, have a fresh pair. I always... (LAUGHS) I always carry them since that dreadful affair of the Mr. Fresh contest 1956. Now come on, lift!

ALL:

(LIFTING) Eeeeeoooooh!

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, with only two men to carry the battleship, an unexpected time lapse has occurred. To fill it, Ray Ellington will spon.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ORCHESTRA:

LINK MUSIC

GRAMS:

SEAGULLS, CREAKING OF A SHIP

GREENSLADE:

Once afloat in the oasis, the battleship dropped anchor. All sailors on board were cunningly disguised as Arabs.

SELLERS:

(OLD) Just before dawn, two thousand Arabs cunningly disguised as sailors crept up to the oasis.

FX:

GRINDING TYPE NOISE

BLUEBOTTLE:

(OFF) Captain! Captain! Wake up.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? (SMACKS LIPS, TRIES TO WAKE UP) How dare you wake me up when I'm on duty?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Captain, we have been runned aground.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, it's true! Them naughty Arabs tooked all the oasis water away in wogbottles!

SEAGOON:

The Burami Oasis dry? Nonsense! Haha! Eccles?

ECCLES:

(OFF) Sir?

SEAGOON:

Dive over the side!

ECCLES:

(OFF) Ok!

FX:

CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP
CLUMP CLUMP PAUSE THUD

ECCLES:

(OFF) Owww! Come on in, the sand's lovely and warm!

SEAGOON:

Needle nardle noo, isotopes feroo, then it's true! Shipwrecked in an oasis! Man the pumps, boots and plimsoles! Lower the lifeboats!

GRAMS:

PEOPLE STAMPEDING AND SCREAMING

SEAGOON:

Don't panic! I'm the captain of this shipwreck. If there's any... If there's any panicking to be done, I'll do it.

SELLERS:

Pardon me, captain, pardon me. Can you tell me the price of smoked ham per small portion?

SEAGOON:

Twenty seven and six.

SELLERS:

Ohh.

FX:

GUNSHOT TYPE BANG

SELLERS:

Argh!

MINNIE:

Ohhh min-ma-middle-doh. Maaoooh ohhh oooo oooooooo yiddledoh. Ummm paa, what time do we get to Margate Pier, young man?

SEAGOON:

What? A woman on board a British battleship? I must court martial myself. Admiral Seagoon?! Shun!

FX:

PEOPLE STANDING TO ATTENTION

SEAGOON:

Admiral Seagoon? Yes, sir? You are charged with having a Minnie Bannister on board your ship. Is that true? It's a lie! Case dismissed! Thank you! Now... now we must recover that water from the Arabs to refloat this ship. (SHOUTS) Full speed aheeeead!

FX:

ANCHOR BEING RAISED, VARIOUS SHOUTING, SHIP'S HORN

GREENSLADE:

Cynical listeners may question the possibility of sailing a battleship on sand. Meantime, at the Arab fortress of Rasher el Bacon...

GRAMS:

ARABIC MUSIC

GRYTPYPE:

Nice little fort you've got here, Sheik.

ELLINGTON:

Yes, just a little thing my wife ran up.

GRYTPYPE:

Oh. You dance divinely.

MORIARTY:

Excuse me, Grytpype. There's a battleship outside to see you.

GRYTPYPE:

Anyone we know?

MORIARTY:

I don't know sir, but he's wearing a turban.

GRYTPYPE:

Then it's one of ours. Come in.

FX:

DOOR OPENING

SEAGOON:

Steady with it, boys. Down on your left. The other way round.

ECCLES:

Ok, right.

SEAGOON:

Get the guns facing him.

ECCLES:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Right! Pull the blanket off.

ECCLES:

(PULLING THE BLANKET OFF) Uhh!

SEAGOON:

Hands up.

GRYTPYPE:

Damn! Trapped by a brilliant stratagem and a common-or-garden forty-four thousand ton battleship.

SEAGOON:

Right, Colonel Thynne, you traitor! Hand over the water of the Burami Oasis!

GRYTPYPE:

Seagoon! Drop that battleship! But one step nearer and my men will drink the Burami Oasis!

SEAGOON:

You wouldn't dare!

GRYTPYPE:

No? Men! Uncork bottles!

FX:

HUNDREDS OF BOTTLES BEING UNCORKED

GRYTPYPE:

There, Seagoon, they're ready to drink.

SEAGOON:

Stalemate!

MORIARTY:

Stale mate? It was fresh this morning, mate!

GRYTPYPE:

What?

SEAGOON:

So we faced each other. The Arabs with the precious bottles of oasis water, poised at their lips.

ECCLES:

Aoohhhhh...

SEAGOON:

And we covering them with the sixteen inch guns of our battleship.

ECCLES:

Aoohhhhhh...

SEAGOON:

I had to think of something.

ECCLES:

Aaaooohhhhhhh...

SEAGOON:

Diana Dors? No, no. An adjustable spanner? No. A sink pump? No. Diana Dors? No! No! A telephone? That was it! A telephone!

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGS

SEAGOON:

Hello?

BLOODNOK:

(ON PHONE) Bloodnok, here.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

(ON PHONE) Shush! Don't raise your voice, it might be seen. I say, Seagoon. Something terrible has happened. I've been robbed of twenty thousand gallons of gin!

SEAGOON:

Where was it?

BLOODNOK:

(ON PHONE) In the Burami Oasis!

SEAGOON:

What?

BLOODNOK:

(ON PHONE) Yes! Years ago I drained all the water out and filled it up with gin, on account of the shortage, you know.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

FX:

PHONE BEING SLAMMED DOWN

SEAGOON:

Hah hah hah! Gin? They'll never win the football match now! Hahahaha! Colonel Thynne! We're coming to get that water! Drink it if you dare. Men, forward!

GRYTPYPE:

All right – drink!

FX:

GLUGGING AND DRINKING SOUNDS

SEAGOON:

Yes, dear listeners, without knowing it the fools were drinking twenty thousand gallons of neat gin.

FX:

CROWD NOISES

SEAGOON:

(OVER) Ha ha ha! Now for the football match.

FX:

CROWD NOISES

SEAGOON:

Sure enough that evening, the Arab football team staggered onto the field in no condition to play. Ha! The result of the match was a forgone conclusion.

GREENSLADE:

British garrison, twelve; drunken Arabs, sixty-eight. Which, erm, just goes to prove, that gin is a dashed good drink. Goodnight.

ORCHESTRA:

CLOSING THEME

GREENSLADE:

(OVER) That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded program featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe Spike Milligan, with the Ray Ellington Quartet and Max Geldray. The orchestra was conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stevens. Announcer Wallace Greenslade. The program produced by Peter Eton.

ORCHESTRA:

END THEME

Notes:

A thunderbox is a portable toilet, famously used as the central prop in Evelyn Waugh's comic novel Men at Arms.

Dum dum bullets are expanding bullets that cause horrific injuries, outlawed for use in war.

Twenty seven and sixpence was about 50% of the weekly wage of many people at the time.