

S7 E10 - What's My Line?

Transcribed by Tony Wills. Minor adjustments by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC Home Service.

SECOMBE:

Mr Greenslade, don't you get fatigued with saying that?

GREENSLADE:

Frnkly, I do.

SECOMBE:

Then... then why don't you do something about it, Bunter?

GREENSLADE:

I have. (CONSPIRATORIALY) You know when I said "This is the BBC Home Service"?

SECOMBE:

Yes.

GREENSLADE:

Well, at the same time I was thinking "Long live the ITV!"

FX:

MARCHING BOOTS UNDER:

SECOMBE:

What's this? What is it?

GRAMS:

(SNAGGE) BBC sharpshooters... halt.

FX:

MARCHING HALTS, STANDING TO ATTENTION.

GRAMS:

(SNAGGE) Take aim. (2 SEC PAUSE) Fire.

FX:

RIFLE SHOT AND ECHO.

GREENSLADE:

Owch, sir.

GRAMS:

(SNAGGE) So perish all enemies of the Queen.

SECOMBE:

So Greenslade, *you* were all enemies of the Queen. On your feet now, come on. That was only a recording of John Snagge and his merry huntsmen. Hmm, hmm, ha, ha. Now remove that fake bullet hole and replace it with an announcement. Go on, Wal, boy. Give us the old kiliken-speil, oioioio.

GREENSLADE:

Well, tonight, the gin-shaw brings you a dramatised version of "What's My Line".

HERN:

Yes, folks, welcome to "What's My Line".

ORCHESTRA:

SCRATCHY VIOLIN LINK

HERN:

Thank you, Eugene Goossens. And... welcome to What's My Line, folks. Now, you all know the rules so here they are again. Several competitors will sign in and do some mime as a clue to his or her occupation and for the first correct answer the prize will be sixty four. And now will the first competitor sign in, please.

FX:

CHALK WRITING ON BLACKBOARD

SEAGOON:

Neddie... Seagoon.

GRAMS:

MASSED CHEERS AND WHISTLES

HERN:

Mr Eddie Neecroon. Now, sir, will you stand in this revolving bath and do a mime?

SEAGOON:

By all means. My mime starts when I was a student of archaeology at the Royal Naval College of Music. (FADE)

OMNES:

(MASSED CHATTER 6 SECS) Hern, hern, hern, hern, hern, hern...

SPRIGGS:

(OVER HUBBUB) Quiet.

OMNES:

(STOP)

SPRIGGS:

Quiet, boys. Now here is your oral examiner to examine your orals.

OMNES:

Oh, oi, oh, oh, oi!

SPRIGGS:

Please, will he now sign in?

FX:

CHALK WRITING ON BLACKBOARD

SPRIGGS:

I know that face.

GRYTPYPE:

Hercules Gright-pype-Thighne.

ORCHESTRA:

NOISY BRASS FANFARE

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, music students. And now my mime is this. You lad, who wrote "The Yellow Road of Texas"?

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry, sir, I can't sneak on a friend.

GRYTPYPE:

Wrong.

SPRIGGS:

Give them time, give them time.

GRYTPYPE:

The second question. When did you last see your father?

SEAGOON:

When I had my glasses on.

GRYTPYPE:

Wrong, it's a picture.

SEAGOON:

Where's it showing?

GRYTPYPE:

At the Blue Hall, Islington.

SEAGOON:

Is there a matinee today?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, but they're only showing Whistler's Mother.

SEAGOON:

Ah, musical.

GRYTPYPE:

Ah. Mr Spriggs, what instrument is this lad studying?

SPRIGGS:

Neddie, lad. Play something nice for the gentlemon.

ORCHESTRA:

TWO BANGS ON A BASS DRUM

SPRIGGS:

Hark at that, sir.

FX:

ONE BANG ON A BASS DRUM

SPRIGGS:

Hark at that.

GRYTPYPE:

This lad has the gift of melody! Melody divine!

SPRIGGS:

It is, indeed.

GRYTPYPE:

Play it in a different key, boy!

FX:

THREE BANGS ON A BASS DRUM

GRYTPYPE:

Yes...

FX:

ONE BANG ON A BASS DRUM

GRYTPYPE:

Stop, stop, please.

FX:

ONE BANG ON A BASS DRUM

GRYTPYPE:

Stop.

SPRIGGS:

Please, stop Neddie, the gentleman is overcome.

FX:

ONE BANG ON A BASS DRUM

GRYTPYPE:

Do you know, I find that tune quite touching. What was it?

FX:

THREE BANGS ON A BASS DRUM

SEAGOON:

(OVER DRUM, SINGS, OFF TUNE, HIGH PITCHED WINEY NASAL VOICE)

Ahhh, over the waves,

are the loveliest night of the year.

Stars shining above,

you almost can touch them from here.

GRYTPYPE:

Wonderful, wonderful. Wonderful. Neddie.

SPRIGGS:

Quiet! Quiet, please, students, I know you love melody.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, come over here, come over here. Please, please.

FX:

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, GETTING CLOSER AND SLOWING TO A STOP.

GRYTPYPE:

You shouldn't sit so far away, lad.

SEAGOON:

I don't mind, except when it rains.

GRYTPYPE:

Why?

SEAGOON:

I'm outside.

GRYTPYPE:

Don't you find it difficult to follow what the teacher's saying?

SEAGOON:

Oh, no - I can't hear him.

GRYTPYPE:

I do wish there were more idiots like you.

SEAGOON:

But there *are* more idiots like me. (SHOUTS) Aren't there!

ECCLES:

Yah!

(AUDIENCE LAUGHS)

ECCLES:

Stop stop stop stop.

GRYTPYPE:

Great spon of nukes. That voice, that bearing. You're not Sir Malcolm Sargeant?

ECCLES:

You're right. You're dead right, you know. I'm not Sir Malcolm Sargeant. I'm... I'm a... I'm a student in this school. I'm studying to play the telephone in 'E' flat.

GRYTPYPE:

In that case, you'd better sign in.

ECCLES:

Ok.

FX:

CHALK WRITING ON BLACKBOARD UNDER:

ECCLES:

Mister... E... eh... eh... how do you spell that, Eccles?

GRYTPYPE:

Double-C, L E S.

ECCLES:

Mister T F Eh, double-C L E S

GRYTPYPE:

"T F"?

ECCLES:

"The Famous"

GRYTPYPE:

Ahhh. Thank you. Now just, er, just step into this dangerous street and do your mime.

ECCLES:

Thank you, I...

FX:

OPEN STREET DOOR, ROAD TRAFFIC NOISES

ECCLES:

Ahhhhh....

FX:

CLOSE DOOR.

GRYTPYPE:

And now will the next challenger sign in, please.

FX:

CHALK WRITING ON BLACKBOARD

GELDRAJ:

Max Geldray. Plugeee! Plugeee!

MAX GELDRAJ:

"C-JAM BLUES"

SEAGOON:

Thank you. Well? Did anyone guess Max Geldray's line?

ECCLES:

Ah, mouth organ player.

SEAGOON:

Ah, ha, ha, ha. No. No, although I admit he certainly tried to give that impression.

ECCLES:

Oh!

SEAGOON:

Hmm, hmm, hmm. So, would the next challenger sign in, please.

FX:

CHALK WRITING ON BLACKBOARD UNDER:

MORIARTY:

Ahh, Count Jim 'Thighs' Moriarty. Count of ten. Second Baron lands. And Marquis de la refreshments.

SEAGOON:

Well, Count, do your mime.

MORIARTY:

Right. My mime is this. Grytpype! I have an urgent message from Major Bloodnok! He wants the number of a good tailor.

GRYTPYPE:

Why?

MORIARTY:

He's in a phone box. Naked!

GRYTPYPE:

Naked? Why did he remove his nether garments?

MORIARTY:

They were filthy, buddy.

GRYTPYPE:

Gentlemen, this is a job for the police laundry.

SEAGOON:

Impossible, sir. Bloodnok's on the laundry banned list.

GRYTPYPE:

Why?

SEAGOON:

He plays in the laundry band!

MILLIGAN:

Tada!

ORCHESTRA:

CYMBAL CRASH.

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know that.

ECCLES:

They forgot their instruments.

SEAGOON:

Apart from that, they discovered the truth about those nicotine stains on his shirt.

GRYTPYPE:

You mean...?

SEAGOON:

Yes, they were hand painted.

HERN:

Well, folks, as nobody's guessed Moriarty's line yet, will the next challenger sign in, please.

FX:

CHALK WRITING RAPIDLY ON BLACKBOARD UNDER:

CRUN:

Ahh, rr der...

MINNIE:

They were hand painted, you know.

CRUN:

Hand Painted, they were. Henry Crun.

MINNIE:

And Miss Minnie Bannister.

SEAGOON:

Will you both do your mime?

CRUN:

Yes, yes, certainly, we will.

SEAGOON:

Thank you.

CRUN:

Yes. Our mime.

MINNIE:

Yes, our... our mime.

CRUN:

Yes, our mime.

MINNIE:

Ymmmm...

CRUN:

I'll say it, Min.

MINNIE:

You'll say it.

CRUN:

Yes. The mime is...

MINNIE:

(REPEATING OVER CRUN) The mime... What... You do it.

CRUN:

Miss Bannister...

MINNIE:

What? what?

CRUN:

Weigh this telegram on the official Post Office scale.

MINNIE:

Ok, buddy.

FX:

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP, THUMP

MINNIE:

It doesn't weigh anything at all.

CRUN:

Well, put a four ounce weight on it.

MINNIE:

Ok. Ohhhh!

CRUN:

What...? What...? What...?

MINNIE:

Now... now it weighs four ounces.

CRUN:

Then it'll need a tuppenny stamp.

MINNIE:

Ah, there. Now where's that messenger boy?

SEAGOON:

Here I am, under this wig.

CRUN:

Well, do a mime of getting on your motorbike and posting this telegram at once!

SEAGOON:

Wouldn't it go quicker by phone?

CRUN:

I didn't know you could travel by phone! Ahahaha! Ohhohoho! Ahhohoho! Ahahahaha! Ohhoho!
Haha! Oh, dear. Dear, dear. Did you...? Hahaha! Ohhoho! Did you...? Aawowawoha! Did you hear my
joke, Min?

MINNIE:

Haha Yes.

CRUN:

Hohohoho!

MINNIE:

Hahahaha! Yes, yes. Yes, I... I... I heard it, Henry.

CRUN:

Was it funny, Min?

MINNIE:

No.

CRUN:

All that laughing for nothing.

MINNIE:

You... didn't you get anything for it?

CRUN:

Not a penny. Still, we do have fun, you know, Min.

MINNIE:

Yes, Henry, yes, I... must get a...

CRUN:

Working... working in the P O.

MINNIE:

You must remember that the Post Office has a handle to its name.

CRUN:

Oh, yes.

SEAGOON:

(CRACKS UP LAUGHING)

MINNIE:

We... we must thank the lord chamberlain.

CRUN:

And the postmaster, you know, I... um...

MINNIE:

And I'm... I'm the register of parcels, Henry.

CRUN:

What?

MINNIE:

And the register of... come over here.

CRUN:

What? What? What?

MINNIE:

I'm the register of parcels and the rubber stamping.

CRUN:

Oh, owooo...

MINNIE:

Thank you. Now you listen to this rhythm, buddy. Ready? One, two!

FX:

DRUM STICKS ON WOODEN BLOCK ACCOMPANY MIN SINGING:

MINNIE:

(SINGS)

Rubber stamping rhythm.
Hear that rhythm go.
Let us stamp some parcels.
Three cheers for the GPOooo!

MINNIE:

Now, then. Hip-hip-hip...

CRUN:

Hurrayoooo.

MINNIE:

Hip, hip!

CRUN:

Hurrayyy.

MINNIE:

Hip-hip-Hip!

CRUN:

Hurrayowww.

MINNIE:

He's fainted downwards onto the scales.

SEAGOON:

Three stone. That's a two and six-penny stamp.

FX:

CLICK CLATT.

SEAGOON:

Quick! Post him to a hospital.

CRUN:

No, phone the doctor.

SEAGOON:

I can't.

CRUN:

Phone the medicine...

SEAGOON:

I can't. There's somebody doing his mime in the phone box. Come out of there!

ECCLES:

I'm practising the telephone! But I just discovered... I just discovered, folks, I'll never play the telephone again.

SEAGOON:

Why not? Whyyyy not!

ECCLES:

I ran out of coppers.

SEAGOON:

Nonsense! Here's thruppence, play us a tune. Here! Play us something from A to D.

ECCLES:

Ohhh, I... I only play telephones by ear. I... I can't read the directories.

SEAGOON:

Ahahaha! He's just being modest, folks. Actually, he can't read anything.

CRUN:

Come... come on, lad, what numbers *do* you know?

ECCLES:

Ahh, what about that good old good one? Whitehall 1212.

CRUN:

Ahh, yes.

SEAGOON:

Yes, let's have that one. Played by Ray Ellington

ECCLES:

Oh, I like that...

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"ROLL 'EM PETE"

SEAGOON:

Next dance, please.

MINNIE:

Thank you very much, Mr Secombe.

WILLIUM:

(OFF) 'Ello, 'ello.

MINNIE:

You dance divinely, you know.

SEAGOON:

You, too.

MINNIE:

Are you... are you married?

SEAGOON:

You're very light on my feet.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, dear.

SEAGOON:

Light on my feet! Ha-hum.

WILLIUM:

'Ere. 'Ere, who runged Whitehall 1212, mate?

SEAGOON:

We did, constabule. We're looking for a Major Bloodnok who is missing, you understand.

WILLIUM:

Ohhh-ho-ho, ohh, well, the next contestant can help you there. Will 'e sign in, mate, please.

FX:

WRITING ON BLACK BOARD UNDER:

GREENSLADE:

A L A S K A.

HERN:

It's Alaska, the well-known piece of land. Will Alaska do its mime?

GRAMS:

HOWLING WIND, DOG TEAM.

SEAGOON:

Ahh! Mush! Mush! Mish! Mash! Mosh! Minsh! (AND VARIATIONS THEREOF). I think that's the lot. Gad! Alaska forty below and three on top. Hahaha, ouwwewow. This bathing costume isn't very warm.

ECCLES:

Of course not, you got the shoulder strap un-buttoned.

SEAGOON:

Is your bathing costume warm?

ECCLES:

Yerh. I wear it under a fur coat!

SEAGOON:

You fisherman's nit.

ECCLES:

What? You be... be careful how you talk to me.

SEAGOON:

I don't wish to know this.

ECCLES:

You... do you know Lord Stromboli?

SEAGOON:

No.

ECCLES:

Well, you just be careful what you say, then.

SEAGOON:

Alright, I'mmm...

ECCLES:

He might be listening.

SEAGOON:

Lava come back to me. Now, look. You'll never get sun-tanned like that. Here! Hold this violin.

ECCLES:

Oh, will that make me sun tanned?

SEAGOON:

If you play it naked in the Sahara, yes!

ECCLES:

Hey! Here, here, wait a minute.

SEAGOON:

What?

ECCLES:

What are we doing in Alaska?

SEAGOON:

Following the trail of Major Bloodnok's phone box.

ECCLES:

Oooh. What he come all the way to Alaska in a phone box for?

SEAGOON:

A long distance call. Now, unroll that portable road.

ECCLES:

Right.

SEAGOON:

Umph! Strain!

ECCLES:

You... you take... you take the... you take the...

SEAGOON:

Take the end of the tenor's friend, there.

ECCLES:

Oh, no.

SEAGOON:

There!

ECCLES:

Mind that...

SEAGOON:

On your left. There.

ECCLES:

[UNCLEAR] the pavements.

SEAGOON:

Ha!

ECCLES:

Oh, dear. Oh! Oh! Oh, what a bit of luck. This road leads straight to Major Bloodnok's phone box.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok? Bloodnok, come out!

BLOODNOK:

I can't, I'm naked.

MINNIE:

Come on, come out.

SEAGOON:

Well, come out backwards with your hands raised.

BLOODNOK:

No, I... I daren't risk it, there's a lot of holly about.

SEAGOON:

Alright. We'll come forward with our heads down.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, no, no, no, no, I'll... I'll come out. Now look here, why are you trailing me?

SEAGOON:

First, may we present our card?

BLOODNOK:

Certainly.

SEAGOON:

PRESENT ARMS!

FX:

SOLDIERS STANDING TO ATTENTION.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Will you sign in, please and do your disgusting mime?

BLOODNOK:

Ohho, ho hoooo. My mime starts in India, in 1883... (FADES)

GRAMS:

MULTIPLE RIFLE SHOTS AND RICOCHETS

SEAGOON:

It's... it's no good, Major Bloodnok. We'll never dislodge those naughty tribesmen from their rocky redoubt.

BLOODNOK:

No, no, I fear they've built that mountain to last. Send Captain Spon for reinforcements, will you?

SEAGOON:

He's gone, sir. Spon's gone.

BLOODNOK:

Has he?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Spon's scarpered, he's disguised as an Afghan riding a camel.

BLOODNOK:

Spon has gone?

SEAGOON:

Yes. Spon's gone for a Burton. But! Can't use that. But! The camel was shot from under him.

BLOODNOK:

What did he do?

SEAGOON:

He changed to a horse, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Where is he now?

SEAGOON:

Grazing. Wait! Ahehehoooo. Who's this approaching?

BLOODNOK:

We shall soon find out. Ask him to sign in.

FX:

WRITING ON BLACKBOARD UNDER:

CLING:

[MILLIGAN]

Ahh, Lieutenant Pilkington Cling.

BLOODNOK:

Right, now, do your mime, but not too much otherwise the tribesmen will guess what you are, you see?

CLING:

Right, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhhh!

CLING:

Aahhh, my mime is: I've just come through the enemy line disguised as a British soldier.

BLOODNOK:

That is no disguise, man.

CLING:

Yes it is. Actually, I'm a British sailor.

BLOODNOK:

Then what are you doing so far inland without a boat?

CLING:

We ran out of water.

BLOODNOK:

Curse! I was relying on that boat to evacuate us.

CLING:

Aahhhhhhhh.

BLOODNOK:

I take them all the time, you know.

SEAGOON:

Have you done?

CLING:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

This means we have to retreat on foot, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Right, order some feet, then.

SEAGOON:

ORDERRRRRR... FEET!

FX:

TRAMP, TRAMP OF MARCHING BOOTS.

BLOODNOK:

Call down the NAAFI manageress.

SEAGOON:

Bugler?

BLUEBOTTLE:

Yes, capitan, I have signed in, then.

FX:

WRITING ON BLACKBOARD UNDER:

BLUEBOTTLE:

Bugler Blunebottle of the Second Finchley Wolfcubs. Voted young knots of 1956. And all England egg and spoon race champion.

SEAGOON:

Well done. Do your mime.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Alright, then. My mime is, I'm here to sound the retreat on my bugle. Does brilliant mime, picks up bugle, puts to mouth, does big blow.

ORCHESTRA:

BLAST ON TRUMPET.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ohheow. I've hurted myself.

SEAGOON:

I'll get a stretcher.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Don't stretch me, my legs might drop off.

FX:

COCONUT SHELLS - HORSE GALLOPING CLOSER. KNOCK ON DOOR.

BLOODNOK:

Ohhh! Ooehhhoho! Ohheho! Ohohoho! It's the son of mad mullah! Oohhh! Do your mime, mullah.

ELLINGTON:

My mime is, "Open up, Major Bloodnok".

SEAGOON:

(MISPRONOUNCES 'MAJOR' AS..) Mujok! (LAUGHS) Mujok! Haha! Major! He wants us to open you up.

BLOODNOK:

And let the rain in? Never! Take your hands off me, will you?

FX:

KNOCK ON DOOR.

ELLINGTON:

Open up or I'll write to The Times. Dear Sir, this is me writing...

BLOODNOK:

No, no, stop, stop, please, don't! Don't do that, England must never know.

ELLINGTON:

They never do!

BLOODNOK:

Yes, that's quite true, there. What do you want, you turbaned devil? How dare you come to the front door? All enemies, the tradesmen's entrance.

ELLINGTON:

Tradesmen's entrance blocked with your creditors.

BLOODNOK:

Arrggghhhohoho. Load that gun with IOUs, that'll get rid of them, I tell you.

SEAGOON:

Let him in, Major.

BLOODNOK:

What?

SEAGOON:

I'll keep him covered with this roof.

BLOODNOK:

Alright, son of mullah, come in. But I'm warning you, if there's any mud on your boots, we shall fire.

FX:

DOOR OPENED.

ELLINGTON:

Now, Bloodnok, me come to challenge you to fight a duel.

BLOODNOK:

Fight a duel? I refuse, sir! I'll fight anyone else but a duel.

ELLINGTON:

Bloodnok, you're acting like a coward.

BLOODNOK:

I'm not acting!

ELLINGTON:

Name your weapon!

BLOODNOK:

As an Englishman, sir, I choose the weapons of my country.

ELLINGTON:

What?

BLOODNOK:

Conkers, sir!

ELLINGTON:

Conkers, mate? You make me laugh, mate.

BLOODNOK:

What! What! I'll show you! Step outside!

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

BLOODNOK:

That's got rid of him.

ELLINGTON:

That's what you think!

BLOODNOK:

Arrggghhh! Ohoho! Arhohoho! Ohohoho!

FX:

RASPBERRY

BLOODNOK:

Ohohoho! So, you're back. Well, I'm going to teach you a lesson, sir. Son of mullah, stand where you are. Captain Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Sir!

BLOODNOK:

Stand on that chair over there.

SEAGOON:

Right, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yarguh.

BLOODNOK:

Stand on top of that cupboard with this picture of Queen Victoria.

ECCLES:

Ok.

BLOODNOK:

Sergeant O'Malley?

O'MALLEY:

[SECOMBE]

Yes, sir?

BLOODNOK:

You stand in this elephants foot umbrella.

O'MALLEY:

Right, sir.

SEAGOON:

What does Bluebottle do?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'll wrap myself in this cardboard Union Jack and lay under the sink.

SEAGOON:

Well thought out, lad.

BLOODNOK:

We'll show you, mad mullah. Abdul?

ABDUL:

Yes, sir.

BLOODNOK:

Kneel behind this copy of the Times and I'll lay this in a hammock over the stove and hold this feather.

ABDUL:

Alright, sir.

BLOODNOK:

There, now. Son of mullah?

ELLINGTON:

Now what?

BLOODNOK:

Nooow, get out!

ELLINGTON:

Alright. Alright, Bloodnok. You win by a brilliant underhand trick. I give up. I'll lay my cards on the table.

BLOODNOK:

Gad! Sixteen! Pay pontoons only.

FX:

RING UP ON TILL.

BLOODNOK:

Thank you, gentlemen. Tomorrow, Jim Bowler, son of Tom.

FX:

GONG.

HERN:

Well, I'm afraid that time's up, folks, and nobody guessed any of our contestants' occupations so will the contestants all line up and tell the listeners what's their line?

SEAGOON:

I'm an idiot.

ECCLES:

I'm an idiot.

BLUEBOTTLE:

I'm an idiot.

HERN:

Well, yes, all the contestants have guessed their own occupations correctly, so goodnight from "What's My Line".

GRAMS:

MAD CHEERING.

ORCHESTRA:

THEME TUNE.

GREENSLADE:

That was the Goon Show, a BBC recorded programme featuring Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe and Spike Milligan with the Ray Ellington Quartet, Max Geldray and the orchestra conducted by Wally Stott. Script by Spike Milligan and Larry Stephens, announcer Wallace Greenslade. Programme produced by Pat Dixon.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT.