

S7 E20 - Round the World in 80 Days

Transcribed by Kate Wilson. Corrections by thegoonshow.net. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC.

SEAGOON:

Fasten your boot straps as we present Jim Verne's "Round the World in Eighty Days" or money refunded.

ORCHESTRA:

SCRATCHY VIOLIN

GREENSLADE:

(HERN) Part one, the Rock and Roll room at the Athenaeum Club, in 1883.

GRAMS:

ROCK AND ROLL

LORD TAVERNER:

[MILLIGAN]

(DUFFER - NO TEETH) I say, Lord Seagoon. That tune was a real sizzler.

SEAGOON:

Yes, Lord Taverner. It was written by that fellow, whozit?

OLD DUFFER:

[SELLERS]

Nonsense, I bet you five pounds it wasn't. It was written by whatdoyoucallum?

BLOODNOK:

You're both wrong, gentlemen, it was written by whatisname so you both lose.

FX:

CASH REGISTER

BLOODNOK:

Thank you and the next dance, please.

GREENSLADE:

Such was the wild gambling that went on every night in the Athenaeum Club at the close of the last century. Then, one night...

FX:

POLICE WHISTLES - RUNNING FEET

POLICEMAN:

[MILLIGAN]

(SHOUTS) After him! Apprehend that miscreant! Stop him! Stop him!

SEAGOON:

Listen, gentlemen! There are members of the British Constabulary running through the streets blowing whistles!

OLD DUFFER:

What? You'd think they'd grow out of it, wouldn't you? Foley!

FOLEY:

[MILLIGAN]

Yes, sir.

OLD DUFFER:

What's happening?

FOLEY:

There are two gentlemen of unknown quantity approaching at speed.

FX:

RUNNING FEET GETTING CLOSER - DOOR OPENS

MORIARTY:

(PANTING) Quick! In here, Grytpype!

GRYTPYPE:

(PANTING) Yes. If anybody asks, say we're on the run from the police.

MORIARTY:

But we are!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, but who'll believe a silly story like that?

SEAGOON:

(APPROACHING) I say, look here, you chaps!

MORIARTY:

What?!

SEAGOON:

How dare you burst into the Athenaeum dressed as convicts?

GRYTPYPE:

Isn't tonight carnival night?

SEAGOON:

Rubbish! It's ladies night. You don't think I wear a skirt and blouse every night, do you?

MORIARTY:

Oh, ho, ho, ho, ho!

SEAGOON:

Explain who you are!

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, hand him my personal greetings telegram.

MORIARTY:

Here it is, in the plain wrappers.

SEAGOON:

Ta. (READS) "To Lord Seagoon." Why! It is for me!

MORIARTY:

Is it? Ohh.

SEAGOON:

(READS) "Happy birthday from the Honourable Grytpype-Thynne-Spon-Thud."

GRYTPYPE:

And this early French convict is none other - and I quote from his death certificate - Count Villion de Jim "Thighs"...

MORIARTY:

Owww...

GRYTPYPE:

...Moriarty. Gold medallist road sweeper to Penge district. And international knotted-string consultant.

SEAGOON:

But wait, what, whit, whoot? What? What? What? What? What?

MORIARTY:

What? What? What?

SEAGOON:

Dear listeners.

MORIARTY:

Owww.

SEAGOON:

I suddenly noticed that both strangers were carrying a bulging leather safe inscribed "Property of the Bank of England. Stop, thief."

GRYTPYPE:

It's all a lie.

MORIARTY:

All a lie, Neddie.

GRYTPYPE:

We drew this money to make a wager.

MORIARTY:

Yes, we heard that you were a very sporting gentleman and always ready for a game.

SEAGOON:

Who told you?

GRYTPYPE:

The chambermaid upstairs.

SEAGOON:

What?! It's all a lie, I tell you! We're just good friends. However... however, gentlemen, put down your penguins and explain this sporting offer on a piece of paper.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, you are 21 today?

SEAGOON:

Thanks to brandy, yes.

GRYTPYPE:

Likewise, Count Moriarty is 21 today.

MORIARTY:

Thanks to formalin! (WAITS FOR AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) No doctors in the house; carry on.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie, my dear friend, the Count, wagers you a thousand sovereigns that you can't reach the age of 22 before him.

SEAGOON:

You mean, whoever becomes 22 first takes the kitty?

GRYTPYPE:

Of course, and the money. (WAITS FOR AUDIENCE LAUGHTER) You'll have to see them quicker than that.

SEAGOON:

I accept. I accept. Here's my thousand sovereigns.

FX:

LOTS OF SMALL CHANGE

MORIARTY:

And here's mine.

FX:

SINGLE PENNY DROPPED

GRYTPYPE:

Thank you, gentlemen.

MORIARTY:

Owww.

SEAGOON:

Wait a minute. Supposing there's a dead heat?

GRYTPYPE:

Then I, as stakeholder, take the money. But I ask you, Neddie, (LAUGHS) how many times in a race does a dead heat occur? Very rarely, I mean...

SEAGOON:

You're right, I agree. You're perfectly correct.

MORIARTY:

Correct.

SEAGOON:

I acquiesce.

MORIARTY:

He's acquiescing.

SEAGOON:

I concur.

MORIARTY:

He concurs.

SEAGOON:

Yes. I assent.

MORIARTY:

He's assenting

SEAGOON:

I am of the same mind.

MORIARTY:

He's of the same mind.

SEAGOON:

I am as one with you.

MORIARTY:

He's as one with us.

SEAGOON:

I conform.

MORIARTY:

He conforms.

SEAGOON:

I defer.

MORIARTY:

He defers.

SEAGOON:

I am in accord.

MORIARTY:

He's in accord.

SEAGOON:

I agree.

MORIARTY:

He agrees.

SEAGOON:

I agree. (SINGS) I agreeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

GRYTPYPE:

You'll get a punch up the conk. Now then, for the age race, on your laundry marks!

MORIARTY:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Get set!

MORIARTY:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

But first...

MORIARTY:

Yes?

GRYTPYPE:

Mox Gildrong!

SEAGOON:

Right, round the back for the old brandy!

FX:

RUNNING FEET

MAX GELDRAÏ:

"YOU'VE GOT ME IN BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP, BLUE SEA"

GRYTPYPE:

As I was saying, gentlemen, before we were so rudely interrupted by that Dutch fiend. For the age race, on your birth marks! Get Set! Bang!

GRAMS:

FEET RUNNING UNDER

MORIARTY:

Oww. We're off. We're off, lad!

SEAGOON:

You'll never beat me, Moriarty. I'm wearing my new running strap! Ha ha.

MORIARTY:

(SPEEDING UP) Don't worry. My legs are oiled to perfection, I tell you! You'll never catch up with me!

SEAGOON:

(SPEEDING UP EVEN FASTER) Don't you believe it, Moriarty!

MORIARTY AND SEAGOON:

(FASTER AND FASTER UNTIL UNINTELLIGIBLE)

GRAMS:

SEAGOON AND MORIARTY'S AND RUNNING FEET FADE OUT. ONE PAIR OF RUNNING FEET APPROACH FROM FAR AWAY

SEAGOON:

(PANTING) All that day I ran. And gradually I outdistanced Count Moriarty by sheer distance. Whereupon, despite the power of his steaming French legs, he fell behind. But! To my horror, I discovered that he reached the following day at exactly the same time as I did. Was this a trick?

MORIARTY:

Owww!

SEAGOON:

Obviously I could never get ahead of him by merely running. I sought the advice of an old army confederate.

ORCHESTRA:

BLOODNOK THEME

FX:

KEYS RATTLING

BLOODNOK:

Aeiough...!

FX:

DOOR IS UNLOCKED AND CREAKS OPEN

THROAT:

There's a bloke to see you.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, Neddie!

SEAGOON:

Major. You know all about time, don't you?

BLOODNOK:

Well, I've done my share of it, yes, yes.

SEAGOON:

Tell me, how did you get old so quickly?

BLOODNOK:

Go and see Doctor Crun, the Harley Street specialist.

SEAGOON:

What's his address?

BLOODNOK:

Lisle Street. Before you see him it would be wise for you to invest in one of my Rock-hopper Penguins.

GRAMS:

PENGUIN

SEAGOON:

Just what I need! A left-handed penguin!

BLOODNOK:

Shall I wrap him up?

SEAGOON:

Just a scarf and overcoat.

FX:

CASH REGISTER

BLOODNOK:

Oh, melody divine. Thank you.

SEAGOON:

Goodbye, Major.

BLOODNOK:

Goodbye, Neddie, I'll come with you.

GRAMS:

WHOOSH

GREENSLADE:

Now, Round the World in 80 Days, part two. Perhaps you'd like to make a note on that piece of paper. Incidentally, please save these pieces of paper. Later in the program you'll be told what to do with them. Now... now we join... now we join overseas listeners in a visit to a lonely, rain swept Yorkshire Moor.

GRAMS:

THUNDER, POURING RAIN

ECCLES:

(SINGS) On Ilkley Moor bar t'at. On Ilkley Moor bar t'at. On Ilkley Moooooooor bar t'at.

SEAGOON:

Perhaps you'd like to make a note of *that* on a piece of paper? And now, while I load my penguin, over to Doctor Crun's consulting room with piano accompaniment. Hup!

ORCHESTRA:

BAD PIANO

FX:

FOOTSTEPS

HENRY:

(UNINTELLIGIBLE MUTTERINGS)

GREENSLADE:

Thank you.

HENRY:

Now, sir, just sit on this string bench and put your legs through the knotholes.

FX:

RATCHET

GREENSLADE:

Ohhhhhhh!

HENRY:

Yes. You had to go... Now, hold this... hold this bowl of custard

FX:

SPOON RATTLING

GREENSLADE:

Right.

HENRY:

Stand in this hip bath of lukewarm Irish stew

GREENSLADE:

Alright.

FX:

SLURPING

HENRY:

And finally, and in conclusion, hold these two plates of jellied ells at arms length. Now, Mr Greenslade, what seems to be the trouble?

GREENSLADE:

Well, I work for the BBC and you see...

HENRY:

Oh, I can't cure that, I can't... Just swallow these meals three times a day after medicine. (SHOUTS)
Nurse Bannister?

MINNIE:

(APPROACHING) Ohhhhh! Oh, dear, dear.

HENRY:

Nurse!

MINNIE:

What is it, Crun?

HENRY:

Put the leeches back in their cages.

MINNIE:

Right-oh. Come on, you naughty leeches. Come on!

GRAMS:

TIGERS ROAR, WHIP CRACKING UNDER

MINNIE:

Back! Back, Nero! Back, Rajah! Back, Satan! Get back, you devils! You hairy devils! Get back, ohhhhh!
Ohhhh! Owwhhhh! Ow.

HENRY:

(ASIDE) Of course, you know they're really tigers but, er, if I told her that she'd want more money, you know. Perhaps you'd like to make a note of that on a piece of paper?

MINNIE:

I have! Oh, dear.

HENRY:

What?

MINNIE:

Oh, dear, dear, dear. Ohh. Ohhhh! Those leeches are getting too big for their boots.

HENRY:

Well, I can't afford any more money for leech boots, I tell you.

MINNIE:

I'll make a note of that on a piece of paper, Henry.

HENRY:

Now, you naughty Min, lay the operating table for dinner.

MINNIE:

Can't have dinner yet.

HENRY:

What?!

MINNIE:

The waiting... the waiting room's crammed full.

HENRY:

What?! Who's in it?

MINNIE:

Harry Secombe.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? I heard that!

MINNIE:

Oh, we'll be murdered in our beds.

GRAMS:

PENGUIN

HENRY:

Ah, just a moment. What's in that leather paper parcel?

SEAGOON:

A penguin.

HENRY:

What?! How dare you bring wild animals into my consulting room?!

GRAMS:

ELEPHANT TRUMPET

HENRY:

Min.

MINNIE:

What?

HENRY:

Min.

MINNIE:

What?

HENRY:

The elephant wants to go out.

GRAMS:

ELEPHANT TRUMPET UNDER

MINNIE:

Ohhhh! I don't know what we keep him for. (SHOUTS) Shut up, you big hairy monster. Shut up! Shut up, I tell you! Shut up! I don't know what we keep him for, he never barks at burglars, ever.

HENRY:

Now, sir, what can I do for you?

SEAGOON:

Willloooooooooo wolloooooooooo argghhhhhhhhhh argghh.

HENRY:

You've been round the back for the old brandy again, haven't you?

SEAGOON:

It's a lie, a lie, I tell you, all lies! I never touch brandy or energy pills, I tell you! I've come here for your old age treatment.

HENRY:

Oh, well, you'll have to come round the back with me.

SEAGOON:

What for?

HENRY:

The old brandy, you know. Alright now, take your cloth clothes off.

FX:

RIPPING

SEAGOON:

(HIGH PITCHED) Whoops! (NORMAL) There!

HENRY:

Ohhhhhhhhh? Well now, Mr Secombe, how many years older do you want to get?

SEAGOON:

Two!

HENRY:

I see. Over here is a special rapid plastic ageing type process room. In you go.

FX:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

SEAGOON:

(GULPS) (ECHOEY) Hello?

ELLINGTON:

(ECHOEY) All right. Start running!

SEAGOON:

(ECHOEY) Help! This man's got a great big chopper! Help! He'll have me 'ead off! Help!

FX:

TWO SETS OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ROUND IN A BIG CIRCLE

SEAGOON:

(DOPPLER EFFECT) Help!

(DOPPLER EFFECT) Help!

(DOPPLER EFFECT) [UNCLEAR]!

(DOPPLER EFFECT) Help!

GREENSLADE:

So Seagoon was chased through the night by a great Afghan Chief with a chopper. To make matters worse...

SEAGOON:

(DOPPLER EFFECT) Help!

GREENSLADE:

...Ray Ellington decided to sing.

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

"ALL DAY, ALL NIGHT, MARY-ANNE"

FX:

TWO SETS OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ROUND IN A BIG CIRCLE

SEAGOON:

(DOPPLER EFFECT) Help!
(DOPPLER EFFECT) Help!
(CONTINUES UNDER...)

GREENSLADE:

Despite the agony of being chased all night by a mad man with a naked chopper, Seagoon still didn't get any older than Moriarty.

SEAGOON:

(PANTING) Then I discovered that by... by travelling round the world in an Easterly direction, and crossing the international dateline, I could gain one day. Thereby getting a day older than Moriarty (SINGS) and winning the thousand pooooounds!

ORCHESTRA:

BAD PIANO

FX:

TELEPHONE RING

SEAGOON:

Hello, who's that?

EIDLEBURGER:

Justin Eidleburger. We are hearing zat you are going round ze world. Permit us to offer ze use of Britain's only self-drive Zeppelin service. Geblunden Schnitz Golf Geblerden! Cheap rates and no objection to penguins.

SEAGOON:

Splendid. I'll meet you at dawn tomorrow at about 11 o'clock.

EIDLEBURGER:

Right! And... darling...

ORCHESTRA:

ROMANTIC MUSIC UNDER

SEAGOON:

Yes?

EIDLEBURGER:

Do be careful; you're all I've got.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, Eidleburger. I'm wearing hermetically sealed, creosote socks.

EIDLEBURGER:

It must be hell in there.

ORCHESTRA:

DEUTSCHLAND, DEUTSCHLAND UBER ALLES

SEAGOON:

In the early light of the following dawn I saw the great cigar-shaped monster.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, Neddie, it's me.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok!

BLOODNOK:

Neddie, I'm coming along to keep you supplied with fresh penguins.

SEAGOON:

Right! (SHOUTS) All aboard! Raise the anchor and start the old background music, there.

MILLIGAN:

Good idea!

ORCHESTRA:

NAUTICAL MUSIC

OMNES:

NAUTICAL-TYPE SHOUTS

GRAMS:

PROPELLER UNDER

FX:

PEN SCRATCHING UNDER

SEAGOON:

Log of the Zeppelin: August the third of September. Heading Sou'Nor'East'West over English Channel which appears to be flooded.

EIDLEBURGER:

Lord Seagoon? I must inform you zat zis Zeppelin is highly inflame-able. Therefore, Rauchen ist Verboten! Nicht Rauchen! Defence de Fumé! Nicht Fumé! Nicht Rauchen! RAUCHEN VERBOTEN!!!

SEAGOON:

Cigarette?

EIDLEBURGER:

Thank you.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

EIDLEBURGER:

Gebunden verschitz!! Zese cigarettes are strong!

SEAGOON:

I know, they're made of iron.

GERMAN:

[MILLIGAN]

Herr Captain Eidleburger, zis message has just come through ze electic mangle.

EIDLEBURGER:

Geblungen! It's a... it's a tale of the Keiser's shirt! Play it on this gramophone immediately!

GRAMS:

CRACKLY RECORD OF SELLERS: (GERMAN ACCENT) "As from today, Germany is no longer at peace with England."

ORCHESTRA:

BAD PIANO

SEAGOON:

What?! This means war!

EIDLEBURGER:

Ja. But you haf already paid for your journey so we are duty bound to take you round the world in 80 days! But, from now on, a state of naughty hostilities must exist between us.

GRAMS:

MILITARY BUGLE, SOUNDS OF FIGHTING

BLOODNOK:

Neddie, this is terrible! World War One on board a Zeppelin.

SEAGOON:

I know, Major.

BLOODNOK:

These parcels of reinforcements just arrived from England!

SEAGOON:

Let's have a look!

FX:

RIPPING

SEAGOON:

I asked for Grenadier Guards. I wonder what they've sent me.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Bluebottle of the Finchley Wolf Cubs!

SEAGOON:

Good heavens! What do you know about fighting Germans?

BLUEBOTTLE:

What do I know?! I woke up one morninge and found a German under my bed. In a flash I sprange towards him. With the power of muscles and knotted string and reinforced cardboard braces, I shot out my left fist! "Hit, hit, hit, hit!" I went! "Strike, thud, blat, blun!" English left. "Crunch! Strike, thud, blen! Blunge! Hit, hithithithit! Blunge, hit, fist!"

SEAGOON:

Wait a minute. What was *he* doing all this time?

BLUEBOTTLE:

I couldn't see, he'd locked me in a cupboard. (AFTER AUDIENCE LAUGH) Hello, boys and girls. [UNCLEAR] what does go round.

SEAGOON:

Yes. Stand over there.

BLUEBOTTLE:

But dat's outside de Zeppelin.

SEAGOON:

Just testing you, lad.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Ee-he!

SEAGOON:

Well, listen. Listen! What's in the other parcel?

ECCLES:

(MUFFLED - SINGS) When you walk in the Garden, the Garden of Eden. Um diddle-i-do. 'Ello, Neddie! 'Ello Neddie. Melody divine. The War Office has sent me to help you. And the audience.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok...

ECCLES:

What?

SEAGOON:

Take that scented rose from behind your ear...

BLOODNOK:

No!

SEAGOON:

...and hand me that woollen microphone.

BLOODNOK:

Oh, there.

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks! Neddie Seagoon calling the studio audience. Fasten your safety belts. In a few moments we'll be crossing the international dateline! Then I'll be one day older than Moriarty thus winning the age race!

GRAMS:

PENGUIN

BLOODNOK:

Neddie, the penguin's ready to attack the front half of the Zeppelin.

SEAGOON:

Splendid! Charge!

GRAMS:

PENGUIN - MILITARY BUGLE - SOUNDS OF FIGHTING

BLUEBOTTLE:

This way, Captain, this way! Let's see what's behind this door, here!

FX:

DOOR OPENS

GRAMS:

SPLASH

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

SEAGOON:

Curse! The wrong door but the right Bluebottle! This must be the control cabin, here.

FX:

DOOR OPENS

SEAGOON:

Hands up!

ECCLES:

Okay, I surrender.

SEAGOON:

Not you, you idiot.

ECCLES:

Oh, I'm sorry.

MORIARTY:

Aha! It's little steaming Neddie!

SEAGOON:

Moriarty?!

MORIARTY:

What?!

SEAGOON:

What are you doing up the front end of the Zeppelin?

GRYTPYPE:

He has just crossed the international dateline ahead of you, Neddie, thereby fil de se, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. (ASIDE) Perhaps listeners would like to make a note of that on a piece of paper.

SEAGOON:

Alright! Well, er... that's the lot for tonight then, innit?

GRYTPYPE:

Yes.

SEAGOON:

Yeah. Well, um... round the corner for the old brandy, then!

GRAMS:

FEET RUNNING AWAY

GREENSLADE:

About those pieces of paper, listeners. I suggest you use them for writing in complaints about these dull endings of the Goon Show. Good night.

ORCHESTRA:

SIG 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. The program produced by Pat Dixon.