

S7 E24 - The Missing Boa Constrictor

Transcription by Yukka Tukka Indians. Final corrections by Helen.

GREENSLADE:

This is the BBC. We interrupt the Goon Show for the following announcement.

SELLERS:

(FUNEREA) Ladies and Gentlemen, the Goon Show.

GREENSLADE:

Thank you. And now, the Goon Show. During this programme it is advisable to have within easy reach an inner tube, a picture of a liquorice factory and a spare pair of trousers. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Better safe than sorry, eh?

SEAGOON:

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Very funny, Mister Greenslade! Just hold this missing boa constrictor while I announce the Goon Show.

ORCHESTRA:

THIN CHORD ON TRUMPET AND SNARE DRUM.

SEAGOON:

What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What? What's happened to the band? Where's old Wally Stott's lot, then? 'Ere, Wal?

GREENSLADE:

That's our new economy cut orchestra.

SEAGOON:

Oh.

GREENSLADE:

Fourteen men playing one instrument.

SEAGOON:

Please, Mister Greenslade, I get the laughs in this show. I wear the funny body. Now... Just... Just make the old posh announcement, there.

MILLIGAN:

Good luck, there, Wal!

SELLERS:

Alright, there, Wal, go on.

SEAGOON:

Go on, take your glasses off, Wal, [UNCLEAR].

MILLIGAN:

[UNCLEAR] Bernard Shaw's alphabet, then.

GREENSLADE:

Do you mind?

MILLIGAN:

Go on, then, there.

GREENSLADE:

Quiet, please. Thank you.

SELLERS:

Give us the old [UNCLEAR].

MILLIGAN:

Good old Wallace.

GREENSLADE:

Right, now then, just hold this boa constrictor...

BLOODNOK:

(OFF) Ohhhhhhhh!

GREENSLADE:

Now. Ladies and gentlemen, the Goon Show part one.

ORCHESTRA:

FANFARE

OMNES:

DISTANT CROWD NOISES AND SHOUTS CONTINUE UNDER

BBC ANNOUNCER:

[SELLERS]

And here, on this glorious eighth of march, I can see the minister of transport mounting the dais wearing his chain of tether as he prepares to inaugurate Birmingham's new inner ring road scheme by blowing up a brick wall which was specially built for the occasion.

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks!

SPRIGGS:

(IN BACKGROUND)

Hello, folks!

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks!!

SPRIGGS:

(IN BACKGROUND)

Hellooo!

SEAGOON:

Yes, I was there that day, trying to raffle a boa constrictor. Tickets! Tickets! Tickets for a boa constrictor! (GOING OFF)

CYRIL:

[SELLERS]

(BRUMMIE ACCENT) Do you mind getting that large worm out the way? I'm trying to hear the minister talking.

GRAMS:

RECORDING OF MILLIGAN DELIVERING INCOMPREHENSIBLE OPENING SPEECH. TOO MUCH REVERB, SOUNDS LIKE IT'S COMING FROM VARIOUS SPEAKERS

BBC ANNOUNCER:

And with the crowd lashed into a frenzy by the power of his words, the Minister presses the plunger.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION. BITS AND PIECES FALLING. SOUNDS OF FIRE ALARMS.

SEAGOON:

As the wall disintegrated, two men in pyjamas appeared from the debris.

MORIARTY:

What...? What...? What happened? What the...?

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty...

MORIARTY:

Ehi! Ehi! Ehh! Howwww...! (EXTENDED)

GRYTPYPE:

Moriarty, don't you dare do that again!

MORIARTY:

I didn't do anything! Look!

GRYTPYPE:

You went Owwww!

MORIARTY:

I did, I know! But look! Listen to me, you fool!

GRYTPYPE:

What?

MORIARTY:

We're ruined.

GRYTPYPE:

Yes, I know. We're homeless, destitute and penniless.

MORIARTY:

Not a penny!

SEAGOON:

Good morning, gentlemen.

MORIARTY:

What's he mean, 'gentlemen'?

SEAGOON:

Care to buy a raffle ticket for a boa constrictor?

GRYTPYPE:

I'm sorry. Our boa constrictor has already got one.

MORIARTY:

Yes. In any case, little gentleman, we haven't any money. We've been rendered homeless! Homeless by an explosion called bang.

SEAGOON:

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

MORIARTY:

What do you mean by what, what, what?

SEAGOON:

Home? That was a wall.

GRYTPYPE:

I know, we always live in walls, it's cheaper.

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry, gentlemen, but you realise that that wall was the last obstacle in the way of our new road through Birmingham for which I have the contract.

MORIARTY:

Ow-ow-owwww!

GRYTPYPE:

I hate to frighten you... but I happen to know there is another obstacle right in the path of your new road.

SEAGOON:

Ah, ha ha, what?! Name it!

GRYTPYPE:

It's already got a name, Neddie. It's called - hello, folks - and I quote from this careful plan of a robbery, the Birmingham Town Hall.

SEAGOON:

What! Hello, folks! Very well, we'll have to explode that, too.

GRYTPYPE:

No, no, no, Neddie, no!

MORIARTY:

No, Neddie, no, no!

GRYTPYPE:

Don't do such a thing, you're making the dear Count steam! Only one part of the Town Hall lies in the path of your road, the city treasurer's safe.

SEAGOON:

But he'd never agree to me blowing his safe up!

GRYTPYPE:

But he already has, Neddie, my dear laddy! And as long as you do it secretly at dead of night without his knowledge he is perfectly agreeable.

SEAGOON:

Splendid! Ha ha! Just hold this boa constrictor and I'll meet you there at midnight on the stroke of two.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK.

GREENSLADE:

At midnight, Seagoon had rendezvous with an explosion expert.

SEAGOON:

Psst! Pssst!

ECCLES:

Mr Seagoon! I didn't recognise you.

SEAGOON:

I didn't recognise you, either. Come to think of it, we've never met before.

ECCLES:

Oh! Well, that explains it, then, I suppose.

SEAGOON:

Now then. Have you got the dynamite?

ECCLES:

Yes, I got...

GRAMS:

LOUD EXPLOSION

ECCLES:

Oh, well, I'll go and get some more.

SEAGOON:

You shattered fool!

ECCLES:

What?

SEAGOON:

Don't worry, I've got some. Now, I'll go inside and you wait out here.

ECCLES:

Ok, then. Off you go, then. (CALLING OFF) Mind the... mind the big door! Oh. And there's a step down near the wash-room, be careful of that! (LOUDER) Oh, a... and mind the hat stand in the middle of that last chamber! (VERY LOUDLY) Don't you worry, I'll keep my eyes open for you! Dooooon't woorryyyy!!!

SEAGOON:

(CLOSE TO MIC) Yes. Well, I'll go in, now.

ECCLES:

What? Ohhh, I didn't see you standing there. Oooo! Can you see in the dark, Mister Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

I can see in the dark very well, my dear fellow.

ECCLES:

Oh?

SEAGOON:

In the RAF they used to call me 'Cats-eyes-Seagoon'.

ECCLES:

Ooh!

SEAGOON:

You know why?

ECCLES:

No, why?

SEAGOON:

Because I was the same size as a cat. Aha ha ha ha ha! 'Cat-sized Seagoon!' Aha ha ha ha ha! Ahem.

GRAMS:

FANFARE ON AWFUL MUSIC HALL PIANO.

ECCLES:

(SINGS) Dum-da-da-dooo.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, put that piano down. We want no killing on this job. And don't forget - hello, folks - I'm going in there and you sing to cover the noise of the explosion.

ECCLES:

OK. Ahem. (IMPROVISES BADLY IN C MAJOR. ENDS WITH, 'I got my legs to keep me warm')

WILLIUM:

'Ello, 'ello! What's-a going on 'ere? I, er, appremend you for singing in a doorway without a licence.

ECCLES:

Just a minute, my good constabule.

WILLIUM:

Er... what?

ECCLES:

I got a licence.

WILLIUM:

You got a licence, 'ave yer?

ECCLES:

Yeah.

WILLIUM:

Here, wait a minute. Let me see.

ECCLES:

(CROSSTALKING WITH WILLIUM) Here. There, see? There, there you are, look, look, 'ere...

WILLIUM:

[UNCLEAR] Alright, alright, look, wait till I get me glasses. 'Ere! 'Ere, my good man. This is a dodge licence!

ECCLES:

I know. I know, it's cheaper than a music licence.

WILLIUM:

Well, you can't sing with this licence, mate, you're only allowed to bark or 'owl.

ECCLES:

O.K. then, constabule, I won't break the law. I'll imitate a dog, then. (BARKS)

GRAMS:

TRUCK APPROACHING AT SPEED. PULLS UP WITH SQUEAL OF BRAKES. RUNNING BOOTS. ECCLES ABRUPTLY STOPS.

FX:

DOOR CLOSES

GRAMS:

TRUCK DRIVING AWAY AT SPEED

FX:

PHONE RINGS, PHONE PICKS UP

SEAGOON:

Hello?

OFFICIAL:

[SELLERS]

Hello, Mister Seagoon?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

OFFICIAL:

Battersea dog's home, here. There's a man here claims he's your dog.

SEAGOON:

Right.

FX:

PHONE DOWN

SEAGOON:

Curse! I've lit the fuse. What to do?

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie. You claim your friend and we shall wait for the explosion and remove that naughty-type safe.

SEAGOON:

Splendid!

GRYTPYPE:

But first, here's your missing boa-constrictor - hello, folks! - which is about to do an impression of Max Geldray.

MAX GELDRAI:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

GREENSLADE:

The Goon Show, part two.

GRAMS:

EXPLOSION

GRYTPYPE:

There she goes, Moriarty. The Birmingham treasurer's safe.

MORIARTY:

Ha, ha, ha. Good, good.

GRYTPYPE:

Ha-haa.

MORIARTY:

Now, folks, let's count Birmingham's massive wealth.

FX:

TWO COINS DROPPING

MORIARTY:

Four-pence!

GRYTPYPE:

Half each! Oh, at last we're in the money, Moriarty!

MORIARTY:

Never knew Birmingham was so rich!

GRYTPYPE:

Hello, folks!

MORIARTY:

Ohh, what a wonderful life we got ahead of us.

SEAGOON:

Hello, folks! Gentlemen, I... I'm sorry I missed the explosion.

GRYTPYPE:

Neddie - hello, folks! We have a confession to make to you. That bang-type explosion was in the nature of a safe-cracking.

SEAGOON:

You mean... I've committed a criminal-type robbery?

GRYTPYPE:

Yea-type - hello, folks - yes, Neddie.

MORIARTY:

Oui-type yes, ja!

SEAGOON:

This means the end of an extinguished career. All my life - hello, folks - all my life I've worked and slaved to build the ring road in Birmingham. This was to make my fortune.

MORIARTY:

Ohh, little steaming welsh ball, you *have* made your fortune. (ASIDE) Where's that prop? (NORMAL) Ha, ha, ha! Little hairy Neddie. Listen, Neddie, see this gramophone record?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

MORIARTY:

This gramophone record is the rarest in the world of gramophones. It's worth a fortune, ah ha ha ha ha ha, a fortune, ah ha ha ha ha ha ha ha, a fortune, Neddie.

GRYTPYPE:

It's a rare recording, do you hear, of Greig's A minor piano concerto played by Chopin.

SEAGOON:

What... what makes it so valuable?

GRYTPYPE:

Legs Chopin! Don't you realise, Neddie, it's played on a legs piano!

MORIARTY:

Yes! And Neddie, for this record *you can name your own price, Neddie!* (EVIL CHOKED LAUGH)

GRYTPYPE:

(ASIDE) Don't steam so much Moriarty. (ALoud) But for the time being you must lay low.

SEAGOON:

Right. I'll get me head down.

GRYTPYPE:

Not here, you fool! In the corner of some foreign field...

MORIARTY:

...that is forever Acton.

SEAGOON:

Right! Eccles?

ECCLES:

Yep?

SEAGOON:

Saddle that boa-constrictor. Giddup there!

ECCLES:

Giddup, there! Come on, here! Wait a minute, I got to get... (FADE)

GRAMS:

HORSES HOOVES GALLOPING INTO DISTANCE. CHICKEN CLUCKING. ALL SPEEDED UP GRADUALLY

GREENSLADE:

Listeners may doubt the authenticity of this sound; a boa-constrictor galloping. If the truth be known, a horse covered with a snake skin was used to simulate the sound. As for the chicken noise, we can only apologise. And now we join Seagoon in his country hide-out.

GRAMS:

DISTANT BIRD NOISES.

SPRIGGS:

(SINGING RUBBISH TO THE TUNE OF "GREENSLEEVES", WITH FLUTE ACCOMPANIMENT. HE ENDS WITH THE WORDS 'DEAR OLD GREENSLADE.')

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Mister Beverley. Yes, it was a lovely old 16th century Tudor ditch. It had been modernised and had running water laid on.

GRAMS:

SPLASH

BLOODNOK:

Oooooohhhh! Owwwwwahggg! Owwwwwhhh!

SEAGOON:

Major Bloodnok! How dare you drop on me from a great height!

BLOODNOK:

Neddie! We must be neighbours. You know, I live across the road. You see that pig-sty?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Well, you see the big Manor house behind it?

SEAGOON:

Yes.

BLOODNOK:

Well, I live in the pig-sty. Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

A-ha, ho! I haven't seen you around since the case of the missing compost heap.

BLOODNOK:

Yes, well, you see, I'm just hiding here 'til it all blows over, you know.

SEAGOON:

It blows over me every night.

BLOODNOK:

Good luck! I know, I know. You'd think they'd nail it down.

SEAGOON:

Well, make yourself at home, Major. Here, lie down in this chair.

BLOODNOK:

No thank you, I'm quite comfortable kneeling on this wash-stand, thank you.

SEAGOON:

Bloodnok! I'm going to let you into a secret. Just listen to this record. It's the only recording of a record in the world of Chopin in person on a record recording in the world of Chopin.

GRAMS:

HOLLOW RECORDING OF BAD DANCE HALL JAZZ.

BLOODNOK:

You fool! You military fool!

SEAGOON:

What? What?

BLOODNOK:

That's not Chopin playing.

SEAGOON:

Are you sure?

BLOODNOK:

Of course I'm sure. Chopin's dead, it *can't* be him.

SEAGOON:

Just to make sure I'll put the record on and ask him.

GRAMS:

CONTINUATION OF BAD DANCE HALL RECORDING.

SEAGOON:

Stop!

GRAMS:

(MUSIC STOPS)

SEAGOON:

I'm sorry to interrupt but, er... I've been told you're not Chopin.

GRAMS SPRIGGS:

(SPEEDED UP TO A SQUEAKY VOICE) What! I tell you I am, Sir! I aaaaaaam. I am Chopin.

SEAGOON:

Have you any proof?

GRAMS SPRIGGS:

Yes. My birth certificate, certificaaaaaaaate, is on the other side.

BLOODNOK:

Right! Well, put it on.

GRAMS:

FX:

BOINNNNG.

MILLIGAN:

'I name this child Fred Chopin'.

FX:

(BIG SPLASH)

LITTLE JIM:

He's fallen in the wa-tah.

SEAGOON:

Thank you, Little Jim!

BLOODNOK:

I tell you, Neddie, this record is a fake.

SEAGOON:

But the hole in the middle looks genuine.

BLOODNOK:

Look... any hatter knows that all you have to do is to take it to ye house of wax records for authentication. (SELLERS CORPSES)

SEAGOON:

Right! Hold this brown boa-constrictor.

ORCHESTRA:

DRAMATIC LINK

GREENSLADE:

Neddie proceeded to London hot-foot, a common complaint in the Seagoon family. He was bound for a certain little music shop.

FX:

DOOR OPENING

CRUN:

Oh, good... um... Oh, yes, it's... good morning, um...

SEAGOON:

Neddie Seagoon. Hello-folks!

CRUN:

Good morning, Neddie-Seagoon-Hello-Folks!

SEAGOON:

I believe you're a dealer in instruments and records.

CRUN:

Yes. What about an all rubber euphonium with fitted carpets?

SEAGOON:

An all rubber euphonium with fitted carpets!!

CRUN:

I'm sorry, sir, they're out of stock. You... can't get the wood, you know. Now... here is something to suit everybody's pocket.

SEAGOON:

What is it?

CRUN:

(ANCIENT CACKLING) A lining! Oh, ho ho ho ho! (FURTHER ANCIENT CACKLING)

FX:

BODY FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

MINNIE:

Oh, dear! He's fainted.

SEAGOON:

Yes. And at the exact moment in which you hit him with that hammer.

MINNIE:

Ohhh!

SEAGOON:

Lift him in the direction of up while I bring him in the direction of round.

MINNIE:

Right. Ohhh, Henry! Henry. Ohhhh, Henry. Speak to me, Henry. Speak to me about your will.

SEAGOON:

Steady. Hold this bottle of Ray Ellington under his nose.

MINNIE:

Ohohhhhhhhiiiiiiiiiii! Ray Ellington [UNCLEAR]. Play that melody...

RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET:

GREENSLADE:

The Goon Show part three. Seagoon goes to Scotland Yard.

INSPECTOR:

[SELLERS]

(BAGPIPES UNDER) You say you're partly responsible for the Birmingham safe robbery.

SEAGOON:

Yes, but it was all a trap.

INSPECTOR:

(BAGPIPES UNDER) Oh, dearrrr. Dearrrr, dearrrr, oh, dearrrr!

SEAGOON:

Yes, I've been a fool. (WITH FEELING) Yes, I've been a fool. (DRAMATIC PAUSE) I've been a fool. A real... fool.

INSPECTOR:

(BAGPIPES UNDER) If you think I'm going to contradict you, you're wrong.

SEAGOON:

I tell you Inspector Bernstein...

INSPECTOR:

(BAGPIPES UNDER) Aye.

SEAGOON:

If we can find these two men I'll prove my innocence.

INSPECTOR:

(BAGPIPES UNDER) Now then, would these two men recognise you if they saw you again?

SEAGOON:

(BAGPIPES UNDER) Well, I think the...

INSPECTOR:

Put them pipes doon!

FX:

TELEPHONE RINGS

SEAGOON:

Hello! What? Yes! Good! Right!

FX:

PHONE DOWN

SEAGOON:

A bit of luck. They found the safe!

INSPECTOR:

Harrrrghned nack the noorrrgh!

SEAGOON:

Harrrrgh too!

INSPECTOR:

After it on this boa constrictor.

GRAMS:

TRAIN WHISTLE; ENGINE SPEEDING OFF; ALL AT TERRIFIC SPEED. COCKEREL CROWING. GUNSHOT. GIANT SPLASH. METAL SPRING. FRED THE OYSTER. PANE OF GLASS BREAKING. OLD GRAMOPHONE RECORDING OF 'THE SHANGHAI FOX TROT'. MIX IN CORNY MILITARY FANFARE. CHAMPAGNE CORK-POPPING. DUCK QUACK.

GREENSLADE:

I'm afraid you'll have to work that one out for yourselves. Meanwhile, in a field in Kent, a boy scout stands guard over the safe.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Halt! Who goes there?

GREENSLADE:

Silly boy, silly boy! I'm only the announcer.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Then what are you doing in a field in Kent?

GREENSLADE:

I'm not really in a field in Kent.

GREENSLADE AND BLUEBOTTLE:

It just so happens that I was merely announcing in the...

GREENSLADE:

Shut up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up!

GREENSLADE AND BLUEBOTTLE:

Announcing in the studio the next...

GREENSLADE:

Will you shut up!

BLUEBOTTLE:

Will... shut up, will you...

GREENSLADE AND BLUEBOTTLE:

Which happens to be a field...

GREENSLADE:

(ANGRY) Will you...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Will you, will you.

GREENSLADE:

Oh, I'm fed up...

BLUEBOTTLE:

Fed up.

GREENSLADE:

...with this wiry idiot.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Oh, do not be angry at Bonttle. I was only doing my best-type acting 'cause Gladys Bowels is listening tonight.

GREENSLADE:

May I ask, who is Gladys Bowls?

BLUEBOTTLE:

She is... (CAST AND AUDIENCE LAUGH) She's my Mistress at school. (VERY CLOSE TO MIC) Hello Miss Bowels. This is me talking on the electric wireless. Ehhheehehehehehe!

SEAGOON:

Shut up.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up!

SEAGOON:

Shut up.

BLUEBOTTLE:

Shut up!

SEAGOON:

Here, tie a knot in this string and swallow it. Gentlemen of the police, this is the safe. How do you suggest we open it?

INSPECTOR BERNSTEIN:

Arrgh. Harrun.

JYMPTON:

[MILLIGAN]

(UPPER CLASS TWIT GIBBERISH. EXTENDED)

SEAGOON:

We tried that but it failed.

JYMPTON:

(MORE UPPER CLASS TWIT GIBBERISH)

SEAGOON:

I've got it! I've *got* it!! Eccles. Place this gelignite under the lock...

ECCLES:

O.K!

GRAMS:

BURNING FUZE. CONTINUE UNDER.

SEAGOON:

Right! All run for it!

GRAMS:

BOOTS RUNNING INTO DISTANCE. LOCK BEING SHAKEN. SQUEAKY DOOR OPENING. SAWING OF
TIMBER.

MORIARTY:

Oh, ho, ho!

GRYTPYPE:

Close that safe door, Moriarty, It's draughty.

MORIARTY:

Wait a minute, Grytpype! I thought I smelt something exploding.

GRYTPYPE:

Smelt something exploding?

MORIARTY:

Yes!

GRYTPYPE:

Nonsense. It's too near the end of the show for an ex...

GRAMS:

MASSIVE EXPLOSION

SEAGOON:

Curse! The explosion has blown the door off the safe.

MORIARTY:

It's also blown the safe off the door. Awwwww...

SEAGOON:

Look! Those were the two men.

GRYTPYPE:

Quick, Moriarty, bury that fourpence.

SEAGOON:

Eccles, cover them with this missing boa constrictor.

ECCLES:

Ok, you naughty man. Hands up! This boa constrictor's loaded. Hand... hand back Birmingham's fourpence.

GRYTPYPE:

Very well, I give in. Your boa constrictor's much bigger than mine.

ECCLES:

Oooooohhh!

GRYTPYPE:

Still, here is your fourpence back.

GRAMS:

LARGE SPLASH

SEAGOON:

You... you threw it in the water!

GRYTPYPE:

Yes. We've gone into voluntary liquidation.

SEAGOON:

Don't worry. Any bank will cash that water, especially the river bank. And with the money - get your hats and coats on, lads, here it comes. We're getting near it now - and with the money, Birmingham's ring road goes through.

ORCHESTRA:

TATTY CHORD IN C

GREENSLADE:

Ladies and gentlemen, if you weren't satisfied with that ending you'll be glad to know that neither were we.

ORCHESTRA:

PLAYOUT.

MILLIGAN:

There he goes. He's almost there.

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.